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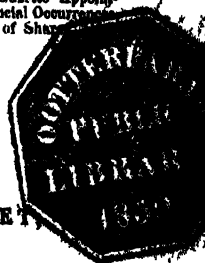
LONDON:

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We are always proud of the correspondence of a lady, but we fear that we have not much cause to flatter ourselves on this occasion. The letter of *Felicia Hemans*, though dated St. Asaph, Nov. 14, was, we apprehend, intended for the late Editor, who departed this life some months ago, and not a remnant of the old stock at present exists. We gather this from what is said about "*a portrait of myself*;"—it is well for him that he is at rest—for it is refused. We have no such aspirations; but if she be inclined to transfer her regard from a dead to a living Editor, he can have no objection to accept the offer of her hand.

C.'s two papers; Σ.'s also; S. W. S. on *Poetry and Painting*; *The Test of Wit*, and *The National Gallery*; New Song by Mr. Martin, and *Refinements*; *Death of the World*; *A Portentous Phenomenon*; Δ's *Tale of the Departed*; and W. X.'s *Dead Priest*—these we notice as accepted, or received, and under consideration, and we do so by desire. The titles of papers, by our select contributors, which need no consideration, it is not our custom to anticipate.

"*MATHEWS' Safety Gig*," of which we have received a long written description from Bethnal-green, is really not the sort of *gig* that we deal in; and we were a little surprised at the name coupled with such a vehicle of amusement. It is too cumbrous an article for us—our Surgeon disapproves of it very much.

By our laws a man may be hanged for robbing himself; and that is on the ground of an attempt to defraud others. Such is precisely the case, and such ought to be the reward of the writer, who copies his own printed articles (and, still worse, those of another), with the design of fraudulently palming them on a later publication as originals, for a valuable consideration. We shall be understood—and probably Mr. Ackerman is by this time aware of his obligation, in the *Repository*, and *Forget Me Not*, for "twice sold secondhand originals," from the same quarter. Two of our contemporaries have also, as we learn, been successfully practised upon by this honourable gentleman.

We thank P. for his information and good wishes. The book shall be left for him.

Pooh, nonsense! what a fuss about the misprint of a word. Let T. S. make the correction now with his bad pen, and prevent the necessity in future by mending it. An old friend of ours, when he received a letter badly written, used to throw it in the fire, saying, "When a man writes, I suppose he intends to be read, therefore, if he can't write legibly, he ought not to write at all."

C. gives good advice, and we are grateful. Not so for his "*Physic for Word-catchers*," and "*Gentility*," and we say it with regret. As pieces of pleasantry they are essentially bad. He shines most in Council. Aristotle was an excellent critic in poetry, but he wrote none—none, at least, that time thought worth preserving. This deserves to be remembered. C. is quite mistaken with respect to the author of certain articles.

REJECTED:—*The Essex Man's Wedding*; M. T. S. *To Mary*; *The Friends of a Day*; *The Monkey's Appeal*; S.'s *Life of a Fiacre*; and *The History of the Snuffers*. Several of these, and others, that we have rejected, are not without merit, but they fall short of the standard required. They are all, with "*Monkery*" and "*Knavery*," deposited with our Publisher, till claimed.

"*Female Beauty*;" "*Travels in France*;" "*Symptoms of Authorship*;" "*Visit to Mount Etna*;" and MR. THOMAS PLAINWAY, on *Mechanics' Institutions and Apprentices' Academies*, next month.

A. B. has really tasked us beyond our skill. He tells us, that his "*Hair is very thin*," and wishes to know whether we "recommend Macassar Oil, Bear's Grease, or what"—and what our "opinion is of frequent cutting." *Dans cet embarras*, we are exceedingly puzzled how to advise; but if we may venture an opinion on *this head*, we should say, that under its peculiar circumstances, we think that *cutting* is an extravagance which A. B. can very ill afford.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

“A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!”

“Lend me your ears—but not to keep—
And if you’ve eyes, prepare to weep.”

“*Inveni portum*,” said the goodman, who had been buffeted about enough by fortune and the world. He had reached the haven, passed as it were that door which is a dead stop to bailiffs, as the crossing of its threshold pays all debts. I really begin to wish that I had done the same, not through fear of law or equity, (though a prudent man might well say “for *this* relief many thanks”); but I have lived too long, and feel as little at my ease as a youth of sixteen would in his first suit of boy’s clothes—except that instead of my out-growing, every thing has out-grown me. I don’t know whether I stand on my head or my heels—all the ancient land-marks are removed, and I am quite abroad—at least I seem very far from being *at home*.

Being an old man—old even as things go—not *sixty*, which is now-a-days to be *quite a boy*—but some seventy-five, which, spite of fashion, and all that can be done with the aid of the *tailor, dentist, and wig-maker*, is, I contend, and that feelingly, no chicken. Well, I look about, and had some wizard been here, the scene, and all that composes it, could not have been more completely metamorphosed. Even my old favourite “penny-post” is *twopence*, and mile-stones are made of *iron—hearts*, too, I believe. But as we have mile stones, which are mile-*something-else*, MR. CHRISTIE, who (unlike his father—I knew him well,) is a good scholar, adopts in his love of accuracy, a mode of making assurance doubly sure, and advertizes “A lady of fashion’s *library* of”—what think you?—“*books!*”—Morning Chronicle, Nov. 4. I dare say, in the present chopping and changing of terms and things, that there are *aviaries of CATS*, and so on. In fact, I know nothing, and nothing knows me. Formerly, old men were respected as the sources and depositaries of experience and knowledge, but now, instead of having made progress, I find that every day throws me behind; and, not to be considered the dead

alive, I am obliged to pass a life of constant enquiry and search after instruction. I recollect that if I had been asked, when a boy, whether I had rather go to Newgate or to school, I should have said Newgate without hesitation—and now forsooth at seventy odd, I am obliged to go to school again—a *day school*—for every day is there some new system, or science, or conundrum to learn. This is really too bad—my legs totter, and I can't stand it—I must be off.

Is it not intolerable to be constantly twitted by a parcel of urchins, whom we used to flog* for chattering or frown into profound silence, with—"Well, old gentleman, you never expected to live to see this! If our old grand-dads were to look down, or *up*, what humdrum blockheads and noodles they would think themselves! They fancied they were vastly wise in their time—one-eyed monarchs of the blind!" Such is my recreation; and I never go out to a party, or receive one at home, but I am compelled to sit "with sad civility," and as the representative of days gone by, hear the ridicule and contempt of the posthumous fame of the departed—departed, as I used to think, covered with laurels, and with bays,—

"By wit, by virtue, and by valour won."

Once a man, twice a child—is true enough, and in a better sense than it generally receives; for it is not only so in the weakness of knees and intellect, but I must own in the advantages also of childhood, for to me every thing is new, and matter for admiration—mine is indeed a *green* old age. Amidst all my vexation, this is something—it sometimes causes me to be as much amused with this pantomimic world, as I was formerly with the pantomime of the stage. Talking of the stage, (excuse my being a little garrulous—I have a double-right to be *childish*.) I remember GARRICK—every old gentleman remembers *Garrick*—a wonderful creature—prodigious actor—"we shall never look upon his like again!" I always say so in all companies, and no one ever contradicts me—the young can't, and the elderly gentlemen of the present day invariably declare *in society*, that he lived long before *their* time! Now, the truth is, that I actually *did* see *Garrick*—I saw him three times in three of his best parts, and (between ourselves, and to speak unaffectedly,) I was heartily glad when he had done—for I was waiting for *Harlequin* and *Columbine*—actors much more to my taste at that period, for I was home for the holidays. However, to say one *has seen* GARRICK is something, and I always make the most of it—but I may confess privately, that my judgment in the matter at that hour of the day was not worth much, and if theatrical history had not made such a fuss about him, I verily believe

* The wholesome maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child," is, I understand, abolished in our schools, idle boys being included, as I imagine, in MR. MARTIN'S Act against *cruelty to asses*.

I like the milk, ay, the cream of human kindness, and "as your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating," I would spare it; but while we regulate the conduct of man towards animals, I think it would be as well to endeavour to correct the behaviour of animals amongst themselves. I would therefore trounce the *sad* DOG for worrying the CAT; and I would most assuredly *pull up* the CAT for tormenting the MOUSE—eat him if you please, but none of your cruelty!

I am no poet, therefore give the hint to others for a *poetical police report*, in imitation of "*The Butterfly's Ball*,"—the owl, the magistrate,—*ferrets*, officers or runners, and deuced good runners they are, and so on.

that none living would, whatever *his* merit, have felt themselves justified in their rapturous panegyric. It is true that one here and there may have had a powerful turn that way, and the impression on them might be so great that nothing in after life could please them so much—boys at that time like myself, I believe it—I never liked any *pantomime* half so well as one I saw in the year 1765. I don't believe there ever will be such a *pantomime*—"We shall never look upon *ITS* like again!"

But I am running quite wide of the mark. I wish to speak of what I never saw before—things that almost take from me my identity, and make me a stranger in my native land.

London is now no easier to find than a needle in a bottle of hay. The metropolis or mother-city is a smothered city, where they eat wool and think they are breathing air, and if it were not for *St. Paul's*, we should not know where to look for it. I live in a well-paved noisy street, near *Paddington*, and some of my old country friends occasionally come up, and, after spending a few weeks with me, return, and, good easy souls! (Heaven forgive them for lying,) say they have been to *London*—they might as safely have said so, if they had been sojourning at *Hammersmith* or *Hampstead*. Indeed three-quarters of what is called London say when they leave home, that they are *going to town*.

Street after street and square after square arise,—“spare my aching sight,” till I am utterly bewildered. If I stay at home, as I am obliged sometimes with the gout for a week or so, I am sure to find, or rather lose, myself in some new street or square, and forced to enquire my way. But the most extraordinary thing of all is, that these interminable rows of buildings are scarcely roofed in before they are occupied. One would really suppose that thousands and thousands of people, families and all, were roaming about without a shelter, for the moment a new house is built, in they rush, as if they had long been denied any asylum of the sort. What becomes of the old ones, I know no more than I do what becomes of the old moons, but I conclude that they are as fully inhabited as the new ones, or these poor houseless beings would never consent to pay a higher rent for inferior buildings in point of solidity of structure and convenience as it respects their mercantile occupations.

Then the streets forsooth must be *Mucadamized* as they call it—and what is the consequence? Why, if one is only to have the dust, and not hear the rumbling of the carriages, one might as well live in the country. It has been said that “London is gone out of town”—I don't know where it is gone to for my part, but if it is, is that any reason why the country should come to town, and make all our delightful noisy streets dull turn-pike roads? Loving a town life, it vexes me to the bone to think of it. “*A mad world, my masters!*” is a saying of old standing, but never so applicable as at present. Nothing where it was—nothing two days alike—even *Bedlam*, where most wanted, is removed. But as merchants, stock-jobbers and tradesmen have all left *Moorfields* and its vicinity, it was judicious perhaps in *Bedlam* to move after them! What *Jack Cade*, in the reign of *Henry VI.* proposed, seems now not quite improbable: “In *Cheapside*,” said he, “shall my palfrey go to grass.” He added—“I will make it *felony* to drink *small-beer*.” Whether any such act was ever passed, I can't say, but I am sure that some such vulgar opinion obtains, or we should never see footboys, Jew roller-boys, and boys that used to sweep the crossing, who have merely been dragged through the *Stock Exchange*, deluging their throats at the *Albion*, the *Castle* and

Falcon, London, and the rest, with flowing goblets of hock, sauterne, and champagne at their meals.

In my younger days, reading and writing were in the lower orders, very suspicious accomplishments.

"*Cade*. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark thyself, like an honest plain dealing man.

"*Clerk*. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up. that I can write my name.

"*All*. He hath confest: away with him: he's a villain and a traitor.

"*Cade*. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."

HENRY VI. p. 2.

Something of this feeling prevailed many years ago, but at present scholars are as plentiful as blackberries—and promise to be about as valuable, as well to themselves as to society. *Haberdashiers* leave off measuring tape and winding silk at eight o'clock, to thread the mazes of philosophy or find out the longitude; day-labourers have their *institute lectures*, and *professors*; and *shop-boys* are (if the moon does not change) to have their *university*. After such a preparatory education numbers will of course go to *college*—the *King's Bench* is so styled, I understand. What will be the result of all this? Why, that it will spoil both parties, high and low—for the latter will be unfitted for their station and the steady pursuit of that employment, on which the support and comfort of themselves and families depend;* and the former, learning becoming vulgar and unfashionable, will revert to the habits of *th' olden time*, when barons disdained the ability to write their own names, and held "*a lerned clerke*" as one of base degree, while the distinctive mark of true nobility and gentle blood consisted principally in an iron glove on the hand in the stirring hour of war, and a hawk on the wrist in the piping times of peace. In those days, the barons thought with the worthy in Shakspeare, as thus: "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature," and consequently too common to be valued.

What shall I say of *eating* and *drinking*, the soul of joy, and the support of sorrow, for without these both would soon be at an end—even the latter, with all its sobs, sighs, and protestations, can't get on without. But how are we here? Why, to believe a Mr. ACCUM, "death is in the pot"—the origin, I suppose, of the phrase "going to pot"—and

* Let schools for the instruction of children in reading, writing, and arithmetic multiply—it is fit that every man should be able to read his bible, and keep and render an account of his expences and labour. More for the bulk of mankind is not only superfluous, but injurious. The *social compact* is at an end, if we are all to be masters and no servants—this, extremes meeting, is a savage state. DR. SOUTHEY formerly rejoiced in this couplet:—

"When Adam dug and Eve spun
Where was then the gentleman?"

but he is now wiser, and estimating the effect of "*a little learning*:" on that dangerous thing, the human mind, would approve of this parody:—

When all are scholars to a man,
Where is then the labouring clan?

When I see that the speculators and adventurers in this affair derive no unworthy political or pecuniary advantage from it, I shall believe them sincere and honest in their design; but I shall nevertheless be sure that they are in error, and know not, in its consequences, what they do.

every article edible and bibible prepared for the comfort of the stomach is poison. Here's a pretty pass—we are fallen on Paradisaical times indeed, when every description of what we were wont to call the good things is like the forbidden fruit, tempting to the sight and fatal to the taste. But it is not one tree, *with notice*, but the whole orchard is under a ban. So I, who have been feeding well for more than three score years and ten in peace and quiet, am at last to sit down to my dinner with the prospect and apprehension of being poisoned like a rat in a hole, the preparation in the pantry both for him and me being equally destructive! Man, however, from all that I can see, has not entirely *left off eating*, but imprudent to the end, he, it would appear, like his father Adam,

"Scruples not to eat
Against his better knowledge."—P. L. b. xi.

Dangerous as eating and drinking may be, leaving off the practice would, as I shrewdly suspect, be still more to be dreaded. However, as in law (so the lawyers tell me) there is no injury without a remedy, so it is now with respect to every other inconvenience or disease. To believe *the advertisements*, he is a fool who suffers either the one or the other—the want of health or money. Among the former benefactors of mankind we have, I observe, a DR. KITCHENER, who appears, as his name would denote, to have his "*animus in patinis*," and he steps in and takes up the cudgels, a belli-gent, against the horrors denounced by MR. ACCUM against the recreations of the stomach. He has written a book, and strenuously recommends, (names are open of course to all sorts of freedom, when things are no longer the same,) he recommends what he is pleased to call his "*persuaders*"—"delicate monster!" With a becoming fear of the baue, I was anxious to take a peep at the antidote, but I am by no means convinced that there is not more danger in the list of recipes than in the bill of fare. The work indeed is a sort of epigram, for the only excellent point in it is at the end. It terminates with "*the pleasure of making a will*." After taking all the doses prescribed, the *very next thing* to be done, as *the doctor* seems to think, and properly, is to set about *making your will*.—Administration and probate—the administration of the physic, and the probate of the will—cause and effect!

If all MR. ACCUM says were really true, there would be some sense in cutting off one of our meals, but till I am sure of it, I can never forgive the loss of *supper*—delightful meal! the only period of the day, when you can get friends and the whole family together devoid of care. But it is gone—for dinner at seven or eight o'clock makes it impossible to any one *but* a horse that eats all night. A facetious old Oxonian crony of mine, speaking on this subject the other day, observed to me that dining at these hours made a good dinner *satis*—"and *satis SUPERQUE*," said he, "would be a work of *supererogation*." That may be all vastly well, but such jokes go very much against my stomach.

Many the good frolic I have had in the streets after nightfall; but the thing can't be done now—one might as well play off one's midnight pranks at noon—ay, better, for the gas has made the town lighter at night than it is in the day—indeed the discovery appears rather lucky in the feeble old age of the sun, (the London sun I mean,) for I often see it lending him a light in the shops at mid-day. It may in fact be considered as a sort of *second edition* of *The SUN*—an *evening* publication!

Folks at present appear to have no fear of either light or fire, for

behold how they crowd aboard the steam-boats. I once had the hardihood to embark, but the moment I took a peep down at the engineer moving about in his infernal regions, than I made a bolt, and was on shore in a trice. The man who first ventured on the ocean in a frail bark, was said to have a treble dose of brass hoops round his heart, but here we have blowing up superadded to going down, and nobody seems afraid. Why, Aratus, Phœnom. v. 299. says that he who goes on boardship, *ολιγον δε δια ξυλον αιδ' ἔρκει*,* has but a plank between him and eternity—but I suppose there is some new *caul* discovered, which is a preserver against *fire*, as well as water, and burning and drowning are now mere matter of history.

I must come to a close, though I have not half done, but I cannot help observing that the duty on books imported is at present on *the weight*—an odd way of appreciating literature! However, I can scarcely believe that this is by *the scale*; and if *not*, it is a bad financial measure, as the revenue must benefit very little by the impost. Probably, viewed in this light, it was not amiss after all, if it should induce our continental neighbours to import the works of *our* authors on the *same* principle.

Few indeed are the relics of a wise and virtuous antiquity. My own day, and nearly all my recollections, have passed away. Pope would not suffer an old stump of a tree to be removed that had long been near his house, but they have grubb'd up all my old stumps. Even Windsor Castle, which I always thought would have lasted my time, is undergoing a thorough change; but it is cheering to see once in three years that, though highwaymen are gone out, stopping on the king's highway at Eton still obtains; and though Westminster Hall is so be-filagreed and transmogrified, the Westminster boys still annually charm us with their eleemosynary *Cup*, and the good taste they display in continuing to make this, and the *delicate* scenes in Terence, a part of their liberal education.

One other thing I must mention, and I do it with gratitude and delight. I never pass the Horse Guards but I see the same two men on horseback that I used to see there twenty years ago. I dwell too with pleasure on a late *trial by combat*, and men occasionally sent to gaol for believing in *witchcraft*.—Were it not for these and such little relics of a noble antiquity, which serve to swear by, and identify the land of my birth, I should be content to say "*mors mihi munus erit*," but these surviving charms amid the wrecks of time make the life I lead, with all its vexatious innovations, still endurable.

JEU DE MOTS.

LET no one say, you'll always find
That "*out of sight is out of mind*:"
Of others true, but not of me,
For in my mind's eye still I see
My *absent wife*! and I can prove
There's no abatement in *our* love—
No check it is, but an assistance—
I love her better—at a *distance*!

* Or better *ακτινισμ.*

THE FINE ARTS.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NECESSITY OF A NATIONAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS, AND WHETHER THE ENGLISH NATION ARE EVER LIKELY TO EXCEL IN ART: IN ANSWER TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

By a national encouragement of the fine arts is meant an encouragement at the expense of the nation, under the patronage of the government. Those who regard the arts of design with the prejudices of ROUSSEAU would have them discouraged entirely, while others, with the late *Alderman* BOYDELL, would make them an affair of national profit; and others again, with the energetic FUSELI, would rather deter than delude. An eminent critic* in the "Edinburgh Review" has sneered at the plastic and graphic arts, as subjects beneath the attention of a man of deep thinking, and only to be cultivated as the amusement of an idle hour. Other men of equal eminence and consideration, on the contrary, attach considerable importance to their cultivation and influence on morals and society. *Lord* SIDMOUTH† in an excellent paper on the affinity between painting and writing, which obtained the *Oxford prize* in 1779, thinks the efforts of the pencil "as effectual in reclaiming mankind as the precepts of morality. An Athenian courtesan," he observes, "forsook at once the habitual vices of her profession on seeing the decent dignity of a philosopher, as represented in a portrait; and the terrors of the day of judgment operated so forcibly on the imagination of a king of Bulgaria, that he instantly embraced the religion which held out such punishments, and invited with rewards equally transcendent." *Plato* seems to have been impressed with as high ideas of the powers of these arts, though, as he thought, they might be applied to the worst of purposes, he excluded them entirely from his imaginary commonwealth. *Quintillian* thinks that painting should be placed in competition with eloquence rather than with poetry, and sometimes even to its advantage. *Cicero* frequently allows it the praise of being the only art that could rival the powers of oratory. *Simonides* has observed that a picture was a silent poem, and a poem a speaking picture.

This high estimate of the powers and influence of the fine arts, made by the best and wisest men of antiquity, has been corroborated recently by the British House of Commons in a formal declaration, on purchasing the *Elgin marbles*, that their cultivation was of the highest importance to the fame of the nation. The two leading party reviews of Great Britain, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, have recently admitted lengthened discussions on their merits, in their used-to-be political pages.

Before admitting the absolute necessity of a government patronage of the fine arts, or in other words a public employment of the most eminent professors, it may be well to consider the often-mooted question, *whether it be possible for the English nation ever to become eminent in the fine arts.*

Two writers in the above-named reviews have considered this subject

* R. Payne Knight.

† On the affinity between PAINTING and WRITING, in point of composition.—*Annals of the Fine Arts*, Vol. I.

at large, and with much attention, and differ as widely in their opinions as if the subject was only of Whig or Tory interest, instead of belonging to that of mankind.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in an essay, of which *Farrington's Life* of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS furnishes the text, denies the possibility, and discourages the exertions of our native professors and patrons. The *Quarterly*, however, supports the conjecture, and encourages the hopes of both.

The Edinburgh critic very properly considers the thin octavo volume put forth by *Mr. Farrington, the Royal Academician*, as an insidious attack upon the memory of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in regard to the dispute between him and the *Royal Academy*, which led to Reynolds's resignation of the presidential chair. In this opinion the reviewer is neither singular nor original, for in the fourteenth quarterly number of "*Annals of the Fine Arts*," (published on the 1st October, 1819,) appears "a vindication of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS from the attempts made in *Mr. Farrington's* memoir, to prove that he was wrong in his quarrel with the Royal Academy; addressed principally to the nobility and to those among them still living who were SIR JOSHUA's friends."

Of this article little need be said; its title shews its intention, but it anticipated the leading arguments of the Edinburgh; was published nearly a twelvemonth before it, and from internal evidence appears to have furnished hints for the northern critic.

MR. NORTHCOTE, who was personally acquainted with Sir Joshua, was also intimately acquainted with the whole of this dispute, and is a very amusing biographer of his great master, declared to the writer of this article, after a serious perusal of the "vindication," that it was complete in all its parts—that he rejoiced at it, as much for its bold defence of Reynolds, as for the mortification that it must give to the remains of the cabal that was ruining the Academy. He also wondered much at the correctness of its views, presuming that it was written by a person too young to have been a contemporary with the disputants, and at the same time admitted that the imputations on the intentions of *Farrington* were well founded.

This coincidence of opinions between the writer in the *Annals* and the critic in the Edinburgh, is at all events satisfactory, because the immense circulation of the latter will carry most wholesome truths as to the state of English art and its professors into the hands of thousands who would never perhaps see the former.

The article in the "*Edinburgh Review*" appears to be written by a person well acquainted with *art* in all its bearings, with many of its ablest professors, and with the history of all its proceedings, and even its petty intrigues.

That he is competent to his task no one can doubt, but with all his competency there appears something of professional jealousy, something like a fear of the higher style of art succeeding in England. So much so that it would almost induce one to think that the critic had either put forth doctrines which he was fearful the energy of the rising artists of England would controvert, in spite of him; or, that he was a disappointed candidate for the honours of art himself. This, however, is but surmise to one who has never been behind the blue curtain of the "*Edinburgh Review*;" nor is it exactly fair to impute motives, particularly those of a mean or shuffling character, to a writer whose character is unknown. It is there-

fore taken as granted that they are the critic's genuine and unbiassed sentiments, which we shall endeavour to controvert in this enquiry, and to neutralise and demolish what is conceived to be their malign influence upon English art; while, at the same time every justice shall be done to their better arguments.

If this be considered as presumptuous to assail such practised writers, the answer is, that great names can never support fallacious reasoning.

REYNOLDS, it is well known, ably attacked the "heaven-born geniuses" that crowded the insufficient walls of the Royal Academy in his days as well as in ours, and powerfully inculcated what was and is so much wanted to obtain success in art, namely, *education, industry, and incessant application*. "This," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "is the current morality and philosophy of the day," and proceeds to call it "a mere tissue of sophistry and folly." Is not the reviewer aware that, with all the natural powers which Reynolds possessed, all that his *genius*, or that inherent disposition of his mind which qualified him for his peculiar branch of art, wanted, was only education?—that is, facility of drawing, knowledge of anatomy, and a few other necessary elements of his art, to become what he certainly is not, a *great painter*? Will not the reviewer allow, that this species of education, this very industry, this very perseverance, and incessant application to one object, superadded to the mental power and superior native faculties of RAFFAELLE, and all the great masters of the *schools*, as they are technically called, was the principal if not the sole causes of their unrivalled excellence? Why then should this able defender and admirer of Reynolds thus endeavour to increase the idle notions of the "heaven-born geniuses" of the day, and attempt to tear off the finest and most legitimate ornaments of those lectures which are above all praise, by calling their finest dogmas sophistry and folly?

When the reviewer admits it to be "true, that exercise gives strength to the faculties, both of mind and body," he contradicts his own arguments, and strengthens those of Reynolds, which he is endeavouring to controvert; but no one requires him to admit it to be "true, that it is the only source of strength in either case. Exercise," he says, "will make a weak man strong," and then very amusingly asks, "will it make a strong man stronger?" enforcing his arguments by a forced antithesis, that "a *dwarf* will never be a match for a *giant*, train him ever so." Does not exercise, we ask, in the face of this figure, make a strong man stronger? The position is unassailable, but we fear that affection for the antithesis blinded our reviewer to its fallacy. That there are "dwarfs as well as giants in intellect" need not be disputed—Reynolds and his opponents, were every other proof wanting, would prove the fact.

We pass over the many excellent passages on genius, and its miracles; as the reviewer most ingeniously, as well as ingenuously, brings forward as many arguments against, as well as for his subject. He admits and denies in a breath; he denies that education or exercise can do anything, and admits that genius alone and unassisted can do nothing. He thinks that beginning early and continuing late would not have made Samuel Johnson a painter like Reynolds, a poet like Goldsmith, or an orator like Burke. Nor, pursuing this mode of argument, would beginning early and continuing late have made the Duke of Wellington a metaphysician, or our Edinburgh reviewer a brave and accomplished soldier. This argument, or we are much mistaken, proves nothing more, by its affirmative, than the existence of innate genius, and by its negative, the necessity of beginning

early and continuing late, when that same much abused quality called genius, or the disposition given to a person by nature, by which he is qualified for some peculiar employment, is the foundation on which it is constructed. Or, that if this quality or bias of the mind be misdirected, neither beginning early nor continuing late would make its possessor excellent in any walk of life. In these positions we both agree—we admit peculiar talents for peculiar things; for admirable Creightons are rarely met with now, except among those called “heaven-born geniuses,” who boast of depending upon their genius alone, and scorn education, practice, and exercise.

There are few children but have a peculiar disposition or quality from nature, that is, a *sufficient genius* for reading—but genius alone, unassisted by education, will never teach any child, however gifted, to read; any more than what is called a genius for poetry or painting, uninstructed and uninitiated, will make a poet or a painter. Thus far we agree with the reviewer, and thus far his abundant candour compels us also to disagree, only where he disagrees with himself.

We have often heard of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, but have seldom witnessed it so inefficiently used as in this paper. The reviewer is, *we presume*, an impugner of the doctrines of phrenology, or, as it is sometimes called, craniology; for he says “he would sooner go the whole length of the absurdities of craniology than get into the flating machine of the original sameness and indiscriminate tendency of men’s faculties and dispositions.” And yet, he asks, does a painter “pretend to see differences in faces, and will he allow none in minds? We also ask, does the reviewer pretend to see differences in the muscular organs of men, and allow none to their more noble organs of sensation? Is not the brain as much the *organ* of thought as the muscles are the organs of motion? Does the reviewer see no difference between the legs of watermen and the arms of coachmen or pullers of ropes? He asks, are there no striking features in family likenesses? and yet calls a belief in the doctrines of craniology, or the doctrine of the fitness of organization to mind, “a system that goes great lengths.” He admits physiognomy, which an actor like *Garrick* or *Munden* can convert into any character he pleases, and calls a doctrine which goes no further in materiality of mind than that a strong, muscular, tall man is more fitted by nature for a carrier of heavy burdens, or a lifter of great weights, than a flimsy dwarf; or that a man with a large quantity of brain is a deeper thinker than one with less.

If Reynolds’s mind “darted contagious fire,” as the reviewer observes, could that mind have done so if nature had not furnished him with a “contagious fire” to dart? Or, without that fire being kept up to a glowing heat by the fuel of education and practice; that exercise of beginning early and continuing late, which he just before says never could have made a Reynolds of a Sam Johnson?—ergo, from his own premises Johnson had a peculiar organization, peculiarly suited to the purposes which he so successfully cultivated, as well as Reynolds—their craniological characters, as Reynolds himself has so well pointed out with his characteristic pencil, were as different as their physiognomical.

To return, however, to our more immediate purpose, the present state of the arts in England. In speculating upon this subject, which the reviewer calls “humiliating in retrospect,” he ventures, though acknowledging himself to be “half afraid to hint at the probable effect of climate,” which is an absurdity that we had fondly hoped had been driven from the

field of criticism by our rising and accomplished artists. He then continues by asking, "are the *English* a musical people?" which, he says, "is a question that has been debated at great length, and in all forms. But whether the *Italians* are a musical people is a question not to be asked, any more than whether they have a taste for the fine arts in general." Granted. But was this never a question to be asked—Was there never a time when the *Italians* were no more a musical people, and had no more taste for the fine arts in general, than the *English* had in the reigns of *George the First and Second*? Before the *Italians* were a musical people the question was to be asked, and what then? Suppose it to be a question to be asked, if the *English* are a musical people, is that any proof, even if answered in the negative, that they never can be a musical people, or have a general taste for the fine arts, any more than that the greatest of all musical nations had once an infancy devoid of all knowledge of what, in their mature state, they so pre-eminently excelled in. This is an unanswerable fact.

The days of Italian greatness, both in music and in art, are now gone by; and as Italy was visited by the genius of the arts as she winged her flight from Greece to Rome, and from ancient Rome to modern Italy; so is she now settling one of her charming offspring in England as a scion from Germany, and re-establishing the other who had been rudely assailed in the days of CROMWELL. SALIERI, ROSSINI, and CANOVA are the last rays of the setting sun of Italian greatness. CANOVA is gone, SALIERI going, and ROSSINI is inferior in every respect to the Germans MOZART and WEBER, and in many to the English ARNE, SHIELD, WEBBE, and BISHOP. CANOVA is surpassed in composition and grouping by THORWALDSEN, in nature by CHANTRY, and in classical feeling by FLAXMAN. Of painters they have none. *Cannucini* is totally undeserving of the name, and *Appiani* is but a sort of waning *Pompeo Battoni*. The best painters now in Italy are English and German. Our countryman HARLOWE astonished the Italians, and Lawrence, like an eagle in a dove-cote, fluttered their Volsces even in the capitol. Lane surprises them—Lawrence was received by them like the resurrection of Titian. The pope and his chief cardinals sat to him, acknowledging the palpable inferiority of their own countrymen, and gave him the flattering title of the Titian of the nineteenth century.

In England Canova visited Haydon, and acknowledged his powers in the higher style of *historical* painting; he also bore witness to the talents of our other artists in every style, and pronounced an eulogium upon the science displayed in the construction of Waterloo Bridge.

We have now in England a rising and most promising school, indisputably the best since the learned days of the *Caracci*. We have also the Elgin, the *Townly*, and the *Phigalian* marbles, the cartoons of *Raffaelle*, the grandest Protestant cathedral in Europe; and yet, according to the Edinburgh reviewer, *we have no prospects in art*. We are not, he says, a musical people, and yet we got up Mozart's incomparable *Don Giovanni* with more success than any other people in Europe, and performed it with the finest orchestra in the world. We have produced an *Arne*, an *Arnold*, a *Shield*, and possess a *Bishop*, second only to *Weber*, and are never to succeed, he says, because it may be asked, are the *English* a musical people? and such a question need not be asked of the *Italians*. The *Italians* were a musical people, and we are becoming so. They had a taste and genius for the arts, and perhaps still possess a little of the for-

mer; but we have powers far beyond them, and a growing instead of a declining taste.

"The French are allowed by all the world," continues our reviewer, "to be a dancing, talking, cooking people. If the English were to set up the same pretensions it would be ridiculous." Inferring, we presume, that we must not set up pretensions to art, because it is an Italian qualification, any more than to think of talking, dancing, and cooking, because they are French excellences.

He next says, "We have our bards and sages, (better none,) our prose writers, our mathematicians, our inventors in useful and mechanical arts, our legislators, our patriots, our statesmen, and our fighting men in the field and in the ring. In these we challenge, and justly, all the world. We are not behind hand with any people in all that depends on hard thinking and deep and firm feeling, on long heads and stout hearts. But why must we excel also in the *reverse* of these?" (the italics are ours)—"in what depends on lively perceptions, on quick sensibility, and on a *voluptuous effeminacy of temperament and character*?" What! does this Edinburgh reviewer, this peripatetic of the modern Athens, dare to assert that painting, and sculpture, and architecture, do not depend on hard thinking, and deep and firm feeling? Or, that Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Reynolds, and Fuseli, were not hard thinkers, and possessed of deep and firm feeling? Were not Jones, and Wren, that prince of modern architects, and Wyatt, and Chambers, deep thinkers? And is their art and practice dependant on, or characteristic of, "a voluptuous effeminacy of temperament and character?" Do not the deep and abstruse studies connected with the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, require the hardest thinking, and the deepest and the most firm feeling? We are sure that the reviewer cannot contradict us. We ask, fearlessly, if any studies require longer heads, and stouter hearts, than these calumniated arts? Had any man a stouter heart than the refined Correggio, who painted for posterity and posthumous fame, and starved under the production of his immortal works? Did any man possess a longer head, as the reviewer terms it, than Michelangiolo? Did any one ever exhibit more of these qualities, than the reviewer's fierce and uncontrollable friend Haydon? Surely he does not mean to say that his practice is dependant on a voluptuous effeminacy of temperament and character?

A few more questions to our reviewer before we part, now we are at it foot to foot. Do any studies add more to the reputation of a people, than excellence in these first-born of the highest order of intellects? Does any thing add more to the fame of a nation, or is there anything in our national or moral character that can militate against our acquiring a great and supreme excellence in art? Is the character that dignified the ancient Greeks of being the greatest painters, and sculptors, and architects in the world, at the same period that they were the greatest poets, philosophers, moralists, heroes, orators, and soldiers of their time, to be despised by us, because a Scotch reviewer dogmatically tells us, that "what depends on lively perception, on quick sensibility," are "the reverse of these," and possess "*a voluptuous effeminacy of temperament and character*?"

* We wish, both on his own account, and for the sake of the public, that Mr. Haydon had not been quite so "fierce and uncontrollable." Submitting to the control of a little good advice, he would have confined his genius to historical painting, and we should not have had to lament "the fierce," in portraits and penmanship.—ED.

The poetry of a voluptuous and effeminate age, of a voluptuous and effeminate race, or, of a voluptuous and effeminate person, is necessarily voluptuous and effeminate. But we judge not of the poetry of the Greeks by the standard of the Odes of Anacreon, and other erotic poets; nor of that of the Romans by Ovid, Catullus, or Tibullus; nor of that of England by Thomas Moore and Captain Morris. Nor do we measure the powers of mind, and the strength of imagination required for excellence in art, by the capacity of the painters of *bijoux*, and voluptuous subjects; by the carvers of reclining nymphs and amorous swains; or by the builders of boudoirs and splendid brothels:—but, by the hard thinking and firm feeling of the ethic pictures of the long heads and stout hearts of all ages; by such statues as the *Olympian Jupiter* of PHIDIAS, and the *Moses* of Michelangiolo; by the great and transcendent hard thinking and fine feeling which produced the *Parthenon*, the *Colosseum*, the *Pyramids*, *St. Peter's* at Rome, and *St. Paul's* at London; by the long heads and stout hearts of Phidias, of Callicrates, of Michelangiolo, of Wren.

Does the fame of these great men of art, or the use which they have been to society, stand one-tenth of a degree below that of our prose writers, our mathematicians, our inventors in useful and mechanical arts, our legislators, our patriots, our statesmen, and our fighting men in the field and in the ring? May we not hope to challenge, and justly challenge, all the world in these, and in other arts, that equally depend “on hard thinking, and deep and firm feeling, on long heads, and stout hearts?”

The reviewer, we think, must have been turned, during the writing of these passages, from his usual acuteness, by some sort of prejudice; for we are far from agreeing with some of our cotemporaries, that he is unacquainted with the principles and elements of art. To us he appears not only as perfectly acquainted with art, in all its bearings, but also, to a certain degree, a practitioner; but by some perverseness of nature, which is sometimes incidental to the greatest minds, he either does not see, or will not acknowledge, the dawning greatness of the British school of art, while it is in size but as a hand, till it reaches and overspreads the horizon, and bursting, like a summer storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, it demolishes, like the airy fabric of a vision, the air-spun theories of De Bos, Winckelmann, Montesquieu, and the Edinburgh reviewer of the article in question.

Our reviewer, after thus trembling in the text, fears in a note, “the decomposition and degeneracy of the sturdy old English character which seems fast approaching.” Oh! that we could communicate a word of comfort to these tender fears of him, who “dies of a rose in aromatic pain,” we would assure him, that the old English characteristic stamina, which gained the battle of Waterloo, which heaved the mighty engines of war at Trafalgar, which are displayed in our pulpits, at our bar, and in our senate, and which make us proud of our country and of our countrymen, are no proofs that “the decomposition and degeneracy of the sturdy old English character are approaching.” He continues, however, to think, poor man, that ere long “the mind and muscles of the country may be sufficiently relaxed and softened, to imbibe a taste for all the refinements of luxury and show; and a century of slavery may yield us a crop of the fine arts, to be soon buried in sloth and barbarism again.” Why, what weakness of reasoning, if reasoning it be called, what wretched sophistry is this! Was the country in a less degenerate state in the reign of George the first, when we imported our painters and our statuaries, and perhaps did not employ a score of native artists in all their branches? When the

German Kneller painted all our portraits, and his countrymen, Cibber, Scheemacken, Roubiliac, and Rysbrach, carved all our statues and busts? Were we then too proud and sturdy to condescend to the execution of such degenerating works? Or, are we degenerated at the present day, because upwards of two thousand artists flourish in the metropolis alone? Are our statesmen, our soldiers, our sailors, our poets and our metaphysicians, degenerated on account of the four or five thousand artists that our three kingdoms can now boast? Or does their employment argue the approach of a century of slavery? Such arguments are scarcely worthy of an answer.

Some of his observations are excellent; but he draws false conclusions as to the merits of our living artists. He says, very justly, "that the want of encouragement will hardly account for the slow and irregular progress of English art. There was no premium offered for the production of dramatic excellence in the age of Elizabeth: there was no society for the encouragement of works of wit and humour in the reign of Charles II.: no committee of taste ever voted Congreve, or Steel, or Swift, a silver vase, or a gold medal, for their comic vein: Hogarth was not fostered in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In plain truth, that is not the way in which that sort of harvest is produced. The seeds must be sown in the mind: there is a fulness of the blood, a plethoric habit of thought, that breaks out with the first opportunity on the surface of society." All this is as excellently expressed, as it is true in fact; and the only complaint is, that the writer either does not see, or pretends not to see, the palpable symptoms of that fulness of blood, that plethoric habit of thought, which at this moment is ready to burst out on the surface of society; if such alteratives as the Edinburgh reviewer exhibits, do not remove from the system, those taints of art with which it has been so powerfully inoculated.

We recommend all our young artists, who are at all ambitious of shining either as ethic painters, as able sculptors, or as veritable architects, to inscribe the following passage in some conspicuous part of their studies or common-place books. "A picture gallery serves very well for a place to lounge in, or talk about; but it does not make the student go home and set heartily to work:—he would rather come again and lounge, and talk, the next day and the day after that. He cannot do *all* that he sees there; and less will not satisfy his expansive and refined ambition. He would be all the painters that ever were—or none. His indolence combines with his vanity, like alternate doses of provocatives and sleeping draughts. He copies, however, a favourite picture, (though he thinks copying bad in general,) —or makes a chalk drawing of it,—or gets some one else to do it for him. We might go on"—we wish he had, if it had all been in this strain of feeling; but he says, a little farther on, "we have enough to do, if we knew how." This knowledge we will endeavour to supply.

The reviewer's perceptions of the Royal Academy, and the deleterious effects of its annual exhibitions, as at present managed, are clear, and are deserving of attention. Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, its president, has enlightened and expansive views of art, has power, and the influence of the king to back him: advantages that both his predecessors lacked. Sir Joshua Reynolds had also grand views, but little or no interest with the king. Mr. West had personal interest in that high quarter, but had scarcely any other object than his own personal employment. Let, therefore, the president look about him; let him inquire into the defects of the

institution. He may govern, if he pleases, and at the same time reform it. To do this, he should remove those obstacles that deter men who seek its honours, from pursuing the illustrious art of historical painting, and leave it a prey to the cabals of mere portrait painters. One way to reform it, would be to limit the number of such practitioners, include those of the historical, the poetical, and the landscape department;—admit more architects and sculptors; and, in fine, like the Royal Society, place no limit, but want of merit, to its honorary titles:—with other regulations that will address themselves readily to his comprehensive mind, in an examination of the detail.

The reviewer most properly says, “It was the panic fear that all this daubing and varnishing would be seen through, and the scales fall off from the eyes of the public, in consequence of the exhibition of some of the finest specimens of the old masters, at the British Institution, that called into clandestine notoriety that disgraceful production, the **Catalogue Raisonné*,” “If the academy,” he says, “had any hand, directly or indirectly, in this unprincipled outrage upon taste and decency, they ought to be disfranchised (like Grampound) to-morrow, as utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in them.”

We have but little more to say on these strictures of the Edinburgh reviewer, than to confess that we cannot understand him, when he expresses his “great respect for *high art*,” but his greater “for *true art*!” What! we would ask him, is not *high art*, *true art*? and is not *true art*, *high art*? If this be not a distinction without a difference, we do not know what can be.

Our principal quarrel with the writer of the article in question, with whom however we often agree, is the exhibition of a certain jealousy which he is perpetually obtruding of *high art*, a sort of fear of its success, and a kind of attempt to deter our present aspirants. We admit, with him and Fuseli, that it is better to deter than to delude, but it can be no delusion to say, that a nation which has produced examples of *high* and *true* poetry, of *high* and *true* philosophy, is able to produce in due season, examples of *high* and *true* art.

Another small objection, and we have done with objecting. He does not cram his meaning into too few words. There is too much metaphysical antithesis in it. He leaves too much doubt upon his meaning in many parts, which seem to have been made designedly obscure and unintelligible, except where he purposely writes in a clear and explicit manner.

The latter part of the article is everything that the most zealous admirer of high and true art could wish. To borrow our expression from this review, happily applied to the Elgin marbles, “it contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.”

* This publication was a satirical and libellous catalogue, without either printer or publisher's name, of the fine specimens of the old masters, exhibited in 1810, reflecting on the taste, judgment, and even the honesty of the motives of the noble directors of the British Institution. It was justly supposed by many to have emanated from a cabal of the Royal Academy, and was forcibly answered in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*, Vol. i. p. 189.

THIRTY RULES FOR REVIEWING;

OR, CRITICAL MAXIMS.

1.—ALWAYS select your enemy's book for reviewal : * hatred makes a man very perspicacious, and prevents him from being ever seduced into praise of his author.

2.—In the number of persons alluded to in the above maxim, brother critics are not included—of course you hate them heartily : but I hope you are too well-skilled in “the ungentle craft,” as the laureate calls it, to put yourself at their mercy on some future occasion, or in some other place.

3.—Never abuse reviewing, as Dr. Southey once did, not foreseeing what he was to come to himself. By the way, I wonder if the Doctor, in calling reviewing “the ungentle craft,” meant to make any personal allusion to Mr. Gifford's former trade of shoemaking, which is still styled the *gentle craft*!

4.—As I have already advised you to select your personal enemy's book for reviewing, I need not advise you to introduce into your critique all that you know will be most galling to him to have said of himself or his book.

5.—If an author has been imprisoned for imputed political offences, let your review of his book set out in this fashion, “The greater part of this work, we understand, was written in Newgate,” &c.

6.—Even after a preamble of the above kind, in order to shew your impartiality, proceed to say,—“But though the knowledge of this fact is not likely to prejudice us in favour of the writer, we come to the examination of his book without any prejudices against him,” &c.

7.—Though I have advised you to assert, and to affect to display impartiality, I beg you to believe that nothing is farther from my mind than to recommend to you the genuine exercise of that pitiful virtue. Impartiality, I maintain, is an odious vice in a critic. The word means, according to Dr. Johnson, an equal indifference to both sides of a question : now to review well you should of course be decidedly favourable to one side or another,—or how can you pronounce a *tranchant* opinion on the book?

8.—Be mainly guided by the politics of the author under review :—I should say be always guided in your treatment of him by these only : but an exception must be made in favour of those of your political antagonists who give good dinners, lots of Champagne, pine-apple desserts, and Roman punch.

9.—If your patient has written a pathetic poem, in which every page presents you with passages of tenderness and beauty, give God thanks : begin with a flippant sentence, burlesque the plot, and quote in the midst of your own nonsense, the most serious parts of the poem.

10.—Another manner of reviewing, which is not to be despised, is to affect to consider a serious poem as a parody upon the author's genuine style. You may thus make him burlesque himself, in a very pleasant manner.

11.—There is no poem which does not contain some bad or ridiculous passages ; quote these as specimens of the style of the author,—if he were even a Milton or a Shakspeare he could not stand this test.

* This word is sanctioned by the authority of Dr. Southey, himself a reviewer of no mean order.

12.—There is a kind of reviewing against which no poem in the world is proof. Set out with saying,—“ Let us try whether Mr. — can write a *passage* ;” and then quote his worst.

13.—Having done this, proceed to say,—“ It is quite clear from this that Mr. — cannot write a *passage* ; let us try if he can write a *couplet* :” then cite upon the same candid principle all his bad couplets.

14.—Resume,—“ Our readers will see from the above specimens of Mr. —’s couplets, that he is not successful in this way ; let us next see whether he can write a *line* :” then extract all his worst lines.

15.—Proceed in this manner,—“ We have seen that Mr. — can neither write a passage, a couplet, nor a line ; but surely he can write a word :” and you will have very bad luck indeed, if an author’s affectations have not led him to copy or coin some strange and uncouth words in the course of his book,—all these, of course, you will select and insert.

16.—You will next sum up thus,—“ We have now proved, in the most impartial manner, that Mr. — can neither write a passage, a couplet, a line, nor even a word ; and this being the case, we ask, what is his poem good for ?” This is a triumphant question, and as your extracts cannot have exceeded in all a couple of pages, it is next to impossible that you should not find at least so much of bad writing in any poem that ever was composed.

17.—In reviewing a book, the excellence of which depends upon the clearness and connection of its argument, the occasional omission of a sentence, in your extracts from the work, is not to be neglected.

18.—The same rule applies to quotation. In quoting Latin, however, the insertion of a comma in the wrong place will often change the sense, and serve your purpose equally well.

19.—When you quote unfairly, always quote from a wrong page of your author, and never state from what edition your extracts are made : your adversary is thus often at fault, and in nine cases out of ten, rather than hunt the author you have started, he will allow you to be right.

20.—If you are reviewing a French heroic poet, always translate him into his own kind of couplets ; this being a verse consecrated among us to joking, makes his seriousness very droll.

21.—If your author writes love verses, or chooses amatory subjects, let your envy of him assume the air of virtuous indignation : affect a great regard for the purity of people’s sisters and daughters, and say that for that reason you abstain from quoting such and such passages : but always carefully indicate the volume and page.

22.—If you find yourself obliged to praise anybody, never scruple to lay down new theories of criticism, however startling, in order to bring his book within the scope of your readers’ admiration. Say, for example, that the world is more anxious for a new poem like THEODRIC, than for a new novel by the author of Waverley ; that good poets, in all ages, have written very little ; and that it is only such bad writers as Shakspeare, Milton, &c. who have written much ; and boldly assert that verses are musical, the march of which you know to be modelled upon whatever is most detestable to the ear.

23.—If you have written a pamphlet which no bookseller will publish, upon any subject of the day, you may always make use of it by inserting it in some review, placing at the head of it the title of some book, on something like the same subject, of which, of course, you never take the slightest notice.

24.—You may sometimes be tempted to become guilty of an article in the *Literary Gazette*, in that publication to serve or to damn a friend. I therefore give you a model on which you must form all your articles for that lively journal. “This is an excellent (or abominable) work. The introduction is so amusing (or absurd) that we quote the whole of it.—(here quote a page.) The author introduces many new views of the subject in the following passages.—(here quote a couple of pages more.) We cannot avoid quoting some pages,—(at least three in number)—in which all this writer’s excellencies (or stupidities) are displayed.” You then sum up by saying, that “upon the whole, this book is worthy (or unworthy) of public notice :” and there’s an article.

25.—You are perfectly qualified to review a book in Blackwood’s Magazine, if you can write nonsense about anything in the world but the subject of the book you are criticising, and know how to quote abundantly. You are to pretend to be fashionable, to love whisky-punch, and you must write as if you were under the influences of it.

26.—A little practice will soon enable you to catch and copy the style of the review in which you write. If you write in the *Edinburgh*, endeavour to be smart, ingenious, and brilliant, like Jeffrey: if you cannot, (as is very likely) you can at least copy his phrases, and talk of “quite refreshing,” &c. If you write in the *Quarterly*, be —— but for a model in this way, I refer you to the *Quarterly* review of Shelly’s poems. It is quite as easy to imitate the Westminster reviewers; be very Benthamish and Radical in your principles, and vulgar in your style.

27.—When you review an anonymous book, always publish the name of the author. This will prove your acquaintance with literary secrets; and the practice is not to be abandoned, even when the name of a writer is as well known to the public as that of the Author of Waverley.

28.—Pretend that all your quotations are selected at random, or that whatever bad passages you cite were found in merely opening the book here and there; whereas you know that the selection has cost you many a weary hour.

29.—Always place yourself immeasurably above your author; assume a tone of superiority both with regard to learning and talent; the *we* hides a great deal of this ludicrous insolence; and to say that “of course our opinion is much more judicious,” often passes for drollery and wit in our reviews. Besides, you should always call your review *a widely circulated journal*; this is one way to make it so, and it will, at all events, make it be thought so by those who know nothing about the matter.

30.—A man who replies to an article against him in a review is an ass; he shows that the critique is felt, and the public, who never read his reply, forthwith set him down as in the wrong, because he takes the trouble to answer it.

Postscript to the Editor of the European Magazine. (New Series.)

DEAR SIR,—I might have saved myself the writing, and you the reading of the foregoing thirty excellent rules, if I had only bethought me of recommending to the imitation of your readers, that very pleasant gentleman and model of a critic, *Signor POCOCCURANTE*, who abuses painting, music, and poetry, by turns. The eulogy of this eminent personage, I once summed up in the following words, which comprehend, in my mind, all the qualities of a good reviewer,—*Oh, quel grand génie que ce Pococcurante ! rien ne put lui plaire !*

Yours, &c.

CANDIDE.

DEFENCE OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.

SIR,—PERMIT me to say, that “MEDICAL STUDENTS,” to use your correspondent R.’s* commencement to his communication “are” not “a very wild and harum-scarum set, addicted furiously to all the licentiousness, &c. of this metropolis,” but really are a very (at least the greater part of them,) industrious and attentive set of young men, more particularly that part which your correspondent calls “*greenhorns*.” He appears to me to have either taken a wrong view of the subject, or else having been, what he calls, one of the “*black spirits*” himself, has been more successful than usual in misleading those young men who, having lately arrived in this most mighty metropolis, are unfortunately too often the dupes of the designing.

Your correspondent must be aware that the greater portion of young men stay in London but one year—or, at most, two winters and one summer, making in the whole eighteen months; now he allows that they require many months’ preparation and constant study to prepare for the college, and yet says they are “larking and philandering away their time:” this appears to me rather inexplicable, more particularly as they generally, during the same period, prepare for, and mostly pass, the Apothecaries’ Hall.

Again, your correspondent draws a line of comparison between the “*law and medical student*,” with what degree of accuracy I may perhaps shew. The law student attends at an office a certain number of hours in the day, when the greatest portion of his time is taken up in copying, or something of the sort, and this is not required of him so particularly, save during, or during the preparation for, “term time;” and ultimately his examination almost (indeed I had almost said quite,) consists in paying a guinea or two to certain persons, the stamps, &c. and he then is fit to practice the law.—Now the medical student, if he be a dresser, (and at our hospital, the London, we were all dressers,) he takes his turn to be house surgeon, and of course has his moiety of all the accidents, &c. which happen to be taken in during the week; these are under his care till well or dead—(of course under the superintendence of a surgeon.) He has his lectures to attend; this he mostly does, which the crowded state of the lecture-room shews—and most of the pupils may be seen taking notes of the lectures. I do not say but that a few of them may be asleep, from having practised some indiscretion the preceding night—but that it occurs frequently is really not the case, nor do I think they spend their evenings at any of the houses named by your correspondent, but in reading or transcribing their notes into another book, so that should he at any future period require a reference, he has it in his note-book. Now, if he have three patients to attend, (and I have myself had so many as twenty at a time,) his lectures and the dissecting-room to attend to, can he really waste his time in the manner spoken of, “*in philandering?*”—’tis true, some have felt the impressions of the softer sex, but I think the cases are so rare during the probation of a medical student, that really they should not be sent forth to the world with a view to lower in the estimation of the public the general character of the profession at large. Look at the profession, and see if by their abilities they shew

* See No. III.

the truth of your correspondent's statements—I say no, and with pleasure too. Was the profession ever at so great a pitch of respectability as at present, and could that have been the case had they passed their time at the hospital in the manner they are accused?—no, never; they would have dwindled down to a mere nothing, notwithstanding all that a few great men have done for them. It must be allowed there are many, very many surgeons, who cannot, according to the natural course of things, arrive at that eminence to which SIR ASTLEY COOPER, MR. ABERNETHY, MR. BROOKES, MR. GREEN, and a few others have done, but because this is the case, are we to be branded as dolts, and to be accused of a want of that “circumspection and prudence” which other men have? I think, sir, you and most of our readers will allow us to possess at least prudence and circumspection, and I doubt whether you will accuse us, “*en masse*,” of professional ignorance, which certainly must have been the case had we spent our time in the manner stated.

Your correspondent says it would be a rare occurrence to find any of the lucubrations of the medical student in any of the periodicals of the day. Now, really this is not the case, as, to my knowledge, they are not seldom or few; but as they do not always put their names to what they write, I suppose they are not to have the credit of it—but, nevertheless, taken as a class, they are not, I am happy to say, so “woefully illiterate,” as your correspondent is pleased to describe them; this I trust you will allow, or how comes it that so soon as they emerge from their studies, (or, as he calls it, from wasting so much time,) they form—not all of them, of course, but many of them—the only writers in the numerous and well-written medical works of the day? But I suppose your correspondent will say that I am going from medical students to medical men—but medical men have been medical students, and I doubt much if the present pupils are worse than their predecessors. Does the capability of writing come to them from the clouds?—if not, where does it come from? I should suppose from hard reading, and that too during the time of their studies at the hospital. A medical student during apprenticeship has little time for study, and should he be but moderately successful in practice, he has not much time then; therefore it must be during the term I speak of which your correspondent R. accuses them of wasting in what he elegantly calls “larking.” ’Tis true there are and must be some wild ones amongst so many; but your correspondent seems to have given credit to the other side of the subject only—that is, that they are chiefly of the wild and harum-scarum set; whilst the fact is, there are but few of this description. With regard to their not following or cultivating the fine arts, how is it to be expected? A man comes to town with perhaps a limited sum to study that profession by which he is to support himself and perhaps a family, and that too with respectability, or he has little chance, and yet there are members of the profession who have done this. He mentions one who, it appears, understood, in no very mean degree, music—I have known many most exquisite flute-players and most inimitable draftsmen; if this latter be not the case, how comes it that we have so many representations of parts both morbid and healthy? They are copied from nature by the medical students previous to their being engraved.

Perhaps from my having been a pupil at an hospital rather eastward of St. Bartholomew's, your correspondent may not choose to allow me the rank in the profession which he would allow to another; but of course as

he allows SIR WILLIAM BLIZARD to be one of the most strict examiners, I have a right to take up the subject: at the same time allow me to say that, although I was examined by SIR DAVID DUNDAS and MR. LYNN, I conceive my examination quite as correct as his.

In conclusion, I must say that I never yet met with a medical student who had passed a "night under the uncivil canopy of a watch-house;" that it may have occurred I do not mean to question, but that it frequently happens is, I think, highly questionable, at least among the respectable pupils, and these I am happy to say form by far the greater part. I should almost think it worth the trouble of any one who doubted these facts, to visit the hospitals and witness with what anxiety the pupils go to hear and see what may be going on in the lecture-room, dissecting-room, or wards of the hospital; I have no doubt but they would perfectly agree with me.

MEDICUS.

PICTURE AUCTIONS AND PICTURE DEALERS.

By A DEALER, *dealt out*.

Decipimur specie recti.—HOR.

DON'T you know that the maids killed the cock? No!—why I thought every fool knew that, but it would seem then that there *is* one that does not. Surely you must have read Æsop's Fables, and have forgotten that the maids, being ordered by their mistress to rise at the crowing of Chanticleer, put him to death, that they might no more be disturbed in their slumbers. Now, knowing how devoutly attached people are to their darling follies and vices, and picture-fancying ranks high among them, and is not the least expensive, I must, before I begin to crow, and give warning, deprecate any inquiry after me, with the same amiable design as that which filled the tender bosoms of these gentle virgins.

Having stated the *conditions*, I shall proceed *without reserve*, as we say, to lay down a dozen cautionary rules, which, as the sales are coming on at this season of the year, will be found very salutary if duly observed by novices, that is to say, young collectors, or would-be connoisseurs and amateurs.

RULE I.

As it would be very unwise, as you must allow, to trust to your own judgment, so would it be doubly so to trust to the judgment of anybody else—especially a *dealer*.* "*Ut pictura, poësis*," says Horace, and as

* One instance will suffice. I recollect a sale in Pall-mall, where a gentleman bid for a small painting under the direction of a dealer. The dealer stood *behind* him, as prompter, and the picture was knocked down to the gentleman at twenty guineas. What is there in this? Nothing certainly, except that it was the dealer's own picture, and not worth forty shillings, and he himself the only bidder by silent nods against the purchaser. I then admired this as a grace almost beyond the art of picture dealing, and was stung with no little envy, but having been vanquished in the Insolvent Court, and having taken to an honest calling, I am now inclined to think that my worthy friend, who had hung so many pictures, ought himself to have shared the same fate.

poetry is like a picture, so *vice versa*, pictures are like poetry, a lying affair all through! This is the ground work, and success in both depends on it. An unequal matter; I admit, for the dealer in poetry may be a long time before his profits can compete with the lying of the dealer in pictures.

RULE II.

Of course you are not quite so young as to bestow your credulity on the *Titians, Guidos, &c.* that figure in the catalogue; but even still less would I have you pay the least respect to a single word uttered by the auctioneer about *original state, private collection, just imported*, to be sold *without the smallest reserve*, and other phrases of this sort. He lies, and he has his reward—the commission:—if indeed he be not a picture dealer himself, and “the private collection of a gentleman lately defunct,” be not from his own store, and sold by the deceased in person.

RULE III.

Never buy an old picture in *bad* condition, an undoubted original by one of the first masters—a *Teniers*, for instance, whose age is not two years.* There is a manufactory both at home and abroad, to prepare such *ancient* paintings to gull you. How is a copy of Raffaele to pass for a Raffaele, if it be not smoked and damaged? and what can be easier? it is, as Shakspeare says, “as easy as lying.”

RULE IV.

Never buy an old picture in *good* condition, or to use their phrase, “as fresh as when it first came from the easel”—for though this be true enough, it having indeed just left the dealer’s easel, where what was good, is spoilt by his lining, cleaning, and stippling and daubing in. After all this quackery, a coat of varnish, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, which you will find out when you get it home perhaps, but certainly, if you should ever deem it necessary to have it cleaned again—or to sell it.

RULE V.

Be not vexed, repent not, at what you may think the loss of a bargain—a picture sold for nothing as it were, and which you might have got, had you bid another half-crown—for any odds, it was not sold at all. Nineteen sales out of twenty of “private collections,” “collections of gentlemen going abroad,” &c. are made up from the various dealers’ stock, and by them bought in, if they are not sold at their full value, at least. If you are really inconsolable because you have not been taken in, wait a little, and you will find the self-same canvas in a different frame perhaps, at some other auction in a remote part of the town. If a picture sets in clouds in *the West*, it is sure to rise in all the effulgence of a new coat of varnish in *the East*. Like snipe shooting, you may have two or three shots at the same bird, within short distances both of space and time.

RULE VI.

An unquestionable sale of pictures collected by some known person of taste, and for years seen in his possession, is tempting; but beware.

* There are two *Teniers*—old *Teniers* and young *Teniers*—the latter is infinitely the best, and here you will not be disappointed, for you will always find *your* picture to be of *the youngest*! In the cant of police reports, we often read of *Duffers, &c.* persons who palm off *Brummagem* watches for town made gold repeaters, and British lace for Brussels. Now it would be difficult to distinguish between these two dealers in *originals*.

Dealers, like blood hounds, are on the scent, and will have every one of any intrinsic value. Here they bid not against each other, but one or more make the purchases, and they have an after sale amongst themselves, when the surplus over the bidding at the sale is shared amongst those who do not obtain the picture. Here you may, perhaps, get a good painting, but they will take care you shall pay for it, and gold may be bought too dear.

RULE VII.

Justly fearful of auctions, be equally apprehensive of the dealer's shop—*Scylla and Charybdis*. If you visit a dealer, it is a miracle if you escape—all he requires is, that you'll just call and look at his pictures. His paintings, highly varnished, and in gorgeous frames, are doled out one by one from an adjoining chamber, his laboratory or repairing room, and placed in a studied light—he descants on names—points out beauties—asks a sum which can startle no one, for *he promises* to return it in six months if you don't like the picture—and, in fine, talks you out of your senses:—always generously supposing that you had some when you went in.

RULE VIII.

If you happen to have more money than wit—a thing very likely to happen to a dabbler in pictures—this would be a good and speedy way of getting rid of the superfluous; but as it is a pity to disfigure well painted walls with badly painted pictures, and grievously vexatious to vanity to be laughed at for one's pains; consider of it before you part with your money, and don't flatter yourself that you have any chance of getting it back at the end of the *promised six months*.

RULE IX.

Be not taken in by cheap—very cheap. It is known that the import duty on paintings from the continent is between three and four pounds without regard to the size or quality of the picture. Now, these precious originals, “just imported,” are frequently knocked down at from ten shillings to forty. Nothing can be cheaper, if anything were cheap that is worth nothing.

RULE X.

Never play the fool by giving a commission to a broker, either *in pictures or furniture*, unless you wish to pay double for playing the part by proxy. There are two reasons for this—1st, on the price of the lot depends the amount of the commission, and if there be a lack of bidders, it is not difficult to get an accommodating brother to run it up.* 2dly. The article may have been sent in by the broker himself, and then—Lord have mercy upon you!

RULE XI.

Folks are easily bamboozled out of their little wisdom, but it is very difficult to cheat or reason them out of their folly; therefore I dare say you don't believe a word of all this—*d'accord*—be it so: I only require one test. Make your collection, and then have a sale! As you before indulged in the “*animum picturæ pascit inani*,” you will then

* Not six months since, such an occurrence took place at a sale of furniture in Albemarle-street, and was exposed to the whole room by another broker, who had reasons doubtless to suspect, and also to think it hard, that being numbered in the day of battle, he should be overlooked in the division of the spoil.

have an opportunity of varying the banquet, by getting rid of your *pictura* and substituting *Crumena*.

*Animumque Crumenâ pascit inani,**

which you will find a very *light supper*.

RULE XII. *or a word at parting.*

It is reported that *Diogenes*, anxious to possess a *painting*, that is, by a just figure, *Lais, the courtesan*, demanded the price; and being told an enormous sum, he (and I could wish the young collector to keep his answer constantly in mind, when, with the catalogue in his hand, "*Stupet in titulis et imaginibus*," surrounded by the painted harlots of an auction or dealer's room)—he replied,—"*No, I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.*"

* * I am half inclined to give a list, accompanied by a little history of the picture auction rooms of the metropolis from CHRISTIE'S, which being the most respectable, is the supreme humbug, through the *convenient* candle-light sales in *Leicester-street*, down, down to those at the *Auction mart* in *Bartholomew-lane*, for the relief of the over-loaded purses of youthful jobbers and stock brokers, as well as all the other exquisite judges of *vertu* and taste, which so abound in that enlightened quarter†—but I desist—in one picture you have them all—all *copies*, better or worse, of a *bad original*.

ON UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

"Loving, quarreling, hugging, kissing, snarling.

You jade! you plague!—my joy, my duck, my darling."

OLD POEM.

WE are often informed of, and indeed have opportunities of witnessing, what are styled by the world unhappy marriages,—not always occasioned by any very particular glaring vice in either party, but from a want of knowledge, previous to the indissoluble knot being tied, that the tempers, habits, and pursuits of the bride and bridegroom are not in the least suited to each other. This is not discovered until after marriage; as the lovers during perhaps a long courtship, have been playing a part, endeavouring *à faire l'agréable* to each other, which conduct is only to last until the church has granted the possession so long coveted. Almost every man, in the time of his courtship, and during the honey-moon, resigns his inclinations and understanding to the humour and opinions of his mistress. She, finding one so obedient, who has never dared to contradict her as a lover, expects the same behaviour from the husband. A little time, however, serves to con-

* And on an *empty purse* his mind he feeds.

† A recent transaction will, if brought to issue, tend very much to enlighten the public with regard to one branch of this traffic. In the mean time, it is a secret worth knowing, that the *Chief Justice of the Common Pleas*, Dec. 13, in the case of *Crowder v. Austin*, ruled that no bidder at an auction was bound by his bidding, if opposed by any one on the part of the seller, or the seller himself. The conditions of sale state that the highest bidder is to be the buyer, but each bidding must be *bonâ fide*, and not for the purpose of covertly raising the price. This construction of law would annul 15-16ths of the biddings at picture auctions.

vince her that the man has a will of his own, and dares to treat her as a woman; finding fault when he thinks her wrong, and upbraiding her when her temper is perhaps but little prepared to meet it. What makes the misfortune worse is, that the greatest flatterers before marriage, generally prove the greatest tyrants afterwards. There are men, who are unfortunately cursed with that worst of all tempers, denominated surly,—men who would not be satisfied were an angel to administer to their comforts. What misery must be the lot of an affectionate wife, falling into the power of such a husband, incapable of appreciating her good qualities,—a husband, unhappy in his own disposition, and miserable when any one else enjoys one moment's peace, or even relief from his hourly persecutions. And yet such men are frequently to be met with!

There is another sort of men, whose disposition is even more calculated to create family uneasiness. I allude to those who marry, fancying they can love for life; but find that imaginary love grows cold, almost before they have had time to receive the congratulations of their friends upon their nuptials. An admirable, though laughable, simile on this subject is to be found in Chaucer, which I cannot refrain from inserting here, as it applies so directly to men of this fickle and changeable disposition:—

“Whilome he cherished her.—But when tied
By holy church, he could not her abide.
Like unto dog which lighteth on a bone,
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore is grown—
But this same bone, if to his tail thou tie,
Pardie the cur in fear away doth fly!”

So indeed it often has been, that the man, who has sworn in the temple of his Creator to love and cherish all the days of his life, commences a system of cold behaviour, calculated to excite feelings of jealousy and disgust, which have a great chance of bringing down infamy and dishonour on his own head, exposure of his family, and shame upon his children. These terrible consequences can never certainly be taken into consideration, or it would be imagined that worldly interests alone, would prevent such a line of conduct from being pursued.

A woman who has once loved, but whose heart is alienated from her husband through his marked indifference, becomes, at once, a very dangerous companion. Her feelings upon this point are very different from those of the stronger sex. Wound the heart of a man, his active life affords a fair opportunity of recovery; but the heart of woman, softer by nature, receives the impression of unkindness, which even time has not the power to efface.

In these cases the faults of the ladies must not be omitted, for ladies have their faults, however difficult it may be to convince them of the fact. Happy, aye, doubly happy ought the man to be who is fortunate enough to be blessed with a good and virtuous wife. She is the master-piece of the creation, worthy of infinite praise, and equal to our largest desires and imaginations. How fondly ought she to be cherished, who is ever ready to soothe in affliction, who will be *herself* in all changes of fortune, neither proud in prosperity, nor broken by adversity; an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion through life. How can any man be mad enough to dash such a cup of happiness from his lips; and what must the heart of such a man be framed of, who could be callous to the endearments of so much loveliness and virtue?

On the other hand, it has been remarked by a celebrated author, that " 'tis the design of most of the female sex to lead silly men captive, nay, take them generally, and what with the difficulty of pleasing them, and other considerations, he that comes off best will find himself a loser at the foot of the account." This, although certainly not the fact to the extent, does not deserve to be totally disregarded; for how many of the female sex do we find coquettes at forty, seeking the admiration of the more flighty part of mankind, instead of being affectionate wives and attentive mothers? Women, whose children are shamefully neglected, and solely entrusted to the care of an unfeeling hireling nurse, or sent away for years to a remote boarding-school, the very hot-bed of vice, whilst the mothers are running through every course of fashionable dissipation this vast metropolis can afford, making beggars of their husbands, and blasting their own domestic character in the eyes of every principled person of either sex? This is indeed too much the case; and it would be even so, were it to be found in only one solitary instance. Let us now take into consideration the situation of a man who has been toiling all the day, either at the desk or in the field, and who naturally expects some respite under his own roof on his return in the evening,—how must that man be mortified, (allowing his temper to be a little ruffled, perhaps, by the cares of the day) to hear constantly no one thing but the language of discontent on some trifling occurrence, from the partner of his life, who takes pains to choose that inauspicious moment for its communication.

It has the effect at last of driving the husband from his fireside, to seek that comfort in society, at a tavern, which is denied him in his own house, and this conduct on his part creates additional expense, awakes every jealous feeling to which the female mind is very susceptible, destroys confidence, and in short, renders marriage, which ought to be the greatest source of happiness under heaven, a most bitter curse, which is not to be shaken off. I remember an anecdote of a gentleman labouring under this affliction, who was not rich enough to pass his time in coffee-houses. It was raining so hard one evening, that although I had my umbrella I was under the necessity of seeking shelter beneath a gate-way, until the weather became more moderate. I there met my acquaintance, who resided in the same street where we were, therefore, when the storm had somewhat abated, I offered him a share of my umbrella to his own door; when, judge of my surprise at his refusal, saying, "No, I thank you, I would rather remain where I am for the present, as there is nobody at home but my wife."

Much may be accomplished sometimes by a little well-timed concession. By giving up an unimportant point, which one party seems determined to carry, another point of greater magnitude would often be ceded by the person receiving the obligation, without reflecting upon the comparative value of the two.

We read of a happy couple, who at one time had been in the habit of flying into a passion with each other, and who afterwards came to an agreement, for their better comfort, that when such was the case, the party angry should go into another room, write a note, and send it by one of their children, when the person written to was to beg pardon, because the writing, to avoid passion, is in itself an act of kindness.

The smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents, caused the married pair to be sensible of a thousand good qualities in each other.

Matrimony, after all, comes, it must be confessed, in such "a questionable shape," as to defy any rules for its successful regulation. "None," it is said, "but a *bachelor* knows how to manage a wife;" and that skill only rests with him in his wild state, for when caught, tamed and domesticated, it generally appears to leave him altogether. Our great moralist, Dr. Johnson, pronounced marriage to be an unnatural state, which, said he, is proved when we see that no ties, human or divine, can keep them together. The legislature perceived the difficulty, and applied the force of laws; but the church, the senate, the link of offspring, and mutual interest, all have failed, so unnatural, so hopeless the attempt to bind two human beings together for life. When a couple live in peace and quiet, it may be affection; but we should be more sure of it, if they had the liberty to part! Our European chains are weak,—something stronger has been devised in the east, but its application is not perfect. The Hindoo woman is burnt when her husband dies, which doubtless makes her entertain a very tender and affectionate solicitude after his health, and a sincere desire to prolong his life. Now some such regulation, with respect to the man, would at any rate, if it did nothing else,—keep up appearances!

ONE FOOL IN A FAMILY ENOUGH AT A TIME

A PETER PINDARIC ANECDOTE.

THAT "all's not gold that glitters" is most true;
 As true as that full many a country clown
 With mother wit, but manners very few,
 Shall in a jilley put some great one's down;
 And bite the biters with true Rowland touch,
 So that their Olivers must use a 'cru'ch.

One of this sort, a fellow with red cheek,
 And sun-tinged brow, and firm and sturdy gait,
 Offspring of mountain airs and breezes bleak,
 For on dame Nature he was prone to wait,
 To sip her dewy cup at burst of day,
 And watch her evening sun's last beams decay,—
 One of this sort—by Dis, I must keep moving,
 And not, like Mr. Button, mighty cit!
 Rise in my stirrups, yet not pace a bit;
 Rather than imitate this Brentford knight,
 Stewing on 'orse back, bolt upright,
 I'll put my best leg foremost, cut and run;
 And, like famed Johnny Gilpin, bent on roving,
 Ride races, against time, to Edmonton.

One of this sort,—it happened in the West,
 Where Exe his sinuosities trails forth,
 Though, but I knew the fellow Devon's guest,
 I should have sworn him bred much further *North*;—

No matter, he was *keeping sheep*,—it was but fair
 In him to do so, for the *sheep kept him*,—
 'Twas on a cross-cut, zig-zag moor, and where,
 Though Nature nurs'd so plump this son of whim,
 I don't think Mistress Hamlet e'en could batten.
 Howbeit, though queer,
 'Twas very clear,
 Both sheep and shepherd it had help'd to fatten.

Two travellers,—one's horse behind the other,—
 Master and servant mostly ride that way,—
 Chanced, on the evening of a weary day,
 And when the dusk their senses 'gan to smother,
 And all their road geography was cross'd,
 In fact, when they were nothing less than lost,
 To meet this very bumpkin,
 Devon's Tony Lumpkin,
 And strove to make of him a walking finger-post :—
 " Hey ! my fine fellow ! " the first gemman cried,
 " Can'st tell me where yon road before us *goes* ? "
 The shepherd stared some time before he spoke,—
 I really do not think he meant the joke,
 Though wit from many a dingy current flows ;
 Albeit, he scratch'd his head, and rubb'd his nose,—
 Not with a square of lawn,—then speechified :—
 " Where the road *goes* ? Lord love ye, zur,
 A mort o' vokes do go to he,
 But mortal eyes did never zec
 In all this *wordle* he did stir ;
 I pace un every day that comes, ye know,
 But, dang it, zur, the road himself doan't go ! "

" John," says his master, when they'd found their path,
 " That's a smart boy, ride back and hire the lad,
 I warrant me, if ragged he can laugh,
 He'll grin right broadly, when in livery clad."
 John turn'd his horse, and also turn'd his mind
 To queering of the sauncy hind ;
 For, be it known,
 John had a snug opinion of his own,
 That Nature to *his* wits had been most kind.

" Here you sir, shepherd, master sent me back
 To hire thee, saucebox, for he wants a hack ;
 We'll give thee wine, man, for thy chilly brook ;
 Fleccings for fleeces, cribbings for thy crook ;
 We'll put you up to trap, lad, high and low ;
 We'll mend thy *ways*, and find a *road* to go ! "
 This was a *hit*, it *struck* our bumpkin so,
 And, like a cat
 Watching a rat,
 He grinn'd quite wide
 Erc he replied,

" Whouy as to that,—and I may be so bold,
 I'm not so *sheepish* but I'd leave the fold
 For a warm service, and a bit of gold :—
 But be so koind, young mon, to let I zee
 What place your measter ha' look'd out for me."
 " Place, Johnny Raw, the place you had at school,
 Place, spooney, why to be my master's fool !"
 The bumpkin laugh'd still more, and wider stared,
 As, from the corner of his eye,
 Shot forth the glance of victory,
 While thus the lout the jack-in office scared :—
 " A fool !" —with that he grinn'd outright—" a fool dost say
 Thy measter wants ?—Be'st *thee then going away ?*
 'Cause, though he's fool enough to send to me,
I'm sure he can't afford to keep all three !"

J. F. STUART.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.—No. IV.

JOHN WESLEY.*

I AM afraid, Sir, I shall not have an opportunity of procuring you those tunes till I return to London. The gentleman from whom I expected to procure them is not yet come hither.

I have desired Mr. Swindells to beg your acceptance of two or three little tracts which perhaps you have not seen. I had forgot to mention one, which, (if you have it not already,) would probably give you pleasure. The title is (nearly) this, " A Letter to a Bishop, occasioned by some late Discoveries in Religion," There are two parts of it.

May I request one thing of you, Sir ? Do not speak evil of Jesus Christ. You may some time stand in need of him ; and if you should, (I can say from a very little experience,) you will find him the best friend in Heaven or Earth.

I am, Sir,
 Your obedient servant,
 JOHN WESLEY.

23d October, 1749.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR,

I HOPE by this time you have given shelter under your roof to *my* Jean Jaques Rousseau ; who, if he should prove less witty, will be, at the same time, less ungrateful, less mischievous, and less changeable, than his predecessor. I am afraid, however, that both of them are attended with more expence than their company is worth, as you will see by the note which, in obedience to your commands, I have enclosed, who am, with great respect,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,
 London, June 16, 1767. ALLAN RAMSAY.

* These letters are addressed to Richard Davenport, Esq.

THE SAME.

SIR,

I HAVE received the money of your draught for Rousseau's picture and frame,* for which I give you a great many thanks. As to the *original*, in every sense of the word, the last advices we had of him were by Lady Holland, who arrived at Calais the day after he left it, and where he had entertained the simple inhabitants with the *hair-breadth 'scapes* his liberty and life had made in England. Where he has disposed of himself we have not yet learnt; but so much importance will not continue long anywhere without being discovered.

I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,

London, July 8th, 1767.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

DAVID HUME AND J. J. ROUSSEAU.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST beg you to take the trouble of sending the enclosed to your guest, after having read it. It is the last trouble of the kind, which I shall ever give you; so I hope for your excuse. As he will receive no letters by the post, this is the only method by which I could reach him; and I am, besides, well pleased that you should be acquainted with every step of my behaviour, in hopes of your approbation. This man's conduct is such a composition of wickedness and frenzy, that one does not know whether they are to be angry at him for the one, or to pity him for the other. I flatter myself that you will think my letter sufficiently temperate and decent.

I propose soon to be at your fire-side, or rather in your shady grove; for I think this weather more suitable to the latter than the former. You will allow me to bring my friend along with me. It is Dr. Armstrong, author of "The Art of Preserving Health," and many other fine pieces: he is besides a very worthy man. I shall use the freedom to inform you some time before we set out.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, 22d of July, 1766.

Voici, Monsieur, une lettre que j'ai indiscrettement ouverte selon vos ordres, je m'apperois qu'elle n'est pas pour moi, je vous la renvoye sur le champ très mortifié de cette méprise, mais en vérité il n'y a pas de ma faute. Je fais mille vœux pour votre santé et celle de votre chère famille, et vous salue très humblement.

Ce Samedi, 9 Aoust, 1766.

J. ROUSSEAU.

* Mr. Davenport to Isaac Gosset of Dallain.

		£.	s.	d.
April 24, 1764.				
For a $\frac{1}{2}$ Frame, oil gold	- - - -	2	2	0
And Case for ditto	- - - -	0	6	0
		2	8	0
To Mr. Ramsay, for the picture of Mon. Rousseau		21	0	0
		23	8	0

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been detained so long in London, that Dr. Armstrong has left me above a fortnight ago; and now I am hurried down to Scotland, and by another road and in another company; so that it will be impossible for me to pay you a visit at Davenport. I assure you that I regret this accident very sincerely. I proposed to myself a great deal of pleasure in passing some days with you in your country seat; and I wanted very much to show you the whole train of correspondence between your guest and me. I am sorry that that affair has made so great a noise all over Europe; but I found myself obliged to make the rupture public, in order to prevent the effects of his malice against me. He is writing his memoirs, and intends to blacken me, as much as possible. He threatens me in a letter with his vengeance; and I foresaw that these memoirs might be published either after my death or after his. In the former case, there would be nobody to tell the story or to vindicate my memory. In the second case, my apology, being wrote against a dead man, would lose much of its authenticity. For this reason, I have drawn a narrative of the whole transaction, inserting all the letters on both sides, which indeed compose the far greater part of the piece. Among the rest, I insert that long letter of Rousseau, which contains a full detail of his grievances against me, and which I have already mentioned to you. I intended to have shown you the whole narrative. I have made one copy, which I have deposited in a sure hand at Paris: I have given another to Lord Hartford, and I keep another to myself. These will remain in reserve till Rousseau attacks me, which I expect every day; and I wonder indeed he has delayed it so long. I know not whether so much precaution on my part be not superfluous, though the malignity and talents of your guest render him very dangerous. There is scarce, however, a person in Europe, who does not look upon him at present as very mad, or very wicked, or as both; and if the public voice were not apt to be soon obliterated, I might safely rest my defence upon it.

When I say that he is a very dangerous man, I do not mean that he is likely to prove so to you. As you have been so happy as never to make yourself known to the public as an author, he is less likely to entertain any jealousy against you; and he may submit with the less repugnance to the great obligations which he owes you. Your living at such a distance from him will also serve not a little to preserve your mutual friendship. For these reasons, I shall use the freedom to repeat my exhortations to you, that you continue, as long as possible, the same good offices towards him which you have so charitably begun. Notwithstanding his atrocious conduct towards me, I should be sorry to see him abandoned by all the world: your knowledge of his character will only serve you to use the greater precautions against him: and he is now a better object of your generous humanity, that he has been in this instance so unfortunate in his behaviour.

He must now expect to live altogether on his own funds, without any pension. Unhappy man! to deprive me so cruelly of the delicious pleasure I felt in serving him; and at the same time to oppress so violently his own interest. I was obliged to shew the whole train of the correspondence to General Conway, which cuts off all his hopes from that quarter. But what is worse, the King had heard of the affair, and expressed a great curiosity to know the whole of it: so that I was obliged to send my nar-

rative to His Majesty. Rousseau needs not complain, that only one side is shown ; for as his long letter is inserted, his pleading is very fully heard against me.

If you do me the favour to write me, please to direct to me as usual, for I shall not probably be long in Scotland ; and my landladies have directions to send my letters after me.

I am, dear Sir, with great sincerity,

Your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Lisle-street, Leicester-fields, 2d Sept. 1766.

A Wootton le 11tre, 7, 1766.

Après le départ, Monsieur, de ma précédente lettre, j'en reçus enfin une de M. Becket. Il me marque que les estampes sont dans une des autres caisses ; ainsi je n'ai plus rien à dire : mais vous m'avouerez que ne les trouvant pas dans la caisse où elles devoient être, et trouvant les portefeuilles vides, il étoit naturel que je les crusse perdues. Il me reste à vous faire mes excuses de vous avoir donné pour cette affaire bien de l'embarras mal à propos.

Je vous félicite, Monsieur, du plaisir que vous avez actuellement de voir autour de vous votre aimable famille rassemblée. Vous goûtez pourtant un peu ce plaisir à mes dépens, puis qu'il retarde votre voyage : mais je sais trop combien vous êtes bon père pour ne pas préférer en cette occasion votre plaisir au mien.

Si vous n'étiez pas pressé pour la plantation de votre jardin, et que vous voulussiez attendre jusqu' à l'année prochaine, il me viendrait peut être des idées qui se refusent maintenant à un esprit encore trop rempli de choses tristes. L'asile où je suis et la vie douce que j'y mène doivent me rendre enfin des idées agréables quand rien du dehors ne viendra les troubler. Quoi que vous en disiez, je préférerois et je croirois faire une chose plus utile de découvrir une seule nouvelle plante, que de prêcher pendant cent ans tout le genre humain.

Nous avons depuis quelques jours un tems affreux dont je serois moins affligé, si j'espérois qu'il ne s'étendit pas jusqu' à Davenport. J'en salue de tout mon cœur et avec respect les habitantes et habitants, et surtout le bon et aimable maître.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

M^{lle}. le Vasseur vous prie de vouloir bien agréer son respect.

THE SAME.

A Wootton le Samedi Soir, 4. 8bre, 1766.

Quoi qu'on ne m'apprenne, Monsieur, que ce soir bien tard le départ de Jean pour Davenport demain de grand matin, je ne veux pas qu'il parte sans un petit bonjour de ma part, à condition pour cette fois que vous vous contenteriez de me faire dire de bouche des nouvelles de votre santé. J'en suis en peine parce que M. le Pasteur m'avoit flatté de l'espérance de vous voir jeudi dernier, et que cette espérance a été trompée. Je veux me flatter pourtant que ce sont vos affaires et non vos incommodités qui vous ont retenu, mais quand je le saurai par vous-même je serai plus tranquille. Mille très humbles salutations, et à tout ce qui vous appartient, tant de la part de M^{lle}. le Vasseur que de la mienne.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

THE SAME.

A Wootton, le 14 Octobre, 1766.

Quoi qu'on me promette, Monsieur, le plaisir de vous voir ici dans peu, j'ai été si souvent frustré dans cette attente que je n'ose plus y compter, et je prends le parti de vous écrire ce que j'espérois vous dire de vive voix. Je sais que l'hospitalité que vous exercez envers moi est d'un prix inestimable et ne peut s'acquitter qu'avec les sentimens qui vous sont dus. Mais quant aux dépenses que j'occasionne dans votre maison, vous m'avez promis de permettre que je vous en tinsse compte, et les six mois dont nous sommes convenus pour cela étant plus qu'écoulés, l'incertitude où je suis, du tems où j'aurai le bonheur de vous revoir, me force à vous prier de vouloir bien me mettre en règle sur cet article.

Il y a des fournitures de vin et d'autres dépenses qui doivent se rembourser à part et dont je demande aussi la note, de même que de ce que vous avez pris la peine de payer pour moi à M. Lewis.

Enfin, Monsieur, comme je sens que mes malheurs ne finiront qu'avec ma vie, si jamais j'ai celui d'être de trop dans votre maison je vous supplie instamment de m'en avertir avec franchise, afin que je prévienne au moins celui que je crains plus que tout au monde, qui est de vous être importun le savoir.

Prenez, Monsieur, avec bonté les assurances de mon immortelle reconnaissance et de mon plus sincère attachement.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

M^{lle}. le Vasseur vous prie d'agréer son respect, et nous faisons l'un et l'autre nos salutations à vos chers enfans. Mon incommodité me rendant très pénible d'écrire, notre aimable correspondante voudra bien excuser mon silence pour aujourd'hui.



THE CLOAK.

"Did I, O Master Dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in Cuerdo, think'st thou?
In squatting hose and doublet? Signor, no;
There went more t'it: There were cloaks, gowns, cassocks,
And other Paramentos."

Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage.

"It is piercingly cold," said I to myself the other day, as I sallied into the Park, with my coat buttoned up to my chin, which was smarting under the effect of a sharp frosty wind on its newly shaven surface.—"Confoundedly cold," said I, rather more audibly, as a sudden gust from the north-east compelled me to clap both hands to my hat, and, at the same time, sent the spray of the angry Serpentine smack in my face.—"Cold!" echoed a voice just behind me—"not at all—fine bracing wind—charming weather for a walk, Jack!" and, turning round, I beheld my quondam schoolfellow ———, enveloped from head to heel in a dark blue military cloak, of first-rate cut and material; its collar of the choicest sable, drawn close round his happy ears, confined in front by a pair of silver lion's paws, and furnished with the usual quota of silk cord and tassel, while sundry of its ample folds were flung in studied negligence over his left shoulder, so as to display the voluptuous black

velvet with which it was lined.—I felt colder from the very comparison.—“Why don’t you get a cloak, Jack?” chuckled the comfortable looking rascal, as my eye wandered (somewhat invidiously, I confess) from my own little thread-bare black coat to the almost regal mantle before me.—“Cloaks are all the rage now, and devilish snug things they are too, I can tell you!” and, with the most insulting grin of superiority, he drew its graceful drapery still closer round him, nodded a “good bye,” and strode off, humming “Go to the Devil, and shake yourself!”—I was so cold, I could almost have followed his advice, impertinently as it was given.

“Cloaks are all the rage now,” repeated I mentally, as, resuming my walk, which had been interrupted by the incident, I endeavoured, by rapidity of motion, to make up for the lightness of my attire. I thrust my hand into the pocket of my pantaloons, partly to warm my fingers, and partly to ascertain whether the state of my finances would permit me to become the possessor of this seemingly indispensable article of clothing—the dishonoured note of an intimate acquaintance met its convulsive grasp—the answer was decisive.—“What a fool was I to lend my money!—I might have guessed it would never be repaid me—and yet the fellow told me so plausible a story—he borrowed it—under a cloak!” In the midst of my vexation I could not help smiling at the idea. “Cloaks are all the rage now, indeed,” continued I, “That puppy was not aware of half the truth of his observation—But the fashion is not a new one.”

I finished my walk, and sat down with a keen appetite to my dinner. The beef-steak was terribly tough, and vilely dressed, and the stupid old woman who “does for me” had forgotten there was no mustard in the house—I felt quite miserable—I drew my chair close up to the fire—it was as low as my spirits—I snatched up the coal-skuttle in a pet, and flung its contents into the grate, put what the stupid old woman aforesaid calls “a witch” upon the top of them, and, placing my feet on the fender, fell first into a brown study, and, secondly, into a doze. My “brain was troubled with thick-coming fancies.” Cloaks and mantles, in endless variety and most tormenting confusion, floated before my “mind’s eye.” Gradually my dream assumed a more comprehensible shape. I seemed to stand in the middle of a large room, or shop, or warehouse, for, with vision-like indistinctness, it partook of the semblance of all three. It was hung round entirely with every kind of *cloak* which the ingenuity of man or woman ever invented. There was the *pallium* of the ancient, and the *capote* of the modern Greek, the *toga* of the Roman, the *poncho* of the South American, the gay mantle of scarlet and yellow plumage worn by the New Zealander, and the shapeless fur coverings of the stolid inhabitants of Lapland and Kamschatka; the *roquelaure* of the last century, the plaid of the mountain Gael, the ermined robe of royalty, and the red cloak of the itinerant apple-vender; not to mention those now sported by the lifeguardsman, the Bond-street loungee, the banker’s clerk, the haberdasher’s apprentice, the lady and the lady’s-maid. Amongst the earlier specimens, I recognised many which had been the absolute property of by-gone heroes and philosophers, and I gazed with much interest on the blood-stained robe of Cæsar, and the tattered mantle, through the holes of which Plato discovered the pride of Diogenes.

“A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.” I was still in the same room; but the relics of antiquity and the refinements of modern

luxury had vanished, and their places were supplied by other cloaks and mantles, to each of which was affixed a label, bearing its particular denomination. I was on the point of turning to inquire of a by-stander if they were exhibited for sale, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the clamour of many voices, and the rush of a considerable number of persons into the warehouse. Males and females of every rank and description, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, ecclesiastics, merchants, soldiers, maids, wives, and widows, all wanted *cloaks*. The walls were stripped in an instant—the master of the shop and his assistants were hurried and worried almost out of their wits, so great was the demand, so impatient were the customers. A candidate for a seat in Parliament seized a cloak, marked “Patriotism,” and, anticipating his privilege, ran off without paying for it. A hoary-headed libertine slipped on another, marked “Religion;” those labelled “Charity, Honesty, and Toleration,” were speedily purchased by a purse-proud citizen, a usurer, and a jesuit; that of “Modesty,” by a cast-off mistress; and of “Veracity,” by a projector of new joint stock companies: to be brief, every one chose a cloak of some sort or another, and seemed indifferent as to the expense, provided its colour was the very reverse of the dress they wore under it. “I must have one myself,” exclaimed I, “Pinch for it afterwards as I may, I can no longer withstand the temptation. I will not be the only person in the world without a cloak,” and I hurried up to the master of the shop, expressing my fear that he had none left which would suit me: I was soon undeceived, however, by his displaying fresh and apparently inexhaustible stores of similar garments; and with all the bustle and volubility characteristic of the sloop-selling inhabitants of Holywell-street, Hemming’s-row, Cranbourne-alley, &c., he heaped mantle after mantle on my back, till I was ready to sink under the burden, commending all the while the formation of this, the quality of the other, and assuring me that he knew many authors (for, with the shrewdness natural to his tribe, he had guessed my profession at a glance), who had made considerable fortunes merely by publishing their works under a cloak. In vain did I implore him to desist—his shopmen followed his extraordinary example—I waxed warm—warmer—the heat became excessive—stifling—I perspired like the fat single gentleman in Colman’s excellent song—and well I might—for, wading with the efforts I made to extricate myself from this mountain of mantles, I found myself within the poker’s length of a fire, large and fierce enough to roast an ox. My “witch” had suffered the fate anciently allotted to witches, and perished in the flames, which were now roaring up the chimney. I pushed back my chair, with a “phew!”—relieved the solitary candle behind me of about two inches of wick, and, opening my desk, wrote and dispatched the following note to my tailor:—

“Mr. ——— will be obliged by Mr. Twill’s making him a cloak as speedily as possible. Mr. ——— begs it may be made full enough to cover and conceal his ordinary, that is, a multitude of *bad*, habits, and handsome enough to wear upon any occasion, as it is only by his own fireside that he shall venture to sit without it, and indeed not then if company be expected.”

S. J. Day

P.

CHARACTERS FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.—

Ἀγάπη οὐ λογίζεται το κακόν.

HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ. M.P.

"How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Thou art cast out as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit, as a carcass trodden under feet."

IN the whole wide and varied field of human exhibition there is not a more melancholy spectacle—a spectacle which tends more forcibly and more certainly to turn the pride and the vanity of man into nothing, than that of a man upon whom nature has lavished the most noble of her gifts, and to whom art has lent the choicest of her improvements, sacrificed and lost, or at least deflected aside from the true path and object of such a being, in consequence of unfortunate political bias, or political connection. Every age has afforded instances of this sinking and drowning of those, who would otherwise have been the most buoyant of the human race, by the cords of political party in which they have been entangled, and the leaden weight of political faction and combination, which has been hung to those cords of party. Under such circumstances, the most comprehensive range of philosophy, the out-pouring of all the stores of learning, the brightest gleams of fancy, and the boldest wings of the imagination, have been stultified and confused, and dimmed, and clogged; and he who, freed from the trammels and the lumber, might have been glorious in time and still more glorious in immortality, has left the world to lament that faction—unmeaning, unprincipled, and unprofitable faction, should be able to blast the brightest hopes of mankind.

The pain which comes over us when we contemplate such a spectacle, though far more intense in degree, is somewhat analogous in kind to that which is produced when one looks upon the wreck of a great city, which has been whelmed beneath the streams of lava, or shaken to pieces by the convulsions of an earthquake: or when one comes with fond hopes to where stood the monument of him who gave song, or science, or security to the nations, and finds that barbaric hordes have broken it to pieces, and are employing the fragments for the most ignoble of purposes.

It is impossible, in the spirit of perfect candour and honesty, to think of the very highly gifted personage whose name stands at the top of this article without feeling a certain portion at least of the pain here alluded to. Whether we meet him in the senate house as a statesman, grasping with giant strength the pillars by which nations are supported,—in the court, as a special pleader, contending for the right, or with sophistry squared as nearly as sophistry can possibly be squared to the rules of true logic, making the worse cause appear the better, and the weaker argument the stronger,—in the hall of science, taking the whole encyclopædia in the hollow of his hand,—in the library of erudition, making every ancient and every modern render up all that they know in apparently less time than almost any other person could turn to any useful purpose whatever,—or amid the shouts of astonished workmen in the democratic forum, or the sons of hilarity at the convivial board,—it is altogether impossible to attend for many minutes, or even for one minute, without perceiving that the man at whom we are compelled to wonder belongs to no ordi-

nary and no numerous class, and that, if the energies which are in him had been allowed to have free and unbiassed scope, he would have occupied among the benefactors of mankind a place of which it is not easy to assign the elevation. Wherever the arena is, or whatever is the subject, the intellectual dimensions of the man will not hide; and as there is nothing which we are so prone to admire, or so much justified in admiring, as intellectual strength, we cannot withhold, and we have no desire to withhold, our warm admiration.

When, however, we take all those great and brilliant efforts in the aggregate, and attempt to estimate their value as a whole, we find that the principles of our arithmetic are unhinged and inapplicable, and that the sum, instead of being equal in value to all the parts, is really not so valuable as any one of them. Nor can we help discovering the cause of this cutting off of those consequences which we should naturally have expected. Henry Brougham has, from his youth upward, been a party politician—has looked for his advancement in the world, not to those talents which, had he trusted to them and used them properly, would have placed him wherever he had a mind, but to a certain party, who, though the words of freedom, and intellectual, social, and moral improvement, were often enough upon their lips, were really standing still or falling backward, while society was improving, and fretting themselves because they imagined their antagonists were following the same courses and reaping the same advantages which they themselves would have followed and reaped, had they been in the same situations. This has been the moving, the ruling, and the connecting principle; and therefore, however powerful or brilliant may have been the individual efforts of the orator, they have failed in producing not only the effects which the lovers of talents generally would have wished, but even those which Brougham himself must have wished that they should produce.

The school in which Brougham was educated must have had a considerable effect upon the line which he subsequently took in politics. It was the school of the Edinburgh Whigs—a school in which the principles of popular liberty are less known, or at least less acted upon, than in almost any other political school that could be named—certainly less so than in any other political school in Britain. Popular liberty, if indeed it exists at all in that part of the island, is of a date subsequent even to that of Brougham's pupilage; and whatever it may have done in the Scottish provinces, it certainly does not thrive in the Scottish capital. Now, though the cause of this may appear to have little connection with even a gratuitous sketch of Henry Brougham, yet, upon reflection, it will be found to have had more influence in the formation of that part of his character, which one regrets, than any other circumstance that can be so readily adduced and so clearly seen.

The structure of Scottish society, and more especially of that society as it is found in Edinburgh, affords little or no scope for those popular powers which men of all parties find it their interest to cherish in England; and as the greatest rewards which Edinburgh affords for political talent are not only not great in themselves, but not sought after upon the fair mercantile principle of equal value given and received, a politician of the Edinburgh school is neither more nor less than a seeker after place—a seeker after place too, not by the legitimate means of shewing that he is worthy of place, but through connection with, and by the favour and influence of his party. There are no politics in the school but party poli-

tics, and he that cannot so fold himself as that the livery of the party shall fit him, must quit the school and cease to be a politician.

Besides the mere circumstance of locality, Brougham had identified himself with all the prejudices and dogmas of the Edinburgh Whigs; he had been believed to write largely and powerfully in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had been understood, if not to invent, at least to promulgate some of the boldest and most paradoxical of those prophecies by which the Whigs of those days went about to demonstrate that there was no salvation—no, not even existence for the nations, except through their plans, carried into execution by themselves. The inexperience of Brougham—for he was then but a very young man; the ardent and aspiring temperament of his mind—for that was stamped upon even the eccentricities of his conduct; the reiterated preachings of the elder and more elevated Whigs—who never ceased making it known, and endeavouring to make it be believed, that with them only wisdom dwelt; and the utter absence of any hope of advancement except that which came expressly through the party; all these tended to make Brougham a more complete party man than any other of the same standing; and though it is probable that there may have been times when he would not only have wished to obtain office by other and more likely means, but would have been ready, had success appeared ever so remote in the vista, to have put those means to the test; yet the imprint of party was so indelible upon him, and the wounds which the strength—often the unguarded strength of his language, had inflicted upon the other party, rendered the wish, if it existed, a wish not to be named.

Nor was it in his debüt—his identification with the ultra portion of the Whig aristocracy, and the hardihood with which he took up his position whenever there was scope for party politics, that that which Brougham might have achieved was weakened and paralysed by the fact of his being a party adventurer. In the question of education—a question in which a cool-headed, calm-tempered, and unbiassed man might have done a great deal of good—Brougham, after expending a large portion of time, and producing a great deal of irritation, wrecked the whole upon the rocks of party. He followed in that department the same injudicious and doubtful course which has for years been followed by the party with which he is connected, in all reforms that they have agitated; the real warfare was not for reformation, but for change,—not to enforce upon the parties holding the offices the administration of which was complained of, to a more prompt and zealous discharge of their duties, but to bring about their removal, and to place others in their stead. The aim, in short, appeared to be, not so much to change a faulty system, (even assuming that the system was faulty,) for a good one, as to get rid of certain establishments that appeared to strengthen the position of those statesmen which it was the real, if not the avowed object of the Whigs, to drive from their offices. The consequence has been that Brougham's endeavours in this matter have failed even where they might have done good; and that just as has been the case in the municipal and international laws of the country, the real and valuable alterations—the bringing of the constitutions of what may in some measure be considered as fixed bodies to an accordance with the state and the feelings of an improving public, has been left to those very men against whom the original agitator appeared anxious to use the subject as a lever to hoist them from their situations.

Upon the foreign policy of the country the efforts of Brougham, though

considered as pieces of abstract eloquence, they have often been very splendid, have had the same party bias ; and the angry speeches which he continued to make in the Senate House, even at the very time when the minister of the crown, who boasted not a jot upon the subject, was declaring the sentiments of England in words as bright and as hard as steel, shewed to what a different pass even he, notwithstanding all his talents, would have conducted matters, if his practice had been consistent with his theory—a position which certainly would not be the worse for demonstration.

The violence with which Brougham, even to the very last, fought for the Catholic cause, even at the very same time that he was in another vocation, as the speaker general of the Mechanics' Institutions, doing what he could to counteract the spirit of Catholicism, is another and a very convincing instance of the absurdities into which even a man of talents may be betrayed when he gives himself up to party. This, too, however the cause which Brougham pleaded, was not the Catholic cause upon principle, but the Catholic cause as it appeared most likely to forward his own views—those of getting power and influence for his party, and by means of that party for himself; and now that the Catholic cause is among the lost lumber of politics, the chance is that we shall hear no more of it from Brougham.

The most singular attitude, however, in which this eloquent person has been found, is that of co-operator with Dr. George Birkbeck, Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist, and Mr. Robert M'William, at the London Mechanics' Institution. That these three personages should have sought glory upon such an arena is not to be wondered at ; but that the Saul of the Whigs should have gone there to seek his father's asses, is more than singular. One can understand why Dr. Birkbeck should frequent such places, and seek for a scientific name from those who are not the best qualified for determining the justice of its application ; and one could admit, too, that there the Oriental Professor and the Professor of the Dry Rot are more likely to find popularity and fame, than in the society of better educated and better disciplined men. But what should Brougham do there ? Brougham is a man of science, a man of general information, a man of sterling abilities, a man who, if it had not been for the unfortunate direction of his politics, would not have needed to seek admiration anywhere, for he would have commanded it everywhere : furthermore, Brougham is, both in his own nature and in the principles and tactics of the party to which he joined himself, an exclusionist—a man who can see no value and confess no merit out of the pale of that party ; and therefore, that he should have detached himself from those “ Whig Royalists of England,” of whose virtues, whose incorruptibility, and whose transcendent perception and pursuit of everything right, have been so largely treated of, and treated of by writers with whose opinions he must have been so familiar in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, augurs strange things for the Whig Royalists of England, for Henry Brougham, or for both. It would lead one to infer that even Brougham, their champion, has discovered that the said Whig Royalists have now just as little chance of popularity with the people as they have of places at court ; and that, as by the violence of his wrangling for them he has lost himself with the other party of statesmen, he has nothing remaining to keep his head above the waters of popularity—or if you will, the waters of oblivion, but such vesicles of gas as those which have been named. This,

it must be confessed, is a lame and impotent conclusion to the career of one whose pretensions were originally so strong, and whose hopes were originally so high, and who travelled five hundred miles and took up a new locality and a new profession from political expectations; but the facts of the case are quite sufficient to shew that this conclusion is the natural and proper one: and it is herein that the case of Brougham, if studied aright, may be so wholesome to political adventurers in all time coming—for here a man of the very first talents, the most aspiring propensities, the most daring forwardness, and the most persevering industry, has tried—has tried long, and has failed.

The failure is, however, anything but a ground of exultation to any mind that is well constituted; and when Brougham is, with the strength of a Hercules, and the perseverance of a Sisyphus, giving his labour in the House of Commons to that which does not and which cannot profit, one can perceive that the feeling which mingles with the admiration which his talents command from his opponents, is anything but a feeling of triumph—it is sorrow mingled with regret, and it may be a little wishfulness that hope were not clean gone.

That the Moores, the Hobhouses, the (Sir) Roberts, the Lord Nugents, the (umquihle) Grey Bennetts, and all other things, named and unnamed, which be, do, and suffer after the same fashion, should in their day perform the function of bells to the caps of more pretending political speculators, is a matter at which no one gives himself the least concern. Like pieces of mere matter, they would lie silent and unknown in the world, if some power external of themselves did not rattle them together, and set them a clattering; but when one capable of better things is degraded to this state, there is no avoiding very painful reflections.

Although Brougham is anything but elegant, either in his appearance, his attitudes, his articulation, or the structure of his speeches, there is something in all that he says, wherever he happens to say it, or whatever happens to be the subject, that rivets your attention in a very extraordinary manner: and though you can sometimes perceive, and indeed generally perceive, that the purpose for which so many elements are so powerfully put in motion is very unworthy, you are always willing to concede that the artist is a master; in those instances in which Brougham has been disposed or permitted to detach himself from the special pleading of his party, and go fairly through with those general principles, which he knows so well how to assume and illustrate, he has been triumphantly successful, and had he persevered in a course similar to that which won him his earliest and greenest Parliamentary laurel, when he effected the repeal of the Orders in Council, he would now have occupied a very different station among public men; and England, instead of lamenting him as the *ordinate* of Birkbeck and McWilliam, sacrificing to the small loss of the paltry and ephemeral politics of Westminster, might have been proud to number him far forward, if not foremost, in that constellation of gifted, generous, and disinterested men, who in these times are inscribing their names at such an elevation, and in so bold and permanent characters upon the pillar of fame.

LAURA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUG.

FAIR Laura in a luckless hour
 By one she trusted was undone ;
 The winter came with snow and show'r,
 And found her with an infant son :
 " Oh sister ! save my newly-born,
 And shield me from contempt and scorn ;
 Upon my babe compassion shed."—
 " No ! (said the sister) no !" and fled.

Fair Laura, weary and afraid,
 With hanging and dishevelled hair,
 Crept, anxious, through the forest shade,
 And found her brother wand'ring there.
 " Let me not be by all revild,
 Oh ! hide me, brother, hide my child,
 And heav'n the deed will recompence."—
 " Away ! (he cried) frail wanton, hence."

Her father from communion came—
 A strict and pious man was he ;
 She fell, o'ercame with fear and shame,
 And knelt before him tremblingly :
 " I know that I have sinned, and crave
 Compassion—keep me as your slave."—
 " No ! live detested from this day ;
 Thou blot ! (the father cried) away !"

She sought her mother—anxious—wild—
 With tearful eye and burning brain :
 " Oh ! shield your lone and guilty child,
 And take her to your heart again !"
 " Henceforth be virtuous, and may heaven
 Forgive as I have now forgiven !
 Though thou hast turn'd from good to ill,
 Here shalt thou find a shelter still."

A GRAPHIC SKETCH OF A LATE CELEBRATED EXECUTION.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

ΠΟΛΥΤΕΛΕΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΝ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑΣ.

MY DEAR SIR—I at length sit down to communicate to you a history of the melancholy scenes and impressions, occasioned by a late memorable execution. And yet, were I asked the question, why I thus disperse the impervious shadows which oblivion has kindly shed over the crimes and their terrible expiation, of an unfortunate and mistaken man—I scarce know what definite answer I should return. In the first place, it is fitting, that when Justice has thrust her remorseless sword so deep

into the higher ranks of society, such an event should be snatched from the common current of forgetfulness; it is, in truth, a mournful history: but, that you, as well as most of mankind, listen to such narrations as the one following, with a deep—a thrilling interest, is an unquestionable fact: nor is its cause obscure. I have often contemplated Death, my friend,—although to you the figure may possibly appear eccentric, overstrained, or romantic,—as an isolated circumscribed pedestal, erected in the midst of vast and gloomy space, with ‘ shadows, clouds, and darkness,’ scattered around in wild disorder: and this I view as the dreary *ultima Thule* of human life, whither we are all swiftly journeying—and when arrived at it, we are doomed to be stripped of all fleshly incumbrances—to “ shuffle off this mortal coil ”—and then sink down into the palpable obscure beneath. Is not this indeed a *leap in the dark*?—It is one which we must all take sooner or later. Some fling themselves down with bold and thoughtless recklessness. A few reason on the subject with philosophical nonchalance; and having discovered, by accurate ratiocination, that retrogression and a pause are equally impossible;—that they have arrived at an unavoidable *ne plus ultra*—having, moreover, wearied themselves with fruitless conjectures as to what will come next,—step, with stoical apathy, into what they expect to prove, at worst, annihilation. Others rush down with impetuous enthusiasm, believing that they discern, through the circumjacent murkiness, the glistening outlines of a palace beautiful and magnificent, whose crystal portals stand wide open for their reception. But others are dragged to the brink, by the pallid hand of remorseless disease, or the iron grasp of inexorable justice, and thrust down in spite of their terror and reluctance. Into one or other of these classes, I think all mankind may be resolved. Most pity and sympathize with the last; because the dread of death is natural to all men; and an intense and fearful interest is awakened in their breast, when they contemplate their dreary exit, and consider how soon they themselves must be inevitably placed in similar circumstances. They are desirous to familiarize themselves with the gloomy and repellant features of their ‘ last enemy’—even though at present partially obscure, through the intervening mists of futurity, that when they arrive within reach of his grasp, they may meet their fate with tolerable patience and fortitude. But this moralizing strain is out of place. Why did I witness the death of Henry Fauntleroy? I am not idle enough to deny that intense curiosity, mingled largely with, I hope, better motives: but I would draw a distinct line of demarcation between the stubborn and heartless curiosity of the “ great vulgar ”—and the interest excited by such a spectacle in the bosoms of men of feeling and reflection. For my own part, my determination to witness the melancholy event in question was formed after much deliberation. Informed that the late unhappy Mr Fauntleroy had moved in the sphere of polished and refined society, and that he was in some measure qualified for his elevated station, being accounted a man of cultivated intellect, and elegant and delicate manners. I own I was earnestly desirous of beholding how such an one would bear the bitter degradation of consummating a life of affluence and guilty splendour, with the death of the vilest, the most abandoned criminal. My wish has been gratified to its fullest extent: and it is my intention to depict what I have seen to the eye of your mind, in as true and vivid colours as I can command. I proceed to lay before you two distinct scenes—the *condemned sermon* and the *execution*.

Each to me, was fraught with woeful, though somewhat unequal interest.

Late on Saturday evening, November 27, 1824, I received the following card of admission:—"To Mr. Wontner: Please to admit Mr. —, to the chapel of Newgate on Sunday morning, November 28th, 1824. John Key, Sheriff."—To what a scene of misery and anguish was this laconic note a passport!—Two lines would enable me to look on a fellow-creature suddenly struck out of the bright pale of human society, and withering beneath the frown of inexorable justice! After an evening passed in vexatious irresolution, I resolved to avail myself of the Sheriff's kindness, and go to hear the sermon.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning of as dreary and disconsolate a day as ever gloomy November inflicted on London, when I left home. The raw and chilling atmosphere was enshrouded in a dense amber-hued fog, through which descended an incessant drizzling rain, which drenched one to the skin imperceptibly. The sombrous line of closed shops on each side—the absence of the noise and bustle of carriages and waggons—the squalid, ill-looking fellows loitering round the porches of the low public-houses—slatternly maid-servants lazily mopping their street-steps—here and there a poor dripping varlet of a news-boy, sneaking along with a doleful whistle—occasional groups of solemn severe-visaged people, apparently trudging to their various conventicles—all combined to present an aspect of gloomy, cheerless desolation, and to depress a morbid sensibility into the deepest despondence, especially when coupled with the object of my early perambulation. When I arrived at Newgate, I was dismayed at the vast multitude thronging the felons' door. Concluding my card to be privileged with an entrance through Mr. Wontner's house, I boldly knocked at his door. My application was abruptly answered by a villanous-looking negro—"Dat I had no concern here with *this* door—no, dat I had not—and should take myself off to de oder door where all de people vas."—I almost despaired of working my way through the dense mass of respectably attired people immoveably wedged in front of the door. What was now to be done? To my astonishment, every one spoke, even those on the very outskirts, as though they, too, had tickets: and I knew that the gallery in the chapel, usually allotted to strangers, would not accommodate one-twentieth part of those who appeared, equally with myself, entitled to admittance. I resolved to trust to a manoeuvre; it was successful. Calling out, *ore rotundissimo*, something pompous and magniloquent about—"speaking instantly—instantly with the Sheriff"—and seconding my words with a vastly important swagger, the admiring crowd with difficulty opened a lane for me to the very door. There stood *Bishop*, the outer turnkey; and his iron visage scowled through the bars—like one of the grim heads of Cerberus, guarding the outposts of Tartarus. I affected a confidential whisper with him; but to my utter confusion,—with a great oath, he growled out, loud enough to be heard by the crowd—"that the gallery had been full half an hour ago." Aye, aye, thought I, that is always the tune. I will wait patiently; there may be room for one or two more at least. The people, seeing me fold my arms, and turn round, very obligingly filed away to the right and left, for the convenience of my retrogression. But I nodded to them with infinite complaisance, intimating that I was perfectly satisfied with my present situa-

tion. "Ha!—the knave!—what a trick!"—sullenly reverberated on all sides; and I began to apprehend an expulsion, *vi et armis*, from the duped and angry multitude, when Governor Wontner came and whispered to the turnkey that he could admit four persons more, who might occupy the chaplain's pew in the body of the chapel. I, and three others (one gentleman and *two ladies*), soon stooped beneath the ponderous iron chain, securing the half-opened door, and found myself in a square and dreary chamber, whose rugged walls were gloomily decorated with rusty chains, fetters, and padlocks, and other dreadful paraphernalia of a prison. But I was informed no time was to be lost, as the service had already commenced: and an officer conducted us through a long and very narrow passage—which did not admit of two walking a-breast—by which Mr. Cotton and the Sheriffs entered the chapel. The rough stone walls, on each side, were damp and dingy-hued, and seemed to have been recently whitewashed, as far as the livid and flickering glare of an occasional lamp, swung up aloft, discovered to us our situation. At length, having descended a flight of stone steps, and passed through the Ordinary's robing room, we found ourselves a second time traversing a narrow winding passage, which terminated in a low iron-studded door, from which our guide withdrew three bars; and then, unlocking it, swung it slowly open. A current of hot, impure air rushed from the chapel, in which we could hear a Babel-like confusion, occasioned by the clamorous responses of the prisoners—"Oh, God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" I entered with awe-struck feelings into that "den of thieves;" and following the officer through rows of rugged ruffianly fellows, who seemed longing to start up, and present a pistol to my breast—was soon, as it were, entombed in the deep dark pew of the ordinary, situated in the corner, to the right of the pulpit. After several moments' due and reverent inclination of my head, I stood on the seat, and looked anxiously around me.

Fancy yourself, my dear Sir, in a lofty chamber of about fourteen yards square. On the left hand side, relatively to the position which I occupied, were the pulpit and reading desk, hung with black—fronted by a lofty, iron-grated, rusty window, beneath which lay a plain communion table. The gallery opposite was crowded with strangers; while that directly over me, across which was drawn a long green curtain, contained the female prisoners, whose presence was indicated by their shrill but orderly responses. The left hand side of the body of the chapel, in a line with our pew, was filled with those reprieved from death; while the right was occupied by a miscellaneous assortment of those yet untried.

In the centre—aye, there is the dreadful pew!—do you not see it, like a huge coiled sable serpent—its whole structure of black—intense—deadening black? Does not your heart ache to behold the blanched, ghastly countenance of the chief of its woe-attenuated inmates, all, with one exception, habited in the garments of mourning? Every head is sorrowfully inclined downwards! There is one, apart from the rest, kneeling down, his clenched hands elevated above his head, and resting on the edge of the pew. He is a middle-sized, strong-boned, dark-featured fellow; a spotted yellow handkerchief is closely folded round his head, concealing his hair and ears, and his deep, lurking, tyger eye, is fixed with a malignant glare on the countenance of the governor, sitting

in a corner of the gallery. It is, in a word, the hardened villain, commonly known as *Kiddy Harris*. At the other end of the pew is a cluster of gentlemen, all in black, and in their midst is poor Fauntleroy!

He sat with his back to the window, from whose high, unwashed panes, the light streamed duskiy on a head of long, greyish, negligent hair—and an ear and side face of marble whiteness. His profile, distinctly defined against the black of the pew, was strikingly handsome and impressive; and, much as the idea has been ridiculed bore a strong resemblance, especially in the bold outline of the forehead and nose, to the likenesses of Buonaparte. His eye-brows were corrugated with an air of intense anxiety, and a pair of elegant silver spectacles did not prevent my observing that his eye-lids were nearly the whole of the time, forcibly compressed together. His head was so much inclined that his chin rested on his breast, from which position, kneeling, sitting, or standing, it never deviated. He wore a new and genteel suit of mourning; and his snowy cravat and collar were very tastefully adjusted. He seemed too abstracted to give much attention to the service, although his alabaster hand (on whose little finger glittered an embossed ring,) continually held one leaf of a prayer-book. A glass of water and an orange stood on the black bench before him—but they remained untasted. When the minister uttered that affecting part of the Litany, “that it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and afflicted,” a slight convulsive quiver agitated the lips of Mr Fauntleroy, and he put up his hand as if to adjust his spectacles, but I think with the intention of displacing a rebellious tear. The only time, during the recital of the church service, that I heard the sound of his voice was, when, in a low but fervent tone, he responded to the solemn prayer, “In all time of our tribulation—in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment”—“*Good Lord deliver me.*” Mr. Cotton pronounced the service distinctly, sonorously, and deliberately; but in it, as well as his sermon, there never appeared anything approaching to the impassioned fervour which one would suppose such a scene would call forth. He would often pause, and look steadily at Fauntleroy, as if to watch the effect of his words. The prayer, “Lord have mercy,” &c. interlocutory with the decalogue, was chanted by the prisoners in the most drawling, monotonous, and dismal cadence that sure ever scaffold-stave quivered from the lips of a repentant malefactor. Its dolorous chymes seemed indeed ringing the knell of poor Fauntleroy; I suspect he thought so, for he several times shook his head very sadly. The first and chief part of the Ordinary’s sermon consisted of a most severe recrimination of the unhappy man before him; to whom, after a long pause, he stretched forth his left hand, and, looking to the strangers’ gallery, said, “Who that hears me this morning will believe that numbers of highly respected personages attended the trial, and, with tearful eyes, bore testimony to the *virtues, honour, and humanity* of the wretch before me!” I could not help thinking this bitter sarcasm to be cruel and supererogatory. At length the service terminated; but the conclusion of the benediction was rendered inaudible by the noise of persons rising, and whispers of “There he is—there he is!” of the strangers in the gallery, (the chief of whom were ladies,) and the attempts of the prisoners in the body of the chapel to gaze on the unhappy man. He seemed to shrink within himself, bearing the rude and indecent clambering of the latter up the side of the pew.

and encountering their insolent stare. Never did I witness the fair front of humanity so satirized, so degraded, as when I gazed on the ring of ruffianly-ferocious countenances which surrounded the condemned pew. I was shocked to see that each seemed to gleam with a horrid exultation—"Art thou, too, become as one of us?" seemed bursting from every tongue. At length an officer *unlocked, unbolted, and unbarred* the pew door. Fauntleroy trembled, and hurriedly attempted to rise, but instantly sank back into his seat. He then turned to Mr. Baker, affording me a front view of a keen and highly intellectual countenance, and said, in a feeble but distinct voice, "My dear, *dear* Sir, will you please to support me?—oh, I need it!" He then turned to Mr. Springett, to whom, I conjecture, he made a similar request. Then, giving a hand to each, he rose up, and walked steadily but rather quickly from the pew, through a passage leading to the centre of the prison. There was a dead silence instantly; unbroken, except by the half-smothered sobbings of the women above me. The papers said, that on Mr. Fauntleroy's arrival at his chamber his fortitude failed him, and he burst into a flood of tears.

My residence lay at a considerable distance from the Old Bailey; I therefore slept at the house of a friend on Snow-hill on Monday night, and directed the watchman to call me at five o'clock. At ten I retired to rest. The chamber which my friend's kindness permitted me to occupy was spacious, and rather antiquated in its appearance; and the rush-light which I left burning on the large and empty fire-place enabled me to distinguish two long, narrow, deep-set windows, with dark crimson curtains, several high-backed chairs, an old-fashioned set of drawers, and the broad high bed, around which depended long dusky curtains. I had been all day in a state of feverish mental excitement, which hourly increased upon me, and when I threw myself down on the bed, vain were my hopes that my "senses might be steeped in oblivion." The more earnestly I sought the approach of sleep, the further it eluded my wishes. The inner chambers of my mind were in a state of confusion, which infused a miserable restlessness into every pore of the sympathizing body. I lay tossing about, in hot anxiety; now, my throbbing head was too low on the pillow—then too high. I resorted to artifice to compel the approach of sleep. I lay still and counted from one to fifteen hundred, till my tongue ached with the tiresome repetition. I forcibly compressed my eye-lids together, and involuntarily began to embody the dense darkness into strange shapes and fantastic combinations: now I beheld gloomy spectres gliding amidst Gothic ruins; then a band of vast gigantic shapes, glaming duskiy at intervals, as though engaged in fierce contest. But presently they would disperse into vacant chaos, and in their place would arise a circle of intense and burning lustres, with a dark speck in its centre, gradually subsiding into the softest hues of blended green, yellow, and vermillion. Then a wild dreamy drama flitted before my disturbed brain; and the pale features of a grief-worn countenance gazed on me with mournful earnestness, in a fearful variety of mystic combinations. Now, my heated and erratic fancy strayed to where a lone beacon gleamed with sullen and portentous blaze on a distant shore, fitfully glancing on creaking gibbets and strewn fragments of wrecks. Again, I beheld a gloomy funeral procession sweep slowly by, issuing from the dark portals of a monastery, in which a hollow voice chaunted the burial service. I started from these visionary slumbers into broad wakefulness, and listened to the long melancholy howlings of the night wind, at

whose instigation the window shivered and rattled ominously, till I thought I heard strange shrieking voices mingle in chorus with the clanging chimes of St. Sepulchre. I sat up in bed—thrust aside the rustling curtains, and counted the low whispered tickings of my watch. Then I gazed mournfully on the dull yellow rays emitted from the rush-light, diffusing a pallid glare over the chamber. I felt unutterably wretched—I could bear it no longer, and leaped from the bed—groped my way to the window—hurriedly turning aside the curtains, threw open the sash, and leaned out my aching head.

The external scenery was bleak, barren, misty—but *real*. The lofty indistinct outline of the opposite houses—the creaking chimney pots—the watchman pacing far, very far beneath—(I slept in an upper story)—and swinging to and fro his dusky lantern—the hoarse sepulchral intonation with which he announced the hour of four o'clock—everything seemed fraught with a wild mystery and uncertainty in perfect sympathy with my overwrought feelings. I returned to bed, to as wild a train of thought and gloomy images as before; occasioned by the sudden recollection of a powerful passage which I met in Blackwood several years since; especially this simile*—"like the dim discoloured light, streaming through the foul unwashed panes of a sepulchre." From these "thick coming fancies," I was aroused by the watchman's ringing a startling peal of the night-bell. I remembered the signal—quickly dressed, and enveloped myself in my roquelaure, grasped my trusty walking stick, unlocked the street door, and issued forth. It was a dark, dreary, foggy morning. London, with its closed shops and houses—its broad unoccupied pavements—the profound stillness reigning around, seemed a vast city of the dead. I passed several watchmen, each snugly ensconced in his box; apparently in deep slumber, with his dim lantern hung outside. As I approached Saint Sepulchre's church, (which seemed a huge sentinel over the sleeping neighbourhood), I distinguished the low hum of compressed voices, mingled with a dull heavy sound, as though of sledge-hammer strokes, telling that the preparations for "a deed of dreadful note," were rapidly progressing. When I arrived at Newgate, a strikingly picturesque scene presented itself. An incessant drizzling rain descended; the sky was shrouded in inspissated darkness. The glaring of an occasional gas-light, and the deep red, smoky flames of the waving torches gleamed on the fearful outline of the gallows, and illuminated the swarthy countenances of the constables and workmen. The space immediately surrounding the scite of the erecting scaffold, was already occupied by clusters of anxious pale-faced spectators; who, during a temporary cessation of their hurried whispers, would turn to gaze on the appalling apparatus of death, and, shuddering, move closer to each other. From several ill-looking houses on the left-hand side, were seen dusky, fitful lights; while the sounds of turbulent altercation, evinced that their inmates were bargaining for places.† Gathering my cloak tightly around me, I pressed through several shivering groups, and by dint of hurried words and the magic of a *silver key*, obtained a place by the stakes, in an oblique line, from the right, to Debtors' door. I had scarcely settled myself in my place, when the sudden accession of a multitude

* I believe the paper was written by Sir Walter Scott.

† A friend was asked *two guineas* for standing-room at a window!

of spectators, occasioned a violent rush from all parts, and hemmed me in tightly; the pressure against my breast was almost intolerable; and had I not obtained an occasional relief, by using my stick as a lever, I think I must have fainted. Every quarter of an hour, the crowd received rapid reinforcements, all pressing to the dreadful centre of attraction. As day lightened dimly and mistily around, I discerned a vast number of constables within the enclosure of the stakes; and the callous manner in which they performed their duty, prejudiced me against them involuntarily. A knot of these worthies, exactly fronting me, were *attempting* to calculate the expense of so many constables, at a shilling a head; and agreeing with their share of the *product, to club for liquor—strike work for the day, and—“make a night of it, by —.”*

Another shrivelled paralytic old fellow, whose stave shook in his powerless grasp (surely it is a mockery of the purposes of public justice to place such poor inefficient creatures in such situations) was wheezing forth a doleful narrative, whose burden seemed this—when he was young and strong, some thirty years ago, he was in office, as at present, on the occasion of a *woman's* execution. The sudden increase of an already tremendous concourse of people, gave an impulse impossible to be resisted; they burst forward like the stormy sea billows—crash went the palisades—and seventeen were trod to death! Nay, in the enthusiasm of his eloquence, he bared his shrunk shank, and displayed the disgusting cicatrix of a wound received on the occasion. When, after hearing this, I looked round on a dense multitude, stretching every where farther than the eye could reach—methought I felt the blood trickle coldly through my veins. At that moment, what would I not have given to have been sitting snugly in my own study! To leave the crowd, wedged in as I was, was utterly impossible, whatever disaster occurred: so that I was compelled to abide the issue. On my right hand side some mechanics were sagaciously discussing Jack Ketch's right to the clothes of his victim; and a knotty argument was thus triumphantly overturned: “Plase God that ever oi should come to be sarv'd a-this'ns,—odds bobbs! but oi'd sell 'em to the turnkey before I comed out!” During one time a frightful rumour got afloat, that the unhappy culprit had cut his throat; nay, a huge, brazen-faced baker, had the infernal effrontery to give a minute detail of the dreadful affair! On a moderate average, the words “gashly” and “bloody,” occurred three times every half minute. My involuntary paleness was evidently a triumph to the fellow.

The rain was now intermitted, and a thin watery mist was spread over the scene, as though wishing to shroud from the fierce, broad eye of the vulgar, the deed about to be done. The vast superficies of the *hatted* multitude, presented a lowering gloomy aspect, while the half-smothered mutterings reverberated from all sides—the sound of an occasional hammer-stroke within the scaffold—the stern melancholy interest evinced by all around, were quite overpowering. I shuddered as I viewed the sullen front of Newgate, and my eye was sadly gazing on the sculptured chains and fetters over Debtors' door, when St. Sepulchre tolled the dreaded hour of eight. My heart ached to hear its deep, harsh, clanging chimes; and the last note had not died away on the ear, when a cry rose universally—“Hats off! hats off!” The command was obeyed with the simultaneous precision of a military movement, and the sudden increase of light was amazing; it seemed as though a dense cloud had that moment rolled from before the sun. Every face was now upturned to the scaffold;

and each, on which I hastily cast my eye, appeared white with sickening expectation. A rustling sound issued from the gallows, as though of the adjustment of a ladder; it was followed by the ascension of the executioner and his assistant. How shall I describe these ministers of death?—The former is about five feet in height, and appeared in a filthy green great-coat; his coarse grey hair was cut close on his head, and looked like hog's-bristles; his face was that of a fiend! Every feature displayed a stubborn brutal ferocity; and from his adder-eye gleamed an expression of exultation and derision. Pale, sullen, and malignant, he appeared a demon for a moment emancipated from the caverns of darkness, to perform a deed from which *men* shrunk with terror and loathing. I shall not easily forget the bitter scowl which he cast on the multitude; he then folded his arms on his breast, and walked to and fro, awaiting his victim. He abruptly turned to his assistant, who was busied in adjusting a pair of black steps; and, after muttering a word or two, laughed outright!—"Shame! shame! shame!"—rolled in accents of fierce indignation from the angry crowd, and continued so long and deep, that the constables, apprehending some explosion of popular resentment, tightly clutched their staves, and drew up three deep round the stakes. The executioner's assistant, a tall athletic man, in a dirty blue body-coat and corduroy breeches; with a broad, flat, hard-featured face, telling of his vindictive recklessness, and a love of his deadly employment, mounted the steps. He then deliberately drew from his hind-pocket a coiled rope, to one end of which was attached a hook, which he placed in one of the iron links depending from the cross beams; and then the halter hung down in readiness for its terrible office. I felt faint and sick when I looked on the fatal noose at its extremity. At length the tolling of a muffled bell, within the prison, was faintly heard—deep, dreary, and heart-rending; and presently I caught the thrilling tones of a solemn sonorous voice, approaching nearer and nearer, repeating, at intervals, the commencement of the burial service:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die!" At length it sounded in the open air, and at that moment I caught a glimpse of the golden-edged wands of the sheriffs, as they entered the shed at the foot of the gallows. The silence of the crowd, at this moment of absorbing interest, unbroken as that of the grave, enabled me to distinguish these words, uttered with deep, deliberate distinction:—"Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower! He flieth, as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay!"—The voice ceased, and I saw the grey head of the speaker, Mr. Cotton, who slowly ascended the steps, and took his station at one corner of the gallows, in his silk gown, and holding a prayer-book. Three persons next mounted; and, in the figure in the centre, in that slender genteel man, with grey unadorned hairs, dressed in deep mourning, his pinioned hands clasped together, and his face (on which the horrors of death had shed an unearthly whiteness) turned unconsciously upwards, with closed eyes;—oh! who would have recognized the gay, the elegant, the dissipated Fauntleroy?

He was guided and supported to his station beneath the fatal drop, by Messrs. Baker and Springett. He appeared utterly unconscious of

what was going forward: his thoughts seemed drowned in the overwhelming ocean of eternity. There was a certain abstracted, unearthly air about his figure, which impressed the beholder with the idea, that he was gazing on a mystically animated corpse, rather than a man. While the preparations for death were proceeding, Mr. Cotton remained silent, looking on the unfortunate sufferer, with melancholy earnestness. Messrs. Baker and Springett seemed most earnestly addressing him; and, I suppose, in answer to some oft repeated question, he faintly gasped, "yes—yes—oh, yes!" Mr. Springett was about to loosen his handkerchief, with great care and tenderness; but the executioner unceremoniously pushed him aside, and rudely ripped open Mr. Fauntleroy's waistcoat, untied his handkerchief, unbuttoned his shirt, and turned down the collars on both sides of the coat. His assistant, mounted on the steps behind, lowered the rope, and dropping the noose over his head, adjusted the fatal knot carefully behind the right ear. I watched Mr. Fauntleroy's countenance at this moment, with intense earnestness: on feeling the rough rope, his features quivered convulsively. A white cotton night cap was now drawn over his head; and as soon as the executioner had tied a handkerchief over his eyes, he left the scaffold: then his assistant adjusted Mr. F.'s feet on the plank—shook his cold white hands in a rough unfeeling manner, and immediately descended. I saw the fiendish face of Ketch exactly parallel with the foot of the gallows, attentively fixed on the countenance of Mr. Cotton. Mr. Baker and Mr. Springett wrung Mr. F.'s hands with emotions of bitterest anguish—retired from him several paces—and again I heard the solemn voice of Mr. Cotton.

"In the midst of life, we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, oh Lord, who for our sins, art justly displeased? Yet, oh, Lord God, most holy—oh Lord, most mighty—oh, holy and most merciful Saviour!—deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death!"—here he slowly drew a white handkerchief across his mouth—I suspected the fearful signal!—a hollow, startling sound followed,—and the miserable Fauntleroy swung into air!

A convulsive quivering about the shoulders, twice agitated the swaying body; and then, the steady tenseness of the rope, and the quiescence of its burden, told that all was over! The agitated multitude gazed in silence on the terrible spectacle; but after a few moments' awful pause, the returning home of the spell bound thousands, forcibly reminded me of the abrupt line in Macbeth:—

"——Peace! the charm's wound up!"

So perished Henry Fauntleroy: a man whose fate had interested millions. His crimes they abhorred, but his sorrows they deeply commiserated. His name will be handed down to posterity, as a memorable instance of blasted ambition; for the attainment of his object, and the dazzling the eyes of his fellow countrymen, with the blaze of his guilty splendour, he scrupled not to scatter widely among them misery and desolation, at the same time that he fed a viper constantly gnawing at the core of his heart.—He consented to walk beneath a quivering overhanging precipice, conscious that it must sooner or later fall upon him: it *did* fall at last, and it crushed him into the dust.

He is an illustrious victim of even-handed justice. His death has

earned a gloomy wreath for her iron brow. She has shed his blood, and thrust her gleaming sword into its scabbard. She is satisfied with her triumph.

London, November 10, 1825.

CONFESSIONS OF A LOVER.

FAIR ladies, do not let the heading of this paper startle you. I do not mean to kiss and tell. I have "no such stuff in my thoughts," of which you may be fully convinced if you will condescend (as the tradesmen say) to favour me with your orders.

I have a tongue that scorns to speak
Of her poor master's bliss;
And clings in silence to his cheek,
Mute witness of a kiss.

My object is of a nobler nature. I wish, in these my confessions, to stand up as a beacon-lover, to warn those who are entering upon the sea of life that there are rocks ahead—rocks on which my little bark of love has split, and against which they must be upon their guard. I have, at least, experience to guide me, and experience in amatory matters goes a great way. My birth, parentage, and education, can be of no consequence to anyone, and therefore I may as well state them. Be it known, then, that I was born in the year 1791; that my father was a celebrated man, who bore away the palm from all competitors in the making of that necessary article called breeches, and that my mother was equally celebrated for wearing them—but only to patronize her husband's trade, I'll be bound for it, for a milder woman, excepting always when she had taken a little too much, never breathed. Of my education, perhaps, it would not become me to speak, considering the wonderful progress I made; but still I must say, that the parish certainly did their best for me, and I must as candidly acknowledge, that they never had a cleverer boy in their school. Reading, I allow, was not my forte, but I was absolute at *ring-taw*. Writing was well enough whilst left to my pot-hooks, but the hangers (hang 'em!) disturbed me. Yet this was no wonder—I was an honest, straight-forward lad, and did not like swerving from a direct line. In arithmetic I made great advances. The worst of it was, we had a very ignorant teacher, who asked me how many eight times twelve made, and I, of course, answered two hundred and four—which I know was right—he, however, was obstinate, and, I have reason to think, jealous, as I became first boy at the lower end of the class; but with all his spite he could not get any one to match me at dumps. Of this, enough.

My father and mother, some how or other, did not attend to business, and wished to travel. The English government hearing this, would by no means allow them to travel at their own expense, and voluntarily came forward, on account of my father's celebrity, to defray their passage to—I forget the name of the place, but it was some Bay at the other side of the water—and I was left in the care of my aunt Sarah, a very virtuous, but extremely passionate woman. I was then fifteen, and from that time may my love adventures be dated. My aunt always expressed her dislike at

seeing lazy he-creatures about a house, and so she had only a girl to look after her domestic affairs. Now Susan, who was about a year older than myself, had a very proper and laudable curiosity about things in general, which my aunt, however, by no means approved of, but, as it appeared to me praiseworthy, I encouraged it. The fact is, we were admirably matched, for she would even leave her work to listen to a secret; and I, at that time, for the soul of me could not keep one. This was attributable entirely to my youthful purity of principle, because I always argued with myself thus: "If you have a good secret, Tom, tell it; for it would be selfish indeed to confine good to your own bosom: if you have a bad one, tell it, for the sooner you get rid of evil the better." As aunt Sarah thought it did not become me to be familiar with her domestic, Susan and I were obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and when I had any little thing to disclose, I used to wait until I conjectured my aunt was asleep, and then creep up stairs to Susan's room. This occurred very frequently; but one night, as the devil would have it, my aunt by some accident heard me, and came into the chamber. In vain Susan protested that she never knew I was in the room—in vain I pretended to be walking in my sleep—*aunt Sarah* was inexorable. She gave my head an admonitory touch with the poker, and turned poor Susan into the street. This holds out an admirable moral lesson to young ladies and gentlemen, as it teaches them by all means to avoid telling or hearing secrets, until they are quite sure that their aunts or guardians are safely snoring. I was very sorry for Susan, and so I was for my head—for that cursed poker had swelled the organ of amateness into such an enormous size, that it looked almost like a rival head—but as my aunt behaved to me pretty well afterwards, I thought it only grateful to remain with her, until some opportunity of bettering my condition should occur. When I had nothing to do at home, it was my custom to stroll about the more crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, for the purpose of warning gentlemen of the danger they incurred by letting the ends of their silk handkerchiefs dangle from their coat pockets; and seeing that this did not reform them, and that they continued as careless as before, I resolved to strike at the root of the evil, by abstracting them myself, whenever I saw them thus exposed. Example, I thought, is better than precept; and these demoralizers shall find, that for the miserable vanity of showing a silk handkerchief, they shall not be suffered to tempt the poor and hungry to commit sin, and teach the young idea how to steal. I considered it a public duty, and like a true patriot, sought no other reward than the applause of my own conscience. My scheme for the prevention of crime succeeded admirably in those places which I most frequented, where not a handkerchief was to be seen after a little time, every man appearing to have an eye to his neighbour's hand and his own pocket.

Carelessness of any sort I detested, and felt always determined to punish it. One day as I was sauntering along Piccadilly, a gentleman on a handsome bay mare, seeing, I suppose, that I was an honest-looking, gentlemanly young man, requested me very politely to walk her up and down, whilst he went into a shop to make a purchase. I was always too good-natured to refuse granting a favour, even when I expected to be paid for it, and instantly took the bridle, and led the mare to the corner of Sackville-street, where a thought struck me of a sudden. "This gentleman (said I to myself) will lose his mare, if he don't mind; for it isn't every one who would be content to walk her up and down without getting on

her back, and when once there, it must be impossible to answer for the consequences." In short, I made up my mind that he was sure to lose the mare some day or other, if not something of more value, through his confidence in strangers; and that it would be doing him real service were I to mount her myself and ride off: for I thought a man who would leave his mare with a person he knew nothing of, would be very likely to trust his whole fortune to an acquaintance; and I was determined, by making him experience a trifling loss, to put him on his guard, and save him from the pang of having, by his own imprudence, reduced his wife and family (if he happened to possess them) to beggary and despair. I never did anything yet without having a good object in view, and it is this consoling reflection that has cheered me, when others, who could not see further than their noses, considered that I was committing a bad action. Such are the judgments of your mindless men; but, thank my stars! I value them not a rush. As soon as the certainty that I might benefit a fellow-creature flashed across me, I sprung into the saddle, and walked the mare carelessly as far as Brewer-street, where I turned short round, and trotted her in good style. I rode directly to the house of a friend, who always had so much confidence in my honour that he never refused taking anything I brought him, and exchanged the mare for £27, which made my conscience perfectly easy, as I had heard from a child that exchange is no robbery. Having bought a new suit of clothes, I remained at home for a fortnight after this, not wishing to appear vain by sporting them whilst the gloss was on; and at last, when I did go out, I found that my predilection for Piccadilly had quite worn off, and the Strand, which I used to think very little of, supplanted it in my affections.

I left my aunt's without saying a word, as I wished to save her the pain of bidding adieu, and took ready-furnished lodgings in Cecil-street, where I passed myself off as a young military officer of fortune. This I considered a piece of justice that every man should pay to his own feelings, for is it not proverbial that self-degradation is despicable? and must it not then be evident that self-exaltation is praiseworthy? Assuredly. During the last fortnight I had passed at my aunt's, I cherished a pair of mustachios, which, with a military frock-coat and gilt spurs, settled the business at once; and I honestly confess, that these auxiliaries of an officer never, perhaps, had an opportunity of appearing to such advantage before; for although I was rather short, nature certainly had striven her utmost "to give the world assurance of a man," by making me nearly as broad as I was long. My face, too, was naturally so engaging and well-formed, that even the ravages of the small-pox, which left the deepest proofs of having attacked me, could not efface its beauty. But I will say no more on this head, for fear it should be mistaken for vanity.

I had only been in my lodgings two days, when I perceived a lady of very captivating appearance at an opposite window, reading, and I felt an irresistible desire to become better acquainted with her. After a time she raised her eyes, perceived me, and suffused with blushes, retired to the further end of the apartment. That day I saw no more of her, but the next morning I caught a glimpse of her in dishabille, and was more enraptured than ever. Two carriages stopped before the door during the morning. "She is rich," I exclaimed; and my love knew no bounds. By degrees I found she looked graciously upon me, and at last smiled—actually smiled. "Ho! ho!" (thought I) "the game is my own, if played properly;" and then ventured a nod. It was returned—as I'm a Christian man, it

was. And now I set about bribing a servant, who undertook to be the messenger of some verses which I had copied from an old magazine, but which I gave as my own, at the same time making suitable apologies for their being so indifferent. The following day she gave me one of her best smiles, and, thus encouraged, I ventured to ask an interview, which after many excuses she granted. I found her very condescending, although she spoke of the Duke this, my Lord that, and Counts and Countesses with whom she was intimately acquainted. I had not been with her more than half an hour, feeling all the time in the high road to fortune, when Captain R—— was announced. I had no time to withdraw, and so screwed up my courage, and was introduced to him as Lieutenant Thornton. He looked at me intently, which no doubt proceeded from admiration; and bowing respectfully, sat down and conversed apart with the lady in a whisper, who, however, could not conceal the interest she took in me, for she turned every now and then to cast a side glance, which I need not say was returned most tenderly. I conjectured he was telling her some ludicrous story, for they both laughed very much, and looked at me more than ever—so I laughed too, but what about I knew no more than the dead. The conversation at length became general, and I was exceedingly witty, for they laughed immoderately at everything I said.

On a sudden the Captain said, “Oh! Maria, knowing you are fond of poetry, I copied a few verses from a book that I met with to-day, which I think will please you;” then taking out his pocket-book he handed her a paper, which she began to read. “Ah!” (thought I) “if those verses are better than mine I’ll eat them.” When she had perused the lines, I asked, in the politest terms, whether I might be allowed to see them—determined in my own mind not to spare them. Graciously smiling, she gave the paper into my hands, and I was preparing a critical face for the occasion, when my eye rested upon,

“If art could ever lend a charm
To her whom nature made so fair.—”

and I immediately recognised my own adopted, but ungrateful magazine verses. I never was much accustomed to blushing, so I returned the cursed Bath-post sheet, and changed the conversation, but I was not near so droll as I had been before. Just, however, as I was recovering my spirits, the Captain asked me, in a careless manner, to what regiment I belonged? On which, to make all certain, I chose one that I knew was stationed as far off as possible; and added that I came on furlough from Calcutta. “Well! this is strange, indeed,” (said he) “for I have very lately arrived from the same place; and, what is more singular still, I hold my commission in the very identical regiment you have just mentioned.” This intelligence would have overwhelmed a man of weak mind, but that was not my case. Some would have sunk down with confusion or blushed and stammered most awkwardly; but what did I do? why I took my hat, drew out my handkerchief carelessly, bade the lady and the Captain a good evening, and was on the point of retiring, when the latter started up, gained the door before me, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. This I thought was carrying matters a little too far, and tried vehemently to get in a passion, but the gentleness of my nature opposed me, and I could not succeed. “Rascal!” said he, at the same time seizing me by the collar, “you may assume the dress of an officer and steal verses from a magazine, but I am determined you shall not steal my handkerchief with impunity.”

At these words my courage nearly gave way, for that very morning I had found the handkerchief hanging out of a pocket near Holborn-bars, and could not resist giving the owner one of my peculiar lessons to make him more careful in future; and the worst of it was that my love-affair so completely held possession of my mind that I had forgotten to pick out the initials at the corner. I beseeched the captain—I implored the lady—but in vain! although I am confident she would have got me off if she could; and I was hurried away to a place in which I had never been before, and to which I sincerely hope I may never go again.

The sequel of this love-adventure was, that though I explained in the clearest manner the laudable motive which induced me to make myself master of the article in question, the magistrate, who was a very ignorant man, took quite another and I will say, a ridiculous view of the case; but requested I might be taken care of and obliged with a private lodging for two years, which was immediately granted, and I was accompanied by two gentlemen (friends, I suppose, of the magistrate) to a magnificent house, where, however, the rooms were small, and the furniture was nothing to boast of.

Here was I left at my ease, and, although frequently pressed by persons to take a walk out with them, I constantly refused: for I had become quite domesticated—a sort of single-family man. At the end of two years being particularly invited to take a stroll, I could resist no longer, and the gentleman who asked me seemed highly gratified, although he did not bear me company. He was fearful, no doubt, so much application (for I read a great deal at that time) would injure my health. Ah! well! let people say what they will of the world, there are always some kind and considerate persons to be found in it. Here was a man now, who knew little or nothing of me, and yet felt as great an interest in my welfare as if I had been his own son. My clothes began to look rather the worse for wear—my military coat having lost an arm and the greater part of a skirt—but my breeches (mindful doubtless of the merits of my father) held together pretty well, with the exception of a small rent in the left leg and a larger one in the seat; but these were trifles. Having no money, and not having seen my aunt Sarah for a long time, I thought it would be only showing her a proper respect if I paid her the first visit. To her therefore I went, and she gave me a few shillings with which I bought a fustian jacket. This was not exactly a proper habiliment for one of my merit and genius, but I considered that a gentleman looks well in any thing, and put it on. I lived once more at my aunt's house, and no doubt should have made my fortune had not another cursed love-affair stepped in and prevented it. I happened by mere chance to scrape acquaintance with a very pretty servant wench who lived with a respectable family in Montague-square; and many an agreeable hour I passed with her in the apartment that adjoins the area; when one night, (oh! never shall I forget it!) my dear Sally's master overheard us, and came down gently. "Who is this (he cried, as he entered the room,) making such a noise here?" Sally did not know what to say for a moment, but, on the question being repeated, she drew up the corner of her apron to a level with her shoulder, and stammered out, "Please sir, its my cousin, sir—from the country." Her master made no more ado, than to take a candle from the table and hold it before my face, which he no sooner beheld than he retorted: "Then your cousin from the country is the

rascal who stole my mare!" To deny it, I felt persuaded, would be of no avail, as innocence always stands but a bad chance against prejudice and obstinacy; so I went with a gentleman whom he sent for, that every thing might be settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

It was about this time that a sense of filial love, which, I shame to say, had not been encouraged for many years, rose strong within me, and I petitioned the government to let me once more behold the respected authors of my existence. My wish was instantly complied with, and what enhanced the value of this acquiescence was, that perceiving my dress was not in the best condition, they kindly furnished me with a new suit and shaved my head to prevent my becoming sea-sick on the passage. The kindness I then experienced has made me a government-man to this day. Not to trespass too long on my reader's patience, I shall pass over the meeting with my beloved parents, which was extremely affecting, and merely state that when I had been abroad about seven years, a patriotic feeling suddenly possessed me, and I longed to revisit the shores of my native country. I urged my father and mother with as much eloquence as I was master of, to accompany me, but my father said they had a public duty to fulfil, and under all circumstances he would abide by it. It was, he added, the wish of the ministers at home, that he should remain for life where he was, and he conceived that he should be unworthy the name of Englishman were he to act contrary to their views. With the greatest veneration for my father's patriotism, and satisfied that it was for the good of his country, I left the other side of the Atlantic; and having once more set foot on Old England, I intend to begin the world afresh, resolving at the same time to steer clear of love, which has been the only thing that prevented me from making my fortune.

STANZAS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF "IL TRAMONTAR DEL SOLE," &c.

The last pale ray of evening light
Is fading o'er the sea;
'Twill wake again with waning night,
'Twill wake again in beauty bright,
But when sweet hope for me?

Hope!—ah! 'tis but the silver spray
That dances on the wave;
The mountain-mist that fleets away;—
A rainbow smile,—a meteor ray,—
Its only home *the grave*.

CATHERINE.

MATHEWS' DEFENCE OF HIS TRIP TO AMERICA.

WE have received the following communication from Mr. Mathews in reply to some observations which appeared in our last number.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE—(NEW SERIES.)

SIR,

HAVING read in the last number of the European Magazine an article, at the head of which my name appeared in letters alarmingly large for my nerves; written with the express intention of exposing the "errors which prevail" in England respecting North America, (and into which errors I am stated to have led the public,) I feel myself called upon, averse as I am from publishing in reply to any animadversion upon me, to enter into a sort of defence of my character—not as an actor, for nothing could induce me to obtrude myself upon the public in that capacity—but as a man, charged with wilfully misrepresenting the American character. The writer of the article professes to be a "native Yankee," and he directly accuses me of uttering, knowing to be forged, certain counterfeit portraits, and clumsy absurd caricatures of his countrymen, and thereby ridiculing the whole nation—and having the tendency of being "prejudicial to the cause of humanity." He asserts (and I fully agree with him,) that errors prevail here upon the subject—but he adds that, to me "a large part of the errors are owing." This is rather hard, and I think rather ungrateful, to a man who has taken such pains as I have to remove them both in public and in private; who has been twitted by a part of the English press with uttering whining, mawkish, sickly sentiments in favour of America merely because he intended to return to the country—(this was liberal!) The "native Yankee" asserts that my portrait of the Yankee is generally misunderstood here, and that "I know it." He says I know in my "*own heart* that it is a poor and feeble counterfeit—unworthy of America,—unworthy of me," &c. He certainly has been polite enough to say that he attributes no bad intention to me. This is like saying of a man—he is a liar, he has wilfully misrepresented facts, he has uttered forged notes and counterfeit coin, but I believe he had no bad intention. However, I am not offended. When I first read the article, I am certain that the closest observer would have said, my

"Countenance was more in sorrow than in anger;"

and notwithstanding the soreness I feel at being charged with wilfully misrepresenting, I allow the general fairness and candour of the article: and it is the temperate and conciliatory tone of the letter, and the gentlemanly spirit which it evinces, that has induced me to reply to it, and which I resolved upon for two reasons: First, to assure all those who may have been "led into error by me"—that I, generally speaking, agree with the writer in his opinions concerning the country; and, secondly, as it gives me an opportunity of replying to attacks made upon me by a portion of the American press—to which I have disdained an answer—and which I never condescended to notice on their own account. Could I have anticipated that I should ever be provoked to defend myself from the charges brought against me, I should have preserved some of these elegant morceaux—as remarkable for their truth and correctness as for the choice and beautiful language in which they are clothed. Indeed, I lament that I

cannot quote them as polished specimens of the language common to both countries; but they were consigned to the flames, after they had been read to me by "a d—d good natured friend," as Sir Fretful says. "Va-gabond—itinerant mimic—a silly buffoon who, in return for hospitalities and kindness received, has ridiculed the national peculiarities," &c. "This wretch who was applauded beyond his merits," &c. &c. I shall only utter three words at the conclusion of my letter to those gentlemen of the press who call names—but as there are many matter-of-fact sort of people (and Heaven defend me from all such!) who believe all they read in print, I have no doubt there are many even of my own friends in America, (and I had many,) that may really believe in the simplicity of their hearts, that I have been as ungrateful as I am declared to be by some of these worthies. Let it be understood then, that I undertake this task for them, and that I address myself to those whose good opinion I value, wishing to set the matter right in their eyes as far as I am able: I am induced to it by an article coming in a more formidable shape in the European Magazine, which, from its very appearance of fairness, is calculated to effect the mischief which these worthies hoped to effect, but which their own vulgarity and abuse, I am confident, defeated, in the eyes of those whose good opinion I wish to retain.

Now, Mr. Editor, what I chiefly complain of is, "misrepresentation;" and, to quote the "native Yankee," I attribute no bad intention to him—but where I wish to set him right, and through him my friends in America is, that he ingeniously (perhaps by mistake) mixes up the character I represented in *Jonathan in England* with my portraits of American character in my own entertainment called *The Trip to America*; and though it may be understood here clearly, that they are perfectly distinct, yet from the way in which they are jumbled together by him, those who read the article in America will believe that all "the errors into which I have led" the English; all the wilful misrepresentations, all the clumsy caricature—"for such proceedings I am charged withal"—form a part of what I must be allowed to call my Entertainment. I do not mean to say that he absolutely asserts it—but he has not explicitly distinguished them. Now I beg it may be distinctly understood that I held myself personally responsible for all I uttered as an individual exhibitor in the Trip to America; but I am no more responsible for the tendency of the character of *Jonathan W. Doubikins* in the farce, or the effects, or the errors it may produce, than Mr. COOKE was responsible for the sentiments uttered by him in *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant* to the Scottish nation, or my friend LISTON for his droll delineation of *Lubin Log* to the citizens of London and Southwark. With as much propriety might a native Scotchman have written against the former, charging him with having led the English into their errors against his countrymen, or a "native" Cockney have taken up the cudgels for all the inhabitants of Tooley-street in the Borough for the ridicule brought upon them (and ALL ENGLAND) by his faithful portrait of a vulgar Cockney. I have no doubt there are many of my ever-to-be-dreaded matter-of-fact people who say really LISTON should not insinuate that all the people in London pronounce the v for the w, and leave out the h before the vowels.*

* I must relate one little anecdote here to illustrate this observation, and to prove how blind a person may become for want of ear, (a defect I suspect my native of, from his assertion that enquiry is not the common pronuncia-

The Americans laughed at Lubin Log—am I to infer that they took that for a portrait of all Englishmen. Cooke's Sir Pertinax was enthusiastically applauded there. They were pleased to approve of my *Morbleu*, and be amused with my ridicule of Cockney slang, Scotch and Welsh dialects, and Irish brogues. Are the North Americans, or the Yankees of the East, to be the only people in the world that are to be exempt from such representations? must they exclusively be secure from "shewing up?" Your correspondent, after pronouncing my portraits to be counterfeit, allows that a part of the language, a part of the character, and "*all*" the tone—"if we look upon the sketch as a sort of individual, not a national, portrait, are very good and very true." Why who in the name of common sense (excepting your co-respondent) ever even insinuated that Jonathan (for to this one character he sticks like a rusty weathercock) was a national portrait. I do not inform you, Mr. E., nor my accuser, for he knows better, as he says of me, "in his heart"—but my friends across the Atlantic, that I asserted the contrary in *my own* account of my visit to the country. "He knows," and he ought to have quoted me fair if he will write from memory, that my explanation of a real Yankee was a counterpart of my own description. Do I not make Mr. Pennington (whom I have contrasted with Jack Topham, as a "sensible, gentlemanly, well-informed American," defeating in argument a silly impertinent English coxcomb,) set him right when he calls all Americans Yankees? Do I not put in his mouth the information that the people of New York and Philadelphia, and others more south, themselves call those of the eastern states Yankees? Do I not "show up" Topham and Bray as much more ridiculous personages than any American in my Trip, excepting Doubikins. I give him as a specimen of a *real Yankee*, and if the "native" means to assert that the squirrel story is not *genooine*, and that the phraseology is not pure and correct, I assert *it is*. I say boldly and without vanity, if he believes it to be incorrect, I will back my ear and observation of peculiarities of pronunciation against his. But here he would insinuate that I make Jonathan Doubikins out a "negro-dealer, and a slave-holder, raised in Varmount, born all along shore there," &c. &c. &c. I have one short answer to this. IT IS FALSE! I did nothing of the kind—not *one* of the charges are true. I will not retort and say "he knows it"—but he has a bad memory, or he has not the disposition to do me justice. I introduce Jonathan W. Doubikins for the purpose of telling the story of the squirrel, which was furnished by Americans as an eastern story—knowing full well that I intended to make use of it in England. I do not mention or hint at the words—slave, or negro-dealer—during the whole description of his character. I never say one syllable about Varmount, or all along shore there. The words are these—"When I lived to Boston."*

tion. and *raised* for born, confined to one state). A lovely elderly female, a "native" Cockney, said in my presence that Liston went too far in his pronunciation, in saying *hoax* for *oax*, (*she* meant the reverse;) and added that she never heard anybody speak *so bad* as he:—a few minutes after she called the servant, and said, John, this $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} ash \\ haah \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ is cold—take it down, and tell the cook to $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} eat \\ heat \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ it, and bring it up again. How could this lady be a judge of Liston's portrait?

* Will he have the impudence to tell me they do not say *lived to Boston*? If the "native" thinks this disgraceful, I can inform him that the people in the West of England have the same peculiarity.

“ When my Uncle Ben lived to Boston he called on me one day, and he says, says he, Jonathan, says he—for he always called me Jonathan, though I was baptized Jonathan W.—down to Newhaven I believe,” Not one other syllable, upon my most sacred word of honour, my dear Editor,—not one monosyllable, my dear friends in New York, Philadelphia, &c. on my oath, is ever uttered about his residence or birth-place either in my own entertainment—where I only am responsible—or in the farce called Jonathan in England, (observe this, I pray, I entreat,) where I never will allow I am responsible. I do not say where he was born, but where he was baptized; he might have been born, or raised—(for they do say raised in every part of the country I have visited, be assured, Mr. Editor)—he might have been born at Newington Butts near London, and still christened at Newhaven. In the afterpiece—the third, or personation act—I introduced a poor persecuted run-away Negro, for I took a fancy to the race; I could not help thinking with Uncle Toby a Negro has a soul—God’s image, though carved in ebony. This character I called Agamemnon, the scene Natchitoches: fifty dollars reward are offered for his apprehension by Doubikins, who goes on a visit to that place, and says he is in search of his *help*, (observe this.) He says he purchased him of Uncle Ben—and when uncle told him, he had a Nigger to sell—and says, do you want one? Jonathan replies, “ Oh yes! for I have more than the other helps can do.” Does this prove him a dealer or driver? The dealer is his Uncle Ben. “ This is the head and front of my offending.” Where *I* was accountable, have I not made out my case so far? Now for the farce, the great bone of contention, the sore place. Mr. Arnold engaged me at the English Opera House as an actor, on the most liberal terms, such terms, that I could not conscientiously decline performing any character he wished. I was engaged for a few nights only. The only new character prepared for me was Jonathan W. Doubikins, with whom my visitors at home were so amused, that Mr. Peake thought he would tell well as the hero of a farce. If I had refused to act the part from any such delicate feelings as actuate your correspondent, Mr. Arnold must have lost considerably by my engagement. I will not enter into what scruples I *did* feel about it. My first consideration was to act justly by my employer. I thought I had said and done enough to satisfy the most fastidious American in my compliments to them “ at home.” I was informed all those who had heard my Trip were satisfied, and I was weak enough to believe and hope that after I had paid my just tributes to their good qualities, that we might in the drama be allowed to indulge in a little harmless laugh at the peculiarities of some of the natives, as we have done with those of other nations, without offence. I am quite sure none was ever contemplated by me. The author constructed a most ingenious plot, and applied to me to furnish him with some phraseology, peculiarities of pronunciation, &c. I was at a great distance from London, and preferred furnishing him with materials ready prepared than be at the trouble of copying from my own memoranda. A vocabulary published in America, and a comedy written by General Humphries, *an American!* called The Yankee in England, and from this Mr. Peake copied many of the oddly-turned phrases and sentences that I had not already uttered in the character. Mr. Peake has given me permission to make this known, but I must in justice to him say that the whole of the plot, and every sentence in the other characters, were from his own original invention—and a most ingenious and amusing farce I shall always think it. But whatever

offensive matter my native Yankee can discover in this, he must not attribute to us. The onus must remain with General Humphries. Wicked man to caricature your countrymen in such a wretched style and clumsy fashion, and lead the English into error! Fie, fie, Humphries! He says that the farce was produced after a year's consideration, "got up and brought forth deliberately." Mark how plain a tale shall set down this "native."—I arriv'd in town one day before I commenced my engagement on the 2nd of September, the farce was read on the 3d, and acted in four or five days afterwards. So that, instead of twelve months' thought and preparation, I had not more than one week; and the author did not hit upon the thought above a month before it was acted. Now I have already stated I could not refuse to act in this piece. I thought it capital fun—I pity those who do not think so sincerely. The public certainly agreed with me, and, as he allows, it was acted to overflowing houses. But if my friend—(I wish he had signed his name, or initials, or X. Y. Z. for I don't like to be calling him *Yankee* so often, though he calls me *Counterfeit*)—but if he imagines the people of England are so besotted, so ignorant, as to believe that I ever intended Jonathan as "a fair specimen of the North American character," or that they believe him to be so, I must assure him that they are not such idiots. Such matter-of-fact, melancholy, moping, inquiring fellows, who think it a matter of importance whether a straw hat was born in New York, or a man raised in Virginia or not, or whether an ugly Hardham thirty-seven-coloured coat is worn by a slave-holder, driver, dealer, or a real Yankee, are not the people, thank Heaven! or what would become of me? No, believe me, there is no such mischief done as you suppose, and those "who meet me on the great thoroughfares of sea and earth" will only laugh at Jonathan's oddities, be assured.

I have made use of a strong phrase, I find, in looking over my letter—but I will not retract. I will prove, that even in this farce, the assertion is not true respecting negro-dealers. I am afraid his ear is incorrect, or his memory treacherous—but he really should have had a certificate of their correctness before he brought such grave accusations against me.

Mr. Ledger, the Liverpool merchant to whom Doubikins brings a letter of introduction, inquires where he was born—His reply is—Do you know where Newhaven is? well it warn't there. Why did you ask then, says Ledger? Jonathan answers, Because Uncle Ben was born there, though I warn't—I was born, as I have heard, in Varmount State, or thereabouts—*just as the Indian said*, he was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore there. There is not one sentence in the whole piece that alludes either to his being a negro-dealer, or slave holder. The first time the negro is mentioned is thus. I have brought Aggy to look after my turtle. He then says to the waiter, "Do you want to buy a nigger? my Uncle Ben *told me* I could dispose of him in England." After this he feels compunction, and says, "I do not much like to part with the nigger, he is a spry active help; but I want the dollars; perhaps though he'll meet with a Boss that wont larrup him." Would a "dealer" be so ignorant as to suppose that he could sell slaves in England; and if he were, would he provide himself with only one for such a purpose? The fact is, nobody but my sensitive native Yankee ever believed him to be a dealer. There is not a word throughout the piece on the subject after the first scene, excepting in the second act, where once he repeats, Will you buy a nigger? and Jonathan informs the waiter that he could not dispose of him

in New York, Philadelphia, &c. as there is no slave-dealing there. I am gravely told that there are no slaves, or slave holders in Vermont—why I know it as well as the Yankee; and I have never hinted at it. But having proved, I trust satisfactorily and positively, that I did not locate the character there, or all along shore; what becomes of all his criticism upon my blunders and misrepresentations? Have I not proved I am the “better counterfeit?” The fact is, that I was prepared for these splitters of hairs, these breakers of small flies on large wheels, these matter-of-fact folks, who make trifles light as air of importance, that I cautiously avoided “locating” Jonathan at all, and left the matter in doubt. But, dear editor, (for I love you for calling me your favourite droll) is it not hard to be thus misquoted and garbled? Now, how would he like it if I gave a garbled extract from his account of his own country, and cautiously left out all that qualified his satire. Egad I will too—he has acted so by me.

Read, my American friends, what he says of you in order to remove the errors into which I have led the English. “In New England,” he says, “you will one day encounter a personage half hypocrite, half puritan; praying and cheating in the same breath—puffing his wares and praising his maker to the very same tune—with a broad-brimmed quaker hat, &c.—two or three watches for ever in sight—and a flashy waistcoat for sale over a coarse every-day one. Always ready to preach or pray—to sell or swap—or truck or trade—to pitch a hymn in the street, or pitch a copper in church. Another day you would fall in with a huge brown white-headed fellow, who under a simple speech, and a look of stupid, foolish, good-natured curiosity, would conceal a temper so sharp, so inquisitive, so watchful, that before you well knew what he was about, you would find that he had over-reached you while you were most upon your guard, or as they have it in their country when they have outwitted a very cautious traveller, “that he had guessed you up a tree.” After leaving Connecticut, you encounter the clumsy ostentation, the fuss and uproar of the wealthy New-Yorkers—then the staid cold impudence, the sober vanity, the singular good sense, the insupportable method of the Pensylvanians—the nothingness of the Delaware men—the self-satisfied supercilious Marylander—the hot and peremptory Virginian, ready, like the Irishman, to quarrel or drink, fight or laugh, a prodigal in every thing,—life, talent, money and character. The dark, sallow, showy, talkative, riotous, North Carolinian—the more fervid, rash, and haughty South Carolinian—the indulgent, imperious, declamatory, absolute Georgian—the half-built, half-naturalized, half-educated Louisianian, all of the Southern race, and the greater part chuck full of impertinent valour, and boyish headlong precipitation.” My friends in America will surely exclaim—“Defend us from our friends!” Now if I had uttered any of these “varieties of the American character,” what would have been said of me? I have left out all the qualifying sentences of the sketches of character, designedly: all that he has written in praise of his countrymen I have expunged. Am I not justified in this? He cautiously conceals what I have uttered that is complimentary to the American character.

Now to the minor points. I shall give an unqualified contradiction to several broad assertions, hazarding boldly my perception and close observation against even a native. He says, “The straw hat was never worn in America (I dare say) with such a garb as Mr. M. wears it with.” I dare swear it has been. I will swear I took a sketch of my dress to the minutest point, from a native with whom I travelled in a steam boat from

New York to Albany. "The seal-skin, or fur waistcoat, (I don't wear either, but that is nothing with my critic), is no more a part of the New Englander's dress, &c." Now mark, he says—"the colour, fashion, &c. of the dress is true, *very true*, for one species of the New England *farmer*, but are quite absurd for a slave-holder." Again and again, I say he never was a slave-holder, but in the disordered imagination of my friend with the bad memory—and how does he know he is *not* a farmer? I have never asserted that *he is not*. I have not designated him at all in my Trip; but I declare solemnly, that whenever I have been asked if the dress I wear in Jonathan was common in America, I have replied, "No—the man from whom I copied the dress was a farmer; but the fact is, the Americans in the great cities dress so exactly like ourselves, that I was puzzled to find any characteristic dress that would be effective for the stage; and I knew that when "at home" something would be expected from me. I have seen many such dresses even in New York; but, I grant, they had the same effect that a smock-frock has in the streets of London. But was it not fair for me to copy such dresses as I really saw worn? Nay, if I had seen but one specimen in the country, I contend it was allowable. (Did my native Yankee ever see a man in blue breeches in Tooley-street? Perhaps not; but LISTON has, I have authority to say.) Is it to be supposed that the English cared a rush, whether it was the dress of a farmer, or a slave-holder, or whether the wearer was raised in Vermont, or Kentucky, or Tennessee, or Pocatigo, or Communipaw, or Hgqlmnpxf, and would they have known the difference if they had been informed? It is splitting hairs—from the straw hat—to the nonsense about shaking hands—it is silly—quibbling—and the native might have written an article in the European Magazine every month during the next year, if he had not placed my name in such capital letters, and formidable shape, and, by absolute untruths, endeavoured to confirm the Americans in the "errors into which they have been led" about me. Now, on the same principle that his argument respecting the dress becomes futile, my simple assertion, which I defy him to controvert, that Jonathan is never designated by any body but himself as a "slave-holder" "raised all along shore there," totally destroys—completely dissipates—every tittle of his strictures upon me. Having raised all his charges on a false foundation, they must necessarily fall to the ground.

Now, Mr. Editor, though I feel that "I am bestowing all my tediousness upon your worship," pray allow me a page or so, in order to afford me an opportunity of quoting a few passages from the Trip, for the information of my American friends, who have not witnessed the representation. They have only read garbled extracts—nay, more, they have read matter which they may have believed was uttered by me, which I never saw till put forth in those catch-sixpenny publications, which are imposed upon the public as mine, and some of which do not contain one regular sentence as uttered by me.†

* A matter-of-fact friend of mine said, Love, Fun, and Fire, is a droll farce. (Love, Law, and Physic, you mean, said I.)—Yes; but really Liston goes too far in Lubin Log.—Really, I think him indecent. Indecent! you astonish me. How? where? Oh, those blue breeches!!

† These gentry are quite aware of the injunction I obtained in the Court of Chancery, to prevent their frauds. They dare not publish what I really recite,

They ought to hear then—and my native opponent should have informed them that, in allusion to the FAWKES'S, FEARONS, and other tourists, I observe, “I cannot, as far as my observation extended, compliment the majority of them on the justness of their strictures—they seemed to me to have left England with visionary views and soured prospects, to hunt a runaway clerk—to get in a desperate debt—to build a brewery at Boston, &c. &c. Disappointment has generated disgust—all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye—and they have cast their own packet of pique on the backs of the inhabitants.”—Mr. Pennington observes, “it is much to be lamented that the poor, the busy, and the speculative, but visit our shores—the baffled trader, who expects to find a palace of liberty in the back settlements—the jaundiced politician, who looks for perfection in a young country. Sir, we are but an infant state, and, of course, we have the errors of infancy, but we have our virtues too. An enemy looks only for the former. Ah! Sir, when will a traveller come from your country who is inclined to speak us fair—who will tell of our kindness and hospitality, as well as of our pride and our prejudice? The pen stabs deeper than the stiletto, and severs friendship more surely than the sword. Oh! golden would that pen be, and plucked from the wing of peace, that would tell how dearly, how truly beat our hearts towards England, how ardently we long to be leagued in generous brotherhood.” “I had been but a few hours in Baltimore before I found on my table half a pack of cards, from Mr. This, and Dr. That, Counsellor W. &c. &c., though I had not as yet delivered one letter of introduction. This surely speaks volumes to those who doubt American politeness and hospitality, and needs no comment from me, I am sure.” I could quote many others, but I shall only now instance the concluding sentiment, spoken above forty nights in one season, invariably applauded by Americans and English, whom I have led into “error.”—Mr. Pennington: “Remember to speak us fair, Mr. Mathews—have your joke, enjoy your mirth, laugh at our faults and our foibles, as you have at those of other countries, but let your ridicule be tempered by good-nature; and, in representing one country to the other, do not forget that we ought to be cherished to mutual love.” I will treasure what you have said, Sir, in my heart of hearts. England and America are now friends—nay, brothers—and perish the man, say I, that would embitter their affections. Even I, much as I love mirth, and lightly as pass my volatile hours, should prize no fame, no achievement, so dearly as that of being the humble instrument of furthering the friendship between the two countries, and standing, as it were, a comma 'tween their amities. May the two lands have but one heart, and nothing but the billows of the Atlantic divide England from America.” These sentiments I did not utter coldly; and, I believe, that those who witnessed the

therefore employ Grub-street authors to fabricate. I saw comments upon one of the songs, which they put forth as sung by me, copied into the British Press from a Boston Paper, in which I was severely handled for singing trash, that conveyed no notion of real American manners, &c. I had never seen or heard the song until it had returned from Boston. Now, though I know it is not necessary for those sagacious critics and kind-hearted men, Messrs. Buckingham, of Boston, and Coleman, of New York, to witness a performance that they *intend* to abuse, yet, for the information of the liberal part of the Press, who are inclined to “speak me fair,” I have thought it necessary to assure them that all the publications, purporting to be my Trip to America, are spurious.

representation will do me the justice to say, that they were spoken by one who evidently appeared to feel sincerely upon the subject. I *was* sincere. I defy the malice of my bitterest enemy to say, that I have ever uttered one sentiment in private that was not consistent with my public declaration: knowing, then, the sincerity of my feeling towards the country—the gratitude I have ever felt for my reception in public as well as private, which I shall always remember, and of which I have never failed to express my warmest sense in every society that I have mingled in, the *mens conscia recti* will support me against any attacks that may be made upon me by the American press, or by misrepresentations at home. I can refer to some of the most respectable inhabitants, merchants, &c. &c. of Liverpool, Dublin, Bristol, Manchester, Glasgow, &c. &c., that I have confirmed by my private testimony what I have publicly said in praise of the virtues of the country. I had the honour of sitting at the same table with two of his Majesty's Ministers: I stated how much pleasure it gave me to inform them, that I had scarcely ever departed from a dinner table in America, where Englishmen were present, that the health of the King of England was not drunk in a bumper. I have flattered myself that I have been the means of reconciling, rather than fomenting differences. Is it not hard, then, that it should be said, that to me a large portion of the errors that exist here are to be attributed? (I really was not aware that I was a man of such consequence before.) It is easy and safe to assert such things in print; but whenever a man is bold enough to make such an assertion to my face, I shall reply simply thus—it is false! I have invariably and consistently spoken in praise of the country. I have never deviated from this direct, open, honest, and conscientious course. This is the first opportunity I have had of replying to calumny: and if, after this declaration, the Americans will not allow me to take the same liberty with their peculiarities (and which have literally not exceeded the ridicule of mere intonation and pronunciation) that I have with French, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and, above all, the English (who are, I think, the most ridiculous persons in my Trip), I say, if they cannot afford to be laughed at a little, after all I have said in their praise, why, really, I cannot help it, and I do not care one *cent* whether they are offended or not. But I hope some one on their side of the water will assure the Native who defames them here that they are not so weak. Having thus *published* my defence, I promise you, Mr. Editor, I never will do so any more, and I hope this will induce you to insert all I have written, and forgive me this once. I am most anxious that all those, in whose good opinion I wish to live, should be acquainted with my real motives—my genuine sentiments. As to the venal scribblers, who have defamed me from my first arrival in the country up to the present time, from Buckingham, of Boston to Dr. Coleman, of New York, I answer them in the emphatic words of George Colman the younger, in his Preface—
Gentlemen—Pooh!—Pish!—Pshaw!!!

I am, dear Sir,

A STIR AMONG THE BIBLIOPOLES.

" Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden all the land."

IN consequence of the recent disturbances in the bookselling world, and in order to vindicate themselves from the unfounded and absurd calumnies which have been raised against them, the booksellers of the metropolis are said to be making great exertions, in order that, during the season, the public may be not merely astonished, but absolutely overwhelmed with wonders. We quote a few of the rumours that are afloat, without vouching for their correctness.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, of Albemarle-street, is reported to be preparing a balloon of a most extraordinary size, and composed entirely of newspapers, for the purpose of personally exploring the North West Passage in an aerial way, and thereby completely avoiding that freezing in, which proved so fatal to the researches of Captain Parry. He takes with him Young Coleridge, and about twenty more of the blue-room literati as ballast, to be dropt as the gas escapes.

MR. COSMO ORME, of the firm of Longman and Co., has set out for the banks of the Euphrates, in order to inquire into the means by which Shadrach, Meshech, and Abdnego preserved themselves in the fiery furnace. He takes with him as interpreter, Mr. Jerdan of the "Literary Gazette," and intended to take Sir James Mackintosh as his biographer, but the vessel had dropt down the river before Sir James was dressed.

MR. HENRY COLBURN, (removed to New Burlington-street,) has departed for the Carron Iron Works in Scotland, in order to make researches among the blast furnaces there for discovering the origin and tracing the progress of puffing. He is accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Ryder, Lady Morgan, and a great number of persons of quality, each of whom is in turn to be the reputed author of the forthcoming work.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, (we beg his pardon for not mentioning him first) is said to be actively employed in ransacking Monmouth-street, and Rosemary-lane, for the philosopher's stone. It has been given out that Dr. Birkbeck is his cicerone in this business, although observation quotes him as being generally found with Dr. James Mitchell on the one hand and Dr. Busby on the other.

THOMAS BOYS, of Ludgate-hill, taking Mr. Timbs (who carries great scissors and a canvas bag) along with him, is performing through all the libraries in the country, and cutting out or bound leaves of the most popular books.

W. AND Co., each furnished with a great
have gone upon a sketching exhibi-
Watts with them as their
it must be so called)

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but

THE YEAR 1825 WITH A GLANCE AT 1720.

WE had intended to make our YEAR 1825 a real personage, and, as he expired last night, not only to have given his obituary and character, but to have feigned (a projected lie for which we ask forgiveness!) that we heard his last speech and dying words. We had even provided for him a convenient situation for making his exit, a complete allegorical wardrobe of the most approved fashion, and an appropriate attendance of lamenting friends and interested spectators. We purposed to have placed his last stage somewhere between the Old Bailey and the Stock Exchange, in sight of the mournful abodes of the New Companies—to have mounted him on the gnomon of an immense dial, with all the monsters of the Zodiac on his girdle, to have made him begin his confessions a quarter before 12 o'clock, and just as St. Paul's tolled the fatal hour to have precipitated him into the devouring jaws of his father Time. In addition to the usual train of the *Hours and Seasons* in their mourning dresses, it was intended to surround him in his last moments with a host of wailing jobbers and disappointed projectors, loan contractors and mine speculators, ruined adventurers and plundered dupes. The interest of the scene was to have been heightened by an exhibition in effigy of his great predecessor in the last century (1720), evoked from the depths of the *South Sea* by one of the New Diving Companies, and led on the platform by the Muse of History dressed in the uniform of the New "Funeral Association."

We have now, however, altered our intention, and resolving to state only plain facts in the short "and simple annals of the year," we hereby give notice that we are ready to contract with any theatrical manager, or any allegorical painter, for the sale of our whole stock of machinery, dresses, decorations and devices, at a very moderate price. Let us therefore begin our historical review without further preface.

In European politics there has been last year a great deal of talking, but little doing. We have heard of no dangerous revolutionary movements, and but of one or two trifling conspiracies. The Chiefs of the Holy Alliance, it is said, mean to call a Congress for the 1st of April next, to give in their resignation. This resolution has been adopted in consequence of Mr. Canning's having rendered their office a sinecure, and of their inability, in the present state of their finances, to support useless places. Out of respect to vested rights, however, Mr. Gentz, their maker of manifestos, and Prince Metternich, their inventor of plots, are to retire on their full salaries. The keeper of the Protocols was likewise to have been indemnified for his services or paid for his silence, but being in possession of secrets that must bring a greater price from the Divan, he is said to have made the best of his way to Turkey. The general police of Europe, with the exception of Germany, is henceforward to be conducted by the spies of each individual state, and every legitimate government of Christendom is to be required to kill its own Carbonari and Free-Masons, as every manufactory in England is commanded "to consume its own smoke." The money set apart for diamond stars and diplomatic snuff boxes is to be employed in diving for the Spanish Armada on the coast of Scotland, or buying up the stock and the galleons of the Vigo Bay Company. The ships of war and the dollars thus discovered are to form a fleet, or, to defray the expences of an expedition from Cadiz or Corunna to South America, to disperse the rival Congress of Panama, or to capture the Republican Deputies. When so captured the said deputies are to be compelled to sign a deed, re-conveying to Ferdinand the property and absolute disposal of all the new commonwealths which they represent. In this manner the American Republics will be once more revolutionized, the dollars of Mexico will pay the debts of the Bourbons, and the star of the Incas will again glitter in the crown of Castile.

The managing partners or permanent directors of the Holy Alliance have been moving about a good deal in the course of the year. Meanwhile the improvement of their subjects has been standing still. The Autocrat of all the Russias has travelled nearly from the White Sea to the Black*—from the region of sledges and rein-deer to the country of vines and olives—reviewing armies to show his love of peace, and receiving the homage of barbarous hordes to show his want of ambition. He has thus assured himself by ocular inspection of the great truth, that the knout and the bayonet are the best instruments of government—that they keep all snug in his extensive dominions, and that, if equally administered, they would be equally effectual in other countries. From the shores of the Baltic to the Islands of Japan—from the Northern Ocean to the great wall of China, he has not heard a single murmur of discontent, nor seen a single prognostic of rebellion. Some of the tribes, who formerly, according to Voltaire, worshipped a sheepskin, now worship the Emperor as the Idol of Legitimacy, and are prepared to believe in the divinity of his mother. His anxiety, therefore, to prevent other nations from improving their institutions and establishing their rights, must be purely disinterested. The contagion of knowledge is not likely to spread easily among the Fins, the Osteacks, or the Saniojeds, and a Jacobin revolution is as little to be apprehended on the Don, or the Wolga, as a burning sirocco in the vicinity of the Pole. No laws of intellectual or political quarantine are therefore necessary for the protection of the Czar's dominions, and if he sends his Cossacks to take charge of our political Lazarettos, it is an act of pure charity. The only constitutional rights to which his subjects aspire are higher prices for their tallow, martins and black foxes. We have thought it necessary to state these tranquillizing facts for the comfort of the lovers of social order and absolute power all over the world.

The King of Prussia still continues his drilling and reviewing. Having already provided himself with a successor to the throne, and a royal family of princes and princesses, he has again entered into matrimony for his own private comfort, and began, like the European Magazine, a "new series" of articles for posterity. His *151-hundred* marriage may thus, like our publication, be a *dextrous* enterprize, and the offspring, though not royal, will, like ours, be noble. We are rather sorry to observe, however, that since he found this "domestic consolation," as he calls it, he has been making a trip to Paris to see the dramatic nymphs and melo-dramatic exhibitions of the Boulevards. It is lucky that the member of the Holy Alliance is not answerable for the gallantries of Count Ruppin. In Prussia as in Russia, no event of importance has occurred.

His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, has likewise been on his travels. He has crossed the Alps, and traversed the greatest part of his southern dominions. He has visited Milan, where he received the homage of his Italian satraps, (including the King of Naples,) and made demands on his Lombard subjects nearly as formidable as the late *run* on the *Lombards* of London. Venice has been honoured by his presence, and has seen him dissolve the marriage between its Doge and the Adriatic.* The last stage in his imperial

* Since the above was written, he has travelled to the terra incognita, but how or by what passage we have not learned.

† The connubial tie between these celebrated parties was not always very rigidly observed. The old gentlemen were often accused of being made cuckolds, and that too by the Mussulman.

— ces vieux cocons vont épouser la mer
Dont ils sont les maris, et le Turc l'adultère.

The Emperor has effectually put an end to this state of things, and may be said entirely to have dissolved the nuptial contract by allowing the Turk to

progress was Hungary, where he was gratified with the pageantry of a coronation, and assailed with a "petition of Rights." The Hungarian *magnates* differed a good deal in opinion from his Imperial Majesty. He wanted money and troops, and they wanted the restoration of their rights and privileges—he complained of delay, and they complained of violated faith—he commanded them to respect the will of their sovereign, and they required him to respect the prerogatives of his subjects. This Hungarian affair, if managed with English courage and spirit, might end like that of Runnimead or the ship-money, in a respectable rebellion and a liberal charter. The hereditary Austrian dominions have been as still and stagnant as the Egyptian catacombs or the Dead Sea.

The other Germans have been quiet; but are known to be very much *indisposed* towards their *Diet*. They declare that it does not agree with their *constitutions*, and that it was prescribed by their mortal enemies. The inhabitants of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Baden, more especially testify their decided detestation of it. They particularly object to that part of it which was imposed in consequence of the royal *consultation* at Carlsbad, commonly called the *Carlsbad Congress*. They even shudder at any allusion to the waters of Carlsbad, as if attacked with hydrophobia; and though formerly reckoned good drinkers, they have of late contracted as strong a dislike to *Johannisberg*. But the most galling circumstance in their condition is, that they are even denied the privilege of complaint or remonstrance. When they begin to utter a word against their *Diet*, their mouths are forcibly shut by the Censor—an agent of the faculty—they are thrown into a strait-jacket, or treated with *steel medicine*.

About Naples nothing more need be said than that it has lost its royal Lazerone and sportsman King Ferdinand, and that it has borne the loss with exemplary resignation. His son, who has succeeded him, has performed a great exploit, and acquired great popularity. What has he done? Has he restored the constitution which he formerly swore to maintain, or released the persecuted patriots with whom he associated? No; but he has relaxed the monopoly of killing tunney fish in the Bay of Naples; and no longer, like his father, considers the Mediterranean as his preserve. For this liberality he has been waited upon with addresses from the fishermen, and is as likely to be popular with that class as his father was with the Lazeroni.

If from Naples we pass to Rome we shall find a more interesting scene. The bark of St. Peter, which was so long tossed on the waves of adversity, has been for some time in Port. The crew and pilot seem to dread no more storms. The triple crown, which rises oddly enough from the fishing boat, is as bright, though not so terrible, as before. Its present wearer does not yield to any of his predecessors in zeal and ambition. He no longer expects an emperor to hold his stirrup, till he mounts his ass, in token of his humility—he no longer pretends to dispose of kingdoms, or to excommunicate kings. His *bulls* no longer roar so loud as to disturb sovereigns in their sleep, or alarm nations with war. But he is playing successfully the only game by which it is now in his power to recover his former ascendancy. He is organizing his regular militia in convents and colleges—he is corresponding with fanatical bishops, and encouraging refractory priests—he is endeavouring to infuse a fiercer spirit of bigotry and a more prostrate feeling of submission into the whole Catholic body. Knowing that the diffusion of knowledge must contract the reign of superstition, he has opposed the establishment of philosophical schools in the Netherlands; and, convinced that a free press and an encroaching priesthood cannot long exist together, he has encouraged the late assaults on the political journals of France. Neither parliaments nor republics keep con-

enjoy the favours of the dame unmolested, and transferring the privileges of Venice to Trieste. The French might now call the trade of the Venetian Republic a *triste* affair.

fessors; he is, therefore, an enemy of constitutional charters, and a supporter of arbitrary monarchies. Hence he refused an envoy from the Spanish liberal government; and hence he has sent an encyclic letter to the American bishops, ordering them to lead back their flocks under the dominion of the absolute or *neat* King Ferdinand. Every office in the Vatican, and every head in the Conclave, is now as busy in hatching projects, pursuing intrigues, or encouraging impostures for the maintenance or extension of papal power, as at the time when Rome was the fulcrum by which Europe was raised. If, therefore, we entertain no apprehensions for the Pope or the Jesuits, we at the same time allow that our safety depends more upon our own continued vigilance than on their diminished activity. One of the Popes, more martial than Leo XII. threw the keys of St. Peter into the Tyber, and grasped the sword of St. Paul, exclaiming,—

*Hic gladius Pauli nunc nos defendat ab hoste,
Quando quidem clavis nil jurat ista Petri.*

But if it were possible for the “power of the keys” to be completely recovered, the power of the sword would soon follow.

In Spain, in fact, it *has* followed, for the government of Ferdinand is the government of the priests. Concerning this honorary member and worthy protégé of the Holy Alliance or his dominions, we have little more to say. He has, in the course of the year, changed his ministry—he has defeated one or two conspiracies—he has shot some of his royalist as well as liberal supporters—and he is still as much perplexed with anarchy, and distressed for money as ever. With ten millions of slaves he can scarcely obtain cash to buy sweetmeats, cigars, or firewood.

Mancipiti locuples, eget aris Cappadocum Rex.

Why then don't he sell his slaves, and buy more necessary commodities? Because under his own mad management, and that of his priests, they have become so idle and disorderly that nobody would purchase or trust them.

Little can at present be said about Greece, and the less the better. After quarrelling among themselves about our money, as if it were considered the spoils of victory, instead of being intended as the means of resistance, they have condescendingly offered to place themselves under our protection. Against this resolution a Yankee and a Frenchman protested. They might have saved themselves the trouble—our good King has *Greeks* enough under his protection already.

Nearly a half of three of the most fertile provinces of Holland was inundated last winter. Numerous dykes were thrown down—thousands of cattle drowned, and whole towns and villages laid under water. We should be sorry for the poor Dutch did we not conceive them amphibious. They may still catch fish, as in Deucalion's time, in the parlours of their houses, or on the tops of their apple-trees. No nation in the world could have met such a calamity with more munificent liberality. More than a million sterling has been contributed from the funds of the state and the charity of individuals, to repay the damage and repair the dykes.

In France, we need scarcely remind our readers that there has been a coronation—that the sacred oil with which Clovis was anointed, and which was brought from heaven by a pigeon, being miraculously preserved during the revolution, has been poured on the head of Charles X.—that all the royalist poets of France were set a singing out *sacre*, like swearing postilions, and that everybody might have been happy and gone on well, had not the minister, after the entertainment, not brought in the bill. But the *rentiers* have now taken the alarm for the reduction of their incomes—the nation is enraged that it is obliged to pay the emigrants for fighting against it—the Protestants are terrified that they may have their heads chopped off by the new law of sacrilege for want of respect to a wafer—the press is afraid of the Jesuits, and, in short, France is just as dissatisfied as ever John Bull could be when his belly has been pinched, or his liberties invaded.

We now come to *John* himself, and shall take a short review of what he has been doing in his favourite trade of money making, during the last year. Towards the beginning of the year the fever of speculation, which had begun a little before, attained its height, and filled its widest circle of contagion. The wildest enterprises and the most extravagant projects were every day started and adopted. The golden age was to be revived, fortunes were to be made without toil, and "joint-stock" formed the mist through which everything was seen, and the talisman that rendered everything practicable. We were to traverse the ocean with joint-stock steam—fly between town and town in gas-engine carriages rolling on joint-stock railways—have our houses built by joint-stock bricks—our bread baked of joint-stock flour—our tables supplied with joint-stock fish—our coffee seasoned with joint-stock cream—our handkerchiefs made of joint-stock silk—our shirts washed by joint-stock steam—our children educated in joint-stock schools—our wives adorned with joint-stock pearls—our politics conducted by joint-stock journals—our medicines prepared by joint-stock apothecaries—our funerals conducted by joint-stock undertakers, and our bodies interred in a joint-stock cemetery. Had England been a Roman Catholic country, with a priesthood like that of Spain, our souls would no doubt have been rescued from purgatory by joint-stock masses.

In January last many of them were at a premium of several hundreds per cent. on the sums advanced. The city, which was first seized with the disease, soon extended the infection beyond Temple Bar, and from the west end it spread rapidly to the most remote districts of the kingdom. Orders came up from country bankers and fox-hunting squires for the purchase of shares to catch a portion of the golden shower. Members of parliament, retired capitalists, priests, saints, and tradesmen appeared on 'Change, and eagerly entered into the spirit of jobbing. Happy was the attorney—the merchant—the projector who could hit upon a new scheme, draw up a plausible prospectus, and procure a list of respectable directors. Peers and M.P.'s generally figured in those lists, and, obtaining shares on an implied or express promise of their support in the houses, entitled themselves to the indignant reproach of Cicero, as being *mercatores provinciarum, venditores senatorum dignitatis*. Not only was London (the great *El Dorado* region,) inundated with these schemes, but every provincial capital had its local projects and its quotation of shares. Our cautious, calculating, and saving brethren of modern Athens, with all the influence of their Adam Smith and their political economy, could not resist the mania.

Many of the metropolitan speculations were of gigantic magnitude. For conducting the business of mining in South America alone, a capital of more than eleven millions was engaged for. Besides a Columbian, Buenos Ayrean, Peruvian, Brazilian, and Chilian association, for working the mines of those states, with each a capital of a million; we have two Mexican companies, with each a million; an Anglo-Chilian, with a million and a half; and "a general South American mining association," with a capital of two millions. This extensive mining speculation, directed towards the new states, considering that we have formed colonial and trading associations besides to the same countries, and that we have advanced, or are engaged to advance them, more than twenty-one millions in loans, is a large drain for "surplus capital." We shall not here speak of the project for connecting the Bristol Channel with the Thames, by "the Western Ship Canal,"—nor of the two schemes for joining the Atlantic to the Pacific, by the Isthmus of Panama, as among the grand enterprises of the year, because though their magnitude, if seriously contemplated, cannot be contested, we have our doubts whether any design was ever entertained of commencing them. We wonder that in those times of gigantic undertakings and easy credulity, some projector did not propose to direct the Golph-stream through the American territories, or connect the river Amazons with the Pacific Ocean, by a tunnel under the Andes—the scheme would have been as plausible as many of those recommended by boards of directors, and defended in the estimates of engineers, and the reports of agents. The canal

through the Isthmus of Panama, for instance, we suspect to have been merely an *Isthmean game*, in which the *Greeks*, as of old, carried off the prize.

The mass of capital which *would have been employed* in more than five hundred projects and joint-stock schemes, that were to have been submitted to parliament, exceeded *two hundred millions sterling*. The number of private bills brought before the House of Commons by petition, was 438; many of these, like soldiers on a march, dropt off during the successive stages of their progress; and not many more than one half received the royal assent. In the number of successful applications, were very few of the *El Dorado* schemes. None of the South American speculations, and but very few of the home projects, purely speculative, have either come before the legislature, or have been sanctioned by its approbation. The great majority of the 286 bills which received the royal assent, consisted of such as related to road and rail-way communications, building improvements, and private regulation acts.

The idea of conducting retail business by a joint-stock association,—of selling, for instance, a pound of fish, or measuring out a pint of milk, on account of a company, with a court of proprietors, a board of directors, a secretary, and auditors, in competition with the private fishmonger or dairy-keeper—is an absurdity which could not have gained admission into the head of the most unreflecting, had not the rage for speculation overpowered the dictates of common sense.

We have not now beside us a comparative statement of the fluctuations of the year—but we may state that on the 14th of last January, the Anglo-Mexican mining shares, which were issued at five per cent. deposit, sold at 150 (or 5000 per cent. on their deposit)—the Columbian at 82, only five per cent. being paid—the Brazilian at 70, only five per cent. being paid—the Rio de la Plata at 70, only five per cent. being paid—the United Mexican at 155, only ten per cent. being paid—the Chili, which made its appearance that day, at 60 per cent. five only being paid—the Real del Monte at 1,225 per share, only 70 being paid—the Pearl-fishery at 26, per share, only two being paid, and all the other existing speculations in proportion. On the 17th of December, (the day on which we write) we find that so far as they are quoted, they are reduced to near their original deposit, or are at a discount. Some of the home projects, such as the British Iron Association, where there is a design to act up to the prospectus, have fallen from twelve and thirteen per cent. premium, to eight or nine discount. The South American *securities*, as they are called, have fallen thirty per cent.; and the European from ten to eighteen per cent., within the twelvemonths. Most of the schemes which we have above enumerated, and others which subsequently appeared, along with the insects of summer, have been swept from existence, and left their deluded dupes to settle the value of their deposits with the projectors. Some of these companies have dropt, with all the quietness of a rotten apple—others have been dissolved with the noise and fury of a northern winter. Some have paid back a considerable portion of the deposit. Some, like the Metropolitan Fish, have only given five or six shillings in the pound—and from others, no account can be obtained. In some cases, the most disgraceful disclosures have been made of the conduct of saints, military chiefs, lords, knights, baronets, and members of parliament. In the share list of last January 14th, we find the Arigna Iron and Coal scheme, quoted at 21l. per share, only 5l. being paid. Had the directors realised at that rate, they would have had 19l. on every deposit of 5l. The company is now broken up, and they have the modesty to make the shareholders pay 35,000l. for a piece of ground which they themselves purchased at 8000l.—so that between premiums on shares, and profits on purchase, they come out of the concern with their purse in a better condition than their character.

When a spirit of speculation or gambling is once excited, it does not stop at a single object, but ruins round the whole circle of hazardous adventure. Ours began in loan contracts,—it was then transferred to joint stock projects; and lastly it rushed furiously on the colonial market. By the fluctuation in the

prices of cotton alone, more than four millions sterling must have changed hands, like the stakes on a gaming table. But the schemes, projects, and gambling transactions which agitated the stock-exchange, or the colonial market of London, were even of trifling importance, compared with the revolution which was going on in the metropolis and all parts of the country. The speculations in land, in buildings, in rail-ways, in docks, in agricultural improvements, in new kinds of manufactures, in publishing, and in a thousand other ways, which need not be enumerated, kept pace with the progress of jobbing. Every magazine, every bonded cellar, every port is glutted with produce, the fruit of the same excessive eagerness to take advantage of the season of easy confidence. The country banks have pampered this appetite, by discounting to any extent. The business of the nation has been floating in an ocean of credit. Landlords have stamped their acres into bank-notes that they might improve them by credit—great enterprises have been begun without property, always upon credit—and country bankers, who were the great vendors of credit to others, had often nothing but credit for themselves.

It was not possible for such a state of things to be permanent. The bills of the bricklayer and carpenter must be discharged, though the house could not immediately find a tenant or a purchaser; and the failure of many of the more absurd schemes, endangered the character of all, which were not supported on substantial capital.

Our monied people having sent large sums of the nominal twenty-one millions of loans to America, have not as yet received a single farthing in return, either for principal or interest. Our mining and colonising speculators have already invested a considerable amount of capital in shipments of men, implements, and machinery, to the seat of their intended operations, without having as yet seen a single ounce of ore, or reaped the produce of a single acre of land. Our home projects, though many of them have failed, and others are prosecuted with little spirit, have absorbed large sums of money, with very distant prospects of any returns. Our gambling in colonial produce and excessive importations of foreign commodities, have either locked up great sums of money from present use—brought the owner under obligations which he is unable to discharge, or transferred the fortune of the sober trader to the speculating adventurer.

In this state of things a great crisis was inevitable. Though the dazzling prospects, and plausible representations of speculators, could overpower the lessons of experience and the maxims of prudence, when success was probable, any appearance of failure was sufficient to awaken suspicion. General disappointment and distrust are the necessary consequence. No man has confidence in the solvency of his neighbour. Every one wishes to have his cash at his own command. Balances are withdrawn from banks. They have either issued more paper than their capital warranted, or invested that capital in securities not immediately available. The consequence is a stoppage of payments. By the notes of some banks being discredited, those of all are looked upon with suspicion. They therefore cease to circulate; and this at the time when the demands for money are the greatest. The currency previously in existence must be withdrawn, without an adequate substitute in gold, or Bank of England paper. The consequences may be dreadful—they are already severely felt. Nearly all enterprises requiring credit must, for the present, be interrupted. The prices of all government securities,—of all articles of foreign trade,—and of all manufactures, must for the time fall. The strongest establishments may be brought to the brink of ruin. Internal improvements must cease. Our manufacturers, unable to find employment for their workmen, must discharge them. If so, we shall again have riots caused by empty bellies. Fortunes will change hands, as in former derangements of the currency. A suspension of cash payments at the Bank of England, which may be the necessary consequence, if the present panic continues, may lead to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and to insults from foreign powers, who rejoice in the fragility of our greatness.

This, it must be allowed, is a very gloomy way of hailing the new year, and we shall be glad to find that such anticipation is not verified by the result. There can be no doubt that the resources of the country are unimpaired, and that our prosperity is founded on a solid basis; but before we come round to the state in which we were, before the commencement of this rage for speculation and the derangement of our currency, great failures and much individual suffering may be expected. The thunder-storm that clears the atmosphere, occasionally sets fire to our houses in its progress. At present, some notaries in London are employed in protesting bills till twelve o'clock at night.

[Our readers will, after perusing this admirable and interesting statement, regret the delay, but our limits compel us to postpone the concluding distinction between the two bubbles of 1825 and 1720, till our next.]

THE MONTH.

December scowls, the tempest howls,
And gloomy is the day,
Till Christmas cheer shut up the year,
And drive the gloom away.

ONE of the most delightful consolations in nature—in the twelvemonths of the year, as well as the seven ages of man's life, is that the darkness of despair is also the dawn of hope—that the sadness of decay brings along with it the germ of new vigour. In proportion as the human powers lose their perceptions of, and their relish for, the pleasures of this world, they become alive to those of another; and when Time sweeps them all off with the last touch of his wing, eternity takes up the succession of duration, and in the very moment of apparent annihilation, immortality is proclaimed. So fares it with the year. The sun declines toward the south, and life and beauty appear to decline along with him. The flowers vanish—the leaves fall—the cheerful songs of the birds are exchanged for chirpings of complaint—the rain is left upon the surface of the earth, or at most, floats as palpable and offensive fog in the very lowest regions of the air; but in the very depth of this dissolution, there are the certain and unerring pledges of renovation. The sun, having gained the chambers of the extremest south, tarries not there; the flower and the leaf are gone, but the bud is still upon the tree; and that very humidity which renders our path and our atmosphere unpleasant, is a store for future supply,—to which we are indebted for the living fountain, and for not a little of that humidity of the earth which preserves the vegetable tribes, when the heat of the sun would otherwise parch and destroy them.

Nor is it in the natural world only that December is, as it were, the changing point in the year. Even under the most favourable circumstances, the pursuits of man partake a little of the decay of external nature. There is a stagnation in the month,—men pause and reckon up what they have been doing throughout the year; and having so reckoned, they pledge and cheer each other over the Christmas bowl, before they begin a fresh circle of their respective labours.

The stagnation of business has been much greater than usual;—indeed those circumstances in the money market to which we made a slight allusion in our last month, all continued to deepen, not merely on the Stock Exchange, where the most palpable and reprehensible part of the mischief certainly had its cause, nor in the metropolis, which is the heart whose diastole receives, and whose systole transmits, the circulating medium, but over the whole country. So deep, for some time, was the gloom, and so serious would the consequences have been to any other country than England, that we feel warranted to place foremost in our record of the month, the

COMMERCIAL OCCURRENCES—In the ordinary course of trade, there neither was, nor appeared to be anything that could either excite alarm, or occasion loss. There had been no failure of any supply of raw material, there had been no cessation of industry, (excepting in the case of a very few workmen, whom those needy adventurers, that were base enough to seek that popularity and profit which they could not obtain elsewhere, in the deluding and ruining of the ignorant, had cheated out of a few months wages, and years of independence and happiness); and not one market had either failed or been overstocked. In short, to one who looked at the real property, and the real transactions of the country, the signs of the times were exceedingly favourable; and, in as far as the production and consumption have been concerned, they have continued favourable all along. But there is a fictitious commerce in England, as well as a real one; and as the two do not, by any means, rest upon similar foundations, the one may be deranged by circumstances which, acting directly, could have no effect whatever upon the other. Large as had been the coinings at the mint, and ample as were the issues of national paper, they had proved insufficient for the vastly increased trade of the country. Everything was flourishing; credit was good; the interest of money had fallen very much; and therefore the capitalists embarked in any kind of speculation, however distant or even doubtful the profits, if they were but told that eventually they would gain much more than from the funds, or in the ordinary way of mercantile accommodation. By this means (as we have stated again and again) a very large portion of the circulating medium was withdrawn from the legitimate trade of the country; and in whatever shape it was first withdrawn, they into whose hands it went, lost no time in converting it into specie, or at any rate, into notes of the Bank of England. Its place was supplied, in the metropolis, by an excessive issue of bills of exchange, and in the country, by an excessive issue of country bank notes. By these means the nature of the currency was changed, both in respect of security, and of facility and cheapness of transfer. The bills of exchange, even though they had all been the representatives of real property, or *bona fide* transactions, could pass only through a few hands; and as they expired, a temporary use of another medium was demanded, in order that the old bills might, without suspicion, be replaced by new ones. The country bank notes were of course much more easily transferable than the bills of exchange, but in consequence of the way in which the statute limits the security of those banks, they were, to say the best of them, not more secure. The currency had thus got into a state in which even a very slight beginning would prove very fatal to it. The country bankers, who had got large sums into their hands for the notes they had issued, could not be supposed to have these sums idle in their coffers. They laid them out in speculations; and having so laid them out, the very circumstances, which had enabled them to obtain those sums in return for their notes, locked them up, so that they could not be rendered available when the demand was made upon them.

This state of the currency could not remain long concealed from those dealers in money, who, if they can but make profit to themselves, care not what individual or general mischief and ruin may be the consequence; and accordingly, after having, through the medium of the loans and jobbing companies and speculations, obtained command over the money market, they began to spread the alarm. Upon this, the Bank of England, which does not appear to be the very wisest establishment in the world, shifted its conduct; and from a more than usual liberality of discounts, almost instantly narrowed them altogether. That the bank meant by this to do mischief, there is no reason to believe, and no necessity to suppose; but, in the currency of a commercial nation, especially under such circumstances as those which have been mentioned, a blunder which is not merely without bad intention, but absolutely well meant, may do as much mischief as a piece of studied malignity.

The lessening of the discounts at the bank, was a sounding of the tocsin to the metropolitan bankers, to encrease the mischief. Of all professions con-

needed with commerce, perhaps that of a banker is the least calculated to teach either wisdom or liberality. The mere fact of sitting from morning to night upon a three-footed stool, having one's attention occupied by the merely mechanical routine of receiving and paying sums of money, is a vocation which, instead of sharpening the wits, or expanding the mind, must tend very powerfully to blunt and contract even that which nature may have formed otherwise; and as, in supplement to this practice, the only theory of a banker's business is both limited in its range, and inquisitorial in its nature—consisting in prying into the circumstances of other people, in order to find out who is and who is not solvent, it has no tendency to produce upon the part of the bankers, any other rule of conduct than that of implicitly following the Bank of England. As long as the metropolitan bankers continue to be restricted from making a profit of their own funds, or of the money deposited with them, *as bankers*, in any other way than by the discounting of bills of exchange, so long must they, in all diseased states of the currency, be the first to feel, and the most efficient to propagate the disease. It would not be compatible with the present constitution, functions, and privileges of the Bank of England, to allow the private bankers to issue notes; and though the privileges of the bank did not stand in the way, a power like that would demand, in a place like London, a very minute and constant watchfulness; but really the loss to the public would not be greater by the failure of a bank that had 500,000*l.* value of notes in circulation, than by one which had deposits to that amount; while as long as the bank continued solvent, the country would have the accommodation of a million of circulating medium in the first case, of which it is wholly deprived in the second.

The example of Scotland shews that this plan might be adopted with perfect security. All the private banks issue their notes; and yet the number of failures among them is not greater than among the deposit banks of London. That the country banks in England were the first to feel is not to be attributed to their issuing notes, but to the want of proper security for the notes so issued; of property to substantiate those notes; or of the means of turning that property into any immediately exchangeable medium when the run was made upon them. Of the Scotch banks, whose notes form almost the whole circulating medium of that country, not even one, so far as we have heard, has failed; neither has there been made upon any of them a run at all corresponding to those, which have been made upon the English banks.

That a paper currency, properly secured, is, in a mercantile country, far better than a metallic one, no one who is not either very ignorant, or very perverted will deny. A sovereign in gold is so much real property—property which has a value independent of the stamp that is upon it, locked up, and thereby rendered useless; besides, it is heavy to transport in large sums, and when stolen or lost, cannot be identified or replaced, except at the same expense that it cost originally. No doubt there is more security against the forging of it than there is against the forging of a bank note, and in very small payments, where one would not think of taking the number of the paper, it may be preferable; but for large payments, the bank note is preferable every way—it can be transmitted in a letter; there is little temptation to steal it; and though it may be lost, the loss may, by proper management, be made almost nothing. As a proof of the value of paper money, it may be mentioned that even in the very depth of the recent derangement of the currency, a Bank of England note would have purchased more gold in the bullion market, either abroad or at home, than it would have purchased at the Bank; and there can be no question that *any* bank note which rested upon proper security, properly known, would have been equally valuable.

It is not therefore to the existence of paper money, as such, that the distress of the money market is to be attributed. It is to the want of proper security; and as long as bankers are permitted either to issue notes, or to receive deposits without that, the same injudicious conduct will always produce the same calamitous results; and though every branch of industry and

of commerce may be in the most active and healthful state imaginable, the whole may be paralyzed through the tricks and alarms of interested persons in the money market. The subject of currency is one which but few persons understand properly; and there are, perhaps, none that less understand the real principles of it than those whose transactions are calculated to have the greatest effect upon its distribution and working. We do not pretend to be adepts in its mystery, and therefore we have thrown out these hints with the intention of exciting, rather than the intention of gratifying, inquiry.

To trace the progress of this financial distress into all its minutiae, would not be an agreeable occupation, neither is it a necessary one. The most remarkable circumstance connected with it is that, except among bankers, more especially among country ones, there should hitherto have been so few failures; and now that the panic is nearly over, there is less reason to apprehend that there will be many more. The first decided symptom was a violent run upon the west country banks—more especially those of Cornwall and Devon; and the consequent failure of the house of Elford and Co. at Plymouth. This happened just about the time that the Bank of England was most cautious in its discounts. The necessity of selling stock—the security in which the bankers both in town and in the country must naturally vest the capital intrusted to them—in order to guard against the run which was anticipated in other places, necessarily brought a great quantity of stock into the market, at the same time that the number of buyers was proportionably diminished. The consequence was, that in the course of two or three days, three per cent. consols, even for the account, fell two or three per cent. while in the sales that were effected for money the sacrifice was still greater.

About the beginning of December the Bank became a little more liberal in its discounts, though not so much so as the anxiety of the applicants—the greater part of whom were the heads of banking-houses, and not the clerks, as usual—seemed to desire. The alarm spread rapidly into the other districts of the country, and a run upon some of the London Banks, more especially upon those, which had much connection with the country, produced no little consternation in the city. The house of Wentworth, Challoner and Co. of Threadneedle-street, and also of Yorkshire, was obliged to suspend its payments; and after this a number of other banking houses were obliged to adopt the same course. The Bank became more liberal in its discounts; the leading merchants of the city met at the Mansion House, and passed some resolutions declaratory of the necessity of supporting the commercial interest under the existing emergency; and though the distress was still great, the scarcity of money unprecedented, and failures every where dreaded, people began by about the middle of December to perceive that their own fears had considerably added to the real difficulties of the case; and afterwards, although so violent a panic, accompanied by so much real distress, could not be supposed to pass off in any very short period of time, yet by the 20th of December the aspect of the Exchange had undergone an alteration decidedly for the better. During the very gloomy days, (and the thickness of the fog added physical to commercial gloom) the whole city seemed as if seized by some incomprehensible mania; and a stranger who did not know that the difficulty of finding money was the cause, would naturally have supposed that some dreadful national calamity had either actually happened, or was dreaded every moment. The crowds that collected round the suspected banking-houses were immense; the Royal Exchange was thronged with persons whose countenances expressed the most painful anxiety, and who appeared to start at every whisper. The only individuals that seemed at all at their ease were those persons who were in a condition to lend money, or rather to buy stock, for that was the only way in which they seemed disposed to lend it; and they, excited by the vast interest they were receiving—twenty, thirty, and in some instances fifty per cent. per annum, seemed to exult with most unbecoming delight over the sufferings of

others. The demand for assistance from the Bank was so great that there were apprehensions of an arrangement for the suspension of cash payments, —which was rendered the more probable in consequence of the large exportation of gold that had taken place from the state of the foreign exchanges. Bullion was cheap, however, and in great abundance; the Mint was in a state of unusual activity, and the only measure resorted to by the Bank was the issuing of small notes, and the raising of the rate of discount, in which it was soon followed by the other bankers.

There can be little doubt that the daily press contributed not a little to increase the calamity. Many of the gentlemen who are connected with that very powerful, and in most cases very useful engine, are in the habit of writing so much upon such various subjects, and have so little leisure for reflecting profoundly upon them, that it would be too much to expect that they could understand so very nice and complicated a subject as that of a deranged currency. But though they thus could not be supposed to understand it, they could not avoid making their remarks upon it, inasmuch as they are understood to find philosophy as fast as the times furnish facts. In these latter they mingled a little (or rather not a little) rumour, and some of them added to gloomy statements opinions and prophecies which were still more gloomy; while those that took the opposite view of the matter did not do it early enough, or with sufficient ability.

But if the declarations of these sages were, as applied to the general subject, not over beneficial or over wise, there was one of them who, by fastening upon a particular trade, and belying and calumniating, that earned such laurels as belong to the man who is deepest in stupidity, and foremost in malicious impudence. The *Morning Herald*, a journal which we never heard of being quoted for the value of its opinion upon any one subject, made a round and sweeping assertion that the Bank of England had taken a special exception against all booksellers' bills; that the whole trade were upon the brink of bankruptcy, and that the proof and the cause of this state of things were to be found in—what do you think reader?—Mr. Murray of London and Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, having each announced a series of works in numbers, (this was the proof;) and the cause consisted in the newspapers refusing to insert notices of books unless prefaced by the word "advertisement!" Now, the proof, if it proves anything, proves not a diminution of the book-selling business, but an increase; it shows that a new class of readers, a class which pays for its weekly supply of information in cash out of its weekly wages, is so extending itself as that these booksellers who aforesaid published only quartos for the library, and post octavos for the drawing-room, now find it to be their interest to publish books in a form more convenient for these new readers. It is not to be supposed that a person who could put forth such a statement as this can know very much about what goes on in the world of literature; and as to the putting of the word "advertisement" on the top of a literary notice, and not on that of a dog-fight or a boxing-match, that can cause nothing, and it demonstrates nothing, saving that the person so acting finds something more kindred and congenial in bull dogs and bruizers than in authors and booksellers, and that to which they conduce—the intellectual and moral improvement of the country.

The importance of the book-selling trade, no man who reflects for a moment can question; for whether we consider the vast number of persons to whom it gives employment, the great value of the manufactured article, compared with that of the raw material, or the effect which it has in promoting all the best interests of society, we shall find that there is not within the four seas any one trade which is so extensive and so permanently important. It is gratifying, too, to perceive that there are few which are upon the whole so successful and well rewarded. Of the London booksellers, considering that the greater part of the transactions, at least of the publishing portion of them, are speculations, a much smaller proportion become insolvent than of any other class; and notwithstanding the extent of dealings upon credit that they

must necessarily have, and the advances which many of them are known regularly to make upon works that are not to be available for many months, there has not yet, amid all the financial distress, been one bookseller of any consequence that has failed. Only one house has had to make an arrangement for time rather than for anything else; and that is reported to be not because bookselling was a bad trade, but because speculations in merchandize of another kind were connected with it.

The remaining features of the month are of such little comparative importance, that after having treated of the year, and in that year of the world at large, we shall wind up our report with a single paragraph.

LITERATURE, &c.—In books there has not been much done, and nothing that has been done is very striking. In learned societies, or societies pretending to be such, we have had several meetings, foremost among which we ought to place the *West London Library Institution*; and if the patriotic persons who took the burden of that heavy combination upon their shoulders would listen to us, we would advise them to be a little more inquisitive as to the capabilities of those whom they publish to the world as Directors and Lecturers; for we think we could point out among the former some whose directing powers are not more than adequate to conduct a tailor's goose; and among the latter one or two that we are quite sure would be puzzled, were they to attempt an intelligible description even of a mouse trap. Signs and wonders there are few, except the general and rather pleasant one, that so few have gone down in the days of alarm; and thus we hope that the dawn of prosperity, which has begun to break through the gloom of this December, is the presage of a year, in which that gloom will be entirely dispersed.

DRAMA.

MR. HYDE'S comedy of "*Love's Victory*" is published, and we refer to it again for the purpose of noticing the conduct which Mr. Colman, the deputy-licencer, still thinks, or pretends to think, that it is incumbent on him to pursue. For, be it known, that ever since he got into office he has unburthened himself of his sins, and now sits down laudably determined

"To curse the freedom of each honest line"

by means of a little red ink and a prodigious abuse of his authority. He, whose own poetic inspiration seemed derived not from Helicon—but the gutter—and whose imagination, instead of towering like an eagle, crept like the mole into the dirt, has now

"Such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon his worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in his blood, that all things pinch him
Which nature and the liberal world make custom."

We will now give a few specimens of his treatment of Mr. Hyde, by quoting the rejected passages in his play:—

"*Perin*. Why, truly, the changing of a government, in these days, seems to be considered about as simple a matter as the selling of an Englishman's wife in Smithfield.

"*Don Pedro*. Ay, ay; that England is the hot-bed of all your modern degeneracies. By the genius of your countryman, Signor, the illustrious Machiavelli, I'd turn that island into a galley, and send all the malefactors and lovers of liberty, from every part of the world on board her." p. 5.

It is apparent from this, that had Shakspeare been living at the present period, we should have lost, among other things, part of the conversation between Hamlet and the grave-digger :—

"*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

"*Grave Dig.* Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

"*Ham.* Why ?

"*Grave Dig.* 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he."

In page the fifth are the following enormities :—

"A very Sampson among the Philistines," and "For Heaven's sake." In p. 49.

"Sacriligious," and "burnt offering," in p. 68.

"But your Highness knows the gods made known their favour and their power to us, poor mortals, through miracles alone."

And it is to a man who sees the cloven foot in sentences like these that the protection of the drama is entrusted ; but, like Richard, he will have cause to say, "I am alone,"—for not one man of principle or feeling will side with him.

"What ! shall opinion then, of nature free,
And, lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?"

Where will this drivelling dotard stop ?—this deputy-licencer, who let his own muse wallow in the filth of his innate dirty ideas, and now wishes to monopolize the nasty market ? There is nothing new or surprising in a youthful sensualist becoming an impotent moralist, but it is both new and surprising that such a man should have the surveillance of productions that he cannot equal, and possess the authority to reject passages in themselves harmless, but which he transforms into atheism and rebellion. We have no hesitation in saying that his poetical works (his *Broad Grins*, &c. &c.) are more truly disgusting than those of any other writer of the last thirty years. His wit is dunghill—not thorough-bred. It is like a much-used plough—which, though it may have a keen share, always has dirt sticking to it. He does not even take things as he meets with them, but goes out of the way to make a boast of himself. And this man, forsooth, is to be the Lord Chancellor of the stage—the preserver of morality—the guardian of loyalty—the defender of religion. Heaven shield us from such chancellors, preservers, guardians, and defenders ! His last play (the *Law of Java*) is evidence enough of his incapacity for the office which he now holds. There is nothing like genius about it. It seems clouded over by senility, and the palsy of withered manhood is upon it. The plot is ill-managed and ridiculous, the songs wretched, and the characters are

"Statues of passion !—but no living things !—
All ice ! all silence !—Night, cold, starless, dark,
Moonless, idealess, eternal night !"

The course he is now pursuing would appear ridiculous in a virtuous man—in him it seems shameful and detestable. Laden as he is with his own misdeeds, he turns round like a pickpocket upon others with the cry of "stop thief !" and what makes his zeal so superlatively absurd is, that it only takes cognizance of an author's peccadillos and leaves the graver sins to shift for themselves. With respect to Mr. Hyde's comedy, he has

not a single fair or tangible excuse for altering a sentence, a word, or even a letter. But this is all the same to him. He must prove his loyalty some way or other, and thrust in his pious head, that all the world may see how fully developed are his organs of religion. If he cannot take the "bull by the horns," why he is e'en content to have a pull at his tail; and if he gets a kick now and then he ought not to complain. His behaviour towards Mr. Shee was imbecile, heartless, obstinate, and ungentlemanly, and the chamberlain himself, by countenancing his conduct, received, as he well merited, a portion of the opprobrium which was not more liberally than justly showered upon his deputy. M. Colman, with his usual clear-sightedness, saw treason in

"Tyrants, my proud lord, are never safe, nor should be;"—Alasco, p. 7. and impiety in

"God of my fathers!"—p. 125.

and like a good subject and honest Christian, dashed his pen through both sentences. His Majesty, however, cannot feel much obliged to him for the application of the former sentence to himself; for it is evident if there be treason in it, that not Mr. Shee but Mr. George Colman is the traitor, by identifying it with the King of England, for whom a child might see it never was intended.

Of Mr. Colman personally we know nothing, nor can we ever wish. We look at him only as the deputy-licencer of plays, the advocate of loyalty, and the champion of religion. As the first he is contemptible—as the second he is a toad-eater—as the last a brazen hypocrite. We have heard of prostitutes turning virtuous when too old to sin, and thieves becoming penitent when the fear of the gallows was before their eyes; and thus we can in some way account for a man's leaving off, when he is waxing old, the "Broad Grins" of his youth, and assuming in their stead a moral, loyal, and sanctified deportment. Instead, however, of filling the situation which he now disgraces, it would be much better, if interest could be made with the governors, to get him into the Magdalen.

* There is another passage in the same page, for the suppression of which we can easily account:—

"Some slanderous tool of state,
Some taunting, dull, unmanner'd deputy —"

and, again, in page 65,—

"To brook dishonour from a knave in place,"

for Mr. Colman, with all his loyalty, is still sufficiently a man of the world if he helps his sovereign to a cap not to forget one for himself; but it certainly did astonish us to find that he has suffered the following to remain:—

"Prompt to set sail with any wind that blows."—page 38.

"He's a mere brawler, Conrad — one who loves
To ring his peal loud in the public ear."—page 39.

"As if a thunder-cloud discharged its wrath
In his official frown."—page 65

These sentences are as applicable to himself as the others, but we suppose they escaped by accident. It is rather curious too, that, after expunging "Hell's hot blisters," (page 114) he should overlook "Lightnings blast thee," (page 146) and "Speak, Conrad! speak, although you blast me."—page 166.

In "Love's Victory" he has passed over a passage for which, no doubt, he will do severe penance the moment he discovers it:—

"I'll hang myself, and no longer submit to the disgrace of living in such a dirty, damned, degenerate age."—page 57.

But enough of this "two-guinea censor," who should remember that

"Virtue disdains to prove her worth by speech,
Or tell her own perfections to the crowd.
Her strength is in her actions—not her tongue,—
And those who feel her pre-ence, most do loathe
To noise it to the world."

DRURY-LANE.

The *School for Scandal* has been performed here two or three times, and certainly not very effectively, with the exception of Miss Kelly's *Lady Teazle*, which, although differing essentially from other representatives of the character, is a very admirable performance. Her quarrel with *Sir Peter*, and the screen scene, were exceedingly fine. In consequence of sundry remarks in some of the newspapers, she published the following letters:—

Henrietta-street, Nov. 27.

"Dear Sir—I read *Lady Teazle* last night, and again this morning, with great attention. I do not see the slightest difficulty to myself in performing the part. My view of her character is still the same: she appears to me any thing but a fine lady. Indeed, there is not a single line in the whole play which describes her either as a beautiful or an elegant woman; but, on the contrary, as having been six months before, a girl of limited education, and of the most homely habits.

Now, if I could reconcile it to my common sense, that such a person could acquire such a fashionable elegance of high life in so short a period, I hope it is no vain boast to say, that having had the good fortune to be received for years past into society far above my rank in life, and having therefore had the best opportunities of observing the manners of the best orders, I must be a sad bungler in my art if I could not at least convey some notion of those manners in the personation of *Lady Teazle*. But this, I repeat, is contrary to my common-sense view of her character. Still the town has been so long accustomed to consider her, through the representation of Miss Farren, and all her successors in the part, in this and no other light, that I should really tremble to attempt my simple reading of her character, from the dread of drawing on myself a severity of criticism, which I have ever had the good fortune to escape; and perhaps a censure from the public, who have hitherto received me with so much kindness, as considering I have never ventured beyond the limits of my humble abilities. After saying so much, I must leave it to the wise heads, who have suggested this hazard to me, to determine whether the business of the theatre is in such a position as to make the effort essential to its interests. In which case, and in which case alone, I could be induced, though with fear and trembling—but, "by particular desire"—to put on feathers and white satin, and make a fool of myself.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient faithful servant,

F. M. KELLY."

"To the Stage Manager, Theatre Royal, Drury-lane."

Henrietta-street, Dec. 2.

"Dear Sir—In my great anxiety to ascertain how far I was right in my anticipation of the consequences of my playing *Lady Teazle*, I have ventured to look at all the papers this morning; and though the generality of them are highly flattering and indulgent, yet there are two which (as, indeed, expected would have been the case with all) accuse me of folly and presumption in undertaking the character: there appears also to have been a feeling (which is extremely painful to me) that Mrs. Davison has been displaced for my advancement to one of her characters. Now as I cannot tell them (what you told me) that Mrs. Davison has given up the part, and that you have pressed me, against my own judgment, into the performance of it, I do hope and request that you will take the trouble to write a line to the Editors of the Morning Herald and the New Times to exonerate me from the

charge of having sought to obtrude myself on the public in a character which is entirely out of my line, and which I was never ambitious to fill.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient, faithful servant,
F. M. KELLY."

"To the Stage Manager, Theatre Royal, Drury-lane."

Without entering into the merits of the question, whether *Lady Teazle* should appear as a thorough woman of fashion or not (and to us it appears a mere matter of taste), we can only say, that we are of opinion that Miss Kelly has not lost any portion of her well-merited fame by acting in the *School for Scandal*. By whose "particular desire" she performed that part is, however, pretty clear. Dowson, as *Sir Peter*, was out of his element; and Williams did not shine as *Uncle Noll*. Wallack played *Charles Surfer* remarkably well. The *Chronicle*, speaking of him, says—"He acquitted himself last night with as much spirit as ever; but he cannot expect to receive much praise whilst Mr. Elliston continues to be remembered." This is about as rational as saying of any gentleman's seat, that it was tolerably good, but "did not deserve much praise, whilst Fonthill continued to be remembered." What has Mr. Elliston to do in a criticism on Mr. Wallack? Archer's *Joseph* was not clever; Mrs. Davison's *Candour* was.

MR. PREST.—This gentleman has appeared twice in the part of *Shylock*, and report speaks unfavourably of him. We have not seen him, and therefore merely state the general opinion, which is usually pretty near the truth in most matters.

Loocadea is an operatic drama, in three acts, founded on a story, translated by Florian, from Cervantes. The plot is quite unfit for a drama, and the excellent acting of Miss Kelly, and some very good music by Auber, are entirely thrown away upon it. It is a bold thing to say, but the songs, &c. are the very worst that were ever chiselled out even for an opera. Mr. Liston came out here in *Mawworm* and *Lubin Loy*, and has filled the house every night he played.

THE PANTOMIME.—*Harlequin Jack of all Trades* is the title of the Christmas pantomime at this house. It is as good as these things generally are, and, as far as scenery goes, much better. The music is very pretty.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MR. SERLE.—An acquisition to this theatre has been obtained by the engagement of this gentleman, who made his first appearance in the character of *Hamlet*. He came from the English theatre at Brussels; and we are glad that our brilliant neighbours have seen so respectable a sample of English acting. His greatest defect lies in his voice, which is scarcely powerful enough, and is too thin in quality for so large a house as Covent-garden. He has a good figure, an expressive face, and his action is pleasing and suited to the word. In this latter particular, indeed, he is very original. There is no pantomime, no stage trick, but an easy, natural, and gentlemanly deportment, which is doubly valuable, on account of being so rarely seen at our theatres. He speaks like a man of sense, and does not strive to embellish nature too much; the consequence of which is, that the illusion of the scene is better preserved than generally happens, and *Hamlet*, and not Mr. Serle, is the hero of the play. The soliloquy

"Oh! what a vile and peasant slave am I!"

was excellently delivered, and, in his interview with the *Ghost*, he dis-

played great talent. On the whole, it was a sound performance, and, we hope, the abilities of Mr. Serle will be often brought before the public.

Mr. Mazurier has finished his engagement, and returned, we suppose, to France. His *Simkin*, in "*The Deserter of Naples*," was the best thing of the kind we have ever witnessed.

THE THREE STRANGERS.—A new play, in five acts, disguised in this title, has appeared. It is dramatized by Miss Lee, from one of her own *Canterbury Tales*—the same, indeed, on which Lord Byron founded his tragedy of *Werner*. We are sorry that we cannot compliment the authoress on the success of her attempt. There is too much prosing, and too little action; nor is the heaviness of the principal characters relieved sufficiently by the wit of those intended to be comic. There are no very striking points throughout the piece, and the concluding scene is ineffective. This last defect is very dangerous, and if not always immediately fatal in its consequences, tends more than anything to shorten the existence of a dramatic bantling. What is said of a sonnet—"that it should be opened with a key of silver and shut with a key of gold"—is equally applicable to a tragedy, or a comedy, an opera, or even a farce: and authors, when writing a piece for the stage, should, as the extra-pious say when any of their old women die, "make a good end." It has saved many a dull production that would otherwise have fared but indifferently. We regret, as this play is written by a lady, that we are forced to be so ungallant as to find fault with it; but as an authoress is a kind of literary amazon, we are compelled to take up the gauntlet without considering who the challenger may be. Warde plays *Siegendorf* uncommonly well. Kemble and Cooper have no scope for their abilities, and Blin-chard and Bartley sustain two characters which it would be impossible to render very amusing; but all they can do, and that is not a little, is done. Mrs. Chatterley performs the wife of *Siegendorf*, and she deserves pity, for a more tiresome and powerless part could not be found in any drama—ancient or modern. The scenery is beautiful. There is a great absurdity in the cast, which must be obvious to all. In one scene Warde and Mrs. Chatterley are extremely surprised and delighted on recognizing Kemble to be their son. Their surprise, though not their delight, is fully shared by the audience, for he certainly has a great deal more the appearance of their father. *The Three Strangers* will not, we are sure, sojourn long in London, although the public has treated them with more hospitality than they deserve.

TWAS I—is the title of a musical piece, in two acts, the whole business of which depends upon a kiss. Now, we are aware that a kiss will at times produce very great results, and that a practical knowledge of its mysteries is extremely pleasant and instructive, but that it is sufficient for the foundation of even a two-act dramatic production, we are by no means willing to allow. It is, however, not worth quarrelling about, for the actors play it admirably, and the audience seems amused, which is all that can be expected. The songs are poor.

THE MAGIC ROSE is the name of the new pantomime, of which we have heard but an indifferent account.

THE ADELPHI.

This theatre has been filled every night, and the managers have brought out some new pieces, but want of room prevents us from noticing them until next month. The concern is in such a thriving state that even their *Harlequin* has got fat.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

"Life with its shadows now—is but a shade,
And mighty man low in the dust is laid."

DELIGHTFUL spot, how still it seems,
Where crowds of buried memories sleep;
How quiet nature o'er them dreams;
'Tis but our troubled thoughts that weep:
Life's book shuts here, its page is lost
With them, and all its busy claims;
The poor are from its memory cross'd,
The rich have nothing but their names.

There rest the weary from their toil;
There lie the troubled, free from care,
Who through the strife of life's turmoil
Sought rest, and only found it there:
With none to fear his scornful brow,
There sleeps the master—and the slave;
And, heedless of all titles, now
Repose the honoured and the brave.

There rest the miser, and the heir,
Both careless who their wealth shall reap;
E'en love found cure for heart-aches there,
And none enjoy a sounder sleep;
The fair one, far from folly's freaks,
As quiet as her neighbour, seems
Unconscious now of rosy cheeks,
And ne'er a rival in her dreams.

Strangers alike to joy and strife,
Heedless of all its past affairs,
They're blotted from the list of life,
And absent from its teasing cares:
Grief, joy, hope, fear, and all their crew,
That haunt the memory's living mind,
Ceased, when they could no more pursue,
And left a painless blank behind.

Life's ignis-fatuus light is pass'd,
No more to lead their steps astray;
Care's poison'd cup is drained at last,
And all its folly far away:
The bill's made out, the reckoning paid,
The book is crossed, the business done,
On them the last demands are made,
The goal is reach'd—the race is run.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The scarcity of money adverted to in our last, and the temporary difficulties which that scarcity created, in the commercial world, formed a glorious theme for animadversion with that profligate portion of the diurnal press, the conductors of which are ever upon the watch to avail themselves of any incident that may be converted into a source of public alarm and public distress. The immediate consequence was an universal panic throughout the country; that panic produced, to a most disastrous extent, the very evils which it deprecated; several of the principal banking establishments in the metropolis found themselves under the necessity of suspending their payments; and, connected with, and influencing, and being influenced by them, more than sixty provincial banks were involved in the ruin. For a time, there had been a great surplus of the circulating medium in the country; numbers of persons knew not in what manner to employ their capital to advantage; hazardous speculations were consequently commenced, to an unprecedented extent; and, amongst other objectionable modes of investing money, many of the bankers, both London and provincial, are understood to have made large advances on mortgage. These, we conceive, were amongst the primary causes of the scarcity which followed. The continental exchanges were also against us; and thus a great portion of the gold coin of the country was exported. The bankers were not the last to feel the inconveniences of the scarcity, especially as the Bank of England had narrowed its discounts: their securities were abundant; but those securities, such as mortgages, &c. were not convertible; and, when the panic was excited, they found themselves unable, many of them, at least, to withstand the run which that panic produced. In the first instance, the Bank of England was thought, by many, to have been backward in lending its assistance; but, whether it were so or not, it has ever since, down to the present moment, been

exceedingly prompt, active, and vigorous, in its advances. In the case of Sir Peter Pole and Co's. establishment, an advance of 350,000*l.* is said to have been made; and, had it not been for the diabolical machinations of that portion of the diurnal press, to which we have already alluded, there is not a doubt that it would have been thus enabled to sustain its credit, and to meet every demand upon the firm. Ultimately, however, Sir Peter Pole's house stopped payment, as did also the establishments of Wentworth and Co.; Williams and Co.; Sir Claude Scott and Co.; Sikes and Co.; Everett and Co.; and Sir Walter Stirling and Co. Sir Claude Scott and Co. resumed their payments in the course of a few days; Williams and Co. and Sir Walter Stirling and Co. have made arrangements for re-commencing their business; and it is understood, that, of all the failures in London, there are not more than two houses, the dividends of which will be less than twenty shillings in the pound. This is a very striking and important proof of the general soundness of public credit.

In the early stage of these difficulties, numerous were the conferences held between his majesty's ministers and the governors and directors of the Bank of England. Founded upon the wisest policy, it had long been the determination of government, that no immediate relief should be extended to those who had embarked in stock-jobbing speculations. In mitigation of the general evil, however, exchequer bills to a considerable amount were called in, and new issues at an advanced rate of interest were made. The Bank of England, also, advancing its rate of discount from 4*l.* to 5*l.* per cent. discounted very liberally, and sent immense supplies of notes and sovereigns to all parts of the kingdom. For the accommodation of the country banks, in particular, and to supply the wants of the people occasioned by the sudden stoppages of local paper, it issued a quantity of one and two pound notes. All this proved eminently serviceable. The circumstance, however, which of all others

tended most to check the panic, and to restore confidence throughout the country, was that of holding what was termed a private meeting of the principal merchants and traders of the metropolis, at the Mansion-house, on the 14th of December. Statements of the most interesting nature were made at that meeting; resolutions were passed, expressing the firmest confidence in the stability of the public credit of the country, and of its banking establishments in general; and recommending that, wheresoever any apprehension might be entertained, meetings for the purpose of promoting confidence should be held. The effect was instantaneously salutary; the panic subsided as rapidly as it had previously risen; and, excepting the stoppage of Sir Walter Stirling and Co., which occurred on the following day, not a single banking-house in the metropolis has since suspended its payments.

A new gold coinage has, ever since the middle of the month, been going forward at the mint, to the extent, it is said, of 700,000 sovereigns in a week. The exchanges are now in our favour; there have consequently been large returns of our gold coin from the continent; and when, in the course of a few days, the dividends, to the extent of 8 or 10,000,000*l.* sterling, shall have been paid at the bank, there will be no longer a scarcity of the circulating medium.

After what has passed, we cannot help feeling that some modification of the laws respecting provincial banks ought to be carried into effect. In Scotland, where the partnerships are unlimited in number, no bank failures ever occur. That bankers generally are entitled to employ a portion of their customers' capital, as well as their own, is a point which ought not to be contested; but they ought, we conceive, to be restrained from embarking in private speculations, from advancing money on mortgage, &c. Let them confine themselves to the investment of capital in government securities, and all will be well; as such securities are always convertible without loss of time.

Parliament is to meet for the dispatch of business on the 2nd of February. Amongst the earliest objects of its attention, will probably be the system of banking establishments, and the state of the corn laws. On the latter subject (respecting which we cannot now enlarge) several meetings have lately been held in different parts of the kingdom.

The new standard weights and measures are to be acted upon throughout the kingdom from the present time, January the 1st.

On the 20th of December, an order in council was signed by his Majesty, relative to the Irish currency, which is, by act of parliament, to be assimilated to that of England.

The Irish Catholics have been blustering, and fretting, and fanning, as much as usual, and to as much purpose, during the past month. The Protestant cause, however, has enjoyed a signal triumph in the election of Lord Farnham, as one of the representative peers of Ireland. The contest was strong; but his lordship had 49 votes against 43 for his opponent, Lord Mountcashell. The Lord Lieutenant voted for the latter, but his vote has been considered to be illegal.

Advices have been received of the safe arrival of Captain Franklin in winter quarters.—It is now said that the Arctic Expedition, which was to sail under Captain Parry, in the *Spring*, has been countermanded.

The only circumstance which has transpired respecting our foreign relations, is that of a Treaty of Commerce between Britain and the Free Hanseatic Republics of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. The treaty was signed at London, on the 29th of September, and the ratifications were exchanged on the 2nd of December. It is to be in force for the term of ten years, on the principle of reciprocity of light duties.

THE COLONIES.

THE latest advices from Calcutta are of the date of August 4, with intelligence from Prome, up to the 23d of July. No military event of importance had occurred, nor had any overtures of peace been made by the Burmese. The English army was well supplied with provisions, but sickness prevailed to a considerable extent.

EUROPEAN STATES.

THE death of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, at Taganrog, on the sea of Asoph, on the 1st of December, excites a deep interest throughout Europe. The first intelligence of this event reached England on the 19th of December, but it was not until the 24th that the official announcement was received. His Majesty had been in a declining state of health for some time, but the illness which carried him off was of only two days' duration. The reports of his having been assassinated

appear to have been altogether groundless. Immediately on the arrival of the melancholy news at St. Petersburg, the Grand-Duke Constantine, eldest brother of the deceased sovereign, was proclaimed Emperor. The Grand Duke Nicholas, his next brother, was the first who took the oath of allegiance to Constantine; and, it is added, that he was immediately afterwards appointed to the command of the Royal Guards. In London, the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor was administered to the Legation, &c. at the Russian Chapel, on Christmas-day. The English court goes into mourning on the 1st of January, changes on the 15th, and goes out on the 22nd.

The Emperor of Austria has, at the request of the Baron de Vincent, recalled that nobleman, after a series of forty years' diplomatic services, from his embassy at the Court of France. Prince Paul Esterhazy, his Imperial Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of London, succeeds the Baron de Vincent, at the Court of France; and Count Appoucy, his Ambassador at Rome, succeeds Prince Esterhazy at London.

Some slight differences on constitutional points, between the Emperor of Austria and the Diet of Hungary, have been conciliated.

The King of Bavaria has taken off the censorship of the Press.

By a secret article of the treaty negotiated through Sir Charles Stuart, between the crowns of Brazil and Portugal, the Emperor of Brazil renounces for himself and his successors the rights which his birth gave him over Portugal. Thus he restricts himself and his posterity to the Brazilian Empire, leaving the throne of Portugal to his younger brother, the Infant Don Miguel.

The French funds have experienced fluctuations as serious as those of England, during the late season of pecuniary pressure and alarm. The people, however, have had other subjects to divert their attention. The death of General Foy, the great leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, has caused an unusually strong sensation. Medals have been struck, and a public monument is to be raised to his memory; and, what is of more importance, a subscription, exceeding the sum of 20,000*l.* sterling, has been raised for the support of his widow and five children. Another point of much consideration through-

out France, was the trial and pronouncing of judgment of the Cour Royale, on the proprietors and editors of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, respecting a charge of state libel. The judgment of the Court will unquestionably form a precedent of high consideration, as it respects the liberty of the press and the safety of the subject. The President of the Court, in pronouncing judgment, expressed himself as follows:—"Considering that if several of the articles charged as criminal contain words and even phrases, which are indecorous and reprehensible, in treating of matters so weighty; yet the spirit resulting from the whole of the articles taken together, is not of a nature to violate the respect due to the religion of the State." This involves the important principle—a principle which has been too often violated even in our own country—that the intentions of a writer ought not to be judged by isolated expressions, but by the general tendency of an article, or a series of articles.

The French Chambers are to meet on the 31st of January.

The Government of the Netherlands seems likely to have some trouble respecting its settlement at Batavia. Recent notices announce that an insurrection had taken place between the natives and the Dutch settlers in the eastern part of the Island, in the vicinity of Samarang. Many of the Chinese had been killed, and several villages burnt; the coffee and rice plantations having previously been burnt by the natives. All the male European population were compelled to turn out four days in the week to do military duty; and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the natives should get possession of the island.

NORTH AMERICA.

It appears that great inconvenience has been felt in many parts of the United States, from the want of cash amongst the country banks. This is greatly attributed to the failure of some large cotton speculations. By the last fire which occurred at Boston, one individual is said to have sustained a loss of between 75 and 100,000*l.* sterling.

The British and American missions under the treaty of Ghent, arrived at Albany on the 5th of November.

On the 5th of December, the Congress of the United States was to commence its sittings.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

OCTOBER 12.—The *Enterprize*, steam-packet, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, all well, after a passage of 57 days.

— 28. Kean, the actor, arrived at New York.

NOVEMBER 11.—A fire at Boston, in North America, by which 30 or 40 houses, and property to the amount of 200,000 dollars, were destroyed.

— 18. Richard Carlile, the infidel, liberated from Dorchester gaol, without farther fine or recognizance, after an imprisonment of 6 years.

— 24. At a general meeting of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, held at the Freemason's Tavern, it was announced, that the rooms belonging to the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, East, had been hired for three months, for the use of the Institution.

— 29. Notice in the *Gazette* for calling in old, and issuing new exchequer bills, at an advanced rate of interest.

DECEMBER 2.—Anniversary dinner of the London Mechanics' Institution, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Messrs. Breugham, Denman, Abercromby, J. Smith, and Alderman Wood, M. Ps. present, with Dr. Birkbeck, the principal officers of the Institution, and about six hundred members.

— 2. Catholic emancipation squabble at Dublin, between Counsellor O'Connell and Mr. Leyne: duels and horsewhippings threatened, but no results.

— 3. Acquittal of the proprietors and editors of the *Constitutionnel* French newspaper, on a charge of state libel.

— 6. Experiments on Perkins's steam-gun, tried at the manufactory in the Regent's Park. Results:—suppose 250 balls to be discharged in a minute by the single barrel steam-gun, or 15,000 per hour, this for 16 hours would require 15,000 oz. of gunpowder per hour, or 15,000lb. weight, for the 16 hours. The expense of gunpowder being 70s. per cwt. or 35l. per thousand, is 525l. Mr. Perkins can throw that number of balls in succession for the

price of five bushels of coals per hour, or between 3l. or 4l. only for 16 hours.

— 13. The Bank of England advanced its rate of discount from 4l. to 5l. per cent.

— 14. A private meeting of about 150 of the most respectable merchants and traders of the city of London, at the Mansion-house, to take into consideration the scarcity of money, and the consequent panic which prevailed. The meeting passed resolutions to the effect, that a public meeting was unnecessary; that public credit was sound; that, generally speaking, the banking establishments throughout the country were entitled to confidence; and, that nothing but a universal spirit of confidence was wanting to overcome all existing pecuniary difficulties in the commercial world.

— 16. The Bank of England determined on an issue of one and two pound notes, for the relief of provincial bankers, and for country circulation.

— 17. Election of Lord Farnham to the vacant representative peerage of Ireland. Lord Farnham, 49 votes; Lord Mountcashel, 43.

— 19. News arrived of the death of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, on the 1st of December, at Tagaurog, on the sea of Asoph.

— 20. Meeting of the shareholders of the Joint-Stock London University Company, held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, for the election of a council of twenty-four, in the room of the provisional committee.

— 20. Further prorogation of parliament from the 6th of January to the 2nd of February.

— 21. A general meeting of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Freemason's Tavern, for the purpose of petitioning parliament to adopt measures for the abolition of slavery in the British colonies; Mr. Wilberforce in the chair.

— 25. Arrival of the *Brazen Frigate*, Capt. Wills, at Sierra Leone, with Capt. Clapperton, and the other officers engaged in the expedition to the interior of Africa.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Royal Society.—The officers were, as usual, elected on St. Andrew's Day; and the new council thus constituted: Mr. Barrow, Dr. Bostock, Sir A. Cooper, Mr. Gimpertz, Mr. Groombridge, Sir A. Humphreys, Mr. Daniel Moore, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Dr. Roget, and Mr. James South. His Majesty has given another proof of his guardian care of science, by placing two annual medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, at the disposal of the council, as rewards for valuable discoveries. Mr. Barrow, of the Military Academy at Woolwich, and Mr. Arago, the French astronomer, have received the Copley Medals for their labours on the subject of the magnetic variation.

Royal Academy.—At the annual meeting on the 10th of December the following re-elections and elections took place:—Sir T. Lawrence, President; Henry Thompson, Esq. Keeper; H. Howard, Esq. Secretary; Professors—of Painting, T. Phillips; of Sculpture, J. Flaxman; of Architecture, J. Soane; of Perspective, J. M. W. Turner; and of Anatomy, J. H. Green, Esqrs. The prizes for the year were then adjudged. In Historical Painting, for the best picture of Joseph interpreting the Dreams of Pharaoh's Butler and Baker, the Gold Medal and Books, to Mr. Wood. In Historical Sculpture, the subject, David Slaying Goliath, the Gold Medal, &c. to Mr. Deare. In Architecture, the Gold Medal, &c. to Mr. Basset, for the best original design for a Building to contain the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquaries.—Painting School.—For copies in oil of a Madonna, by Vandyke, Silver Medals to Mr. Webster and Mr. E. Fancourt. Model Academy.—For Drawings from the Living Figure, Silver Medals, &c. to Mr. John Wood and Mr. Slous: the same for Architectural Drawings to Mr. S. Loat: the same for Drawings from the Antique, to Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. S. C. Smith, and Mr. G. Prestrey: the same for Models from the Life, to Mr. Joseph Deare; and the same for Models from the Antique, to Messrs. Gallagher and C. Parnomo.

Ancient Sculpture.—The specimens of ANCIENT MEXICAN SCULPTURE which were exhibited last year at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, have been recently transferred to the BRITISH MUSEUM, where they form a curious addition to the remains of Ancient Sculpture from Egypt, Greece, Italy, and India, there deposited.

Dr. Jenner.—A marble statue to the memory of Dr. Jenner has been erected in Gloucester Cathedral. The execution of this public monument reflects much credit upon the sculptor, R. W. Sievier, Esq. The doctor is represented in the gown of his Oxford degree. In his right hand, which crosses the body, and supports a fold of the gown, he holds a scroll, and in his left, which drops carelessly on the side, the appropriate academical cap. The whole figure is distinguished by classical elegance and simplicity. The statue is seven feet in height, placed upon a pedestal and base of eight feet. Upon the die of the pedestal is simply inscribed, "Edward Jenner," with the time and place of his birth and death.

Steel Gravers.—The gravers to be employed on steel plates in the art of engraving, require a greater degree of strength and hardness than was necessary for copper plates. When steel is hardened by quenching the hot metal in water, the parts are condensed, while the aggregate is expanded, and the texture becomes porous; the solid matter between the pores being of greater density than before the operation, and therefore harder. Mr. Turrell has discovered, that when the temper of hard steel is reduced till its colour is a straw yellow, it may be condensed, so as to be less porous by a repetition of gentle blows with a hard hammer; and of course being rendered more compact, it becomes less brittle, and consequently better adapted for gravers. Mr. Turrell's discovery has also been effectually applied to improve lathe tools, by Mr. Kier of Kentish Town; and, undoubtedly, may be generally applied to improve edge tools, and every species of cutlery. Mr. Turrell finds that a certain degree of hammering makes his gravers yield a sharp ringing sound, and when the

degree of elasticity, indicated by this sound, is communicated, he does not find that the hammer has any further effect in condensing the steel. These circumstances tend to illustrate the general theory of the relation between the elasticity of bodies and their propagation of sound.

Rein Deer.—The attempt to naturalize Rein Deer in this country appears to have failed. In the autumn of 1823, a Norwegian, with five of the Deer imported by Mr. Bullock, arrived at the seat of a gentleman in Worcestershire: there they remained during the winter, and were fed with the *lichen rangi formus* (the moss upon which they feed in Lapland). They continued healthy until the following April, when they were removed to Cler Hill, on the highest part of which the *lichen* grows in great abundance; soon after this, one of them died with maggots in the head, no uncommon disease in Lapland, while the horns are in a tender state. Two others also died, having gradually declined. The two survivors appeared to thrive until autumn, when they were suddenly seized with diarrhoea, of which they died. It is believed that the Deer sent to Ireland succeeded no better.

FRANCE.

Yellow Fever.—M. Dupuytren, at a recent sitting of the French Academy, spoke at great length on the question of the contagion of yellow fever; having been charged, in conjunction with Messrs. Portal and Majendie, with the *examen* of the treatise on that subject by M. Costa. He observed that they were not of opinion that M. Costa had, by any means, proved a *non-contagion*, nor should any of the sanitary measures be relaxed, until it were *mathematically* proved that contagion is but a chimera of the brain. Many new lights had, however, been struck out of the arguments brought into play on the side of the non-contagionists, which might prove useful. *Cordons sanitaires* were approved by those gentlemen, but not to be bound too close round the evil; as it had been found absolutely necessary that the sick should quit the spot where the disease had been caught; not that whole towns and villages should have a choice in their emigration, but be assigned to some spot, and in tents rather than houses.

Lesueur's St. Bruno.—The five and twenty pictures representing the principal events of the life of St. Bruno, the founder of the Cistercians, and composing the gallery of Lesueur, the French Raphael, have lately been engraved by a skillful artist, of the name of Malbeste; and the prints have been published, with explanations, and lives of St. Bruno and Lesueur, by M. Chas. Pugeus, a literary man and member of the French Institute; who, having cultivated the arts of design and painting, before he lost his sight at Rome, in the forty-fourth year of his age, was well qualified for the undertaking.

Vaccination.—At a late sitting of the French Academy, M. Gregory detailed some interesting facts connected with vaccination in Piedmont. A great many gold medals had been distributed to different vaccinators; and within the last five years, vaccinations had doubled; in 1824 they were 68,632; births scarcely double, 117,000.

Silk Manufacture.—A new process for winding and spinning the silk, directly, at one operation, from the cocoons of the silk-worm, has been invented by M. Bonnard, and the machines he has had constructed for this purpose enable him to procure silk of the greatest degree of fineness. This new mode of spinning is adapted to spin from cold, warm, or hot water. The principles of the method seem to consist in the precision and regularity of the motion of the machines, and the arrangement for preventing the silk being wound on the same place too frequently. In M. Bonnard's machine, 190 revolutions take place before the thread is again laid over that previously wound upon the same place.

ITALY.

Excavations at Frascati.—A new field has been opened to antiquaries near the town of Frascati. In the most elevated part of Mount Tusculum, which is within the villa called La Rufinella, and as well as that belongs to the King of Sardinia, excavations have been commenced by his Majesty's order, and have contributed in a remarkable manner to verify the site of the ancient city of Tusculum. In the environs they had already discovered a theatre; now they have been still more fortunate in finding the walls of the

abandoned city, the road to it, the street which led to the theatre, and a millitary column on the same spot where it was placed many centuries ago. This street, which is paved with large stones, went to Palestrina. They have also discovered an aqueduct, a public fountain and baths, a head of Jupiter in good style, a vase of violet coloured marble of a beautiful form, but injured by time, and other objects of antiquity, also in marble; likewise some fine paintings.

GERMANY.

Silk Worms.—At Berlin, M. Bolzani, an Italian, has undertaken, with apparent success, to revive the culture of silk worms in Prussia, where it has been abandoned since the reign of Frederick II. The King has granted him several rooms for the purpose at the Hospital of Invalids; and he has besides obtained, on payment of a certain rent, the privilege of availing himself of the mulberry trees, in the garden of that establishment. M. Bolzani has induced a number of female silk-spinners to emigrate from Italy to Prussia, and is very well satisfied with the progress which he has made in the present year.

Preparation of Quills.—M. Scholoz, of Vienna, gives the following process for preparing quills, for making pens, which it is said will render them more durable, and better than the best Hamburgh quills.—A boiler is to be about one-fourth part filled with water, and the quills suspended in a perpendicular position over the surface of the water, with their tails downwards, so that the extremity of the tail is not below the surface of the water. The boiler is then to be covered with a close cover, and kept boiling four hours. The next day, after having cleared the quills of roughness, and rubbed them with a piece of woollen cloth, let them be exposed to a moderate degree of heat, and on the following day they will be found hard and transparent, and without the defect of splitting too freely.

THE NETHERLANDS.

Modern Paintings.—The King, who is a great encourager of the Fine Arts in his own country, has purchased a number of the pictures which were in the recent exhibition at Haarlem; among which are, *Belisarius*, by M. Crusemans, of Amsterdam; a land-

scape, by M. Verboekhoven, of Ghent; *Eliza*, by M. Kruseman, of Haarlem; a landscape, by M. Regemorter, of Antwerp; a fruit piece, by M. Eijkema, of Leuwarden; a landscape, by M. Ducorron, of Ash; the *Lying-in-Woman*, by M. Van Eechout, of Antwerp; the *Instructor*, by M. Leroi, of Brussels; a landscape, by M. Ravenswage, of Helversum; and a *Winter-Piece*, by M. de Noter, of Ghent. A *Sea-Storm*, by M. Schotel, of Dordrecht, a painter of extraordinary skill in this branch of the Fine Arts, has also been bought by a society at Haarlem.

AFRICA.

Expedition to the Interior.—Letters from Sierra Leone to the 31st of October, announce that Captain Clapperton and Dr Dickson, with their party, had visited Sierra Leone in passing. They started thence in excellent health and spirits, for the Benin River, it being the nearest point on the coast to Succatoo. It was considered questionable, whether the route which the expedition has pursued from Sierra Leone, by the Benin River, or that through the Foulah country, be the best. By the latter, from the recent rapid increase of British influence, a safe conduct could now be obtained to within a short distance of Timbuctoo. But, by the Benin River, though there is no British influence on that part of the coast, or near it, the length of the journey is greatly diminished. The officers and men who composed the expedition, anticipated nothing but a prosperous termination of their labours.

EAST AND WEST INDIES.

Noctua Strix.—A beautiful moth, supposed to be of this species, and measuring from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, 10 inches, was lately caught at Arracan. This, however, is not the largest moth that has been seen: there was one some time ago at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, which measured 11½ inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other; and some specimens have been known to measure 12, and even 13 inches across.

Earthquake.—A severe shock of earthquake was experienced in the island of Trinidad on the evening of the 20th of September. It extended to Demarara, and, what is yet more remarkable, to Algiers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

A Digest of the Evidence taken before the Select Committees of the two Houses of Parliament appointed to enquire into the State of Ireland. With Notes, historical and explanatory. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Vindiciæ Christianæ. A Comparative Estimate of the Genius and Tendency of the Greek, the Hindu, the Mahometan, and the Christian Religions. By the Rev. Jerome Alley, LL.B. M.R.I.A., &c. &c. In one large vol. 8vo.

P. Virgilli Maronis Bucolica; containing an Ordo and Interlineal Translation accompanying the text; a Treatise on Latin Versification; and References to a Scanning Table, exhibiting, on musical principles, every variety of hexameter verse, with an Explanatory Index. Intended as an Introduction to the Reading of the Latin Poets. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. Editor of Stirling's Juvenal Interlineally Translated.

The first number of a new monthly work of some originality of pretension,

entitled, the "Time Piece," will appear on the 1st of March. It will consist chiefly of sketches of society, and disquisitions on the more popular works of literature and its history.

The first number of Bolster's Quarterly Magazine is to appear in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin on the 1st of February. It is the only Literary Journal in Ireland, and the Editor, we are told, has secured the assistance of many writers of distinguished talent.

Nearly ready, The Prospect and other Poems, in one vol. foolscap 8vo.

Mr. F. Lemare has nearly ready for Publication a New Selection of Sacred Music, which will include Original Compositions, by Mr. S. F. Kimbault, the late Rev. W. Bingley, &c.

A Panoramic View of Liverpool, on two sheets drawing Colombier, price £1 11s. 6d. Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. W. Huskisson, M.P., &c. &c.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Miss Jane Taylor, by her brother, Mr. Isaac Taylor, jun. 2 vols, post 8vo, 16s. boards.

The Remains of the late John Briggs, Editor of the Lonsdale Magazine, 12mo. 7s.

CLASSICS.

A Gaelic Dictionary, in Two Parts, with a Grammar of the Language. By R. A. Armstrong, A.M. 1 vol. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.

Crabbe's Historical Dictionary, 2 vols, 4to. 5l. 8s. boards.

The Bucolics of Virgil, after the text of Heyne; with the Scanning, Syntactical Ordo, Accentuation, Verbal Translation, Free Prose Version, Copious Notes, &c. by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. 12s. boards.

The Orestes, Medea, Hecuba, and Phœnissæ of Euripides, after the text of Porson; with the Metres, Ordo, Literal English Version, and Notes. By Ditto, 8s. each.

The Alcestis of Euripides, after Monk, by Ditto.

The Prometheus of Æschylus, after Blomfield, by Ditto.

The Antigone and King Œdipus of Sophocles, with Brunck's Text, by Do.

THE DRAMA.

Love's Victory; or, a School for Pride, a Comedy, in Five Acts. By George Hyde, Author of Alphonzus, a Tragedy, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sharp's Coventry Pageants and Mysteries, 4to. 3l. 3s. boards.

EDUCATION.

A History of the Roman Emperors, from the Accession of Augustus to the fall of the Last Constantine. In Seven Books. By Charles A. Elton, Esq. Author of "Specimens and Biographical Notices of the Classic Poets," &c. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Poole's Essay on Education, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

LAW.

Espinasse on the Bankrupt Law, royal 8vo. 12s. boards.

Gregg on the Bankrupt Act, 8vo. 6s. boards.

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The Rev. J. Fowell, to the Preachership of St. Mary, Thetford.

The Rev. C. B. Bruce, to the Curacy of Redlingfield, Suffolk.

The Seatonian Prize, at Cambridge, for the present year, was, on the 2nd of November, adjudged to the Rev. J. Overton, M.A. Trin. Col., for his Poem on "The Building and Dedication of the Second Temple."

At a Congregation on the 3rd, J. Wylde, Esq. B.C.L. Trin. Col. Barrister-at-Law, was admitted D.C.L. W. G. Lumley, Esq. B.C.L. Trin. Hall, was, on the 2nd, elected Fellow

of that Society, vice the late S. Barne, Esq.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year, at Oxford, viz:—

For a Latin Verses.—"Montes Pyrenæi."

For an English Essay.—"Is a rude or a refined age more favourable to the production of works of fiction?"

For a Latin Essay.—"Quibus præcipue de causis in artium liberalium studiis Romani Græcis vix pares, necdum superiores evaserint."

The subject of the Chancellor's English Poem, at Cambridge, for the present year, is "Venice."

The Rev. J. Maitland, to the Church and Parish of Kells, in Presbytery of Kircudbright, vice the Rev. W. Gillespie.

The Rev. G. H. Curtois, M.A. of

University College, to the Rectory of East Barkwith, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. B. Pope, M.A. to the Vicarage of Oxborne St. George, Wells.

The Rev. J. Case, to the Rectory of Meteringham, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. T. Chevallier, to the Vicarage of St. Andrew the Great.

The Rev. F. C. Massingberd, M.A. to the united Rectory of South Ormsby with Ketsby, Derby, and the Vicarage of Calceby annexed, Lincolnshire.

The Bishop of Hereford has collated the Rev. H. Wetherell, B.D. Prebend of Gloucester Cathedral, and Rector of Thruxton and Kentchurch, Hereford, to the Archdeaconry of Hereford, vice the Rev. Archdeacon Lilly.

The Rev. J. Saumarez, M.A. of Christ Church, to the Rectory of Huggate.

GAZETTE APPOINTMENTS.

The Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household has appointed T. S. Hyde, Esq. Assistant Master and Marshal of the Ceremonies to His Majesty.

The King has been pleased to appoint Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Houston Groom of His Majesty's Bed-chamber in Ordinary, in the room of Gen. Stevens, deceased.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed R. W. Wolston, of Newton Abbott, Devon, gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed H. Anderson, of South Shields, Durham, gent. to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

His Majesty has been pleased to approve of the 36th Regiment of Foot bearing on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the Regiment, the words, "Pyrennees," "Nive," in commemoration of its distinguished conduct in 1813.

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MARRIED.

At Wandsworth, C. Lloyd, Esq. of Lombard-street, to Emily, youngest daughter of J. F. Aslee, Esq.—S. Grimaldi, Esq. of Copthall-court, to Mary Ann, second daughter of T. G. Knapp, Esq.—J. Wright, Esq. of Kentish-town, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Reed, of Clapham-rise.—R. Bethell, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Elinor Mary, daughter of R. Abraham, Esq. of Keppel-

street, Russel-square.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Headley, to Miss Mathews.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, J. C. Wright, Esq. to Theodosia, eldest daughter of T. Denman, Esq. M. P. T. Lupton, Esq. of Blackheath, to Anna, third daughter of W. Simons, Esq. of Mile-end.—S. Hobson, Esq. to Mrs. W. Taylor, of Hackney.—Capt. Boyds, to Miss Georgiana Peel.—F. H. Hemming, Esq. to Mary Ann, only daughter of W. Bloxam, Esq. of Abingdon-street.—The Rev. W. Lonsdale, A. B. to Jane, eldest daughter of J. W. Power, Esq.—The Rev. T. B. Coney, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. P. Tudway, Esq. M. P.—The Rev. E. W. Caulfield, to Miss Ann Pybus.—J. Hudland, Esq. to Miss Jenkins.—J. H. Edwards, Esq. to Miss Stafford.—G. Ranken, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of W. Bayner, Esq. of Mile-end.—G. Tappen, Esq. to Mary Ann Elizabeth, only daughter of J. Watson, Esq. of the Custom-house.—D. Tulloch, Esq. to Anna, eldest daughter of the late C. Foss, Esq.—A. R. Sutherland, Esq. M. D. to Maria, eldest daughter of H. L. Thomas, Esq. of Leicester-square.—Baton Lorentz, to Miss Mills, daughter of the late J. Mills, Esq. of Jamaica.—E. Packe, Esq. to Jane, second daughter of J. Mausfield, Esq. M. P.—J. Harris, Esq. of Bruton-street, to Fanny, third daughter of F. Daniell, Esq.—At Harrow, R. F. Fitzherbert, Esq. to M. K. S. E. Simpson, only daughter of the late J. K. U. A. Simpson, Esq.—H. J. Edgley, Esq. to Miss Albin, of Portman-square.—Capt. W. Hodgson, to Sarah, only daughter of W. Cadogan, Esq. J. A. Manning, Esq. to Augusta Mary, daughter of the late Gen. Sir Chas. Shepley.—Capt. J. Anderson, to Miss Brett.—Lieut. H. Roebuck, R. N. to Miss Chappell.—Capt. W. J. Williams, to Miss Louisa Glynn.—Capt. G. Mathias, to Miss Herring.—H. Capron, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Francis Georgiana, eldest daughter of Sir F. M. Ommanney, M. P.—T. Waddington, Esq. of St. Remy, to Janet, second daughter of the late C. Clisholm, Esq. M. D.—At Kennington, J. D. Bentham, Esq. to E. R. F. Pearce, cousin to the Right Hon. Lord Teynham.—C. Bankhead, Esq. Secretary of Legation to the United States, to Maria Horatia, third daughter of Sir J. D. Paul, Esq.

DEATHS.

At Bethnal Green, Capt. J. H. Cartier, R. N.—Mrs Wooton, late of Crouch End.—Aged 77, Isaac Vaughan, Esq.—Elizabeth, wife of J. Benbow, of Mech-

lenburgh Square.—At Harrow, aged 14, W. F. Lambert, fourth son of C. Lambert, Esq. of Fitzroy Square.—At Knightsbridge, aged 53, Mrs. Perks.—At Twickenham, Catherine, wife of the Rev. C. Moore.—Aged 76, Lady Eyre, widow of the late Lord Chief Justice Eyre.—R. M. Wilkinson, Esq. of Barbican.—Aged 19, W. Lloyd, Esq. Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards.—Aged 76, Lady Robert Spencer.—Mrs. Jordan, widow of the late G. W. Jordan, Esq.—Julia Ann, youngest daughter of the Hon. Washington Shirley—Elizabeth, wife of J. Reeve, Esq.—At Kenington, E. Evans, Esq. aged 83—Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Ome, of Walworth.—W. Williams, Esq. of Maida Vale, aged 73.—Mr. J. D. David, aged 41.—J. D. Collier, Esq. aged 63.—E. Hale, Esq. aged 41.—At Stoke Newington, Mr. W. Ross.—Nancy, wife of Mr. G. Taylor—P. Hunter, Esq. aged 74.—Susannah, relict of C. Hepburn, Esq.—Alfred, son of W. H. Savage, Esq.—Aged 18, John, son of G. Varnham, Esq.—Aged 29, E. Cockett, Esq. First Clerk in the Office of the Board of Green Cloth.—At Bayswater, Lydia, wife of Mr. J. Kirby, of Oxford Street.—At Twickenham, Capt. J. Foy, aged 76.—At Pentonville, aged 85, Mr. Watkinson.—E. Calvert, Esq.—Sarah, wife of Wm. Parker, Esq. of Pimlico.—J. Mocatta, Esq. aged 57.—J. Burnie, Esq. aged 37.—At Harrow, aged 14, William, son of Major General Douglas.—Louisa Catherine, wife of E. R. Daniell, Esq. of Bedford-place.—C. Blissett, Esq.—Aged 69, Mr. Howe, of Richmond Green.—At Harrow, Catherine, wife of the Rev. M. Drury.—At Kentish-town, Anne, relict of J. D. Hosc, Esq. merchant.—In Devonshire-place, Mrs. Corbett, aged 86.—Mr. T. McCabe, Esq. of the Royal Exchange, aged 35.—Aged 20, H. Fatt, Esq.—The lady of T. Ware, Esq. of Chelsea, aged 86.—Aged 73, Mrs. Elizabeth Coss.—The Rev. E. P. Turner.—Mr. J. Gowen, of Mark-lane.—Aged 50, M. Willis, Esq.—Mr. W. Wetton, of Fleet-street.—Aged 14, Edward, son of J. G. Scott, Esq.—Maria Louisa, the infant daughter of the Hon. A. A. Hely Hutchinson.—J. Blew, Esq. of Camden-town, aged 88.—Aged 48, Mary, the wife of Dr. Rowlands, of Chatham.—Aged 70, Mrs. B. E. Coxhead.—In Lower Grosvenor-street, aged 90, the Dowager Marchioness of Bath.—In Lower Grosvenor-street, Miss Clayton, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Clayton, D. D. Prebendary of Durham.—aged 67, Gen. A. Campbell.—Mrs. E. Calvert.

ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

At Pau, in France, the lady of Capt. Mulcaster, R. N. C. B. of a son.

MARRIED.

At Naples, Sir J. Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart. to Charlotte, second daughter of the Rev. D. Lysons, of Hampstead-court, Gloucester.

DEATHS.

At Taganrog, on the sea of Asoph, in the 49th year of his age, his Imperial Majesty, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias—At Vienna, his Serene Highness Duke Charles Eugene, of Lorraine, aged 74—Aged 92, Desfontaines, the French dramatic poet. At Paris, aged 50, General Maximilian Sebastian Foy—At Meerut, in India, General Sir David

Ochterlony—At Bencoolen, Lieut. W. Rolfe, R. N.—At Paris, aged 14, W. F. F. Rumbold, eldest son of Sir W. Rumbold, Bart.—At Paris, the Hon. Michael Brown, youngest brother of the Earl of Kenmare—At Mombas, east coast of Africa, aged 25, Mr. G. Phillips, Collector of Customs—At Madrid, G. R. Chinnery, Esq.—At Oporto, Mary, relict of W. Gonne, Esq. of Champion hill—At Nantes, Col. Byrne—At Arcot, in India, Lieut. Geo. Cheape—At Naples, Mrs. Rye, relict of the Rev. J. J. Rye—At Geneva, H. W. Lambton, Esq.—At Florence, Mrs. Powlett, relict of Col. H. Powlett—Off Carthage, South America, Lieut. J. W. Elkies—At Rome, Capt. C. Auber—At Kingston, Jamaica, aged 34, C. Grant, Esq.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES :

WITH BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Bank of Messrs. Rawlins and Co. Bedford, suspended its payments, Dec. 15.

MARRIED.]—At Campton, R. Smith, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the Rev. E. R. Williamson—R. Sharpe, Esq. of Goldington, to Caroline, daughter of the late G. Palmer, Esq.

DIED.]—At South-hill, aged 84, J. Snitch, Esq.

BERKSHIRE.

MARRIED.]—N. Smith, Esq. to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of T. Bacon, Esq. of Padworth House.

DIED.]—At Southampton-place, Reading, R. Turlington, Esq.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

DIED.]—At West Wycombe, J. Hawes, labourer, aged 105—At Iver, Mrs. Jane Kent, sister of the late N. Andrews, Esq.—On his return from the West Indies, Lieut. Henry Ashfield, R. N. son of the Rev. C. Ashfield, of Stewkesley.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The 14th Anniversary Meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society was held at Cambridge on the 25th November.—It is in contemplation to erect at Cambridge a public room to be used as an Examination Hall, &c. for which the Senate House is not adapted.—Mr. Goulburn has been canvassing for the representation of the University.—The

sum of £1080 has been presented to the King's College by a *ci-devant* member of that society, which has been appropriated to a fund for keeping the chapel in repair.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of Dr. Haviland, Regius Professor of Physic, of a son—The lady of the Rev. H. Thompson, of St. John's, of a daughter.

DIED.]—Aged 18, L. W. Rolls, Esq. student of Emmanuel College.

CHESHIRE.

November 22, at a meeting holden in the Town Hall, Chester, the establishment of an Infant National School was resolved upon.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of T. Brocklehurst, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Aldenley, R. Phillips, Esq. to Letitia, youngest daughter of W. Hibbert, Esq. of Hare-hill—At Knutsford, T. Parr, Esq. of Appleton, to Clara, daughter of the late Rev. C. Johnson.

DIED.]—At Chester, aged 79, Mrs. Disney, relict of M. Disney, Esq. late of Waterford—In the Chester House of Industry, aged 94, John Singleton, who in 1776 rode for the St. Leger, being the first year of that interesting race; he was the first winner of the St. Leger, and jockeyed the celebrated Eclipse, in all the great races in which that astonishing horse ran.

CORNWALL.

The Penzance coinage of tin has lately terminated, when 868 blocks of that metal were coined.

BIRTHS.—At Penzance, the lady of the Rev. M. N. Peters, of a daughter.—At Helston, the lady of J. Roberts, Esq., of a daughter.—At Chiverton, the lady of W. Peter, Esq., of a son.—At Falmouth, the lady of Lieut. Croke, of a son.

MARRIED.—J. C. Brown, Esq., to Lydia, daughter of the late J. Hoskings, Esq.—At Cuthbert, J. P. Major, Esq., to Miss Furnis, daughter of the late — Furnis, Esq.

DIED.—At Simonward, aged 95, Mrs. Bacon.—At Thuro, Mrs. Ursula Haweis, relict of David Haweis, of Killow.

CUMBERLAND.

Workington Pier is now fast approaching towards completion.

BIRTHS.—In Fisher-street, the lady of J. Connell, Esq., of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. J. Hunter, of a daughter.—At Tordale, the lady of T. Park, Esq., of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—At Long Preston, J. Unthank, Esq., to Jane, second daughter of T. Parkin, Esq., of Workington.—At Carlisle, Captain Barnes, 34 Roy Vet. Bat. to Miss Rothwell, only daughter of the late — Rothwell, Esq., of Muns.

DIED.—At Nether Stainton, the Rev. J. Nisbome, aged 23, P. Bowman, Esq.—At Carlisle Castle, Lieut. J. Ralston, 55th Regt.

DERBYSHIRE.

The annual performance of sacred music at St. Almund's, Derby, on Christmas Eve, was on a very extensive scale; the whole of the Derby Choral Society having liberally given their assistance.

BIRTHS.—The lady of F. G. Spilbury, Esq., of a daughter.—The lady of Colonel Clowe, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Duffield, S. Evans, Esq., of Derby, to Miss Wollaston.—At Weston, Esq., of Bradley Park, to Miss Matilda Archer of Wild Park.

At the College, D. P. Coke, Esq., aged 81.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Exeter Episcopal Sunday School Society held their Annual Meeting at the Guild-Hall, November 24, the Lord Bishop in the Chair.—November 25, the Banking-house of Sir W. Elford and Co., Plymouth, stopped payment.

BIRTHS.—At Teignmouth, the lady of Lieut. Gen. Dilke, of a son.—The lady of the Rev. Dr. Colvins, of a daughter.—At Barnstaple, the lady of M. G. Glas, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.—J. S. Bartlett, Esq., to Mary Catherine, youngest daughter of the late J. Robinson, Esq.—J. Isbell, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., of Stonehouse, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late J. Veale, Esq., of Passanford.—T. Gahagan, Esq., to Elizabeth Ordidge, eldest daughter of R. Brouley, Esq., of Stoke Villa.

DIED.—At Topleham, Ann Bove, only daughter of the late G. Farr, Esq.—At Torquay, Phoebe, wife of N. Kirkland, Esq.—Aged 29, Frances, wife of the Rev. J. Clarke, rector of Clay Liddon.—Matilda, youngest daughter of the late J. Cox, Esq., of Dawlish.—At Court Hall, Sidbury, aged 74, Mrs. Cheek, relict of the late Rev. N. M. Cheek.

DORSETSHIRE.

Nov. 18, Richard Carlisle was liberated from Dorchester gaol, after an

imprisonment of six years, without the payment of any fine, or bail being required.—There was, in December, a nectarine tree, in full blossom, in a garden belonging to Mrs. Rose Drew, of Wotton, Fitzham.

DURHAM.

A coach has been started on the Darlington and Stockton railway, for the conveyance of passengers, at 1d. per mile.—A brilliant lunar rainbow was observed at Durham, on the evening of the 26th of November, extending in the direction of north and south. The same phenomenon was seen at Newcastle.

BIRTHS.—In the College, the lady of the Rev. W. N. Daubell, Pichendary, of a still-born child.—The lady of the Rev. J. Carr, A.M., of a daughter.

MARRIED.—E. Charlton, Esq., to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late W. Apedale, Esq., of Gateshead.—At Coldingham, T. Whitaker, Esq., to Mary, only daughter of S. Gee, Esq.—The Rev. W. Hawks, to Anne Eliza, daughter of J. Clour, Esq., of Kenton Hall.

DIED.—Anne Matilda, daughter of the late G. Fielding, Esq., of Startforth Hall.—At Geneva, H. W. Lambton, Esq., third son of the late W. H. Lambton, of Lambton, Esq., M.P.

ESSEX.

Nov. 22, the Nineteenth Anniversary of the True Blue or Pitt Club, was celebrated at the Three Cups inn, Colchester, J. B. Wildman, Esq., M.P. in the Chair.—Three Roman urns have been dug up at Great Chesterford, nearly entire, containing bones and ashes.

BIRTHS.—The lady of E. Round, Esq., of twin sons.—At Chatham Rectory, the lady of the Rev. H. R. Moody, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—H. Gore, Esq., of Walthamstow, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late J. Maples, Esq.—Mr. C. Richardson, of Rotherhithe, to Louisa Anne, eldest daughter of S. Lennox, Esq., of Plustow.—The Rev. W. S. Gilly, M.A., Rector of North Panbridge, to Jane Charlotte May, only daughter of Major Colberg.—J. S. Thorp, Esq., to Anna Maria, daughter of the late Major-Gen. Gent, and sister of G. W. Gent, Esq., of Moyns Park.

DIED.—Aged 83, Mrs. A. Whitaker, of Loughton Hall.—Mr. Crockett, of Woodford.—At Chatham, the relict of the late D. Calder Esq.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Nov. 29, the foundation of the New Church, in Suffolk-square, Cheltenham, was laid by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester.—The bank of Messrs. Turner and Co. stopped payment, Dec. 10.—An awful tempest of thunder and lightning, accompanied by rain and hail, passed over Gloucester about eight o'clock on the evening of Dec. 14.

MARRIED.—At Cheltenham, G. B. Robinson, Esq., to Loris, youngest daughter of the late Major-Gen. R. Douglas.

DIED.—Mrs. Gist, wife of J. Gist, Esq., of Wormington, Lodge.—At Cheltenham, Mrs. M'Leod.—At Cheltenham, the Dowager Lady Smith, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Michael

Smith, Bart.—Aged 72, the Rev. J. Plumtre, D.D. Dean of Gloucester.—At Combe House, Mary, wife of G. Milhouse, Esq.—W. Phelps, Esq. aged 80—W. Barnard, Esq. of Tewksbury.—At the Spa, Mr. Oakeley, relict of J. Oakeley, Esq.—At Cheltenham, Major Unett.

HAMPSHIRE.

St. Cecilia's Day was celebrated, Nov. 22, by the Meonstoke Harmonic Society.

BIRTH.]—The lady of the Rev. C. Ridling, of a son.—The lady of the Rev. C. Maherley, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—At Rosehill, Colonel Thackeray, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Northesk—T. J. Blackford, Esq. of Newport, to Mary Stoddart, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Bowman, Rector of Brooke.—At Wotton, the Hon. and Rev. A. Perceval, youngest son of Lord Arden, to Catherine Anne, youngest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus George Legge, Chancellor of Winchester.

DIED.]—The Rev. G. Richards, Rector of Farlington—At Portswood House, H. W. Sober, Esq. aged 27.

HURTFORDSHIRE.

Dec. 15, the Bank of Messrs. Gurnett and Co. stopped payment. Six cygnets, bred on the pools at Aikensmore, lately took flight, and, after a short absence, returned to their native ponds, with six companions, all in beautiful plumage.

DIED.]—At the Vicarage, Ledbury, Jane, third daughter of the Rev. J. Watts A.M.

HURTFORDSHIRE.

In searching a short time since the records of the borough of Hertford, there was found among them a document, affixed to which was the mark of a mayor of that town, in the reign of Elizabeth, who was incapable of writing his name.—The town of Hertford was lighted with gas, for the first time, on Nov. 30.

MARRIED.]—E. B. Kenble, Esq. to Hester, second daughter of the late F. Kenble, Esq. of Glosbees.

DIED.]—W. Spedding, Esq. of Horn-Lill Cottage.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

A hare, nearly milk-white, weighing about 16lbs, and measuring three feet two inches in length, has been shot on the estate of H. P. Stanley, Esq. of Buxton-hall.

DIED.]—At Thorpe Archway, aged 80, the Rev. L. Powis, Rector of that place, and uncle to the late Lord Lilford.

KENT.

Nov. 22, a Harbour Sessions was holden at Dover, by Lord Liverpool, when an order was passed for the erection of jetties in front of the Marine Parade, to protect the houses from the encroachment of the sea.—Nov. 26, a large East India ship, George IV., was launched from the dock of Messrs. Pitchers, Northfleet.—The ordnance

powder mills, at Faversham, sold by auction, Dec. 2, and lately let by Government at £510, fetched £14,560.—There was, in December, in the possession of Mr. Kuell of Wateringbury, a pig, weighing only fourteen ounces, and measuring seven inches from the snout to the tail, and five and a half inches round the body. It was four days old, ran well, squeaked loudly, and throve fast; its colour white.—The Bank of Edmeades and Co. stopped payment, Dec. 12.

MARRIED.]—E. Beale, Esq. of Maidstone, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late P. W. Crowther, Esq.—Mr. Cooper, to Miss Wilson, of Bromley—S. G. Smith, Esq. of Sheerness, to Anne, daughter of the late J. Serle, Esq.

DIED.]—At Westwood, aged 32, Juliana Charlotte, wife of the Rev. G. F. Otley.—At Beckenham, Mr. W. Whitwell.—At Milton, aged 39, the Rev. W. Prosser.

LANCASHIRE.

It has been determined to accelerate the speed of the London and Liverpool mail, so as to reduce the time on the road from 24 to 22 hours. The rate of travelling will then be eleven miles an hour.—Dec. 3, eighteen houses near the Salford Crescent, gave way, and fell into the river Irwell. On the preceding Tuesday, a building had fallen in James street, and killed two persons.

MARRIED.]—G. W. Bolewell, Esq. of Ringley, to Miss Jackson of Ringley.—At Caton, J. Fell, Esq. to Isabella, daughter of S. Gregson, Esq. of Lancaster.—J. Starkie, Esq. to Miss Helbing.—Lieut. H. B. Bowden, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Rev. J. Stanley, Vicar of Ormskirk.

DIED.]—At Liverpool, aged 35, W. A. Hamilton, Esq.—At Woodplumpton, near Preston, W. Jackson, Esq. brother to the very Rev. T. J. Calvert, D.D. Warden of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.—J. Worsley, aged 72, an eccentric character, well known in the neighbourhood of Bury. In early life he was a pedlar, but for many years he was in possession of property to the amount of 86l per annum. After his death were found in the holes and corners of his cottage 53lbs. weight of old silver coin, in gold current coin, 140gs., 17 half-gs., and 1/8s. seven shilling pieces; 56l in copper coin, and a box full of farthings and pence not current, 9 l. 9s. 6d. of the present currency were also found. He had some hundreds of volumes in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and German languages.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

On the evening of December 14, the town of Leicester was visited by a terrific thunder storm, accompanied by torrents of hail and rain.

BIRTH.]—At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the lady of H. W. Shirley, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—J. Doubleday, Esq. of Long Claxton, to Mary, eldest daughter of S. Adams, Esq. of Thorpe Arnold.—E. Parker, R. H. Gds. of Prestwold Hall, to Sarah, daughter of J. Mansfield, Esq. of Birstall House, M.P.—W. Berridge, Esq. to Susan, daughter of R. Birstow, Esq.

DIED.]—Aged 18, Lydia, daughter of the Rev. J. Dalby, Vicar of Castle Donington—

Sarah, relict of B. Brookhouse, Esq.—The Rev. T. Norris, Rector of Harby, and Vicar of Cranby.—At Barrow, aged 63, T. Parkinson, Esq. M.D.—At Loughborough, J. N. Fry, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The new race course, commenced at Lincoln, is expected to be one of the finest in England.—An ingenious youth at Crowland, has had for some time a flea, with a chain round its neck, and fastened to a cherry-stone. He has also made six dozen of silver spoons, which he puts inside the stone.—Dec. 23, a county meeting took place at Lincoln to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament on the subject of the Corn Laws.

BIRTHS.]—At Vetter Hall, the lady of S. Eaton, Esq. of a daughter.—The lady of T. H. Jackson, Esq. of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. R. Garvey, of the Grammar School, Lincoln, of a twin.

MARRIED.]—At Cottingham, T. Whitaker, Esq. of Howden, to Mary, only daughter of S. Cox, Esq.

DIED.]—At Belvoir Castle, aged 44, her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, daughter of the late and sister to the present Earl of Carlisle.—At Asby, John W. Wright, Esq. Aged 81, Miss Pasley, daughter of the late J. Corgan, Esq. many years Conquer of the County.—At the Vicarage, Winterton, Eliza Letitia, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. Harrison, aged 21.—In the Minster Yard, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Durance, Vicar of Mary-le-Wigford.

NORFOLK.

The first Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, was held at the Guildhall, Dec. 26. A rat, perfectly white, has been killed on the farming premises of Mr. Luccock, of Diss.

BIRTHS.]—At Northwold, the lady of C. B. Hall, Esq. of a daughter.—At Mansfield House, Lily Harvey, of a son.—At the Crescent, the lady of Capt. R. J. of a son.—At the Rectory, E. Snowgate, the lady of the Lord Bishop of Chester of a son.

MARRIED.]—G. Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple to Elizabeth, widow of F. F. North, Esq. of Roughton.—Capt. G. Matthias, of Shantoe Hall, to Henrietta, daughter of W. Hermyng, Esq.

DIED.]—At Wymondham, aged 80, Mr. J. Vince.—At Norwich, aged 75, Mrs. Murry.—At East Dereham, R. Dudlet, Esq.—Charlotte Ann, daughter of H. Partridge, Esq. of Rockham.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The following banks in this county have suspended their payments:—Smith and Co., Northampton; Norton and Co., Wellingborough; Watkins and Co., and Simpson and Co., Daventry.

MARRIED.]—The Rev. D. H. F. Hutton, of Weldon, to the Lady Louisa Greville, youngest daughter of the late Hon. R. F. Greville, and the Countess of Mansfield.—C. V. White, Esq. to Miss Collier, niece of W. J. Smith, Esq. of Peterborough.

DIED.]—Aged 70, Mrs. Lodington, relict of Rev. Jos. Lodington, Vicar of Oundle.—At Pe-

terborough, aged 83, Mrs. Pratt.—The Rev. S. White, Rector of Mansford.—Ann, relict of the late D. Bate, Esq. of Alesworth.—At Kibworth, aged 85, the Rev. T. Thomas, B.D. Rector of Isham.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle was opened in its new building, Dec. 3.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of J. S. Donaldson, Esq. of a son.—At Millfield Hill, the lady of J. Grey, Esq. of a son.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BIRTHS.]—At Wallingwell, the Lady of Sir T. Woolaston White, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—J. C. Wright, Esq. of Mapperley, to Theodosia, daughter of T. Denman, Esq. M.P.

DIED.]—At Wallingwells, the Lady of Sir T. W. White, Bart. aged 19.

OXFORDSHIRE.

MARRIED.]—The Rev. J. L. Heyes, B.D. Vicar of Melton, &c.

DIED.]—Anne, wife of Mr. W. Cozens, banker, of Watlington.—At Oxford, Sir Edward Hitchens, Bart.—At Blenheim House, F. Astley, youngest son of Sir C. H. Rich, Bart.—Miss Gough, relict of R. D. Gough, Esq. of Souldevon.

SHROPSHIRE.

Dec. 8, a Meeting was held at Claremont, to form *The Shropshire and Shrewsbury Ladies' Association, Auxiliary to the Sunday School Society for Ireland.*

MARRIED.]—The Rev. E. Duncombe, to Susan, only daughter of the late Rev. C. Mainwaring, Esq. of Otley Park.—At Madeley, the Rev. E. P. Owen, Vicar of Wellington, to Miss Darby, only daughter of the late S. Darby, of Coalbrook Dale.

DIED.]—Aged 79, the Rev. T. Stedman, M.A. Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury.—R. Blakeway, Esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A pear has been gathered at Cross, of the extraordinary size of 7 inches in height, 13½ inches in circumference, and weighing 1½ lbs.—A steam vessel of from 400 to 500 tons, is now building at Bristol, by the proprietors of the War Office Packets, for the purpose of conveying goods and passengers between that city and Ireland.

MARRIED.]—J. Ormrod, Esq. of Belmont, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late H. Church, Esq. of Twickenham.—E. G. Langdon, Esq. to Mary, only daughter of the late D. Hughes, Esq. of Nunny.

DIED.]—At Taunton, aged 81, Catherine, widow of W. Dempsey, Esq. of Brindson Court, Hereford, and sister to the late Sir C. W. Malet, Bart.—At Clifton, the lady and infant son of E. Maxey, Esq.—At Weston Lodge, J. R. Miller, Esq. aged 80.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

On the evening of December 14, the town of Stafford was visited by a thunder storm, during which several head of cattle were killed by the electric fluid.

MARRIED.]—Mr. F. Slater, to Sarah, daughter of J. S. Heller, Esq. of Woodhouse

—R. Shirley, Esq. of the Lodge, Kinfare, to Eliza, second daughter of the late T. Britten, Esq.

DIED.—At Whitmore, aged 90, E. Mainwaring, Esq.—The Rev. J. Shaw, Head Master of the Free Grammar School of Stafford.

SUFFOLK.

On the 15th of November, a most dreadful accident occurred at Bramford Hall, near Ipswich. Major Whiteford, of the 15th Hussars, went out shooting with his friend Henry Franklin, Esq. who, when stepping across some water in a meadow, fell, and lodged the contents of his piece in Major Whiteford's body, who died about two hours after.

MARRIED.—Major H. G. Broke, of Broke Hall, to Frederica Sophia, eldest daughter of J. Muir, Esq.—At Depden, H. Teverton, Esq. to Alice, daughter of J. Silverstone, Gent.

DIED.—At Lowestoft, Sarah, relict of C. Brown, Esq.—At Great Barton, the Rev. N. Orman—Aged 21, John, second son of A. H. Stewart, Esq. of Stoke Park, Ipswich—At Horningheath, aged 85, J. Nearn, Esq.—At Hury, aged 17, Charles, youngest son of B. H. Malkin, Esq. LL.D. head Master of Hury School—Aged 26, Elizabeth, lady of W. Isaacson, Esq. of Gifford's Hall.

SURREY.

On the 28th of December, the neighbourhood of Guilford was visited with a violent storm of thunder and lightning, during which a hurricane, apparently limited to a small space, did considerable damage.

BIRTHS.—At Dulwich Hill, Mrs. C. Hammersley, of a daughter—At East Sheen, the Hon. Mrs. Penrhyn, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Mottlake, E. Gilpin, Esq. to Marianne, youngest daughter of the late W. Gilpin, Esq. of East Sheen—H. Lloyd, Esq. to Elizabeth Stracey, youngest daughter of Mrs. Richardson, of Clapham—H. Sandys, jun. of Westminster, Esq. to Cecilia, fourth daughter of W. Speen, of Weston, Esq.

DIED.—At Lower Tooting, W. Bicknell, Esq. sen. aged 76—At Upper Tooting, aged 80, Mr. J. Borill—At Clapham, aged 78, Sarah, relict of W. Cotterell, Esq.—P. J. Le Comte, Esq. of Addington—Aged 76, Sophia, wife of D. Nisbet, Esq. of Kew Green.

SUSSEX.

The late storms have done much damage to the sea defences on the Chichester part of the coast.—It is in contemplation to form a new road to facilitate the communication between Worthing and Brighton.

MARRIED.—At Brighton, Lieut. J. Roche, R. N. to Caroline Susanna, eldest daughter of the late A. Robinson, Esq. M.D. of Broadwater—The Rev. B. Young, B.A. of Warring, to Elizabeth Susanna, eldest daughter of J. Holloway, Esq.—At Brighton, E. Parry, Esq. to Catherine Harriet, eldest daughter of E. Isaac, Esq.—At Broadwater, the Rev. G. R. Whyley, A.M. Vicar of Euston Bray, Bedford, to Jane, eldest daughter of M. Morrah, Esq. of Worthing—At East Grinstead, the Rev. J. Stratton, M.A. Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, to Susanna, daughter of the late W. Head—Lieut. J. F. Thompson, R.N. to Sarah, daughter of the late A. Robinson, Esq. M.D.

DIED.—At Midhurst, aged 72, J. Bamford, Esq.—At Horsham, Capt. P. Marr—At Eastbourne, aged 82, Mr. T. Baker; and a few hours after, his wife, Mrs. Baker, aged 81—At Brighton, Mrs. Jerdien—At Redmill, the Rev. W. Gabbitts, M.A. Rector of Redmill, and Vicar of Oving.

WARWICKSHIRE.

A statue of the birth of Venus, the size of life, has been recently executed, for a fountain-piece in the Earl of Shrewsbury's grounds, at Colton Abbey.—A medicinal water has lately been discovered at Willoughby, which has been submitted to Sir H. Davy for the purpose of analysis; it is supposed to contain a mixture of magnesia, sulphur, iron, and saline particles.—Messrs. Gibbins and Co., Bankers, at Birmingham, suspended payments, December 17.

MARRIED.—H. Pringle, Esq. of Beaumaris, to Meriel Eliza, fifth daughter of B. Sparrow, Esq. of Leamington.

DIED.—At Caldecote Hall, Mary, wife of R. Ashley, Esq.—J. Wheeler, Esq. of Egham—Aged 85, Mrs. Dorwall, relict of the late Rev. J. Darwell, A.B. many years Vicar of Walsall.

WILTSHIRE.

DIED.—At Melksham, aged 95, Mrs. Hook—Aged 73, the Rev. J. G. G. Huxter, Rector of Compton Bassett—At Calne, in her 81st year, Hannah, Dowager Lady Forrester—Mrs. Powell, relict of F. Powell, Esq. mother of A. Powell, Esq. of Hurdett House—Mrs. Hazard of Temple Coombe, aged 90. She was carried to the grave by six of her grandchildren, and followed by her husband, (aged 83) his seven sons and their children, making in the whole 79.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

On re-opening a coal pit, at Nather-ton, the bones of a human body were discovered, with a hat, part of a pair of boots, a pocket book, two sovereigns, some silver, &c. They are supposed to have belonged to a person of the name of Cooke, the brother of a tradesman in Dudley, who was missed, on his way from London to Dudley, a year and a half ago.—An extraordinary *Iusus naturæ*, of the hare species, measuring only 4½ inches from the nose to the tip of the tail, yet having every appearance of age, is now in the possession of Mr. Talbot of Worcester. It has two distinct carcasses, the one possessing perfect construction, with liver, &c. The other only entrails. It had four hind legs, and two fore ones; it was killed by a sloat.

BIRTHS.—The lady of J. Best, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—F. H. Williams, Esq. of Coldbrook Park, in Monmouthshire, to Elizabeth Ann Packington, youngest son of the late Wm. Russell, Esq. of Powick Court—N. Hartland, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of Dr. Dixon, of Grove Villa.

DIED—The Rev. J. Winfield, D.D. Prebendary of the Cathedral, Worcester—Harriet, second daughter of T. N. Fenwick, Esq. of Belford Court, and niece to the Countess of Harwood—J. Platt, Esq. Coroner for the city of Worcester—At Britannia-square, J. Newman, M.D. a Member of the Society of Friends—Mrs. Catherine Wall, last surviving daughter of Dr. Wall, of Worcester—T. Dudley, Esq. of Kingswinford.

YORKSHIRE.

The bank of Messrs. Wentworth, Chaloner, and Rishworth, stopped payment, December 10

BIRTHS.—At Kippax Park, the Hon. Mrs. Bland, of a son—At Brandsby Hall, the lady of F. Cholmeley, Esq. of a son—At Efton, the lady of the Rev. S. Creveke, of a daughter—At Howden, the lady of R. A. Worzot, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Easby, near Richmond, Lieut.-Col. H. Lane, to the Hon. Harriet Frances, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Dudley—S. S. Byron, Esq. of Scarborough, to Elizabeth, daughter of T. Camiller, Esq. of West Aston—At Almonbury W. J. Norris, Esq. of St. John's House, Halifax, to Ellen, eldest daughter of J. Horsfall, Esq. of Thornton Lodge.

DIED.—At Gazeley, Mrs. A. Cook, aged 98—Bacon Beverley, Esq. of Thorp Grassington—The Rev. W. Warriner, of Leeds—At the Vicarage, Horsham, Captain Peter Mair, of Richmond.

WALES.

A dry dock, one of the finest in Europe, was opened at Holyhead, on the 12th of November, to receive a sailing packet and a steamer.—Dec. 7, a Meeting was held at Swansea, at the Guildhall, for the purpose of adopting further regulations respecting the night police.—As the Holyhead mail passed through Shrewsbury, on the 1st of December, on its way to the Lion Inn, one of the leaders was seized by the throat, by a large dog of the bull and mastiff breed, which continued its attacks from one horse to the other, (notwithstanding repeated attempts to disable him,) till the coach reached High-street, when the crowd succeeded in destroying him.

BIRTHS.—At Bennarth, the lady of Major Burrows, of a daughter—At Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clare, of a son—At Millington Hall, the lady of E. Pilder Esq. of a daughter—The lady of A. Jones, Esq. of Cardigan, of a daughter—The lady of Captain C. Ward, R. N. of a son and heir—At Presteigne, the lady of H. Bevan, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Pembrey, J. Morris, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Williams, Esq. of Pen-y-bedd, J. Edwards, Esq. of Greenfields, to Mrs. Herbert, of Dolwyddelan—The Rev. R. Williams, A.B. of Matharn to Jane Elizabeth, daughter of J. Panton, Esq. of Plasgwyn—The Rev. J. Jenkins, to Catherine, daughter of J. Lewis, Esq. of Penmorfa.

DIED.—J. Powell, Esq. of Preesgwaen—Aged 57, R. M. Williams, Esq. solicitor, Carmarthen—Aged 48, Mary, daughter of the Rev. T. Griffiths, A.M. of Llanvdyrri, Cardigan—At Llanjennech, Carmarthenshire, Jane Lenton, at the advanced age of 109.

SCOTLAND.

Nov. 14, Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. Lord Rector of the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen, held a Rectorial Court in the Public Hall of the University, for the purpose of inquiring into and correcting irregularities and abuses in the College.—On the 9th of December, an eagle was discovered, during a hurricane, flying across the Craig Pier, Dundee; but, having come within the vortex of a whirlwind, it was suddenly dashed into the river. The royal bird was picked up alive by a boat which happened to be upon the spot.—The road to Port Dundee was lighted with gas on the 26th of November. A pipe goes under the canal to light the public works on the north bank.—On the 24th of November, the Wet Dock at Dundee was opened in the presence of 20,000 spectators. It is just ten years since the foundation stone was laid.

BIRTHS.—In Edinburgh, Lady Grey, of a daughter—At Marine Cottage, Mrs. Major Lyall, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Dowager Lady Saltoun's, near Inverness, W. M. Grant, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Eleanor Fraser.

DIED.—At Glasgow, Sibilla, wife of J. Kirkland, Esq. and sister of the late Sir A. Mackenzie, of Avock.—In London, aged 70, W. Ogilvy, Esq. of Westhall, county of Angus.—At Bruckley Castle, Aberdeen, Mrs. Dingwall.—At Edinburgh, J. Keir, Esq. of Madena.—At Edinburgh, P. Campbell, Esq. to Isabella, daughter of G. Malcolm, Esq.

IRELAND.

The Fishmongers' Company of London has sent over to Ireland £10,000, to be employed on 20,000 acres of land, in building and furnishing employment for the poor.—On the morning of the 13th of December, on opening the cells of the Lunatic Asylum, Kilkenny, six of the inmates were found dead in their beds, and three others insensible, but alive. The catastrophe was caused by suffocation, occasioned by the mephitic vapours of the Kilkenny coal and lime stone, which are consumed in the furnace used for heating the room.

BIRTH.—At Knockdrin Castle, county of Westmeath, the Hon. Lady Leving, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Rahoon, the Hon. Martin French, son of the late, and brother of the present Right Hon. Lord French, to Margaret, second daughter of Major T. Bodkin, of Rahoon, county Galway.—It. R. Crurie, of Drynam, to Margaret, fifth daughter of J. McLoghlin, Esq.

DIED.—At Ballina, Mrs. Ormsby, relict of C. Ormsby, Esq. aged 108.—In Mountjoy-place, M. F. Lynch, Esq. Barrister at Law.—In Great Britain-street, J. Moore, Esq. father of Thomas Moore, Esq. the Bard of Erin.—In Hendrick-street, aged 78, the Very Rev. Doctor Russell, P.P. of St. Paul's, and Vicar-general of the Diocese.—At Kells, Andrew Wilson, Esq. M.D.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM NOVEMBER 21 TO DECEMBER 20.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Crown, J. Sunderland, Durham, ship-builder
 Darke, E. Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire,
 coal-merchant
 Dennis, R. Badney, blacksmith
 Giles, W. Heston, Middlesex, dealer
 Jarvis, J. Brompton, tailor
 McMurdie, W. and Pout, W. C. Epping, sta-
 tioners
 Turner, E. Howarth-cross, Lancashire, corn-
 factor
 Wade, J. S. Al'eburgh, brick-maker
 Wheelhouse, W. Norwich, linen-draper
 Wolff, A. M. King's Arms-yard, merchant

BANKRUPTS.

Alderson, C. Lawrence Pountney-hill-place,
 Cannon-street, flour-factor. (Fisher, Queen-
 street, Cheapside
 Allmond, R. Abingdon, grocer. (Miller, Som-
 erset; Hartley, New Bridge-street
 Alzodo, J. R. De, Bank-buildings, merchant.
 (Pearce, St. Swithin's-lane
 Ashby, R. S. Lombard-street, engraver.
 (Cottle, Aldermanbury
 Ashton, S. Birmingham, iron-founder. (Ty-
 dall and Co. Birmingham; Clarke and Co.
 Chancery-lane
 Astley, R. and Hickman, E. Shrewsbury,
 smiths. (Mosley, Barton-upon-Trent
 Baker, S. Wood-street, Cheapside, victualler.
 (Rushbury, Carthusian-street
 Barber, M. Morton Banks, Yorkshire, malt-
 ster. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Lee,
 Leeds
 Beetham, C. J. Tabernacle-row, pickle-dealer.
 (Lewis, Douglas-street, Fitzroy-square
 Bennett, R. jun. Dukinfield, scrivener. (Smith,
 Manchester; Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's-
 inn
 Bird, T. Liverpool, broker. (Fisher, Liver-
 pool; Chester, Staple-inn
 Blackburn, B. Gnosall, Staffordshire, grocer.
 (Heming and Co. Gray's-inn; Stanley, New-
 port
 Blomfield, J. Fleet-market, innkeeper. (Rus-
 sen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street
 Booty, M. Nodehill, Isle of Wight, wine-mer-
 chant. (Griffiths, Newport; Anderson and
 Co. Quality-court, Chancery-lane
 Braddock, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
 (Grimsditch and Co. Macclesfield; Bell and
 Co. Bow Church-yard
 Breamby, R. Rochdale, flannel manufacturer.
 (Baker, Rochdale; Hurd and Co. Temple
 Brewster, T. Wades Mill, Heils, miller. (Wey-
 mouth, Chancery lane; Bond, Ware
 Britten, W. jun. Northampton, leather-seller.
 (Howes, Northampton; Jeyes, Chancery-
 lane
 Buckley, J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
 Booth, Manchester; Hurd and Co. Temple
 Carmichael, J. Birmingham, dealer. (Jones,
 Size-lane
 Cather, W. Liverpool, merchant. (Crump,
 Liverpool; Battye and Co. Chancery-lane
 Chaffin, C. Wotton-under-Edge, clothier. (Be-
 van and Co. Bristol; Bourdillon and Co.
 Cheapside
 Childrens, C. C. Brighton, builder. (Bennett,
 Brighton; Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard
 Coleman, W. Essex street, victualler. (Rush-
 bury, Carthusian-street
 Cook, H. Witney, Oxon, grocer. (Westell,
 Witney; Helder, Clement's-inn
 Coopey, R. Gloucester, grocer. (Matthews,
 Gloucester; A'Beckett, Golden-square,

Cotterill, C. G. St. John-street, provision-mer-
 chant. (Nind and Co. Throgmorton-street
 Cranch, W. G. Monkwell-street, feather-mer-
 chant. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-
 fields
 Crook, J. C. Watling-street, warehouseman.
 (Van Sandau and Co. Dowgate-hill
 Crown, L. Durham, ship-builder. (Holme and
 Co. New-inn
 Culyer, J. Islington-green, baker. (Robinson
 Wallbrook
 Culyer, W. London-wall, harness-maker.
 (Richardson, Cheapside
 Daniel, J. Newgate-street, silk-manufacturer.
 (Clarke and Co. Old Jewry
 Davies, H. and R. Hampton Bishop, Hereford-
 shire, corn-dealers. (Gough, Hereford; Ro-
 binson, Wallbrook
 Davis, M. J. Thanet-place, Strand, boot-
 maker. (Collyer, Lyon's-inn
 Dawkins, J. Southampton, tailor. (Bryant,
 Southampton; Slade and Jones, Join-street,
 Bedford-row
 Deacon, S. Trowbridge, clothier. (Temple,
 America-square
 Death, J. Woodstock-street, tailor. (Hird,
 Berwick-street
 Denton, W. Canterbury, slater. (Lewis, Can-
 terbury; Graham and Co. Chancery-lane
 Denchey, F. Brighton, coal-merchant. (Brough
 Shoreditch
 Dobson, J. and W. B. Huddersfield, bankers.
 (Battye and Co. Huddersfield; Jaques and
 Co. Coleman street
 Dove, W. Stafford, ribbon maker. (Whitlow,
 Manchester; Willis and Co. Tokenhouse-
 yard
 Douglas, R. W. G. West Hampnett, coach-pro-
 pnetor. (Dully, Cliford's-inn
 Dowding, C. Stepney, cooper. (Overton and
 Coombe, Tokenhouse-yard
 Drake, F. New-street, Covent-garden, baker.
 (Fawcett, Jewin-street
 Dyer, J. and Swaine, J. Gravel-lane, wool-
 stapler. (Davies and Co. Angel-court
 Early, H. and T. Minorities, dealers. (Knight
 and Co. Basinghall-street
 Edmeads, R. Atkins, T. and Tyrrell, G. Maid-
 stone, bankers. (Scudamore and Co. Maid-
 stone; Wildes, Lincoln's inn-fields
 Edwards, C. Cambridge, money-scrivener.
 (Coe, Hatton-garden
 Elford, Sir W. Batt. Tincumb, J. and Clarke,
 J. W. Plymouth, bankers. (Tink, Devon-
 port; Church, Great James-street, Bedford-
 row
 Elliott, T. Nottingham, cabinet-maker.
 (Fearnhead, Nottingham; Webb and Co.
 Birmingham; Hurd and Co. Temple
 Etheridge, P. B. Norwich, manufacturer.
 (Smith, Verulam-buildings; Barnard, St.
 Andrew's, Norwich
 Field, J. Lambeth-road, victualler. (Henson,
 and Co. Bouverie-street
 Fiestal, A. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-
 road, merchant. (Jay and Co. Gray's-inn-
 place
 Finden, J. Upper John-street, architect. (Hen-
 son, Bouverie street
 Fisher, J. Taunton, draper. (Chester, Staple-
 inn
 Fisher, R. Low Heskett, Cumberland, draper.
 (Dobinson, Carlisle; Helder, Clement's-inn
 Ford, W. Exeter, nurseryman. (Bruton, Old
 Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter
 Franklin, J. Dartford, druggist. (Southgate
 and Co. Gravesend; Clare and Co. Old
 Jewry

- Fraser, S. City-road, builder. (Clarksons, Essex-street, Strand)
- Garner, J. Smallwell, Durham, victualler. (Dunn, Princess-street; Wilson, Newcastle)
- Garlick, T. Fleet-market, undertaker. (Parson, Bow Church-yard)
- Gay, J. Quadrant, Regent-street, engraver. (Saiel and Son, Berkeley-square)
- Gibbon, A., W. F., and R. Old City Chambers, merchants. (Ogle, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street)
- Giberne, A. and S. New Bond-street, milliners. (A Beckett, Golden-square)
- Graham, J. jun. Brigham, Cumberland, inn-keeper. (Fisher and Son, Cpekeymouth; Fisher, Watling-street)
- Gregory, T. B. Dinamonl-street, Euston-square, painter and glazier. (Bo-look, George-street, Mansion-house)
- Grosvenor, W. L. sen., W. L. jun. Chater, E., and Ruit, C. Conhill, stationers. (Griegson and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street; Fellows, Rickmansworth)
- Gye, H. Bath, stationer. (Jay and Co. Gray's-inn-square)
- Gye, J. Wallbrook, stationer. (Clarke Gray's-inn square)
- Halgood, W. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, grocer. (Partington, Change-alley)
- Hanwell, J. Clare-street, linen-draper. (Minchin, Venulam-buildings, Gray's-inn)
- Harker, J. C. Old Bond-street, jeweller. (Young, Poland street)
- Harris, J. Norwich, bombazine-dresser (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn-square; Parkinson and Co. Norwich)
- Harrison, T. Fleet-market, victualler. (Harrinet, Hutton-garden)
- Harrop, T. Manchester, merchant. (Kay, Manchester)
- Huxwood, W. C. Crown-street, Soho, grocer. (Hardwick, Lawrence lane)
- Hickman, E. Lombard street, bill-broker. (Robinson and Co. Chatter-house square)
- Higgs, N. Pimlico, brewer. (Florence, Finsbury-square)
- Higgs, N. and Hobbs, R. Pimlico, brewers. (Turner, Percy-street)
- Hobbs, R. Duke's row, Pimlico, brewer. (Florence, Finsbury-square)
- Hope, T. Lawrence-lane, merchant. (Rymer and Nottis, Manchester; Norris, Bedford-row)
- Hopkins, J. Tooley-street, carrier. (Sandown, Dunster-court, Mincing-lane)
- Hooton, R. and Wilkes, W. Birmingham, iron-founders. (Farris, Surrey-street; Benson, Birmingham)
- Horn, J. Liverpool, block-maker. (Hinde, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-jun)
- Horsfall, W. Wakefield, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Stringer, Norfolk)
- Houghton, T. and Trueman, T. Radford, Notts, machine-makers. (Capes, Holborn-court; Williams, Notts)
- Hughes, C. Anglesey, shopkeeper. (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane; Roose, Amlwich)
- Hughes, W. Mill wall, and Ord-street, Poplar, ship-builder. (Hutchinson, Crown-street, Theadn, edle-street)
- Jackson, J. jun. Ilkctson, Derbyshire, rope-maker. (Paterson and Co. Old Broad-street)
- Jarritt, C. Bath, hatter. (Mackay, Bath; Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside)
- Jarvis, J. Brumpton, tailor. (Tanner, Basinghall-street)
- Johnson, G. and H. H. New Bond-street, engravers. (Heywood, Bristol; Bourdillon and Co. Cheapside)
- Kay, T. Hulme, Lancashire, shopkeeper. (Pickford, Manchester; Milne and Parry, Temple)
- Kelly, J. St. James's-street, milliner. (Cooke and Co. Clement's-inn.
- Kenworthy, E. and Brunnell, J. Liverpool, merchants. (Radcliffe and Co. Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- King, W. Upper Park-place, carpenter. (Shutter, Milbank-street)
- Knife, J. jun. Harp-alley, broker. (Richardson, Cheapside)
- Knight, A. Maldon, Essex, tailor. (Crowder and Co. Lothbury)
- Knight, E. and Wilkinson, J. Great Horton, worsted-spinners. (Ward, Leeds; Robinson and Co. Essex-street)
- Knowlton, D. Store-street, draper. (Gates, Cateaton-street)
- Knowles, L. and L. and S. H. Gomersal, merchants. (Cart, Gomersal; Evans and Co. Hutton-garden)
- Lake, J. Broad-street, Golden-square, tailor. (Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road)
- Lewis, H. Newport, Monmouthshire, fallow-chandler. (Prothero and Co. Newport; Platt, Lincoln's-inn)
- Lewis, J. and Eerojd, M. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Lingham, T. Tower-hill, wine-merchant. (James, Buckle, shury)
- McCrum, J. and Ainsworth, E. Liverpool, brewers. (Norris, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-jun)
- McGuckin, H. St. Martin's lane, wine-merchant. (Whittington, Dean-street, Finsbury-square)
- Maidlow, J. Portland-town, Regent's Park, builder. (Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone)
- Manfield, W. sen. Bristol, baker. (Rossers, Gray's-inn-place; Langley, Bristol)
- Menzies, J. Charles street, Manchester-square, tailor. (Hallett and Co. Northumbeland-street, Mary-le-bone)
- Mias, B. M. Berner's-street, upholsterer. (Saunders and Bailry, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square)
- Milnes, J. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, dealer. (Rixon, Jewry-street)
- Milward, J. and Lynch, J. G. Upper Thames-street, dealers. (Eastham, Lawrence-lane)
- Monks, T. Upper Clapton, bleacher. (Willett, Essex-street, Strand)
- Morice, C. and Lohr, W. L. Norwich, manufacturers. (Simpson and Co. Norwich; Taylor, Holborn)
- Morland, H. Dean-street, spirit-merchant. (Popkin, Dean-street, Soho)
- Morris, D. Robinson, F. and Watson, E. Liverpool, turpentine-distillers. (Crump, Liverpool; Battye and Co. Chancery-lane)
- Morris, J. Jun. Oxford-street, wine-merchant. (Hill, Welbeck street)
- Morton, A. and C. Rodick, A. and E. L. Wellingborough, bankers. (Hodson and Co. Wellingborough; Hodson, St. John's-street-road)
- Mugatroyd, J. dealer, Halfax. (Thompson, Halfax; Wigleworth and Co. Gray's-inn-square)
- Newton, I. Trowbridge, Wilts, chair-maker. (Pole and Co. Gray's-inn-square; Livit, Bristol)
- Nicholas, J. and J. Leatherhead, brewers. (Walker, Kingston; Chester, Newington-buts)
- Olsenbein, H. Regent-street, silk-mercer. (Yallop, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall)
- Olivant, J. and Cooper, W. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehousemen. (Watson and Co. Falcon-square)
- Oliver, J. M. Bishopsgate-street, shoemaker. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Oliver, W. Hamilton place, Battle-bridge, builder. (Green and Co. Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street)
- Osborn, G. sen. and G. jun. Howes, R. and

- Smith, C. Northampton, bankers. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Jeyes, Northampton)
- Pagan, J. Norwich, draper. (Stratton, Shore-ditch)
- Parker, J. and J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturers. (Luw and Co. Manchester; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Pearcock, J. Blackfriars-road, grocer. (Partington, Change-alley)
- Peace, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, warehouseman. (Robinson, Wallbrook)
- Pearce, J. Cumberworth, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. (Stephenson, Holmuth, Yorkshire; Battye and Co. Chancery-lane)
- Phillips, T. and I. Fenchurch-street, boot-makers. (Hind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street)
- Phillips, F. and Cutworth, W. Goldsmiths-street, Cheapside, warehousemen. (Phipps, Weavers'-hall)
- Pinnix, E. Ensworth, sheep-salesman. (Padwick, Havant; Bromley, Gray's-inn)
- Priddy, T. Uxbridge, victualler. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street)
- Purchas, T. Old Bond-street, wine-merchant. (Farris, Surrey-street)
- Ralli, N. di T. Suffolk-street, merchant. (Wilks, Finsbury-place)
- Ratcliffe, A. East Stonehouse, Devon, spirit-merchant. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chapman, Devonport)
- Redpath, C. J. Deptford, ironmonger. (Tanner, New Basinhall-street)
- Richards, G. St. Martin's-lane, watch-dealer. (Nicholson, Peter-street, Bedford-square)
- Rockley, J. Thatched-house-court, innholder. (Harris and Co. Nortolk-street)
- Rowbotham, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Bell and Co. Bow-church-yard; Grimsditch and Co. Macclesfield)
- Rumbold, F. H. Walcot, coach-master. (Hodgson, Bath; Hughes, Clifford's-inn)
- Savery, P. Bristol, broker. (Gordon, Old Broad-street)
- Schmidt, J. Ball-court, Cornhill, bill-broker. (Birch and Garth, Broad-street)
- Scott, C. Cornwall, scrivener. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Somers, C. Liverpool, broker. (Houghton, Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Shaw, D. Upper Seymour-street, baker. (Aubrey, Took's-court, Cursitor-street)
- Shaw, J. Gower-street, coal-merchant. (Dickins and Co. Queen street, Cheapside)
- Shea, H. Dowgate hill, merchant. (Barrow and Vincent, Basinhall-street)
- Shew, J. Theobald's-row, broker. (Smith and Co. Red Lion-square)
- Shorrocks, J. Over-Darwen, Lancaster, grocer. (Nevill and Co. Blackburn; Milne and Co. Temple)
- Sidwell, S. Shepton Mallett, innholder. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Coadock, Shepton Mallett)
- Smith, F. Catherine street, oilman. (Harrison, Wallbrook-buildings)
- Smith, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker. (Bush and Co. Bristol; Holme and Co. New-inn)
- Smith, W. Broad-street, Ratcliffe, plumber. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields)
- Smith, W. and Richards, T. Manchester, tailors. (Kaye, Manchester; Capes, Gray's-inn)
- Sotheby, S. Wellington-street, Strand, auctioneer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple)
- Stephens, S. Cornhill, coffee-house-keeper.
- Stewart, W. Pall-mall, commercial-agent. (Knight, Kennington; Popkin, Dean-street, Soho)
- Swain, T. South Collingham, miller. (Hodgkinson-on, Newark; Hale and Co. New Boswell-court)
- Sweet, A. Bliton, coal-dealer. (Wasborough, Bristol; Clabon, Mark-lane)
- Sykes, L. and Dury, T. Bucklersbury, warehousemen. (Burra and Neild, King-street, Cheapside)
- Theobalds, J. Cambridge, builder. (Jahram, Cambridge; Smith and Co. Hatton-garden)
- Thorpe, W. Great Callisle-street, builder. (Carlton, High-street, May-le-bone)
- Todd, C. Upper Lisson-street, coal-merchant. (Younger, John-street, America-square)
- Tovey, W. and Jeapes, G. Peckham, builders. (Overton and Co. Tokenhouse-yard)
- Toovey, D. Watford, Herts, corn-dealer. (Grover and Stuart, Bedford-row)
- Townson, T. Todholes, Cumberland, miller. (Helder, Clement's-inn; Walker, Whitehaven)
- Triggs, H. Hampstead-road, copper-plate-printer. (Dacie, Throgmorton-street)
- Tucker, E. Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, quill-merchant. (Van Sandau and Tyndale, Dowgate-hill)
- Turner, R. London-road, blacking-manufacturer. (Jay and Byles, Gray's-inn-place)
- Turner, W. Cheapside, printer. (Pry and Co. Cheapside)
- Varley, T. Stanningley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturers. (Battye and Co. Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds)
- Walker, J. Manley House, Kennington-common, schoolmaster. (Van Sandau and Co. Dowgate-hill)
- Watson, T. W. Newcastle, merchant. (Arnot, West-street, Finsbury-circus)
- Watts, G. Nottingham, frame-smith. (Enfield and Co. Nottingham; Holme and Co. New-inn)
- Webb, W. Salisbury-street, wine-merchant. (Lock, Arundel-street)
- White, I. Isleworth, schoolmaster. (Young, Poland-street)
- Whitford, S. Gloucestershire, victualler. (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn; Pullin, Bristol)
- Wooster, J. K. Middle-row, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Rooke, Charles-street, Covent-garden)
- Yorkston, G. Tottenham-court-road, cheesemonger. (Coleman, Tysoe street, Spaulfields)

DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.

- Barber, J. King's-row, Dog-row, Mile-end, builder
- Bulow, S. and S. Old Broad-street, merchants
- Booty, M. Molehill, Isle of Wight, wine-merchant
- Bratt, S. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer
- Chappell, J. H. Hamilton-row, Battle-bridge, smith
- Cooke, S. Dublin, coal-merchant
- Cotterill, C. J. St. John's-street, provision-merchant
- Deudney, T. Brighton, coal-merchant
- Elliott, T. Nottingham, joiner
- Fisher, J. Taunton, draper
- Furley, F. Minchinhampton, cooper
- Groves, W. Worthing, cabinet-maker
- Gregory, G. Brighton, victualler
- Hickman, E. Lombard street, bill-broker
- Horton, S. and H. Kidderminster, ironmongers
- Hubbard, W. jun. White-lion-court, merchant
- Jardine, R. Wigan, linen-draper
- Millward, J. and Lynch, J. G. Upper Thames-street, dealers
- Oliver, W. Salford, draper
- Oshaldston, E. Hertford, grocer
- Sotheby, S. Wellington-street, auctioneer
- Stansfield, J. Halifax, reed-maker
- Stockham, W. Bristol, baker
- Taylor, J. and Collinge, T. Castleton, Lancashire, roller makers
- Titley, I. jun. Bath, salt-refiner
- Webb, W. Salisbury-street, wine-merchant

DIVIDENDS.

- Ashwell, J. Nottingham, Dec. 22
 Atherton, T. and Dunn, J. Liverpool, Dec. 19
 Aubert, N. B. Lloyd's Coffee House, Dec. 31
 Barnes, W. Richard, G. Cumberland, January 19
 Batters, J. Southampton, Feb. 22
 Benzley, J. Houndsditch, Jan. 14
 Bedford, C. Manchester, Dec. 29
 Beasley, F. Bedwardine, Dec. 26 and Jan. 10
 Benelli, J. B. Quadrant, Jan. 14
 Berrowe, J. Allensmore, Hereford, Dec. 24
 Blood, E. K. L. and Hunter, T. Aldersgate-street, Dec. 24
 Bridges, J. and Den, J. Bristol, Jan. 17
 Brooman, J. Margate, Jan. 13
 Brown, P. Scarborough, Dec. 22
 Brown, S. Oxford-street, Dec. 22
 Brickland, T. Langley, Bucks, Jan. 14
 Burn, J. Lothbury, Dec. 20
 Burraston, W. Worcester, Dec. 26 and Jan. 13
 Butler, J. Milk-street, Dec. 26
 Butler, J. Whitechapel, Jan. 14
 Cannon, J. Liverpool, Dec. 20
 Chambers, E. Cullompton, Granger, H. C. Kingsbridge, Chambers, R. jun. Broadhambury, Devonshire, Jan. 4
 Chastenev, W. Bunwell, Norfolk, Jan. 4
 Choetham, D. Stockport, Dec. 20
 Clark, G. B. New Shoreham, Jan. 7
 Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, Dec. 10
 Coe, W. Billingsgate, Dec. 20
 Compton, W. Birmingham, Jan. 3
 Coppard, J. sen. Mitcham, Jan. 21
 Crisp, C. and Harding, J. Bristol, Dec. 29
 Croaker, C. Crayford, Dec. 31
 Cruesfield, E. M. Liverpool, Jan. 18
 Davies, G. Haverfordwest, Jan. 7
 Davies, S. Great Surrey-street, Dec. 31
 Davison, J. Gutter-lane, Dec. 10
 Davison, J. St. George's Circus, St. George's-fields, Jan. 7
 Dixon, F. and Fisher, E. Greenwich, Dec. 4
 Duncan, J. Trafalgar-square, Stepney, Jan. 7
 Edmans, J. Warwick-lane, Jan. 10
 Erwood, W. and Crofts, R. Distaff-lane, Jan. 28
 Eveleigh, F. and S. Southwark, Jan. 7
 Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, Dec. 31
 Frampton, G. Weymouth, Jan. 9
 Freeman, T. and Jones, H. H. Worcester, Dec. 26 and Jan. 10
 Garsade, T. Stockport, Jan. 4
 Gibson, J. South-street, Finsbury-square, Dec. 24
 Gilbert, J. A. George-lane, Jan. 7
 Glover, T. Gutter-lane, Jan. 3
 Goodwin, J. Holt, Worcester, Dec. 24
 Gough, E. Sedgley, Stafford, Dec. 27
 Grant, C. Cushion-court, Broad-street, Jan. 14
 Greening, W. Hampstead, Jan. 7
 Gragson, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 10
 Guth, J. jun. Shad Thames, Dec. 24
 Gwynne, W. Denton, Sussex, Dec. 20
 Hague, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 10
 Hampson, R. and T. Liverpool, Jan. 13
 Hanbury, T. Cateaton-street, Jan. 4
 Hart, G. Church-street, Deptford, Dec. 20
 Hattersley, M. Harrogate, Yorkshire, Dec. 20
 Hatfield, H. Abingdon-row, Dec. 31
 Hutton, R. and Jackson, J. sen. Poulton, Dec. 28
 Heath, W. Lower-street, Islington, Jan. 10
 Hodge, H. Wilkes's-place, Hoxton, Dec. 17
 Hodson, J. Liverpool, Jan. 18
 Horsley, J. New castle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 28
 Howell, J. Cheltenham, Dec. 19
 Hurry, J. Liverpool, Jan. 9
 Jay, J. Regent-street, Jan. 7
 Kaye, W. and Dyche, H. Manchester, Jan. 2
 Ketland, T. and Adams, J. Birmingham, Jan. 4
 Kitchen, R. and Amery, J. Liverpool, Jan. 2
 Leeming, R. Threadneedle-street, Dec. 3 and 17
 Lynce, J. jun. Limehouse, Jan. 7
 Magnall, J. Manchester, Dec. 28
 Marsh and Co. Berners-street, Jan. 7
 Middleton, T. Eattle-bridge, Dec. 31
 Millard, J. Cheapside, Dec. 20
 Millward, R. Longnor, Dec. 21
 Moore, J. Bristol, Dec. 17 and Jan. 5
 Moreton, J. Manchester, Jan. 4
 Morgan, W. Llanelly, Breconshire, Dec. 23
 Newcomb, R. Cannon-street, Jan. 7
 Oldacres, W. Lea Grange, Leicester, Dec. 27
 Pearson, C. Brentford, Dec. 13
 Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Dec. 20
 Peet, G. and P. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, Jan. 10
 Pine, T. and Davis, E. Maldstone, Dec. 31
 Pittock, W. Dartford, Dec. 20
 Preston, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 26
 Prodgers, E. Ludlow, Dec. 22
 Pullan, R. Leeds, Jan. 3
 Richardson, J. Liverpool, Jan. 16
 Ridgway, J. Macclesfield, Dec. 28
 Roberts, T. A. Crovdon, Jan. 7
 Robson, G. Lombard-street, Dec. 7 and 17
 Ronaldson, J. J. Broad-street-place, Dec. 31
 Sampson, J. Soulcoates, Jan. 11
 Sanderson, W. W. J. Lombard-street, Dec. 20
 Sargant, W. Sheffield, Jan. 14
 Scott, W. Pall-mall, Dec. 17
 Selfe, J. New-court, Wilts, Dec. 28
 Shepherd, W. Sloane-terrace, Dec. 16
 Simpson, R. Crown-court, Jan. 3
 Smith, W. and Atkinson, J. jun. Aldermanbury, Dec. 17
 Spenser, J. M. Chepping Wycombe, Dec. 20
 Storr, J. Churwell, Yorkshire, Jan. 3
 Thackeray, J. Garratt, Jan. 12
 Threlfall, J. Liverpool, Jan. 28
 Tode, G. P. Regent-street, Jan. 7
 Tonge, G. W. B., E. J. Chambers, Dec. 20
 Townsend, D. and T. Wilton, Wilt, Dec. 28
 Vaile, W. Newington-causeway, Dec. 17
 Wakeford, J. W. Bolton-le-Moors, Dec. 20
 Walker, A. sen. and Co. Birmingham, Jan. 3
 Westwood, J. Brierley, Herefordshire, Dec. 22
 Wheatley, E. Leicester-square, Dec. 17 and 24
 Williams, M. Old Bailey, Dec. 31
 Wilson, R. Pontefract, Dec. 20
 Woolcock, T. Lashingam, York, Jan. 3
 Worthington, J. Manchester, Jan. 10
 Wren, T. London-wall, Jan. 3
 Wynne, G. Stafford, Dec. 19

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, DECEMBER 28, 1825.

The restoration of confidence, effected in a chief measure by the meeting of the great capitalists of the metropolis, at the Mansion House, a fortnight ago, has proved of the utmost consequence in the commercial and trading world. Volumes of speculation might be written upon the subject; but it is infinitely more satisfactory to know that the panic has subsided, that public credit in every quarter remains sound, and that trade will soon flow as quietly as ever in its accustomed channels.

COTTON WOOL.—Owing to the numerous failures of bankers and others, little or no business has lately been done in Cotton; but prices are $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound lower in East India sorts, and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in Brazil and other Cottons. The following are the particulars:—50 Pernambuco, fair, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound, in bond; 30 Para, middling, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ditto; 140 Surats, ordinary to fine, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 6d. ditto; 130 Bengals, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ditto; 20 Madras, fair to good, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ditto.

SUGAR.—The raw Sugar market was firm last week, and the sales made supported the quotations:—Jamaica, &c. 62s. to 74s.; Antigua, &c. 60s. to 72s.; Bengal, in bond, 30s. to 40s.—Strong Sugars for refining have been enquired for, and sales made at 63s. to 65s. for brown, and 66s. to 68s. per cwt. for middling.—In Refined Sugars, ordinary lumps have been sold at 80s. per cwt., but in general refiners demand 81s. to 82s. per cwt. Several parcels of Crushed Sugars, of middling quality, have been taken for the Mediterranean and other markets at 40s. to 43s. per cwt.—Havannah Sugars have been enquired for, but holders refuse the present offers; 800 chests were lately shipped for the Mediterranean market, which reduces the stock in the docks to 3570 chests, making nearly 4000 less than at this time last year.

COFFEE.—Foreign Coffee is rather lower:—St. Domingo at 54s., and Brazil, 53s. to 54s. per cwt. Plantation Coffees have been enquired after for the home trade; and prices firmly supported.

INDIGO.—Prices nominal; little or no demand; market very dull.—The prompt day of the Company's Indigo is

postponed to the 17th of March, 1826, on condition of a further deposit of 25 per cent., and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. being paid.—The Company may also postpone the sale declared for the 17th of January next at the earnest request of the buyers.

TRA.—Stationary. Twankays are enquired for.

TOBACCO.—Trade dull; few orders from the Continent; business doing for the home trade limited.

PROVISIONS.—The market inactive. Irish Butter, 86s. to 94s.; Dutch and Flemish, ditto, 80s. to 100s.; Dorset and Cambridge, ditto, 58s. to 60s.

OILS.—In Seed or Fish Oils little alteration, Rape, Seal, and Sperm rather lower.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—Hemp and Tallow have advanced 1l. to 2l. per ton, in consequence of the news of the death of the Emperor of Russia.—Flax without alteration.

DRUGS AND DRYSALTRES.—Market in an inactive state. Several parcels of goods have been forced on the market for cash, on terms so low, that the contract price has not transpired.

TIMBER AND DEALS.—Prices declining in consequence of the large quantity imported.

SPICES AND CAMPHIRE.—At a sale on the 23rd, by C. W. Albrecht:—580 Bags Black Pepper, at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound; 5 bags White, ditto, 3s. 6d.; 24 casks 10 chests Mace; 14 casks, 5s. 1d. to 5s. 2d.; remainder, 4s. to 4s. 4d.; 27 casks Nutmegs, for exportation only, 2s. 9d. to 3s. 2d. ord. 2nds. 2s. to 2s. 1d.; 48 Mats Bourbon Cloves, for exportation only, 1s. 9d. to 1s. 11d.; 556 chests Camphire, part sold at 8l. to 8l. 7s. per cwt.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	64	8	Peas	48	3
Rye	43	6	Beans	45	11
Barley	41	11	Oats	26	11

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	12	7	Gibraltar	31	0
Rotterdam	12	8	Leghorn	49	0
Antwerp	12	8	Genoa	44	0
Hamburg	37	5	Naples	40	0
Paris	25	35	Lisbon	50	0
Bordeaux	25	60	Oporto	51	0
Vienna	10	6	Rio Janeiro	48	0
Madrid	38	0	Dublin	9	0
Cadiz	36	0	Cork	9	0

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

New Series.

No. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

Vol. II.

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LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, NEW BRIDGE STREET.

TO WHOM COMMUNICATIONS (POST PAID) MAY BE ADDRESSED

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AVIS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is, we know, the rage, and we accept "*The Lives*" proposed, requesting that the writing may not occupy a life in the reading. T. B. informs us that the title of the first will be "*Memoirs of BLACK BILLY* ; and the *passing* events of his time." The second, and certainly no one can be better qualified to handle and give a finishing touch to such matters, *lives* being very much in *his line*, is "*The Memoirs and recollections of JACK KETCH*." This eminent person was connected by *ties* with all the remarkable personages of *the Courts*, of whom he records many *very interesting* particulars."

RECEIVED. "*Lines to Music* ;" "*Moxon's Prospect* ;" Mr. BRANDETH's "*Oratorio* ;" "*Decens*," i. e. *lucus à non* ; "*W. on Winter* ;" "*The Muses' Bower and song* ;" *Verses from V. Liverpool* ; and various papers from others, who need not, or desire not to be noticed here.

"*Sensibility*" should be concluded in another paper.

It is the observation of a noble Lord, that "Any Gentleman may accidentally have a hole in his stocking, but that a darn is premeditated poverty." So any Gentleman may in conversation fall into the offence of an extempore pun, but to print one is premeditated villainy. We must therefore decline being accessory to the grand larceny of "*A Punster's*" fifty attempts at the criminal act. A specimen is enough, and as a first offence, may be forgiven. "Some one observed during very cold weather, that we suffered more from it in consequence of the peace, and the want of Recruiting parties. How so? said his friend—Because *they* might *list* the doors." "Another, when there was a scarcity of meat, said, This reminds me of Shakespeare—'the times are out of Joint.'" To the Lovers of such mental tickling, we recommend a very ingenious little work by Mr. WESTMACOTT, called the "*Punster's Pocket Book*," with designs by CRUIK-SHANKS—it is an admirable piece of pleasantry.

Monsieur GUERLIN, "*sur les monumens, et beaux arts d'Italie*," will not do for us either, "in French, Italian, or German." The offer is liberal, but we are not sure of the approbation of our readers generally.

J. F. STUART (as he calls himself, being, and very properly, ashamed of his right name, which we could tell him) is branded and dismissed :

"*Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*"

He may get this translated in or about *Fitzroy-square* ; and at the same time tell his worthy friend that "*Mount Etna*," is in *Bridge-street, Blackfriars*.

S. on Poetry and Painting, and on Taste, labours under a great misconception, which is entirely of his own breeding. When his articles are used, he may agreeably undeceive himself by applying to the publisher. He must have patience—so must Z. A.—or they must, if they prefer it, have their papers returned. *MAR- non's "Silence,"* shall be preserved if possible.

It would be an impeachment of those qualities in ourselves, were we to be inattentive to a polite and sensible request. We therefore cheerfully announce an entry made in the books of "*The Surrey Literary Institution, Camberwell*," though Mr. R. A. MARSDEN fears (knowing himself better than we do) that his communication may be thought "*too insignificant*."

"The European Magazine, proposed by R. W. DICKINSON.

"It is" (a, we presume) "silly work, now in the hands of some ministerial hacks. * * * is Editor"—it is now in the act of abusing such men as *John Cam Hobhouse* and *Henry Brougham*.

R. A. MARSDEN."

Even Philosophy has its limits, and being mere mortal men, we deem it no weakness to sink under this affliction—but why *silly* !—we did not insert Mr. *Marsden's* articles! However, we suspect some imposition here—how came Mr. M. to be admitted a member of a *Literary society*?

The "*Glance at 1720*," is withdrawn. *Old Bubbles* soon lose their interest, new ones never; and "the burnt child" does not include any of Mr. Bull's. The *Character of the late Czar* from the same hand is a valuable substitute.

Mr. *TYLINGARD's* three poems are rejected. He tells us that "he lives on his wits." We do not know the gentleman's name, but surely this is not the *Ana-tomis Vivante*?

⚡ *Characters for Charity's Sake*, No. IV. and *Original Letters*, next month.

* We have here suppressed a name, because it asserts a falsehood, and we have no wish to play with the feelings of honourable men.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

THE LUSUS NATURÆ AND THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

NATURAL historians, when they meet with any production of the animal or vegetable kingdom differing in its structure, parts, or general organization, from others of the same species usually presented to their senses, or, in other words, forming an exception to their ordinary experience, are in the habit of calling it a *lusus naturæ*, or a freak of Nature, and there the matter ends. The fact is thus considered as stated with sufficient precision, and explained with satisfactory skill. Thus, suppose a child come into the world without feet, like the martlet in herakry—without arms, like the god Terminus—or provided with two heads, like the Prussian eagle, they would tell us that Nature had been sporting, and that, therefore, they need not be serious—that she had been in her frolics, and therefore that they need not display their philosophy.

Dr. Darwin, on the contrary—and the doctor is a great authority in such matters—having, as he himself professes, pursued Dame Nature to her deepest recesses, and wormed out of her her most hidden secrets, tells us that when she appears to go most astray in her labours, or to indulge most in her vagaries, she is only returning to her former *habits*, or making blind experiments at further improvements. “Perhaps,” says he, “all the *supposed* monstrous births of Nature are only remains of her *habits of production* in their less perfect state, or *attempts* towards greater perfection.” With the same view, probably, Pliny (and we wonder the doctor on this occasion did not quote him,) calls Nature *Ingeniosa*, and concludes his enumeration of her *experiments* on the human frame with the following truth:—*Hæc ac talia ex hominum genere ludibria sibi nobis miracula INGENIOSA facit Natura.*”

Now, as the doctor shews us, in his “Loves of the Plants,” and his “Temple of Nature,” that he was intimate with all the gnomes, nymphs, sylphs, and salamanders, who preside over the most secret operations of

the elements; as he could interpret the sighing of a daisy, or explain the intrigues of a tulip; as he could—

—“tune to oaten reed,
Gay hopes and amorous sorrows of the mead;
From giant oaks that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark;”

as he had examined the primitive chaotic mass of the universe, and could tell—

——“How rose from elemental strife,
Organic forms, and kindled into life”——

we see no reason why he should not have been able to get at the fact of Nature's more common experiments. If, therefore, according to this system, a son or a daughter should be born to us, web-footed like a duck, or tatooed like a South-sea islander, we have only to reflect that Nature has been in the humour of returning to her former *'prentice work*, or of making an effort at further perfection.

It is not a little embarrassing for plain people to decide between these two systems, or to predicate of any particular prodigy (as the ancients would call it,) whether it was the inconsiderate freak or the serious design of nature. The Doctor himself seems somewhat inconsistent with his own doctrine, in ascribing the origin of the starry heavens to one of the most brilliant displays of fire-works which the imagination can conceive. He supposes that “this dim spot which men call earth,” and all its brighter sister worlds, were projected from chaos, and dispersed “like grains of gunpowder over the voids of space” by a series of “grand explosions.” Now, one of these “grand explosions” must have appeared the finest *lusus* or sport in which Nature could indulge. If, therefore, we should see other exhibitions as seemingly without a serious object, why should we not call them by the same name? If elephants, for instance, should be produced with a taste for hunting seals on the ice of the Polar Seas, or white bears with a propensity to browse on the foliage of tropical forests—if otters should leave the rivers to rob our hen-roosts, and foxes to dive into our fish ponds—if, some fine evening, we should see Saturn's ring carried off on the tail of a comet—or the *milky way* coagulated like the produce of a dairy, what better account could we give of the fact than that it was a freak of Nature? Let us not, therefore, quarrel with this species of philosophy—in the first place, because, in certain cases, we can suggest nothing better; and, in the second place, because we see no reason why Nature should not be allowed her caprices as well as her favoured children, the natural historians.

What we chiefly find fault with in the latter gentlemen is, their propensity to attend more to the aberrations of their common mother, and to treasure up her *lusus* with greater eagerness than to study and admire her constant and steady course. Hence our museums are filled with abortive births, imperfect formations, and accidental anomalies; hence some of the more zealous of the tribe would prefer a collection of monstrosities to a set of regular organizations, and hence we have heard of one who would rather have seen his offspring bottled in spirits and placed in his cabinet than playing in his nursery. The general taste of mankind for wonders, and their indifference to the regular appearance of ordinary nature, encourage this senseless bias of naturalists and collectors of curiosities. Let them describe the theory of meteors, storms, winds, and tides, and no in-

terest is excited—no curiosity gratified; but let them speak of “celestial prodigies,” of showers of frogs, or tempests of ashes, and immediately every eye glistens with eagerness, every ear is attention, and the professor obtains as mute an audience as Arion among the Dolphins. Every one has seen a shower of snow, hail, or rain, and therefore the causes of such phenomena are heard with indifference; but let any wonder-hunter read the chapter of Pliny’s Natural History, entitled, *De prodiosis Pluvii*, and his fancy will be gratified to the utmost. He will there see that not only such vulgar things as hail, snow, and rain have fallen from heaven, but that there is scarcely anything on earth of which showers have not at times descended from the sky. He will be startled with accounts of showers of “milk, blood, flesh, iron, wool, and burnt bricks.” The learned author would have conferred an additional obligation on such readers had he informed them whether the shower of flesh descended in a raw or a cooked state—whether a city or any army was fed with it—whether the iron was manufactured into shields or plough-shares—whether broad-cloth was made of the celestial wool, or houses built with the heavenly bricks. Had he been more explicit on these points, a higher interest would no doubt have been given to his narrative; but it is a great deal to learn that the philosopher had himself no doubt of the facts which he records.

We are generally now so well acquainted with the human form, as it is exhibited in most of its varieties on the face of the earth, that we find little of novelty or wonder, either in the course of our travels or in the range of our reading. Nature has thus grown as solemn, tame, and regular as a priest in a procession, and the lovers of prodigies have to regret that she sports no longer. In colour, shape, size, organization, or number of parts, we find nothing that deserves the name of a *lusus*, and were we not sometimes treated to the sight of an Irish giant or a Polish dwarf, we might suppose that Nature was now too old and sober to indulge in her youthful frolics. What additional zest was given to life, and what fresh interest to knowledge, by the narratives and cabinets of former ages! Let any one peruse that great magazine of ancient gossip and ancient philosophy to which we have above referred, and he will there see how Nature sported and naturalists were amused in primitive times. He will there see how she tried her freaks with the human form, not only in individual instances, but on the scale of whole nations. He will there read of a people who had only one eye in the middle of their forehead, and yet possessed perfect vision; of another who had only one leg (*monosceli*), and yet were excellent jumpers (*miræ perniciatidis ad saltum*); of a third who had eight toes on each foot, and the feet turned backwards; of a people who had no necks, and whose eyes were inserted in their shoulders—of men who had the heads, the claws, and the bark of dogs; of others who walked on all fours, and yet were distinguished for their surprising swiftness; of a race with the teeth of dogs, and without any voice; of men without heads—of men without noses, and of a nation without mouths (*Astomi*).

And here let us stop a little to express our admiration of this last tribe—this celebrated people, of whom our author gives the following account: “Ad extremos fines Indiæ ab oriente, circa fontem Gangis, Astomorum gentem, sine ore, corpore toto hirtam, vestiri frondium lanugine, halitu tantum viventem et odore quem naribus trahunt: nullum cibum illis, nullum potum: tantum radicum florumque varios odores, et sylvestrium ma-

lorum quæ secum portant, longiore itinere, ne desit olfactus : graviore paulo odore haud difficulter exanimari." What an amiable, gentle, and interesting race of "most delicate monsters," and how much is it to be regretted that it is now extinct ! They were indeed deprived of one feature of the human countenance, which modern painters and lovers think interesting, but along with it disappeared a thousand "ills which flesh is now heir to." With the *Astomi* there was no toiling for necessary food—no "eating of their bread with the sweat of their brow." With them there was no care about the price of beer—no intoxicating drugs—no drunken brawls. With them no scarcity was created by wicked combinations among meal-mongers and corn-dealers. With them society was not plundered by landlords, farmers, graziers, millers, butchers, bakers, cooks, and confectioners. With them tooth-aches were never felt, and "dental surgery was unknown." As they neither could be *dediti glossæ nec gula*, so in their happy country there was no angry wrangling—no tumultuous assemblages—no mob oratory. With them was no noisy forum—no disputatious tribunal—no jabbering council—no factious senate. In their quiet societies no female orator "talked you dead." No political pretender insisted on making you the depository of state secrets. No scandal-monger tried to make you an accomplice in killing character. With them were neither coteries nor clubs—nor bar, nor stage, nor hustings, nor mason-lodges, nor music parties, nor operas, nor concerts, nor comedies, nor O. P. rows. The whole business of society was conducted as quietly as if by telegraph, and parties of pleasure were as still as the meeting of singing-birds in a pye. Nor were they without the sensual enjoyments of life, or an abundant supply of the necessities and luxuries suited to their more refined appetite. Their food and drink were the odours of roots, fruits, leaves, and flowers. They inhaled their nourishment through the organ of smell, and pampered their palate through their olfactory nerves. They could breakfast plainly on a dish of rose-buds, and make a luxurious dinner on the scent of a nosegay. The perfumes of the garden and the effluvia of the orchard, or the forest, were their usual meals. Their store-rooms and pantries were filled with the sweet-smelling fruits, dried buds, aromatic leaves, and bottled essences. Like *Titania's* favourite, they were fed in summer—

—"With apricocks and dewberries

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

On a journey or a march their magazine of provisions consisted of baskets of flowers or collections of aromatics. Their banquets generally took place in their gardens, and while they appeared to be sitting idly in the midst of a parterre, or ranged carelessly round a flower-plot, they were greedily devouring their invisible dinner. However various their bill of fare, it had only a reference to the nose. Instead of our familiar pot-luck invitation of "come and eat your beef or your mutton with me to-day," they would say in their language, (*tongue* it could not of course be called,) "Come and smell your dish of thyme or your pine-apple with me to-day." The *gourmands* among the *Astomi* (for they had likewise their *gourmands*,) were known by the fineness of their scents and *piquancy* of their invisible dishes, and their gluttons by the length of their meals and the quantity of their aerial inhalations. And notwithstanding the delicate nature of their viands, it would appear that these two classes of sensualists were not exempted from the distempers which frequently attack their

brethren with mouths and grosser appetites ; for, according to our author, they were sometimes carried off by a stronger aerial diet, and expired of an aromatic apoplexy.

But to return from the digression into which we have been unconsciously led by our admiration of this interesting people—It is “the general habit of production” at present, as DR. DARWIN would say, for the offspring of the human race to come into the world by one or two at a birth. Nature, therefore, in following this course, causes no surprise, and excites to no speculation ; but let us hear of the exploit of a Dutch lady, called *Margaret of Hennaberg*, daughter of *Florence IV. Count of Holland*, who presented to her husband at one birth 365 children, and immediately our attention is arrested and our curiosity gratified. Nor ought any doubt to be thrown upon this event, strange as it may at first appear. This extraordinary *accouchement* took place at nine o'clock in the morning, (for in such a case we must be particular,) at nine o'clock in the morning of Good Friday, in the year of Salvation 1276, the Countess Margaret being then forty-two years of age. The infants were all born alive—they were all baptized by the suffragan of the Bishop of Utrecht, (who must have attended the *accoucheur* on the occasion,) all the males were called *John*, and all the females *Elizabeth*, and they all, together with the mother, died on the same day. The event was brought about by the malediction of a poor woman, who, on her virtue being insulted by the suspicions of the Countess, prayed that she might have as many children at a birth as there were days in the year. The prayer was fulfilled to the letter, and it would appear that this was not leap-year, otherwise the Countess would not have got off for less than 366.

Now, as to the evidence of this fact. In the first place one of the infants—we believe one of the Johns—is preserved in spirits in the Royal Museum of Copenhagen. Let any of our readers who doubt go and see.

In the second place, the fact is attested by no less authority than *Erasmus*, *Ludovicus Vives*, *Guicciardini*, and two eminent writers on Dutch history. *Guicciardini*, after relating the event with implicit faith, endeavours to remove one of the objections to its probability, by assuring us of the diminutive size of the infants, “*quorum singulos*,” says he, “*narrant fuisse pulli gallinacei magnitudine*,” (each of them being about the bulk of a chicken.)

But in the third place, there ought to remain no doubt of the fact on the minds of those who have visited, or shall visit, the village of *Loosdunen*, near the *Hague*, and there see, on the wall of the church, to the right of the pulpit, the two identical copper basins in which the 365 *pulli humani* were christened by *Guido*, the suffragan of the Bishop of Utrecht. These basins have, no doubt, remained there from the time of the prodigy, and the truth of the inscription was not disputed even when the religion of the Bishop of Utrecht was changed, and the reformers protested against every other Popish baptism. This inscription relates the facts both in Latin and Dutch. It is headed by the following couplet to prepare the mind for the interesting narrative which it contains :—

“En tibi monstrosum nimis, et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.”

To the narrative is added the following advice, like the moral to a fable, though of course there can be no *fable* here :—

“Hæ lege, mox animo stupefactus, lector, abibis.”

A learned Englishman who wrote only about half a century ago, in alluding to this prodigy, expresses great displeasure at the unbelief of a philosopher, who a short time before had said *hanc partem ad fabulas pertinere aniles*: that this birth was an old wife's tale.

He then goes on to confirm our opinion of its authenticity by citing other instances of numerous births, in which, though the prolific mothers did not run a race with the days of the year, they more than doubled the number of its weeks. Thus, says he, *Albertus Magnus* describes the case of a woman who brought into the world 150 children at a birth, and *Picus Mirandola*, a prince not less distinguished for his learning and veracity, than for his dignity, speaks of another who had at least 20 at a time. Nay, adds he, triumphantly, the origin of the *present royal family of Great Britain—of the Guelfs—*may be traced to one of eleven children produced at a birth by a *Countess of Swabia*.

Now, we shall not stop to enquire whether these prodigies of parturition be *lusus naturæ*, or miracles, but we certainly cannot think that *DR. DARWIN'S* theory will explain them. If it was a "habit of former production" to have 365 children at a birth, the earth must long ago have been overstocked, and there would have been no necessity for the command "be fruitful and multiply;" if it was "an attempt at further perfection," the march of improvement must have been slow, as the *Countess of Henneberg* has met with no imitator.

A German professor of natural history—not in the University of *Göttingen*, where *Blumenbach* teaches this interesting branch of knowledge—but at *Wurtzburg*, had been smitten with this desire of finding nature at fault, or of catching her in her frolics, and not being very well acquainted with her regular course of operation, thought nothing too extravagant for her to do. He has, therefore, left behind him a collection of *lusus naturæ*, now partly in the possession of *Blumenbach*, which will be transmitted to posterity as an evidence of the ingenuity and sagacity of natural historians. The following was the manner in which the professor acquired both the details of his knowledge and the contents of his cabinet. When instructing his pupils he was in the habit of dwelling particularly on uncommon appearances or seeming anomalies, praying the young men to bring him all rare specimens of animal or vegetable mal-conformation which fell in their way. On these he used to harangue with as much faith and fervour as *Don Quixote* on the wind-mills, or the charms of his mistress.

In dismissing his class at the end of the session, he never failed to beseech them to register every uncommon appearance of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms which they found, and to send him a copy of the interesting record. "Gentlemen," he would say, "it will be your care in the vacation to study the works of Nature—to ascertain what she has been, and to compare her former with her present phenomena. Above all things, go to the mining districts, and have an opportunity of examining the bowels of the earth, record carefully your observations, and increase your collections. Petrefactions of animals are the most interesting portions of the mineral kingdom. How happy your lot, could you be the means of establishing new philosophical truths by your discoveries in this field of inquiry. Moralists have spoken of *petrified heart*, and they may be right, but an entire *petrified man* still remains to be discovered. Nearly every other animal above the earth has been dug out of it, but a *fossil man*, gentlemen, a *fossil man* is still a desideratum! Exert yourselves, there-

fore, to obtain as many *lusus naturæ* as you can, and particularly to discover a fossil man."

The young gentlemen were not slow in taking the gauge of their professor's science, and generally contrived to send him a *lusus* or two every vacation. One of them wrote him that, in the neighbourhood of the place where he resided, a child had been born, whose skin was marked with painted characters, like the tattooed inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands; with this difference, however, that the characters bore more the appearance of Egyptian hieroglyphics than the rude designs of those barbarians. The professor, on receiving this intelligence, immediately sent a string of queries respecting the form of the letters, the state of the mother's fancy, and the nature of the father's profession. The reply was that the characters were nearly perfect hieroglyphics, that the mother's imagination was susceptible, and that the father was so addicted to antiquarian lore that he had nearly gone mad in attempting to interpret the inscription on *Cleopatra's Needle*. It was added, that during her pregnancy the mother had gone to see a collection of Egyptian antiquities, and had stood half an hour over the painted case of a mummy. The professor was satisfied with the account, and next year his pupils heard that "Nature in this instance had shown herself learned in all the wisdom of Egypt."

Another wrote him regretting that he was absent on a visit when a wonderful brood of chickens had been hatched in his father's poultry-yard: though he could not, therefore, give his own personal testimony to the fact, yet he had it on the best authority, namely, the evidence of the family, that each egg, like that of *Leda*, produced twins. An affidavit of this phenomenon was at first required by the professor, but the demand was afterwards abandoned in consideration of the probability of the account, and the want of necessity for more formal evidence.

In short, this *secretary of nature* had, during his vacation, a more extensive correspondence than any secretary of state, each of his letters containing the narratives of some discovery, or accompanying the transmission of some specimen. Hence, in the words of DR. GOLDSMITH, he received "accounts of men with two heads, or without any head; of children joined in the middle—of bones turned into flesh, or flesh converted into bones."

As the majority of those who exercised their ingenuity in this field of discovery had their minds filled with classical associations, they generally gave their freaks of nature a classical character. The most ridiculous fables of antiquity were thus realised, and duplicates could be produced of nearly every poetical monster. Hence the Sphinx, without her riddles; hence, "the Centaur not fabulous," hence winged horses, unicorns, and chimæras.

Multaque præterea variorum monstra ferarum.

Even vegetable nature assumed a classical appearance, and specimens were described of the *caduceus* of Mercury, of the *thyrsus* of Bacchus, and of the rarest fruits of the ancient *cornucopia*. Our professor's life was thus a continued round of discovery, but the great object of all his researches, the fossil man, was still wanting. His delight was therefore equal to his surprise, when, one fine morning, he was informed by a pupil that he had discovered, in a lime-stone quarry of the neighbourhood, a great collection of petrified animal remains, and among the rest "the frontal bone, the tibia, and the great toe" of a human skeleton. These re-

mains were so numerous and so various that they included examples of nearly all our present races of animals, and indicated, as the discoverer sagaciously remarked, the existence in that spot of an "antediluvian menagerie." Various surprising specimens of the smaller quadrupeds, and of the rarer insects, were brought from this mineral magazine. *Scarabæi* of the most singular organization, dragon flies of the most formidable size, butterflies as large as bats, and birds diminished to insects, together with other monstrous anomalies and mixtures of the quadruped and winged tribes, were among the number of its curiosities. The professor, desiring to see these petrifications *in situ*, as he called it, repaired at last to the quarry with his pupils, and had the satisfaction to find all his desires gratified—all his expectations fulfilled. Besides a great variety of the representations of animals known and unknown, of all countries and of all climates—of all modes of life and of all forms of organization—he had the happiness himself of making the discovery of as perfect a human skeleton as ever dangled in a dissecting-room. It might have excited some suspicion in the mind of a more cautious observer, or a less zealous votary of Nature than the doctor, that most of these petrified figures were only surface deep; but this fact made no impression on him. He amassed the figured fragments with all care, and lectured upon them with faith and wonder.

It is needless to add, that this treasure of petrified remains—this collection of *lusus naturæ*—this *antediluvian menagerie* and *fossil man* found in the neighbourhood of Wurtzburg, are discoveries as genuine and authentic as the prodigies of Prince Hohenlohe, which have since illustrated the annals and extended the fame of that fortunate city. We should be sorry, however, to vouch for their authenticity with the same solemnity and confidence that Catholic bishops and orthodox physicians have vouched for the miracles of his highness.

N.B. Here our paper ended, as we had prepared it for publication for last month; but, in consideration of the present season of festivity and the present state of trade, we cannot now conclude without making a suggestion founded on a fact mentioned by the great naturalist to whose authority we have so often referred. He tells us that in the Red Sea there is found an excellent species of turtle, of such large dimensions that its shell is sufficient to form the roof of a house. A single animal of this description, it is plain, would dine a whole corporation, and the whole court of aldermen might afterwards sit and hatch their counsels in its shell. Whether this be a sport of Nature or not, it would certainly make excellent sport for luxurious citizens. We would therefore recommend the formation of a new joint stock company, (in which all the aldermen should be offered shares,) to be entitled, "The Red Sea Turtle Fishery Association," for catching this singular fish. Nor would the operation be difficult or hazardous, for we are told by our author that, in emulation of those for whose food they are designed, they are extremely fond of ease and luxurious living, and may, on a fine day, be easily caught asleep and snoring on the surface of the water.

RECENT TRAVELS IN FRANCE.*

HAD our critical labours begun a few years earlier, we should have had a much ampler list of travellers in France both epistolary and narrative, to present to our readers.*. "Tours," classical and culinary, picturesque and bibliographical, and "Letters," laudatory and virtuperative, were poured out upon us in endless abundance for two or three years after the battle of Waterloo, which had itself supplied a fertile theme for hundreds of "Walks," and "Narratives," and "Details" of that famous and well-foughten field, by many "eye witnesses" and divers "near observers." The most remarkable thing about all these publications is, that scarcely one of them, or even the title of one of them, exists in the memory of that public, which then devoured them with an appetite sharpened at once by the subject.

We can only, for example, remember, that a Mr. John Scott wrote two books, entitled, "A visit to Paris," and "Paris Revisited," in both of which there is a great deal of shrewd remark, acute observation, and animated description: and it is much to the praise of the author's talents for his task, that ten years of constant intercourse with the people he undertook to describe, have scarcely served to contradict, in any material points, the author's estimate of their character. The two works to which we have alluded, are certainly, (allowing for a little twaddle about the fine arts, and not a little for John Bullism and vehemence—faults easily excusable in a writer, who was, like Mr. Scott, the editor of a party newspaper) by far the ablest, and the most likely to last, of all which that eventful period produced.

Mr. Hobhouse, about the same period, put forth two volumes of violent letters, of which we now remember nothing but that they were furiously laudatory of Napoleon, and abusive of every body else.

Mr. Alison (son of the author of the Essay on Taste) and another young gentleman, called, we believe, Tytler, published two duodecimos under the title of "Travels in France in 1814-15." They were, we remember, exceedingly ambitious and pretending in their style, full of extra-superfine writing and ultra picturesque description; but the views of the authors, like those of most young gentlemen, seem to have been confined to the Palais Royal, and their remarks on national manners to have been gathered from conversations with the Grisettes of the shops, or the Belle Limonadière.

A gentleman, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Mr. Jorgenson, next professed to give us accounts of the lower classes; an undertaking for which he told us, in his preface, he possessed a peculiar qualification—that of having travelled through France on foot. From the book he has produced, however, one would think he had performed the journey *autour de sa chambre*, or in a dormeuse; for instead of the interesting details on the lower classes, which his *annonce* led his readers fairly to expect, we

* A Ride of Eight Hundred Miles in France, &c. by James Paul Cobbett, Student of Lincoln's Inn. 12mo. 1824.

Letters from France. By John M. Cobbett. 12mo. London, 1825.

A Journey into France and various Parts of Europe. By the Rev. Thomas Pennington, A. M. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1825.

A Month in France and Switzerland during the Autumn of 1824, By John Smith. 8vo. London, 1825.

found his pages crowded with nothing but Waterloo, and Wellington, and Napoleon, trumpets, cannons, drums, and thunder.

Besides the books which we have thus briefly characterized, there were sundry stories put forth, which we have now either luckily forgotten, or of which we were always in a state of happy ignorance; we class among the latter all the writings of all the blue stockings, with the exception of Lady Morgan's "France." The blunders in that work have been often exposed; but it is curious that no Reviewer has ever alluded to the fact, (which is quite damnatory of Lady Morgan's pretensions to have mingled in the highest classes of France) that she represents the noble persons alluded to as holding conversations in a strain, and using phrases, which, so far from being appropriated to these classes, are only peculiar to Parisian *Bourgeoises*, or personages of even less rank and dignity.

But though Lady Morgan's "France" was a failure, partly on account of her ignorance, but chiefly because she was known to be "*une espèce de Jacobin en jupon*," which, of course, was sufficient of itself to exclude her from the society she pretends to depict, we are quite satisfied that she had hit not only upon the newest, but by far the most attractive point in her subject—French high life. The complete contrast between the nobles of the old régime and of the new—the rudeness of the soldier-duke mingling into the softness of some silken courtier of the old school, and his politeness interpenetrating, as it were, the roughness of a "gunpowder Percy,"—the descendants of illustrious houses, and the heroes who were the first of houses yet to be illustrious—the ladies, and the way in which they influenced, or were influenced by the political changes—were all to be described; and if they had been described by a writer, and that writer a woman, possessed of the requisite talents and opportunities for observation, the book could not have failed to be one of the most interesting ever published on the state of France. The higher ranks in France are the only ranks, in fact, worth describing; the morals and the manners of the higher classes are much more influential upon the lower in France than in other countries—what one Frenchman says and does all other Frenchmen will say and do; so that besides the attraction of novelty in the description of a class of society never described, one may be pretty sure of having a pretty accurate notion of all ranks in France from viewing a faithful picture of the highest. Of course we do not mean to say, that such a tour as that to which we allude would give the reader any notion of the agricultural or commercial state of France; but the persons who want to know any thing about such matters will of course look for them elsewhere, and in their proper place.

But though we would wish to see a picture of the higher classes in France drawn by a clever person, we do not desire that the traveller should confine himself altogether to the salons and the court. We should like to see a description of France which should, even at the risk of inflicting on the reader a little of the *ennui* consequent upon a twice told tale, go over the whole of the road, even between Calais and Paris. It is absurd to say that every thing has been described; we do not want to hear, for the ten-thousandth time, that Calais is a sea-port—that there are many English at Boulogne—and that people in France generally speak French—of "hair breadth scapes in the imminent" diligence—the annoyances of custom-houses and inns, and the badness of horses and breakfasts: all this has of course been said in every form of dulness; but we want the sensible remarks of a sensible traveller upon the persons

and things he witnesses, without having recourse to the travels of his predecessors the book-makers. These gentlemen generally prepare themselves for a tour through France by reading all the tours that ever were written. Each of which being in its turn a faithful copy of those which went before it, the traveller becomes impressed with a salutary horror of saying or describing any thing new, lest he should be suspected of availing himself of the peculiar license so generally accorded to travellers.

It is, perhaps, a thing not to be hoped for, that a tourist should ever arise, who, possessing the faculty of saying new things on those parts of France which have been so much be-travelled, should have the courage again to go over the ground trampled by so many book-makers. If there ever should, we hope he will take as a model that best of books,—Arthur Young's Tour in France,—the author of which, while he reminds us of Cobbett in his original views and acuteness of observation upon the general state of the country, was additionally qualified by his personal manners and his high recommendations to hold familiar and instructive intercourse with the loftiest names of the court and the provinces. We fear, however, that our wishes are not likely to be realized, that such another *avatar* is not soon to arrive, and that France must again become as new and untrodden by travellers, as it was when Arthur Young performed his interesting journey. At all events, none of the gentlemen whose names figure at the head of our article are likely to rival that first of tourists—a fact which will soon appear palpable when we proceed to the examination of their works.

The “ Ride ” of Mr. J. P. Cobbett (son of the celebrated political writer) through the west of France will not detain us long. The observations of the author were chiefly confined to the lower orders, and the modes of life prevalent among the peasantry of small proprietors. He draws by far too glowing a picture, however, both of their morals and happiness; and the produce of their labour is certainly over-rated in the following passage, which sets out with the contrasted effects of the existing English game-laws, and the abolition of game-laws in France :—

“ A French labourer would be a fool if he could find any delight in prowling about a coppice, at a time when he might be sleeping at home in such a house as is the habitation of a labouring man at Briarre. There are cottages or small houses, separate from the farm houses, all over the estate of Beauvoir. A labourer employed by the year has one of these houses for his family to live in, with from twelve to fifteen acres of land, fire wood, and two cows allowed him; a little piece of vineyard, and apple trees, and pear trees, to make wine, cyder, and perry, for his drink. For this little estate he pays 150 francs a year. And he earns by his labour from fifteen to twenty sous a day, according to the season of the year, which would leave him upon an average, after he has paid the 150 francs, more than as much as that sum in *clear money*. The labourers who live under these circumstances, cannot, generally speaking, be otherwise than happy. They have every thing that they can want—*every thing in fact that a labourer ought to have*. If they like to have beer to drink, they have land on which to grow the materials for making it; and they may grow the hops and make the ale without fearing the interference of the exciseman. There is no need of “ pot-houses ” here; and, consequently, *there are no such things in France*. The labourer can sit at home in the evening, because in his house there is enough of *plenty* to give content; and for the same reason he can go to bed without being afraid of waking in misery. The state of the French labourer forms, in short, a perfect contrast with that of the poor ragged creature of the same class in England, who, after a hard day's work, slinks into the “ pot-

house" to seek, in its scenes of drunkenness and degradation, a refuge from the cheerlessness of his own abode." (p. 80.)

This is a charming picture at the first glance, but it will not bear a close examination. In the first place, the English poacher does not "find any *delight*," as Mr. Cobbett seems to suppose, "in prowling about a coppice;" he is only attracted by the large profits which he makes by the sure sale of an expensive, because a prohibited article. In France, game is sold so cheap, that the profits of poaching would be far more than swallowed up by the original purchase of a gun, and the expense of powder and shot. The French peasant, therefore, unless he is mad, will refrain from poaching. Mr. Cobbett exults over the labourer's cottage, with "its twelve or fifteen acres of land, its little piece of vineyard, apple trees, and ground to grow the materials for making beer." This sounds well—but Mr. C. forgets that this land, in order to produce any thing, *must be cultivated by somebody*, and this somebody cannot be the labourer; for in the next sentence we find him "gaining from fifteen to thirty sous a day by his labour"—elsewhere of course; the cultivation, therefore, of his small and incongruous crops (too small, one would think, to pay the expenses of cultivation) remains to be paid out of the "150 francs clear money," (the enormous sum of £6 a year) which 150 francs are, moreover, to furnish the labourer, his wife, and children with clothing, shoes, &c. as well as protect the whole family against starvation in case of the failure of crops, hail, or the death of the cows. We do not at all agree with Mr. Cobbett in thinking that people under these circumstances "cannot be otherwise than happy"—neither are we of opinion that "they have every thing a labourer ought to have." We are surprised to find Mr. Cobbett, after a "Ride of 800 miles in France," asserting that "there are no such thing as *pot-houses*" in that country; when every village would have furnished him with its half dozen *cabarets*, where drinking, if not always carried on to the same extent as in the English ale-houses, is only checked to indulge the spirit of gambling, which is so prevalent throughout France, and especially among its lower classes, as the billiard balls and cues painted over every small *café* in the provinces, will sufficiently prove. Is Mr. Cobbett ignorant that the practice of *dram-drinking* is quite common in every part of France, though the dram is softened into the *petit verre*? Perhaps he does not know that *petit verre* means a dram of ardent spirits, any more than that *cabaret* means a pothouse. The comforts of a French cottage! A wretched hut, of which the stones are scarcely bound together, with mud floors!—Its plenty! consisting in hard brown bread and *petit vin*, tasting like vinegar and water! The labourer is not qualified, either by education or sentiment, for enjoying what we understand by "sitting at home in the evening"—he is a mere boor.

There are many acute and accurate observations, however, scattered through the work; the justice of the following praise of the French no one will dispute:—

"The honesty of the French in all their dealings; their punctuality in paying their debts; their great dislike to be in debt; these are acknowledged by all who know them, and who are just; and these make up for many and many little faults."

Upon the whole, this is a liberal and excellent little book; and our only reason for extracting so briefly from it is, that we must now proceed to

the work of the author's brother, which from its recentness has additional claims on our attention.

Mr. J. M. Cobbett's route lay from Calais to the south as far as Limoges; he then returned to Paris; from thence he travelled through the eastern parts of France, and part of the Netherlands, and finished his journey at Calais, in December, 1824.

On Mr. Cobbett's arrival at Orleans, "the breakfast (says he) they brought me, on my asking for it, was eggs, sausages, mutton chops, half a fowl, water cresses, and a bottle of wine. I thought at first that this was all put before me because I was an Englishman," &c. (p. 21.) Here is a ludicrous specimen of the characteristic suspiciousness which haunts John Bull; Mr. Cobbett evidently suspects the innocent inhabitants of *La Beauce* of intending him an insult "because he was an Englishman," only because they brought him such a breakfast as every Frenchman eats, and which every body but an Englishman knows they are in the habit of eating.

The account of Parisian life and manners is animated and accurate.—In concluding this notice of the works of Messrs. Cobbett, we cannot help remarking that the *French* of both brothers is far from deserving the laudation which their father has so repeatedly given to it. Mr. J. M. Cobbett, in particular, is scarcely ever correct in his orthography, and frequently altogether mistakes the meaning of the French he quotes.

Thus, for example, at p. 136, he says, "There are cross roads through the wood in one or two directions, intended for the accommodation of hunters, if one can draw any thing from a very French inscription on a post in the middle of these intersections: '*Croix du Grand Veneur*,' or *Cross of the Great Huntsman*. A bouncing sentence—but the French deal in such." Here Mr. Cobbett evidently takes the words *Grand Veneur* to signify a great or famous huntsman, and thereupon founds a censure of the French for vanity; whereas, the words mean merely a cross erected by the grand huntsman, the person occupying the once high post at court of *Grand Veneur*. "*Dans la chambre qui est le 2^m;*" (p. 139.) is not very good French; but the translation of "*ils volent où ils attrapent*," by they rob, or, they catch, is nonsensical. The meaning is simply, "they rob wherever they can find any thing." *D'abord* is used in p. 51, apparently for immediately, which it does not signify; if it does not bear this meaning it has none. The errors in orthography are perpetual; *à l'huile*; *grand place*; *aïlles donc*; *boiseaulée* for *boisselée*; *maison de maître*; *metayrées* for *metairies*; *arrété* and *protégé* for *arretez* and *protegez*; *garde* for *garde*, &c. The unfortunate *gens d'armes* are particularly ill-treated; we have *gen d'arm*, *gent d'arme*, *gens d'arms*, &c. &c. in every variety of bad spelling—a matter, to be sure, not of the very highest importance, and to which we should not have alluded at such length, had we not observed, by a correction of one French blunder in the table of errors, that some pretension is made to correctness.

We turn next to the two corpulent volumes of the Rev. W. Pennington, which form, both in sense and size, a complete contrast to the two we have last examined. We shall not inflict on our readers much either of Mr. Pennington's dulness or our own; but it is but right to give them "a taste of his quality," in an article professing to notice all recent English travellers in France.

This reverend person, it seems, left Dover with many English children and Latin quotations in 1818, and travelled over a great part of the Con-

tenant; after which he returned to this country, innocent of having seen or said any thing new; and, indeed, innocent of every thing but the two ponderous octavos which now lie before us.

Mr. Pennington, like most other reverend gentlemen, has, to our misfortune, been crammed with a reasonable quantity of Greek and Latin by the aid of birch; and the scraps which have since been floating in his memory (without even *novelty* to recommend them) are here recalled, to render more nauseous and mawkish his own insipidities. As far as the book relates to France (with which alone we have at present to do) we can safely assert, that there is not one new fact, or ingenious remark, to be found in it. The whole is a chaos of mis-statements, mingled with misapplied misquotations. For example (p. 2.)—

“The tower at Boulogne erected from pride—

—— Sepulchri

Immemor struis domos.—HOR.

or political art—

Turribus altis, magnis territat urbes.—VIRG.

Normandy reminds Mr. P. of the gardens of Alcinous; and, accordingly, he quotes the *Odyssey*; and two lines afterwards he thus writeth:—

“The inns in general are tolerable; but at Gaillon we were obliged to exercise our patience, having wretched accommodation—an old tin broken coffee pot, without a lid, was our tea pot, and two or three broken cups were all that the house furnished; no butter, and bad bread, and hardly a table sound enough to contain this bad fare.

“This reminded us of the straits to which the Trojans were reduced:—

Es adorea liba per turbam

Subiciunt epulis

Etiam menses consumimus inquit Julius.—VIRG.”

But if we were to follow this Reverend Pangloss through all his quotations we should never have done. Here is a sample of Mr. P.’s accurate acquaintance with history and chronology, and with this *fact* we leave him and his book to the judgment of our readers:—

“Nantes is distinguished by having been some time the residence of Henry IV., and there was a plot formed by the league and third party, as it was called, in 1792!!! to seize on his person, but it miscarried.” (pp. 6, 7.)

The last work in our list bears on its title-page the name of Smith. We cannot promise our readers much instruction from this gentleman’s lucubrations—but they will find some amusement, we think, in the extracts we shall make from his tour.

Mr. John Smith is, from his own account of himself, one of the most adventurous persons who ever bore that famous name. He had long resolved, it seems, to visit France; but “contrary to my accustomed habits, (quoth he,) I was cautious, and waited the lapse of a few years, ere I entrusted France with the important deposit of myself. In 1819, however, I thought I might venture, and I did. I crossed to Calais—saw every thing with the eye and ear of wonder—took the route from Calais to Boulogne, thence to Abbeville—from Abbeville to Dieppe—from Dieppe to Rouen (where I saw and admired, and in memory admire still, its most harmoniously beautiful cathedral) and from Rouen to Dieppe again. From Dieppe I sailed to Brighton, and from Brighton I returned to London, fully authorized to boast of having seen something of the French character in France. (p. 2.)

There exists but one parallel to this magnificent passage, that we know of—and that will be found in the Mayor of Garratt. To do both complete

justice, we must quote the speech of Major Sturgeon, from which it is evidently borrowed: "Oh! such marchings and countermarchings! from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge, and from Uxbridge again back to Acton! The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating! But that is now all over with me. Like the Roman censor, I shall now retire to my savin field, and there cultivate cabages!"

Mr. Smith has a passion for cathedrals: "regarding the sight of the Cathedral of Amiens (says he) more than my dinner, I alighted from the diligence as it passed by, and entered." (page 8.) He then proceeds towards Paris, after passing through sundry towns which are not to be found in the map—among the rest Poulang, Gien, and Villejeing—names which sound and look much more like Chinese than French. The moment he arrives at Paris he walks out to see the sights, and discovers that the *Pont Neuf* "is so called from the circumstance of there being nine avenues to it." (p. 11.) But the most astonishing adventure he meets with, is his "taking coffee and liqueur at the Mille Colonnes, side by side with a private soldier, who was enjoying his *eau de sucre*"—a composition of which we are in a state of happy ignorance. Some of our readers may remember the Cockney in the farce, who wonders at finding himself fifty miles from London. We appeal to them whether Mr. Smith's exclamation on being awoke in the morning by the noise of Paris, is not at least equal in innocent absurdity—"If the French rise early, there are those of the English who travel further than the French do when they are up!" (p. 13.)

We propose, in the course of our notice of Mr. Smith's book, to be as serious as possible, for we find from page 27, that the author has a particular aversion to "quizzing." "I pause (says he,) on the possibility of being quizzed, like my Lord Mayor and the Duke of Sussex. *I don't like to be quizzed.*"

At Fontainebleau, Mr. Smith eats a new kind of soup called *Vermicite*, and is very naturally reminded by the sight of some oxen, of "that period when in Rome's best day her Cincinnatus passed from the purple to the plough."

If Mr. Smith paints the French *en beau*, he takes care to paint his own countrymen *en laid*. Two Englishmen whom he meets with at a place he calls *Maison Neuf*, make use of Mr. Smith's courier to bespeak their horses. The rest of Mr. Smith's indictment we give in his own complaining words:—

"Their servant applied to him on this subject, and in more than one instance afterwards he was the cause of their avoiding otherwise unavoidable delay. We met afterwards at St. Laurent and Mores, where we dined and slept, but not a word of acknowledgment from either of them, nor so much as 'Gentlemen, we are all English, and in a foreign land.'" (p. 61.)

Afterwards the same melancholy strain is renewed:—

"As we were leaving Les Rousses, the two Englishmen whom we had left at Mores came up. What strange bodies we English are! No notice of each other, as if a nod, or 'how d'ye do,' were death." (p. 77.)

And again in page 80:—

"Our courier ordered horses for the two Englishmen behind, who might have said, 'thank ye,' but did not."

In spite of all this, however, Mr. Smith has so much of "the milk of human kindness" in his constitution, that though he is in possession of

the name of one of these arch-offenders, he refuses to damn him to everlasting fame in his *Tour*. The following mysterious sentence is worthy of Lord Burleigh:—

"The third room led into the remise, where stood our voiture, and that of the two Englishmen (one of whose names I learnt) whom we had cut, or who had cut us. I am in wholesome doubt which it was. Time may perhaps determine it." (p. 71.)

On Mr. Smith's return he passed along the Banks of the Loire, which reminded him, he says, of Goldsmith, Sterne, and — Napoleon! Sterne, however, is evidently Mr. Smith's favourite author, and is often "his great example, as he is his theme." In the following passage, Mr. Smith is nearly as sentimental as Yorick himself:—

"I sat during a needful pause, contemplating the beauty of the river as it reflected in silvery ripple the rays of the declining sun." 'I will,' said I, 'make the journey a sentimental one. Why should I not? Why? Because I am not sentimental enough, or I am too much so. Let mental or bodily anatomists solve this problem!' (p. 252.)

Most of our readers, we suspect, will think the worthy Mr. Smith, in his own phrase, "too much so," when they read the following sentimentalities:—

"Here (at Moulins) we arrived at the scene of one of the prettiest tales sentiment ever penned: within half a league of this town, the mind's eye would look out for the spot where at a little opening at the road leading to a thicket, Maria was discovered sitting under a poplar. And the memory also would recur to her tale, and particularly to such passages as the following." (Here Mr. Smith quotes some parts of Sterne's Maria, and adds) "It was with me a point to search out, and visit the market place where Sterne stopped to take his last look, and last farewell of Maria."

And afterwards he thus breaks out:—

"I enquired for any recollection of Sterne—of his Maria—of her goat, or her dog.

"Alas! no remembrance of either remained, and the glory or the nothing of a name was again apparent. I should have thought that at Moulins, some monument to Sterne, in marble or in memory, preserved by the engraver, or handed down in tradition, would have been found: But no! you ask about him!—No one at Moulins knows such a man lived. p. 240,

It would be unjust to our readers to withhold from them a few examples of his wit, which, it will be seen, is not at all in the vein of Congreve or Voltaire:—

"I begged or borrowed from our good hostess of the hotel, a primitive cork-screw, with which, (or one like unto it) Adam perchance uncorked the bottles of the wine of Eden, when weary and fatigued with pruning roses, he sought to be refreshed." (p. 240.)

"I noticed the sign of one of the public houses on the quay, was Peter's draught of Fishes, and on another part of the sign was written, *Le petit Pic.re.* Quere—Had St. Peter a son?"

We have stated that the English are always painted *en laid* by the sentimental Mr. Smith—here is an example:—

"Three rude young fellows (it might be they were of rank) crossed the salon as I wrote this. They appeared as if intent on disturbing those seated there. Ask not of what nation they were: or be content with the reply that they were not French."

"I wonder not at the scoff and ridicule so often directed against the English by the people of France. A Frenchman—high or low—is a polite man, &c. (p. 287.)

An exception to the eternal *praisé* of the French, however, will be found in his abuse of the blacksmiths. Every *mareschal* seems to have been an object of terror and horror to Mr. Smith, who suspects fraud and treachery in their very looks:—

"At Pacaudiere we found ready to attend upon us one of the *mareschals* or blacksmiths, whose fault it was not that he benefited nothing by our presence. His sharp nose and chin, surmounted by a peaked red cap, and his anxious and well-opened eyes, displayed his ultra anxiety to serve us. He was intent on finding a screw loose: we were intent on disappointing him, and proceeded." (p. 233.)

On various other occasions, Mr. Smith shows the same salutary horror of blacksmiths and farriers; in one place indeed, he even charges one of these gentlemen with a felonious intencion of abstracting the linch-pin of his carriage, "for the sake of a job!" We shudder at the consequences! Mr. Smith might—but we prefer using his own emphatic words—"Here one false step would plunge me *and my mule* into destruction!" (p. 125.) However, Mr. Smith, at least (whatever may have become of *the mule* for which he shows himself so amiably interested,) has been preserved to write this admirable tour, which he at length indulgently closes.

We have hitherto omitted to notice Mr. Smith's admirable French: but it would be unjust to him not to quote a few specimens of the improvements he thinks fit occasionally to make upon the Gallic tongue. For instance he perpetually uses:—*monitures* (saddled cattle,) for *mon-tres* (watches)—*arch de carousal* for *arc de carrousel*—*pair* (a peer) for *père* (father)—*coffée* for *café*—*de l'eau sucre*, and *l'eau de* for *eau sucrée*, and *Hospice de l'Antiquaille*, and *Rue de Juge de la Paix* for—we know not what.

We said at the beginning of this notice that Mr. Smith's tour would be found rather amusing than instructive: from this implied *censuré* we beg to except the following profound and accurate, yet cautious observations:—

"In our own country within the last half century, the general ignorance was such, that to write decently was a mark of some superiority; and *not to read* was no mark of peculiar degradation" (p. 68.)

"Almost all men vary in their opinions as to what ought or ought not to be of their library. I, for instance, am of opinion with most men, that the works of Walter Scott are indispensable requisites in the library of every man who pretends to literature, and wishes his country well. There are some who think otherwise." (p. 221.)

We have now gone through the works of the most recent travellers in France, and our readers must have observed how rarely any of them have ventured upon the subject of *manners*—how common-place and ignorant their remarks are in general—and how silly their wonder is at all they saw. The manners of the higher orders of society are never even mentioned by any of the tourists whose books we have examined. From the plan of Messieurs Cobbett's journeys (an excellent and admirable one, by the way) this was not to be expected; and the other two gentlemen seem to have travelled as all Englishmen do. They consult their road books and guides—travel on the same routes—breakfast, dine, and sleep at the same inns—see the same sights—wonder at the same differences of manners—and complain of the same inconveniences all over the Continent: they never venture to think for themselves, or to examine for themselves: their

sole object in travelling is to see what every other person has seen, in order to be able to talk about what every other person talks; any thing new is carefully avoided: so they get into their voiture in the morning, shut their eyes, and endeavour to sleep until the next announcement of an arrival at the place where they are to dine, or of the next sight that every other Englishman has seen half awakes them. Thus do Englishmen in general go over the Continent; and all classes follow nearly the same plan, whether they travel in post chaise or *patàche*, Diligence or *Dormeuse*. Thus it is that we never find any thing new in any of our new tours: and thus it always will be, until some clever and agreeable Englishman goes over to France, well provided with good French and introductions—firm in his resolution to know the French in France well, and the English in France not at all—a person of sense, of general information, polite manners, and habits of thinking—in short, to come back to the subject of our praises at the beginning of this article—A SECOND ARTHUR YOUNG.

SYMPTOMS OF AUTHORSHIP.

“’Tis pleasant sure to see oneself in print!”—BYRON.

A LETTER, as Cicero shrewdly observes, in his epistle to Lucius Luceius, spares the confusion of a blush! I will be bold therefore, Mr. Editor, to tell you that I burn with ardour to draw my quill under your auspices, in the service of your renovated periodical. I am aware of the critical severity with which, at this early stage of your career, you must be disposed to view every contribution; and I fear that you may expect me to refer you for a specimen of my abilities to some popular novel, tour, or series of essays. This, I regret to say, is totally out of my power. I have not been an author above three months; and cannot, for my life, swallow conveniently more than one grain of opium at a time. I flatter myself, however, that I have already acquired some experience in my new craft:—and since I am on the ungracious task of self-introduction, I think I cannot accomplish it more to the present purpose than by giving you a faithful account of my literary *debut*.

Chance, Mr. Editor, is the great caster of parts in the drama of life. A falling apple gave us the law of gravitation; and the music of a blacksmith's hammer led in due process of time to the formation of the Italian opera.

For my own part, I doubt that I should ever have aspired to the distinction of print, had it not been for the impudence of a tall sallow-faced member of a society to which I belong, (and which I should have told you meets every Saturday night, at the Duck and Drumstick in the neighbourhood of the Poultry), who to our astonishment exhibited one evening, two stanzas, which he swore were of his own composition—or as he elegantly phrased it, of his *personal composure*—printed, so help me, heaven! in the Poet's Corner of the Morning Post!

The sight of these two stanzas stamped my vocation. To be lorded over by such an upstart was insufferable. I vowed on the instant to become an author. The honors of manuscript excellence which had been

unanimously voted to me by my tutor, my aunt, and my grandmother, appeared flat and insipid.

I stopped short in the second book of an Epic, which, by their advice, I had commenced; then by the outsketch of a tragedy never meant to be performed; and actually consigned to the flames a large box, containing numberless effusions in prose and verse, including a romantic poem, intituled, "One Point of the Compass; or, Pall-Mall East;" *Hoyle* on *Whist*, translated into Latin *longs* and *shorts*, with notes in Hebrew with *points*; and a treatise on the seven years' war, with a commentary by my tutor.

These were decidedly my best performances; but they had been read so often, both to our morning visitors, and for the amusement of our tea company, that they had become in some sort a "dead letter;" and though we had determined on giving a supper, with a view of introducing a public perusal of my tragedy, I suddenly changed my purpose, locked myself up in my study, collected all my powers of composition—mended a dozen pens—read twenty pages of Addison to polish my style—and sat down with the desperate determination of writing a magazine article.

Goldsmith, we are informed, spent a fortnight in composing the first four lines of his "Deserted Village;" and more modern instances could be recorded of laborious authorship.* I myself know a very respectable old gentleman who never attempts to write a letter without taking off his coat. I need not blush then, to own that the rough draft of my first essay was a practical illustration of Boileau, where he says "*quand j'écris quatre lignes j'en effacerai trois.*" Full sorely did I rue the truth of the old French adage, "*il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*" The subject, the title, the epigraph, were by turns matters of painful and perplexing meditation; and never was I more confounded by the *embarras du choix* than by closing the whole with a final initial: the odds against a ready selection being twenty-four to one, (exclusive of diphthong) not to mention the contending and nicely balanced claims of the Greek, Roman, and German characters. I will spare you the recital of the head-aches and heart-burnings which, like the initiatory, and, I hope, exaggerated horrors of free-masonry, were the trials of my perseverance and the tests of my literary vocation.

I bore them all in a spirit of dogged endurance, somewhat akin to that which stimulated the cadets of chivalry to win the honour of knightly spurs by the hard probation of fasts and vigils. But what were the memorable watchings of the hero of *La Mancha* himself compared with my sedentary labours? Bating the difference between mental and physical toil, which philosophers agree is all in favour of the latter, I could more aptly instance, as a case in point, the feat of a fat, squab, Dutch navigator, who undertook to make good his title to fame, and to a leg of mutton appended to the topmost extremity of a well-greased pole, forty feet high; and who, after one hundred and fifteen retroslidings, bore off the double prize amidst the shouts of the whole assembly. Emulating the prowess of my Dutch model, I commenced my task, and imitated his progress so closely, that seven pens and seven pages of foolscap fell victims to my opening sentence. Being at length, however, fairly started, my advance became more rapid; and by the end of the week, I had clean composed and copied full two pages. I now began to pluck up my spirits, and to fancy that the rest of my performance would dash forward "*ceteris calame,*" but on comparing my embryo essay with those facetious lucu-

brations with which it is about to seek fellowship, not all the partiality of parental fondness could blind me to the fact, that my style was not so buoyant as that of contributor G., my matter so pregnant as that of contributor M.; my puns so excellently bad as those of H., or my general merits of a nature to compete with those of many an anonymous contributor. I next discovered with dismay that my mode of treating a subject was anything but conformable to that so successfully practised by modern essayists. Instead of expressing the better half of *my* good things by that complimentary sort of plagiarism called quoting; and supplying no more of my own, than what might be termed, a string to hang borrowed pearls upon, I had not applied to "old song," or "old play," or any other old black-letter-friend with whom I have the honour of being on borrowing terms for the loan of a single couplet. *My* smoothly written pages had a quakerly uniformity of aspect: they could neither boast of new-coined words, broken distichs, glossarial notes, or inverted commas; want of thought, or rather a pedantic notion I had picked up at school, that when a man begins to quote the wit of others, it is a sign that he is verging to the end of his own, had caused me to forego these "*purpurei panni*," these literary beauty spots, which, though sparingly introduced by such old-fashioned writers as Addison, Goldsmith, or Johnson, seem as essential to most modern "articles" as frills or flowers to a lady's dress. I recanted my musty prejudice, and traced it to the same puritannical priggishness that would quarrel with the borrowed locks, or throw scriptural quotations in the (false) teeth of my aunt Susan. I now formed as many arguments for multiplied quotations, as I had formerly heard stated against them; and summed up my defence of the system with the reflection, that if a second catastrophe like that of Alexandria were to destroy *our* classics, the loss might be in a measure repaired by "*fragmenta*" gleaned out of our periodicals, a good collection of which would, I am persuaded, furnish materials for an edition of Shakspeare.

But, to return—one discovery leads to a second; and I soon perceived that in the disposal and management of my matter I had split on another rock. Among sundry antiquated notions, my tutor held an opinion that every composition, however short, should have a beginning, a middle, and an end: nor would he ever allow the expediency of commencing "*in medias res*" to extend beyond the limits of epic poetry. Without entering into this nice discussion, I shall merely observe, that I did not avail myself of the latitudinarianism on the point generally adopted by cotemporary authors, who frequently throw a sort of somerset into the presence of their readers; flirt, pun, banter, and talk sense by turns with fashionable *nonchalance*; or learned levity, and bolt *à la Française*, as we do from a drawing-room, without so much as a parting salutation. All this *bon ton* of authorship is no doubt very elegant, and very fascinating when properly managed by your *knowing ones*; but a *debut*, Mr. Editor, is a ticklish sort of thing, and when I see a parade of courage either in the style of a young author, or in the bearing of a new actor, I shrewdly suspect that it is only a mask for arrant cowardice. For this and other reasons I thought it prudent to take no airs at the outset. Instead, therefore, of remodelling my essay; breaking through my well rounded periods with mad-cap allusions, quaint conceits, and slang merriments, and putting all my thoughts into caricature costume; and fancy dresses, I determined to leave them in their sober livery of plain language, and so commit them to the test of editorial scrutiny.

I have heard it remarked, that a very sensitive man frequently suffers gratuitously all the pangs of shame which really should attach only to guilt. I experienced something of this sort, when, after a month's hard labour, (my essay being at length completed) I found myself on the way to the publisher's. I could only compare myself to a timid lover about to "*pop the question*;" and though you, Mr. Editor, will, I doubt not, very readily conceive my agitation, yet I dare say it would appear as incomprehensible, and probably as ludicrous to many of your tough wiry old authors, as would the tender sensibilities I have just hinted at to a thorough-bred *roué*. Smile who will, however, truth obliges me to declare that no criminal approaching the tribunal of justice could experience more boding qualms and ominous misgivings than did I on the present occasion. "What the devil have I to be ashamed of?" said I to myself; but the apostrophe was of no more use than if a believer in ghosts were to ask himself in a church-yard on a dark night what he has to be afraid of. The influence of mind over matter would not, I apprehend, in the latter case, counteract a cold sweat, or deprive the bristling locks of their *centrifugal* motion. My nervous horrors were quite as uncontrollable; and as I hurried along the street with flushed face and uneven step, the by-passers must have fancied me either a morning devotee to Bacchus, or a person labouring under a complication of St. Anthony's fire and St. Vitus's dance.

But I fear I grow tedious. I shall proceed, therefore, briefly to state that my evil augurings were not realized. My humble effort found favor and acceptance, and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness when the next Number of The ——— Magazine presented to my enraptured gaze the first printed pledge of literary glory.

Cowards in the fight are often the most desperate in the pursuit; and I have known a prize in the lottery operate wonderful changes in a man's character and deportment. Why then should I hesitate to acknowledge that the honors of print transformed my habitual stoop into an excellent carriage, and added decision to my step, strength to my lungs, and an inch to my shirt collar.

I am fond of castle building, and I speedily erected a literary edifice whereof the foundation was a philosophical work—the main body an historical one—the wings biography—the pillars mathematics—the frieze oratory—the entablature fugitive poetry—and the dome an epic!!! My former diffidence vanished. I learnt to support my argument, and even scorned to back out of a paradox. I contradicted my tutor, out-talked my aunt Susan, and had serious thoughts of addressing the chair at the next public dinner. In the mean time I tried my talent for public speaking at one or two debating clubs, where I declaimed so warmly that my eloquence was near involving me in a duel. I began to perceive that my newly acquired character was not likely to increase the number of my friends. Even my old cronies grew reserved and distant; but then, to make up, I had gained some *literary* acquaintances; congenial souls, Mr. Editor—right clever fellows, who could smoke a pun, quote Horace, and bandy *impromptus*.

I was delighted with my new associates; so much so that I never stopped to inquire if my admiration of them did not in some degree proceed from the good humour I was in with myself. Light wit, refined slang, unbounded freedom of thought and speech, were the qualities on

which they chiefly prided themselves. Their scholarship, indeed, was not the most profound. Like Shakspeare, they had "little Latin and no Greek;" and many of them, carried away doubtless by the impetuosity of genius, seemed to have altogether dispensed with academic drudgery. In a word, they had all more *knowingness* than knowledge, more pretension than either; and from their style of mismanaging an argument, I could not glean the remotest probability that a single one of them had studied logic. Studied, did I say? They affected to have studied nothing, but to know everything. Intuition—inspiration, not the dull forms of progressive acquisition, were the extempore operations of mind by which *they* mastered arts and sciences. Certain matters, however, of fact and theory are not easily subjugated by this species of intellectual *coup de main*; and the stock of learning on which some of my new friends undertook so confidently to instruct and delight the public, seemed to me, I must confess, marvellously small. Yet *they* were never at a loss. They could review a work without reading it—criticise an opera or a painting with the bare aid of such words as chorus, Raffaëlle, clair-obscur, chromatic, &c.; and write an essay on military tactics, jurisprudence, antiquities, or natural philosophy, without any preparation, or, at most, a few random dips into the Encyclopædia. In short, they resembled certain persons in this metropolis, who manage to keep up an excellent *style* without any apparent means of existence.

Amid such society I had little chance of increasing my stock of science, or of winning applause by aiming at a reputation for what is commonly called learning. Academic acquirements and pedantry were with *them* synonymous terms; and I recollect, in particular, on my quoting Macrobius one evening, in support of my argument, the whole company burst out into a very dubious sort of laugh. To do them justice, if they were somewhat deficient in the heavy metal of literature, they could turn their light arms to good account; and if they knew but little of the antients, they were at least a century beyond me in modern tact. I envied their easy confidence, and tried to emulate their *savoir faire*. One I singled out as an admirable guide in the adventurous attempt; and to him I determined to submit a second effusion, which, on my new principles of composition, I had laboriously indited. The introduction seemed to rivet my friend's attention; and as I caught the pleased expression of his countenance in the corner of my eye, I doubted not that my narration would be quite triumphant.

To my great discomfort, however, I perceived his brows beginning to contract; and stopping me in the midst of one of my best passages, "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you really write admirably; but surely you don't mean to publish *THAT*!" "I did hope," I replied, not a little startled by his emphasis, "that you would have found it print-worthy; but what is your candid opinion?" "Why that it would damn you as an essay-writer for ever." "Do you really think so?" "I am sure of it—take the advice of a friend," he continued, earnestly, "cancel the whole of that story, which, in truth, is too good to be garbled in a short article, and append some other amplification to your truly excellent preface." "I am thankful," I resumed, a little dejectedly, "for your friendly criticism. I will be guided by your superior judgment; and I have this moment hit on a substitute for the sequel of my condemned essay. Do you recollect a curious circumstance which I related a few

nights back of a deaf gentleman whom I met in the Tyrole?" My companion started. "What!" said he, "do you mean the deaf gentleman with a turn in his eye?" "Yes!" I replied, "and a slight stutter." "And a halt in his gait?" rejoined he. "The same." "And you really mean to publish THAT?" "Why not?" "Oh nothing! only I wish you had mentioned it before." "On my word I do not understand you!" "So it seems; but I must let you into two secrets. The first is, that among *us* when an anecdote is publicly told—unless the narrator expressly reserve the right of possession—it becomes public property: and the second, that I have commenced a piece for the Haymarket, founded on the very circumstance to which you allude. It is to be out next week, and Liston plays the part of *Professor Limpquint*, so I call your deaf gentleman. Now if you do not like to damn yourself, you surely can't choose to play the devil with me, ha, ha, ha!" I only cursed the unlucky coincidence of my friend's taste with mine. "Well," I continued, "I resign you the 'deaf gentleman,' and difficult as it is to find original subjects, I think I have one more left. I remember writing an account of it to our friend H. about six months ago." "Oh! you mean some adventures of your's in an old French chateau?" "Precisely!" "Then I am sorry to tell you, you are too late. In that chateau there is no room to let, ha, ha, ha!" "This may be a very good joke to you," I resumed, a little warmly, "but really, my good sir, you must excuse me. *That subject*, at least, I never forfeited." "Very true," he replied, with the most provoking coolness, "but I see you stand in need of a little further information. You must know then, that among *us* it is a thing understood, that no man is to poach on the literary preserves of another. There is our friend D. he has all the East Indies—and I make it a point of delicacy never to write a single paragraph beyond the Cape of Good Hope! F. has Germany—P. Italy—and I am master of France! France, as it stood in the time of the Empire; but as a proof of my friendship for *you*, I resign you the entire of Holland; and from the Rhine northward, you may write where you please."

This was more than I could bear; so seizing my hat, I darted from the room like a sprat from a cormorant.

I had not proceeded far when I met another of my new associates. I communicated to him what had just passed; but he pronounced me in the wrong, and congratulated me on the acquisition of my Dutch territories. "I confess," said I, "that I am a mere novice in the literary world; but the conventions of your society seem to me monstrously arbitrary. I am half tempted to address a letter to the Editor of the *European Magazine* complaining of the hardships of essay-writing, and of the constant dread an author suffers of being fleeced of his originality by his best friends." "I give you credit for that thought," replied my new companion, "but you are forestalled. The same notion has been in my head this month past, and I have actually begun the letter." 'Twas enough, I took a hasty leave—darted down the next street—hurried to my desk, and put the finishing hand to this epistle, which I end thus abruptly, in the hope that priority of claim may insure it precedence.

C. —.

P.S. With a view of registering the privilege which has been conceded to me of writing north of the Rhine, I beg to subjoin the following free translation from the original Dutch of *Swigg Van Guzzelfunnell*, a poet

who, I regret to find, has been overlooked by the accomplished author of the Batavian Anthology :—

ODE TO GIN OF SCHIEDAM.

“ Non fumum ex fulgore
Sed ex fumo dare lucem.”—HOR.

Of yore each lover of the muse
Was wont some favourite stream to choose,
On whose inspiring wave,
A thousand floating fancies came,
To fan, or soothe the mental flame,
To bid him dream or rave.

And oft of Chloë or Irene
By ‘*sacra aquæ caput lene*,’
Has echo rung the charms ;
While Flaccus gay, or sweet Tibullus
Poured the soft strain—which yet can lull us
Entranced in beauty’s arms.

Even he* of Thebes, whose eagle flight
Undizzied – dared the orient height
Of heaven – and, from above
The rolling clouds, and meteors play,
Sublimely poured his whirlwind lay
Around the throne of Jove,—

Disdain’d not by each sacred fount
Of Hæmus, or the Aëonian mount,
Castalia’s smile to court ;
And *lave* his proudly chorded lyre,
To sounds of rapture or desire,
Of passion, rage, or sport.

Nor less the bards of modern time
Have loved to pour the *liquid* rhyme
With kindred ripples blent ;
And many a stream from Erin’s hills,
And Scotia’s wildly murmuring rills,
Poetic dreams have lent.

Then let *me* not, unlucky wight,
A parched and drouthy song indite,
But like my betters try
To catch from some enchanted spring,
A draught of bright imagining
To mend my minstrelsy:

And lo ! as on thy far-famed Boompÿes†,
Queen† of the Maese, where valiant Tromp his
Trophies erst displayed,
I stand – and westward turn my eyes,
I mark aspiring to the skies
A swelling cloud, whose shade .

* Pindar.

† The quay at Rotterdam.

‡ Rotterdam.

O'er-canopies with awning grand,
 Of winged towers a clustering band;
 The while, in sparkling rills,
 Dark Schiedam from her urn below,
 Gives the unrivalled juice to flow,
 That bathes her thousand stills!

Dark Schiedam, then be thy rich stream
 As warbling music to each theme
 My future verse that woos:
 Let Gin and Genius thrill each fibre
 From thee, my Arno and my Tiber,
 My fountain and my muse!

FEMALE BEAUTY.

— Thee, Beauty, thee
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray,
 The mossy turf-dore: thou better sun,
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart,
 Love and harmonious wonder and delight,
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
 How shall I trace thy features?

AKENSIDE.

I DO not mean to say any thing about the thousand and one theories of beauty started by ARISTOTLE, CICERO, ADDISON, BALGUY, HUTCHESON, PRICE, HOGARTH, REID, BURKE, SAYERS, ALLISON, &c. I think Dr. THOMAS BROWN was right in concluding, "the mind has some original tendencies to receive impressions of beauty from certain objects, rather than from others, though it has, without all question, at the same time, other tendencies, which may produce feelings inconsistent with the pleasing emotion that otherwise would have attended the contemplation of those objects, or sufficient of themselves to constitute the pleasing emotion, in cases in which there was no original tendency to feel it,—that what is beauty, therefore, at one period of life, or in one age or country, even in cases in which there may have been an original tendency to feel it, may *not* be *beauty*, at another period of life, or in another age or country, from the mere difference of the arbitrary circumstances, which have variously modified the original tendency in the same manner as we find circumstances capable of modifying, or even reversing other species of emotion."* The application of the theory to female beauty, not perhaps exactly appropriate in grave ethical prelections, getting some little new colouring by the view being concentrated on it, may not be without attraction in a nook of a periodical.

As certain sounds and inanimate shows delight an infant, so his emotion of pleasure, when he sees a beautiful face, proves he is not insensible to living beauty; and if that face be brightened by kindness, or if features not beautiful at rest wear a kind air, or, most of all, if a mother's love beam down from eyes that have no great brightness when no passion is in them, a baby shows his susceptibility to the beauty of expression.

* Lec. iii. 165.

The same gewgaw, the same face, or beautiful expression, which would please a child in China, pleases him in England—the emotion being an ultimate law of our nature, like the particles proceeding from a flower, raising the smell of a rose, or separate and independent material corpuscles, lying in a certain array, producing the sensation of colour.

With acquired capabilities of pleasant emotion, the boy keeps sensible of female beauty. In the gentle or galloping rhythm of the ballad, and its bold figures and marvellous history wrought into simple language—an olio which does not show incongruously to him—he sees vividly imaginative beauties, which the savage, a kind of great boy, continues to like; and in the portraiture drawn in the popular melody of the patriot kindling and keeping up in ill fortune the fire of freedom, setting his country, at length at liberty, by fervour almost omnipotent, from being concentrated on one object,—or of the good knight rescuing the virgin from durance—he feels intensely the moral beauty which, in manhood, presses him on to goodness, and which, when abandoned, shines with a lustre dreadful, but not hopeless. If a second Prometheus, or a Shelley, by magic power, should vivify one of the Venuses of Canova, or, if one of Titian's female portraits, almost breathing in the canvass, should walk out of it, every boy from Paris to Otaheite would feel it beautiful, although the measure of his emotion might be modified by association, already begun to work on him.

The emotion is the same in manhood. "What we admire in the countenance of a young and beautiful woman is not a combination of forms and colours, but the signs of two different sets of qualities; in the first place, of youth and beauty; and, in the second place, of innocence, gaiety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy, or vivacity."* This is contrary to experience. The emotion of beauty, in the first place, is raised without thinking of youth or health;—so independent is it of these associations, that we admire a hectic flush, if we do not know consumption is under it, exactly as much as the natural bloom; and, if we do know, it does not at all affect our first emotion, though the contrast between loveliness, and the decay of which it is the index, may awake afterward sad thoughts—and, without thinking of innocence, gaiety, &c., for the first impression of pleasure on seeing a bad beautiful woman is precisely the same, whether we know or not that she is without mental excellencies,—though, in the latter case, modified afterward by moral associations, but keeping, in spite of these associations, its distinctive character. "If the smile, which now enchants us, as the expression of innocence and affection, were the sign attached by nature to guilt or to malignity,—if the blush which expresses delicacy, and the glance that speaks intelligence, vivacity, and softness, had always been found united with brutal passion, or idiot moodiness, is it not certain that the whole of their beauty would be extinguished?" This is quite unphilosophical. It is an ultimate law of our nature, that qualities, which we call gentle or good, and the natural signs of those qualities, universal and universally intelligible, so difficult to counterfeit, that only some half dozen great actors, through the whole of time, by long study and the force of genius, aided by theatrical shows, admirably fitted to help on the delusion, have succeeded in a few parts in seeming, for a short time, or at intervals, to be the characters they wished to represent, should excite the emotion of moral beauty. If certain things

* Mr. Jeffrey's Exposition of Mr. Allison's theory.

were, would certain other things not be? Perhaps, if "puss" were "in boots," she would not lack pedal teguments. The beneficent Creator has made certain qualities and their natural signs raise the emotion of beauty; if these signs had expressed the supposed ill qualities, we must needs believe, from the existing merciful provisions, he would have made them, *of themselves*, awake unpleasant emotions, and the signs of the good qualities, whatever they were, give impressions of moral beauty.

In manhood, we give up gaudy toys for chaster forms and less brilliant colours, not because we have lost the tendencies to receive pleasure from them, but because other susceptibilities being developed, have wrought on and modified them;—more classical works are preferred to the rhythms and the imaginative embellishments of the ballad from tastes, lying unawakened in the mind of the boy and the savage, being elicited by refinement;—the emotion of moral beauty keeps the same, though more or less vivid, from the operation of political or opposite tendencies. Our impressions of female beauty, too, are wrought on by fashion and individual associations, less however than the others; for the imagined vivified statue or picture, or any of the actually vivified beautiful human forms, which delighted the boy, delight the man with the same universality of potency. One of the beauties of Almack's, not jaded and worn, after running through the dissipation of a London season, but, at her coming out, with the air of health about her, and that youthful air of *enjouement*, which lets you see she has coloured the shows, and the melodies, and the dresses, and the dances, floating and brightening in the imaginative vista of joy, opening away into the ideal world, would be beautiful in the eyes of a Mandarin; and a handsome Katharan would stand a fair chance of a portion of the admiration current in King-street, St. James's, though the Lady Patronesses might think the nasal platitude, and the anterior protuberance too much, and feet a little nearer the orthodox size, of more use in ambulant and saltatory exercises.

Fashion makes all sorts of savage dresses handsome in the eyes of their wearers: the Africans of the Gold Coast, if I recollect rightly, rejoice in posterior excrescences; the Marian women blacken their teeth, and bleach their hair; and the North American Indians press out the cranium laterally or transversely, depress the crown of it into a pent-house, for the face, like Scarron's head overshadowing his stomach, or raise it into a cone, like Mr. Nash's magnificent steeple in Langham-place. These obliquities, however, are not a bit more wonderful than the fashions exuberant among ourselves. The cocked hat, whilome polite, with its gold laced rim and sparkling loop and button,—the bag wig, now seen only on episcopal or judicial occiputs, erst the mystery of the friseur's art, magnificent in storied curls, queues, toupees, and pig-tails, redolent of powder and pomatum,—the embroidered cravats and laced frills,—the coat, with its flowing skirts, ample sleeves, silk linings, and gold lace,—the waist-coat, of costly velvet, with its silk embellishments, and capacious pockets,—the glittering hose,—the square-toed shoes and handsome buckles, have given place to a circular apology for a hat,—some barren quantity of hair,—French stocks—these being about to be cut, and some ribbon-looking affairs substituted,—plain coats,—Petersham ducks, and Wellington boots;*—hoops once swelled out the half of woman into Titanic

* In this sentence, and part of the next, I have treated, hardly fairly, a clever article, in a contemporary publication on the old school of dress, as certain friends do corpses,—dissected and extracted its heart.

amplitude; the waist rises and falls absolute inches; the bosom at one time comes near the original flatness genteel in Spain, at another protuberates in independent mammæ, or shows in conglomerated magnificence; everybody recollects how very tall the head-dresses of the ladies had grown in the time of the Spectator; the sacques, josephs, and mantuas, the taffeta and brocade, the flounces and furbelows of our grandmothers, have been superseded by the thin muslins and lustrings, the cobweb sarsnets, and ignoble satins, patronized by their degenerate daughters. The enchantress not only gives beauty to the shapes into which she casts her figures and leaves them, when the talisman is gone, as ugly as the "*Po-lifemi orrendi e Gerioni*," in the halls of Dis, but cuts and minces important organs. She is now anti-ocular, then anti-aural, then anti-vocal: it is genteel, successively, to be without eyes, ears, and charinful sound of words.

Brown has traced the causes which, working long on uncultivated tribes, have weakened, and, in some cases, deadened, emotions of moral beauty; it may be shown that associations, acting long on nations or individuals, have raised ugly, ridiculous, or fantastic things into beauties. It is not improbable that some grotesque piece of dress, set on a beautiful figure, and getting its beauty from it, came to be thought beautiful in itself, and to adorn, by a reflex operation, one not beautiful; or that some peculiarity in the beauty first loved raised in an individual an admiration, sometimes found in a half savage state, so exclusive of that style of beauty, that no other loveliness, lacking the charm, extraneous, perhaps, to the beauty of the first object of affection, could move him. And we should probably find, if we knew the history of the other obliquities of national or individual taste, that excrescences were thought first to be handsome in themselves from growing on beauty, and then to set off the very beauty they had deformed.

The power of association, in modifying individual notions of beauty, is shown in refined as well as in savage states of society. My friend Henry—— loved, as youth and genius loves, a beautiful girl, with large floating blue eyes, and an airy shape. The charm all about her, no more translateable than that of Beatrice,—

Che non paresse aver la mente ingombra

Tentando a render te qual tu paresti,

* * * *

Quando nell' aere aperto ti solvesti.*

hid under it the germ of hereditary consumption. It sprang, and its hectic blossom flushed her cheek,—and she faded—and faded—and faded—away into the tomb. As if he heard for ever whispered some sepulchral melody,—

E se il sommo pincer sì ti fallio

Per la mia morte, qual cosa mortale

Dovea poi trarre te nel suo desio.†

If sweetest thing thus failed thee with my death,

What, afterward, of mortal, should thy wish

Have tempted?—

every other cast of beauty,—that which showed in statue-like grandeur, or that which swam and dazzled in the consciousness of voluptuous loveliness,—was no longer beauty to him; but every kind that resembled the

* Dante. *Purg.* xxxi. 142-5.

† Ditto xxxi. 52-4.

beauty that was gone, though he thought it a faint reflection of that matchless lustre, was loved by being invested with a part of the imagination, and gentleness, and light laughing loveliness of that airy thing who had touched his boyish heart, and fired his boyish fancy, till he thought all other beautiful things but avatars of it. It is a beneficent provision, that *he* does not love her less, but more, when faded, than he did in her bloom, who shows to *him* not merely in her first loveliness, but in the wedded charities, and soothing gentlenesses, and maternal virtues of many long years; and who has taken such hold of his task, that every other woman is admired only as she approaches the beauty imagined faultless.

I shall raise some practical hints on this modifying power of association, after saying something about the beauty of separate features. I shall take a few only, and show little learning in treating them. I might get illustrations from every poet, from Homer down to Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who gives a *catalogue raisonné* in almost every place. I shall keep to Tasso and Ariosto—the Titian and Canova of poetry.

The *mouth*, in the Greek statues, of the same breadth as the nose, should be well formed, soft, plump, swelling up, Ariosto says, between two vallies, and coloured,—

Ma nella bocca,

Sola rosseggia, e semplice la rosa.*

But on her lovely lips,

———— the crimson rose,
Its whole voluptuous bloom in peerless beauty throws.

If it be aided by melody and smiles, the version I should give of Mr. Moore's "whispered balm and sunshine spoken"—it is irresistible:

Quindi escon le cortesi parolette,
Da render molle ogni cor rosso, e scabro;
Quivi si forma quel soave riso,
Ch' apre a sua porta in terra il paradiso.

ORLAN. FUR. DI ARIOS. vii. 13.

Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow,
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes, at will, a paradise on earth.

The *eye-brows* should be well defined, without an approach to horrent bushiness, arched, of the same colour as the eye, or of a shade setting it off. A colourless *eye* is nearly the worst thing an actor can have. In a woman it is — not good. I like bright blue eyes, and the large dark floating ones Hafiz paints; the first seem to carry it with the occidental poets.

Sotto due negri, e sottilissimi archi,
Son duo negri occhi, anzi duo chiari Soli,
Pietosi a riguardare.

ORLAN. FUR. viii. 12.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light,
Which ever softly beam.

The beauty of the *hair* does not lie so much in a colour, as in contrasting with the facial whiteness. A black or brown shade may be handsome; the Italian poets like the golden one. Tasso draws Erminia's head hung with *l'aurea chionna*,† golden hair: and Arnida, *d'auro ha*

La Gerusal. lib. di Tasso W. 30.

† La Ger. lib. vi. 92.

la chioma. This kind, which the Southern poets think beautiful *par excellence*, is not of a red, but of a lustrous flaxen hue. Alcina is pictured

Con bionda chioma, lunga, ed annodata;
Oro non è, che più resplenda, e lustri;*

with fair hair, long, and knotted; gold does not show more brightly. The superior part of the head should seem a swelling cover for the face and the cerebral parts below the line running parallel with the eyes. If ladies do not understand me, look at the common drafts of Apollo Belvidere. He, like the Grecian sculptures of Jupiter, has an imaginative amplitude of forehead. The phrenologists have discovered that Venus de Medici must have been very stupid, as the intellectual organs are ill developed in her. I set little store by the science of these gentlemen. She has quite enough of frontal amplitude to make her femininely beautiful.

When the head is of the Greek shape, it should be dressed in a way to show it: if it is not, the hair should be set in a form, approaching as nearly as possible to it. It may be wrought into many handsome dresses. Armida wears her hair *disciolto*†—loose: in the voluptuous picture of her in her gardens, it is drawn floating to the summer wind.

E'l crin sparge incompuesto al vento estivo.

LA GER. lib. xvi. 18.

A veil, now half dimming, then floating off and letting be seen the hair, is a favourite fancy of Tasso—

D'auro hà la chioma, ed or dal bianco velo
Traluce involta, or discoperta appare.

iv. 29.

At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,
At times, in bright relief they reappear.

When the gentle Erminia takes to the pastoral dress, *ruvido velo*—“a rude veil”—is bound on her hair. Tresses are frequently drawn braided or interwoven by our own early, and by the Italian, poets:

Poi che intreccio le chiome.

xvi. 23.

Curls formed in a less poetic way than Armida's,—

Fà nove crespe l'aura al crin disciolto,
Che natura per se rincrespa in onde:

“The wind forms new ringlets in the loose hair, naturally curling into waves,”—are graceful. The hair, *lunga ed annodata*—“long and knotted”—that Ariosto describes, fairly puzzles me. The friseurs of his time must have been capital hands, if they could have made any kind of knots show well. I like all the other points of *la bella Alcina*; but I cannot get over her *chioma annodata*. *Treccia*,†—“clustering locks,”—suit *gonna feminine*,—“feminine array”—well. Tresses, hanging down on the forehead or neck, are always beautiful. Armida set off her hair with flowers, like enamel in gold.

E in esse
Quasi smalto sù l'or, consparse i fiori.

LA GER. lib. xvi. 23.

I once saw a white jasmine set in the hair of a lovely girl. I thought it a graceful floral emblem of her gentleness and purity.

* Orlan. Fur. vii. 11.

† La Ger. lib. iv. 30. 1. La Ger. lib. vii. 17.—2. ix. 30.

‡ La Ger. lib. iv. 27.

Beautiful women, unless they think the homage paid to mere beauty a sufficient triumph,—an homage which the want of mental excellencies must soon deaden into a form in the soul even of the veriest trifler, which no woman, with a grain of sense, would think worth a straw, which must grow less with facial decay, and die with the beauty that raised it,—should set it off with intellectual, and, if the higher kinds of them be out of their reach, with moral charms—charms which make bright eyes and lips irresistible, which do not fade as the wrinkles thicken on the face, and which, when the beauty of forms and colour has gone, live in no fabled second youth, by being seen associated with the spiritual embellishments of their bloom. And those less fortunate females, who cannot set up in beauty, need not lose heart, inasmuch as those spiritual ornaments, the success of which is as certain as of the physical kind, are within their reach. Who ever beheld a mother's love, and did not feel it beautiful? I have seen many eyes, from the dark floating ones of the Persian, to the hazy colourless ones which have at rest no speculation; but I never saw a pair lit up by intellect, that I did not think beautiful. I have seen pale cheeks, and cheeks upon which

The rival roses.....more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;*

but I never saw one that I did not think beautiful, if gentleness, or sweetness, or melting charity, were painted on it. Our Shakspeare says, and truly,

"There's no deformity, but in the mind;
None can be called ugly, but the unkind."

C.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCA'S SONNET,

ONDE TOLSE AMOR L'ORO E DI QUAL VENA.

LOVE, from what precious mine of gold, didst thou
Bring the rich glories of her flowing hair?
Where plucked the opening roses fresh and fair,
Which on her cheeks in tender blushes glow?
And how procur'dst thou that unmelting snow,
That heaves with life and softness? And oh! where
Found'st for her teeth those pearls so pure and rare?
And stol'st such lofty beauty for her brow?
From what angelic minstrel was that song
Whose touching sweetness steals my soul away,
Divinely borrowed?—To what harps belong
Her thrilling melodies?—And from what ray
Of suns for this dull earth and skies too bright,
Was kindled for my woe her eyes of light?

A. S. RYDON, Suffolk.

* La Ger. lib. iv. 30.

LEGEND OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

TALKING of Beirouts, a traveller says, " Another church there appears to be in this town, which appears ancient, but being a very mean fabric, it is suffered to remain still in the hands of the Greeks ; we found it adorned with numbers of old pictures, amongst the rest the figure of Nestorius, who commonly makes one amongst the saints painted in the Greek churches, though they do not profess, nor, I believe, know his heresy. But that which was most observable was a very odd figure of a saint, drawn at full length, with a large beard reaching down to his feet. The curate gave us to understand that this was St. Nicephorus, and perceiving that his beard was the chief object of our admiration, he gratified us with the following information concerning him, viz. that he was—but the Gods have made me poetical, and you shall have it in verse.

ST. NICEPHORUS'S BEARD !

In that fine eastern clime on which the sun
Rises red hot, as if 'twere his intention,
To make the perspiration faster run :
And other things that here I need not mention—
There lived a man—but he has long since gone
Far from this world of knavery and contention ;
And he was of a most astounding nature,
A very saint in every limb and feature.

Sallow and swarthy was each sunken cheek—
Hollow and rheumy each grey whiskered eye.
The upper lip upturned in act to speak,
To the snub nose that raised his snout on high—
His voice was rather husky—middling meek—
So much so, that 'twas often wondered why,
He sung so frequent, and he sung so lusty,
As 'twas not only half—but quite—quite crusty.

And this man *was* a saint—a saint most true,
Who fasted, flogged, and preached, and prayed all day,
To whom few leisure moments did accrue,
For through the night he toiled with righteous sway,
And oft he striped himself quite black and blue,
Deeming within his saint-like self, this way
Would lead to heaven—and *Beirout's* ancient town
Had never saint before of such renown.

I do not know, whether you know or not,
Religion like a many things beside,
Its most essential precepts has forgot,
And trusts extremely to the outside—
As earthly, so have heavenly things their blot—
That bark the heart sails o'er a shadowed tide ;
And *practice* preaches with much more precision
Than *theory* with a headful of religion.

Thus wigs on judges' heads oft times attain
 A sapience that we know is all their own,
 Hiding the bareness of the wearer's brain—
 So doctors' phizzes take a solid tone,
 Looking a wisdom they do not contain,
 As from examples many might be shewn—
 So has religion its external sign
 Of what it has not—righteousness divine.

In modern days an Indian rubber face,
 That stretches when its mockeries begin—
 A mouth screwed out with harlequin grimace,
 To mark the holy mummeries within—
 A brow that glows with fancied heavenly grace,
 Denote at once a child elect from sin,
 And if the nose upturn, or eye but squint—
 All is fulfilled—so much religion's in't.

In early days shaved skulls with glossy glow,
 Bare feet and dirty vestments full as bare,
 Which o'er the shoulders fell with solemn flow,
 While round their throats grew thick and wiry hair;
 Made all who gazed—thus gazing, instant know,
 This was a saint to shrive the soul's despair—
 Yet was he not a saint of the first night,
 Unless he had a beard as black as night.

Such was my hero—St. Nicephorus,
 The ornament of Bierout's holy church,
 Of whom its records still make such a fuss,
 As those may find who'll take the pains to search.
 I must confess it does astonish us,
 And rather leaves our reason in the lurch,
 When through the void obscure of times gone by,
 We gaze on men of such vast sanctity.

Of all the innumerable saints that grace
 The Romish or the Grecian church, I ween
 None ere obtained so much exalted praise
 As St. Nicephorus, as will be seen—
 His varied virtues tended to efface
 The acts of those, who previously had been
 Examples to the world of holy ardour,
 Fasting from all good things—except the *Larder*.

Four hours before the sun had risen from bed
 He rose, and flogged his sinful soul right well—
 This done, for two hours more he raised his head
 To heav'n—in short 'twould be in vain to tell
 How hard he pray'd, how desp'rately he read
 The holy Book to save his soul from hell;
 Black broth for breakfast and black broth for dinner,
 With flogging, made the saint grow rather thinner.

Pater Nosters, many and oft he said,
 Ave Marias, many and oft he sung,
 And when reclined upon his stony bed
 With the same theme his chilly chamber rung ;
 Sins he absolved, and masses many said,
 And alms distributed the poor among ;
 In short, he was a Saint we ne'er again
 Shall see in this world—so say all—Amen.

Yet amidst all his virtues did he long
 For what all saints possess'd ; but he, alas !
 Tho' filled with faith and never doing wrong,
 And never missing fasting or a mass,
 Had got no *beard* !—Grief came upon him strong,
 And he grew melancholy as an ass,—
 Who ever knew a man so free from sin
 As this without a beard upon his chin ?

He might be charitable—feed the poor—
 And say his prayers all day and half the night ;
 He might have woman's witcheries forswore,
 And ta'en in holy dreams to heaven his flight ;
 These might he do, and oh, a vast deal more,
 Yet was he still a sad unhappy wight,
 A beardless saint inspired no awe at all—
 Without a beard a fool had been St. Paul.

Alas ! poor Saint, he grew quite pale and thin,
 All arts he tried, all prayers he said, but no—
 Grew not the sable honors of his chin—

At last he vowed a pilgrimage to go,
 Fast fifty hours to cleanse himself of sin ;
 Perchance his beard might then begin to grow ;
 So off he went, like a September swallow,
 As soon returned—but still his chin was fallow.

Then grief fell heavy on him, and he deem'd
 His life was vain ; and yet with love divine
 He grew red hot,* so hot he almost scream'd
 With frenzy ; his soul was more like a mine
 Of holy fire ; at last our hero dream'd—
 Dream'd a strange dream—a dream most wond'rous fine
 He dream't, with sacred flame his garments blazed,
 At which he was no little bit amazed.

Then pale they grew, and on them was imprest
 A glory radiant as the transfiguration,
 Then to his presence sprung six wings confest,
 Bright beaming like a seraph's exaltation ;
 Now in good truth Nicephorus was blest ;
 Dark blood he sweat, so pious each sensation,
 At last he dream't from out his chin there grew
 A *beard*, and woke with joy—it was not true.

* This and the following circumstances are related of St. Dominic.

Hours, weeks, and months in melancholy mood
 He weary pass'd, nor spok'd to foe or friend ;
 At last one day when wandering in a wood,
 He met the *Devil*, who offer'd to amend
 And make a *beard* upon his chin protrude
 If he unto his wishes would attend—
 "O good Nicephorus," the Devil leer'd,
 "Be but my saint and thou shalt have a beard."

St. Dunstan took the Devil by the nose,
 Not so Nicephorus, he only strook
 His friendship ; at least so the story goes,
 With words severe, and with a stern rebuke
 Bid him with speed begone, unless he chose
 A saint's resentment, upon which he shook
 His fist at Nick, and said—"Avaunt, Sir Sin !"
 Then full of faith he seized on his own chin.

When lo ! behold ! O miracle most rare ! *
 The hand—the very hand his chin that grasp'd
 Was instant fill'd with long thick bushy hair ;
 One pull he gave—it lengthen'd as he clasp'd—
 Away, Nicephorus, with thy despair ;
 Again he pulls, this pull the first surpast,
 Once more, and to his toes it fell and spread—
 The Devil stared, as well he might, and fled.

PERCY VIVYAN.

HINTS FOR A NEW JOINT STOCK COMPANY.

"Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss."

POPE.

"GENIUS," says Dr. Johnson, "is a mind of large general powers, directed by accident to some particular object."

If this be true, it matters little what care be taken to shape the bias of the mind, stamped with the impress of original genius. Its intellectual achievements may be safely left to the creative impetus of some such casualty as that of the four sounding anvils which addressed Pythagoras to the investigation of harmonious proportions, or that of the falling apple, which unfolded to Newton the theory of the centripetal motion.

But whatever be the privileges of "master spirits," it will not be denied that ordinary minds would stand but a poor chance of attaining immortality, or even a dinner, if left to the casual and bewildering impulses of external contingencies. Experience shews that the mental, as well as the coporeal attributes of each, are adapted by Nature to some particular mode of action : and though an "Admirable Chrichton" may arise—like a great conqueror, once in a century, to usurp as it were, an unnatural mastery over every intellectual and physical excellence ; yet it is plain, that men of common every day mould, can neither tumble *ad libitum* into celebrity like Grimaldi, nor, like the Great Unknown, write themselves *incog.* into riches and reputation. To the eyes and ears of such, apples

might have fallen, and anvils rung, to the end of time, without illustrating the laws of gravity, or advancing the science of music beyond the rude symphony of marrow-bones and cleavers.

Still there is no mind, however humble, which does not possess, or rather is not possessed with, a latent propensity to some special course of operation, in which alone it can expect to work freely and successfully; and as no man can be a poet

" Si son astre en naissant ne l'a formé poète,"

so none can hope to rise who have marred the intent of nature, by misinterpreting her original inspirations.

This was the grand principle on which the Jesuits founded their celebrated system of education. The Great Frederick was not more scrupulous in marshalling his front and rear ranks, with reference to bulk and stature, than were these literary martinets in drilling the recruits of science; and he would as soon have thought of turning the grenadiers of his "tall regiment" into drummers, and placing a tun-bellied Dutchman in the light company, as would they (of the society) of expecting clock-work from a poet, or metaphors from a lover of conic sections.

It is hard to conceive to what a pitch of improvement the human mind might have attained, had its energies been thus systematically directed. A hasty glance at society will convince us of the prodigious waste of intellectual power, which, if embodied and concentrated, would be—in comparison with its present state of organization—as Napoleon's "Vieille garde" to a rabble of Cossacks. Let us fancy for a moment, that among the votaries of a single science—that of politics for instance—a list were made out of those, who on the verdict of an impartial jury, would be pronounced to have misapplied their talents, when they neglected their proper calling to meddle with public affairs. What a scanty residue would be the result! What a dispersion of whole assemblies, and clubs and associations! What a lack of business at the Crown and Anchor and Free Mason's tavern! What a dwindling to very nothing, of electioneering brawlers, and mob orators! If, moreover, all political (including by all means *economical*) writings were to pass the ordeal of a verdict from the same invaluable jury, what a glorious conflagration of quartos, and octavos and pamphlets! But if "at one fell swoop" all the trash—not only of politics, but of law, philosophy, and literature, were to be swept away; what a happy riddance of that augéan rubbish, by which the human mind, in its progress to knowledge, is now either crushed, or at best impeded. How the spirit of the young lawyer would revive, and his eye brighten up, if the sum of his reading were compressed, as it might be, into a dozen volumes; and if he were compelled to study for instruction only, and not as now "in his own defence!" Extend this *if* to the case of the divine, the metaphysician, and the general scholar, and what pen shall trace the incalculable benefits of such an intellectual revolution? In our estimation, they would far outweigh the loss of the Alexandrian Library. But to complete our *dream*, we must further suppose, that the mass of inert talent, which like an unexplored mine, or a slumbering giant—lies unnoticed, or powerless in society, were roused into action;—that humble intelligence and neglected common sense, were substituted to impudent pretension and active dullness; and that—to preserve the equilibrium—those who now, as it were by mistake, occupy the high places in the distribution of intellectual rank,

were brought down to the level for which Nature intended them. By this means, many a "mute inglorious Milton," like a meteor from the darkest part of the heavens, would fling unexpected brightness from out the social obscurity in which he had long lain buried. The spirit of a Pit or a Burke might be found to have migrated into the "piece of earth" now slighted in the shape of a ploughman or a joiner; and on the other hand, who shall deny that the chasm produced in the number of our operatives, by the transfer of avocations, would be well supplied by the many, who after misspending years in the pursuit of political or literary fame, would be found after all, to be "marvellously proper men" for the less dignified professions of wig-weavers, tailors, and horse-jockeys?

We would not scandalize our sensitive readers! Heaven forefend that—even in a dream—we should advocate the levelling system. We know full well, that many admirable theories are, alas! impracticable; and we are by no means prepared to shew how our speculation could be adapted to the present realities of the world, not even the gift of second sight, to which in common with all speculative writers we lay claim, enables us to anticipate its full accomplishment in the perspective of future times. But notwithstanding the legislative doubts and learned misgivings of former generations, we of this age have lived to see a bridge built at Putney.* We may yet live to see the high pressure engine applied to steam navigation, and we shall not, we trust, be treated as absolute visionaries if we venture to look forward to a more suitable distribution of tasks in the great workhouse of the social system. As long as we are members of that system, we must of course conform to those general rules which overlook individual interests for the good of the whole. But while we deprecate all improper interference with ranks and degrees "as by law established," and are satisfied to hand over the subject of our dream to the consideration of Messrs. Owen and Co., we do think in our conscience, that some improvement in social and intellectual discipline might be effected by the legitimate use of that free-will which is the birthright of all, and which, though restrained, is not cancelled by the usages of society.

The fair sex have long lain under the imputation of occasionally not knowing their own minds. But we lament to say, that many disreputable and middle-aged gentlemen are just in the same predicament. The inconveniences arising from this, are manifold and obvious. Not only do we see in many, a strange incoherence of conduct and opinion, but we find men—who by the perpetual variance exhibited between their actual and professed habits of life, seem to have *ab initio*, misunderstood themselves. Thus we have highly respectable gentlemen, who are stock-jobbers—merchants who are rhymesters—tragedians who are comic; we have unreadable writers—unintelligible reasoners—and black letter dunces.

Now it is evident that these unhappy individuals have all "missed their vocation:" and that a great part of the mischief above complained of, would be remedied, if a ready mode were suggested of helping them to a knowledge of their own propriety, in that important passage of life, which leads them to the choice of a profession.

* For a curious Parliamentary debate on "A bill for building a bridge over the river Thames at Putney," see 1st Number of the European Magazine, (New Series) page 22.

Anxious for the relief of all such self-misapprehending persons, we have given their case our best consideration; and we hasten to lay before the public the plan of a joint stock company, which, we trust will be found, in this instance, a sovereign specific. Notwithstanding the general prejudice now prevailing against all such establishments, we flatter ourselves that no time could be more propitious than the present, for the proposal of ours. We recommend it in particular to the notice of Messrs. Brougham, Birkbeck, and Campbell, as calculated to form an admirable supplement to the London University.

We propose then to create a society called "*The Philosophicophysio-gnomiophrenological Joint Stock Company*." A capital of 50, or even £100,000, may, we are assured, be conveniently raised, by issuing 500, or a 1000 shares; £10 to be advanced on each.

With this sum a building and premises are to be provided, capable of lodging commodiously fifty persons, and a standing committee (with suitable appointments) to be formed, consisting of an equal number of well-known physiognomists, phrenologists, and persons of talent and character, not devoted to either of these systems, and whose enlightened veto will be a check on the doctrinal enthusiasm of their coadjutors.

It is proposed, that young men after finishing their studies at the London University, without discovering a marked predilection for any particular course of life, be recommended as boarders for one month, into the new establishment, for the purpose of being made acquainted with their own minds. On his being introduced, and paying the necessary fees, the committee will take cognizance of the pericranium, and facial angle of the postulant, and should these be strongly and corroboratively indicative of a "*Vocation*," the same will be signified to the party concerned, with a certificate, which it is hoped, will soon have its due weight in facilitating his attainment of academic honours in every University, and in recommending him generally to promotion in the line specified. But should the capabilities of the applicant be altogether problematical, the committee cannot pledge themselves to pronounce upon his case, before the expiration of a month—during which time, by assiduously noting every turn of his countenance and part of his conduct, they entertain no doubt of making his character as clear as a self-evident proposition.

If the applicant be in love, the committee do not engage to ascertain what he is fit for.

Gentlemen turned of six and thirty to pay double fees, and to submit to a two months' residence. If married, they must consent not to see their wives during the time of probation. This is essential, and cannot for various reasons be dispensed with.

All applicants required to allow their heads to be freely examined; (making affidavits not to impose spurious bumps,) to permit the hinder parts of the same to be shaved, if found necessary, and to enter into recognizances, with two sureties, to keep the peace towards the president and members of the committee, if the "*Vocation*" awarded be not palatable.

If in order to develope character, it be thought requisite to indulge gentlemen in field-sports, cock-fighting, or any such expensive diversions, the additional charge to be borne by them: but the implements of the several trades will be furnished gratis to such pupils as seem destined by nature to signalize themselves in the capacity of cooks, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, cobblers, &c. &c.

We deem it unnecessary to enter into any further detail at present. We doubt not that the hints we have thrown out will be appreciated in the proper quarter, and that they will form ere long the subject of a public meeting, at which we pledge ourselves to come forward, and support, *in propria*, the combined cause of physiognomy, phrenology, and sound philosophy.

C. R.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, AND APPRENTICES' ACADEMIES.

I AM but an old-fashioned person, Mr. Editor, but nevertheless, indeed possibly on that very account, I give some heed to the wonders passing about me, and upon the coming to pass of any unaccustomed thing, I invariably endeavour to ascertain if it be as useful as it is novel.

Unluckily for individuals, but fortunately for the commonweal, the last month has worked the downfall of the great majority of those fanciful schemes and unsubstantial speculations, which were indeed calculated to conjure before us,

“Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders——”

and though, like the sinking of a gaudy, but *unballasted* barque, many compulsatory passengers have gone down with the intemperate crew, yet the pity we feel, and the consternation we cannot dissemble at their wreck, will teach us caution, and preach to us, “trumpet-tongued,” of prudence and common sense. They will henceforth become pilot-marks, bidding those who career on the struggling ocean of business, to avoid the Scylla of speculation, and the Charybdis of folly.

There are, however, certain projects and propositions yet striving to make head amongst us, which, in my opinion, ought to be watched with caution, and received with suspicion. Specious in appearance, liberal in promise, rich in mouth-honour, there may be yet danger lest they ultimately prove our masters, and not our servants, foes, not friends. I allude, Mr. Editor, to those institutions which are now receiving so much assiduous patronage from men who doubtless have their motives—Mechanics' Institutions and Apprentices' Academies. Much, much do I fear, that

“The earth hath *bubbles*, as the water hath,
And *these are of them*.”

I hope I am neither intemperate as a politician, nor illiberal as a Christian. I trust I weigh not a man's integrity by his *party*, nor his godliness by his *sect*; and I am sure I will not uphold the bliss of entire ignorance, nor assert the folly of being prudently wise; but I do affirm, that the doctrines now preached of *universal* learning and all-absorbing science, are unnatural, and probably dangerous.

Does it vindicate the justice of *Him* that created *inequality*, to behold nobility, and even royalty, sitting as familiar friends at committees and tavern dinners, with those who, the day before, stood lacqueys at their gates? Are not discrepancies like these likely to excite pride, rather than

teach humility; to increase assurance, rather than inculcate modesty; to sanction dissatisfaction, instead of creating content?

Again, is that a natural state of society, when we find the shopman, the mechanic, or even the labourer, haranguing at public meetings—as they have harangued—of the injustice of the honest tradesman serving his customers at times which did not agree with their likings—of their state of bondage, and the “dark ignorance” of their masters? I think not. I think, on the contrary, we shall, by and by, find that we have put rods into the hands of our inferiors—for till we are cursed with the revolutionist's dictum, and the doctrine of equality usurps the creed of the Christian, there must be inferiors—to scourge ourselves; nay, that we shall find him who stands behind the counter measuring silks, or weighing cheese, sneering at the language-lapses of those who sit before it buying them; or quizzing his employer, and lampooning his “main chance” propensities, because he cannot work a problem in Euclid, or make a speech like Dr. Birkbeck or Mr. Brougham.

As human nature will be human nature still, under whatever circumstances placed, it follows that the boasted “march of mind,” may march sometimes a good deal too far; and though we all know that in many cases,

“When house and land are gone and spent,
Then *learning* is most excellent,”

it is a question, and one which demands serious thought and much consideration, whether learning in some minds, not deep enough to receive it kindly and use it prudently and temperately, may not be the actual means of compelling “house and land” to be “spent.” At all events, as I conclude every one of us cannot be lawyers, and divines, and physicians, and poets, and schoolmasters, and rich people, and great lords, *et id genus omne*, some of us must be quite as useful things, though placed lower in the grade of society; and the question will then be, if we shall go to our labours so kindly, and our drudgery so humbly, if our heads are swimming with intricate problems bruited at mechanics' institutes, and our vanity is awakened to surpass friend Richard the draper, of Cornhill, or brother Thomas the chandler, at Wapping, the next academy-meeting, in a lecture upon the *belles lettres*, or the state of the drama? Again I say, I think not.

It may be also urged, and that too without the imputation of upholding one set of politics and libelling another, whether the very formation, and officers—and I do not say they are not honourable men—of the institution I mention, might not create some suspicion as to its character. To use the word in its time-out-of-mind signification, they appear to be *opposition hobbies*, *pets* of the *outs*. Look at the list of directors and committees of even the newly projected university, or the proposed West-end institution, and it will be found as I say. I do not say, however, that the “wisdom is not in the *whigs*,” but “*tineo Danaos*,” &c. and though I will not exclaim with Horatio,

“in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption of the state,”

yet with Hamlet, and peradventure I am not of the creaking kind, I must add,

“There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

The “greatest,” however, “is behind,”—the most potent fear is yet

to be expressed. It is, that whilst we smile at the enthusiastic predictions promulgated at the meetings of which I write; whilst we detect the folly of many of their propositions, doubt the prudence and dread the effect of others of their practices, and whilst we condemn their dogmatism, and despise their illiberal argumentation, whether in these minor objections we do not overlook the major and overwhelming danger of their *religious doctrines*. Systematically excluding religious instruction and sacred duties from their institutes, have they not from time to time given us cause to fear, lest from ceasing to give holy instructions they may—under a cloak of liberality—*creep and crawl on*, so that we hear not their tread, till their votaries and their disciples are numerous, and strong enough to throw off the mask, and burst upon the world with unholy decrees and demoralizing creeds. One example, where it speaks in such an unequivocal language as the following, will suffice for a thousand. Let me intreat those whom I address, to read, mark, learn, and digest it; and when I tell them that it is to be found appended to that work so boasted of, the “Mechanic’s Magazine,” will they not pause and say, “this is a mote to trouble the mind’s eye?”

“Church of England Catechism examined.

“In reprinting this masterly essay in a *cheap form*, the object of the publishers is to make a *more general appeal to public opinion*, against the *mischievousness* of that compound of *falsehood, absurdity, and mystification*, with which the minds of nearly all the children of this country are drugged, under the title of the CATECHISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.”!!

With the best intents, Mr. Editor, I have made these observations, and not without the hope that others much more capable than myself, may be induced to enlarge upon and perfect them. Feeling convinced that where merit has a seat in the human heart, it will make its way *without forcing*, and fully satisfied that the mechanic and the labourer will not be the happier, in the situations they are compelled to fill, by dabbling in subjects nature has never fitted them to understand, I think I have at least done honestly by exposing the more than “*etherial journies, submarine exploits*,” others would have them attempt, and in pointing the finger of warning to Mechanics’ Institutions and Apprentices’ Academies.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

JOHN PLAINWAY.

* * To Mr. Plainway’s sensible letter, we beg leave to add a few extracts from “An Essay on Charity Schools,” by the ingenious author of *The Fable of the Bees*.

“As to religion, the most knowing part of a nation have everywhere the least of it; craft has a greater hand in making rogues than stupidity, and vice in general is nowhere more predominant than where arts and science flourish. * * * It is certain that we shall find innocence and honesty nowhere more general than among the most illiterate, the poor silly country people.” p. 237.

Religion, however, is banished from this *republic* of letters, and the prohibition will no doubt be ably enforced by the vigilance of the literary officers on the preventive service.

“I am now come,” says Mandeville, “to the enormous crimes, and vast multitude of malefactors that are laid upon *the want of this notable education*. * * * I doubt not to make it appear that charity schools, and everything else that *promotes idleness* and keeps the poor from working, are more necessary to the growth of villany than the want of reading and writing, or even the grossest ignorance and stupidity. * * * The blame ought rather to be laid on

the excessive cunning and subtlety, and too much knowledge in general, which the worst of miscreants and the scum of the nation are possessed of. Human nature is everywhere the same: genius, wit, and natural parts are always sharpened by application, and may be as much improved in the practice of the meanest villany, as they can in the exercise of industry or the most heroic virtue." p. 243.

"He that first broached the pious thought (a cheap public school) rejoices to hear so many come into it, and places no small merit in being the first cause of so much bustle and talk: but neither himself nor his intimates being considerable enough to set such a thing on foot, some body must be found out who has greater interest: he is to be addressed to, and shewed the necessity, the goodness, the usefulness, and Christianity of such a design: next, he is to be flattered: 'If you once take it to heart, Sir, I would look upon the thing as done, Sir.'—If by this kind of rhetoric they can draw in some old fool or conceited busy-body that is rich, or at least reputed to be such, the thing begins to be feasible, and is discoursed of among the better sort. * * * The number of these *diminutive patriots* encreasing, they form themselves into a society, and appoint stated meetings, where every one concealing his vices, has liberty to display his talents. One motive above all is the ordering and directing: there is a melodious sound in the word *governor* that is charming to *mean people*: every body admires sway and superiority, even *imperium in belluas* has its delights. Those who can examine nature will always find that *what these people most pretend to is the least, and what they utterly deny their greatest motive.*" pp. 247—249.

"Encouraged by this consideration, namely, that *this zeal* is not prompted by any principle of *virtue or religion*, I shall with the greater liberty attack this vulgar error, and endeavour to make it evident, that far from being beneficial, this *forced education* is pernicious to the public." p. 254.

This he does in an admirable manner, going through the various grades of society, but we cannot afford to extend our extracts much further:—

"The welfare and felicity, therefore, of every state and kingdom require," says he, "that the knowledge of the working class should be confined within the verge of their occupations, and never extended beyond what relates to their calling. The more a shepherd, a ploughman, or any other labourer, knows of the world, and the things that are foreign to his labour or employment, the less fit he'll be to go through the fatigues and hardships of it with cheerfulness and content." p. 257.

"The only thing of *weight*, then, that can be said in their behalf is, that so many thousand children are educated by them in the *Christian faith, and the principles of the Church of England.*"

If this be the only argument of weight, our new University has thrown that out of the scales.

"Liberty and property, I hope, may remain secured. and yet the poor be better employed than they are, though their children should wear out their clothes by useful labour, and blacken them with dirt for something, instead of tearing them off their backs at play, and daubing them with ink for nothing." p. 287.

A loud cry was, as he expected, raised against Mandeville, on account of this essay. He was "uncharitable, hard-hearted, and inhuman;" but being put on his defence, his triumph was complete:—

"Vast sums," said he, "are gathered for these schools, and I understand human nature too well to imagine, that the sharers of the money should hear them spoke against with any patience." p. 373.—Ed.

DEFENCE OF PICTURE AUCTIONS AND DEALERS.*

BY AN ADMIRER OF FINE ARTS.

Fleullen. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand thy meaning.*Pistol.* Why, then, rejoice therefore.*Fleullen.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.*Pistol.* Die, and be damned, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

HENRY V. Act. 2.

JUSTICE is even-handed, Mr. Editor, and the wickedest rogues are heard before they are condemned ; even at Somerset House there is a weighing of merits, (in scales, perhaps, which the Leet Jury might not think very highly of,) before the *Hanging Committee* go to work. I, therefore, as a lover of the Craft, (the “dealer” himself cannot object to the term,) claim to be heard in defence of that portion of professors of *fine arts* denominated picture auctioneers and picture dealers. He thinks them entitled to *exalted honours* ; so do I, but we differ with regard to the cause.

As to Æsop's fable of the Maids and the Cock, I consider that as mere impertinence, which being, as it would be in Chancery, referred to the *master*, might haply insure the author a good flogging. That I have nothing to do with—and certainly have no desire.

RULE I.

Describes pictures as a “lying affair,” and for this reason cautions the world against them. There is not common sense in this admonition, and the *dealer* must be, I should think, a very stupid cock indeed. If lying and deceit are to be prohibited, we are come to a stand still—the world and all its concerns are at an end. This is a commercial country, and it ill becomes us to forget the tutelar deity—“Mercury,” says Lempriere, “is the god of merchants and thieves.” No, *qui vult decipi, decipiatur*, that is the only sensible maxim, and, for the sake of trade, let it have its course. Without deceit, innocence would be deprived of its greatest honour ; to be deceived is the test and glory of innocence.

RULE II.

Speaks of paintings palmed off as *Titians* and *Guidos*—and why not ? It is a mutual advantage—the seller benefits by it, and the buyer, knowing no better, is not only satisfied, but vain of his purchase :

“If ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.”

That the auctioneer should lie to raise the bidding and increase his commission, is no mighty discovery. Trade in pictures, and in everything else, must fail, if *truth*, contrary to positive orders, is to be spoken at all times.

* We have received an epistle from a person who signs himself, “Artist and Picture Dealer,” calling upon us, with a threat of some extraordinary daubing, if we refuse “to hear both sides ;” but, unlike Hudibras's horse, one side is on the alert, without the other keeping pace with it, for he has sent us no defence. Anxious to be impartial, and fearful, indeed, of a gentleman who has the power of *taking off* as he pleases, and, as we suspect, in none of the most agreeable ways, we requested a friend to undertake the task, which he has here, as he tells us, executed in the very best manner the subject would admit of.

RULE III.

Tells us of *smoking* a copy of Raffaele to make it appear like an old original. This is sheer nonsense, for if it is *smoked* there can be no deception.

RULE IV.

After saying, "never buy an old picture in *bad* condition," says, "never buy an old one in *good* condition," because whatever was good is spoilt by the dealer lining, cleaning, and stippling and daubing in. Now, there's no knowing what this worthy would be at. If OLD PIECES are not to be painted over and touched up, the embellishments of our rooms, and the appearance of those that animate and adorn them, will be shorn of their beams indeed! The ladies will of course see the absurdity and impertinence of this position. Further, if "varnish covers a multitude of sins," the more we have the better—there's great need of it.

RULE V.

Presents a terrible hardship—enough to make a cat cry. It seems that if a gentleman regret that his bidding has failed at one auction, he should not grieve, as he will soon see the same picture at another, and, as in snipe-shooting, may have several shots. What can be more agreeable? Picture hunters are like other sportsmen—the pursuit is everything—knocking down a bird, or having a picture knocked down to you, puts an end to all the sport—to the latter so completely, that delay or a miss is gain.

RULE VI.

When there is perchance a collection of good pictures sold, dealers are said to join and buy them up, by not bidding against each other, and share the profit afterwards. Indeed—why then there is no truth in the adage, that "*two of a trade never agree*." Really, really, this is a monstrous impeachment! Who can object to *their hanging together*?

RULE VII.

Guards you against visiting a dealer's room, as his arts in displaying his pictures are sure to deprive you of your wits. I don't think there's much danger of that, or, at all events, that such a trifling loss can be a matter of any consequence; it is true, however, that those who have little generally feel the loss most severely. Here, it seems that the deception is to depend on the dealer's *promise* to return the money. Now, no one can be to blame in this case, except the parents or friends of the buyer, who suffered him to go abroad without his keeper. All the rest is quite tradesman-like, and *en règle*. To call a man a *knave* under any of these circumstances leads to very slanderous consequences, for if every one is a *knave* that does unto others what he would not like others to do unto him, the philosopher, as he is called, was a precious philosopher indeed, and must have had an abundance of spare time to go about with his lantern in search of an *honest man*.

RULE VIII.

Would shew that a man affecting taste ought not to part with his superfluous cash in buying bad pictures. Nonsense—is not money the circulating medium? and what's the use of it unless it circulates? and the sooner it gets out of hands that don't know what to do with it, the better. Then he would insinuate that it is grievous "to be laughed at." This "dealer" must have had very little dealing with the world to say so; there is nothing more delightful, and this arises from the difficulty people find in distinguishing between being laughed *with* and laughed *at*. Watch your *dinner-wits* and you'll soon perceive it; and if at the self same din-

ner the giver have his room crowded with paintings, you will in his countenance clearly see how hard it is to make the distinction. *Non invideo, miros magis*, say the company; but if they are so obliging, (and dinner-friends are the most obliging people in existence,) as to *admire*, he gives them credit for *envy*.

RULE IX.

As to "Be not taken in by cheap—nothing is cheap that is worth nothing," it is a very absurd argument. The buyer of a picture is the best judge of its cheapness, and as a man best judges by comparison, he can probably compare the low price of this acre of canvass with the far higher price given for one much smaller: and with respect to the latter, his judgment may be formed on this sound rule,—

* "The value of a thing
Is just what it will bring."

And he well knows that it brought a round sum—to the *seller*.

RULE X.

"Never give a commission to a broker; it is paying double to play the fool by proxy." I have had a good deal of patience in wading thus far through these rules, but here my stock is out. What! not play the *fool* by *proxy*? Its worth any money—and lamentable it is to see how *stingy* he age is in this respect!

RULE XI.

Directs that you should "make your collection, and then have a sale." Delightful moralist! So, having shown that picture-dealing is pure roguery, he recommends the pigeon to turn rook—it is a common case, I admit, but what are we to think of it as a piece of advice? Have a sale—set the auctioneer and the dealers at work again—excellent!

RULE XII.

Is a word at parting, which recommends the conduct of Diogenes to would-be amateurs and connoisseurs—simply and rationally requiring *such* gentlemen to be *philosophers*! They are told "not to buy repentance at so dear a rate." Philosophy is out of the question, but, as *good Christians*, I rely on their spurning far away such an admonition, thinking as they ought, that *repentance* cannot be purchased at too high a price; and as it can never come *too late*, I hope they will not, while they have money in their pockets, be checked by any of these cautionary rules. I know several dealers who will be happy to show them their collections, and to afford them at all times ample room for the exercise of that Christian virtue.

☞ The note requires a word. It is fair enough to call Mr. Christie's sales of *pictures* "the supreme humbug," for, as he puffs the bubble higher than his playmates, it is a piece of justice due to his merits. It is something to lead in any pursuit—Napoleon did so in the *last* century, and Satan in the *first*—all such geniuses have their admirers. It is only superficial observers, however, who see any humbug in Mr. Christie's catalogues, with a string of sounding names,* culled from Pilkington and

* How many of these are really by the original masters, whose names so "thunder in the index," may be answered in the same way as the query in "Verses for Children."—

"A man in the wilderness asked of me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea:
I gave him an answer, the best that I could,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood."

others, and attached to the different lots. Surely that can be no humbug, which *should* humbug nobody—but admitting the humbug, let us be more just to this charming deception, and pay some respect to ancient precedent. Who would have known the subject, if the ingenious artist had not written under it, “This is the Black Bull?” and who would ever guess that all these bits of well varnished rag, in well-gilt timber, were *Guercinos, Giorgiones, Domenichinos, Carraccis, Murillos, Poussins, &c.* if it were not so set down? The buyers are much beholden to the auctioneer for information, which he could have got nowhere else. Shakespeare was but a simpleton to ask—“What is there in a name?” A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but would a painting, by *Timothy Wiggins*, instead of *Carlo Dolce*, look as well? No, Mr. Christie has read his Theocritus, and knows that *ενομα πολλὰ πτερυ*,

A name is often pleasing found,
In names the mind delights to revel,
And this is held the surest ground,
To set folks *bidding* like the Devil!

There are bad names as well as good ones, and, is it not reasonable, when you may choose, to avoid the former? It is not uncommon to hear thoughtless people call a person an *attorney*—this is exceedingly wrong—for it is a very hard thing to say of a man, unless one is quite sure of it! And it is no trifling matter, without good ground, to say a man is an auctioneer—but the fact, excusing me, I cheerfully admit that Mr. C. ranks at the head of his profession. Decidedly superior in manners and education to all his brethren, he honours a calling, which is no honour to him. The dirty tricks and devices of brokers meet with no countenance from him, and I could almost pronounce him a gentleman (an *attorney* is a gentleman by Act of Parliament, and any act of his own is of course deemed superfluous), were it not that

“When he talks of his *Raffaelles, Corregios*, and stuff, he seems to forget, what never slips the memory of a gentleman—that he has a soul to be saved.

Then as to the “convenient candle-light sales in Leicester-street,” Where’s the harm in this? Do you expect people, who want to sell their articles, to place them in the worst light? Be a little reasonable. Women, as well as other paintings, and linen, look best, we know, by candle-light. Besides, and the “Dealer” ought to blush at his insinuations, the thing is here at any rate not done in the *dark*.

Lastly, as to the Auction Mart, and duping of jobbers and stock-brokers. Why, pray, should we run counter to the wisdom and experience of ages, for such are proverbs; and we know the way that ought to be spent, which is “got over the Devil’s back.” I, for one, as a moral man, think highly of picture auctions in this quarter; for, see the salutary consequence—it abates pride and vain glory—but for some check of this kind, these natives of the alley would strut about and think that there were no rogues in the world equal to themselves!

In fine, give the enemy his due, and don’t let us speak with such disrespect of rogues and roguery. Without temptation, we should have no virtue—without exposure to the artful, innocence would lose half its attractive beauty and lustre from the want of contrast—without fraud, we should have no *good laws*,

*Bonæ leges malis ex moribus procreantur.**

* Macrobius.

indeed no laws at all, for until a law is violated, it is nothing, or only a nominal affair. Let us then be grateful for any thing *good*, whatever the source from whence it springs. Says the author of "*Private Vices, public Benefits*," and he says it well, "There are, I believe, few people in London, of those that are at any time forced to go a-foot, but what could wish the streets of it *much cleaner* than generally they are, whilst they regard nothing but their own clothes and private conveniency: but when once they come to consider, that what offends them is the result of the plenty, great traffic, and opulency of the mighty city, if they have any concern in its welfare, they will hardly ever *wish* to see the streets of it *less dirty*."—*Pref.* 9th Ed. 1755.

Condemning, as I do, the principles on which "a Dealer" acts, as tending to destroy so many of our blessings, I am still less content with the skill he has displayed in the execution of his design. The outline is well enough, but the colouring is much too subdued to be a faithful portrait of the original. So fond of justice, he ought to be ashamed of himself for having, in his own person, dealt it out so sparingly. His picture of *the Craft*, though it has "flutter'd the Volscians" not a little, is indeed so very defective, that it must, I should think, tempt the parties who sat for it to imitate a great man of other times, who, being censured for certain errors, exclaimed—"Is that all?—Oh! my friends, if you did but know me half so well as I know myself, you would never think these trifles worth mentioning."

AN EVENING PARTY.

"They talked about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather."

MR. MACTWIGIT, of St. Mary Axe, was a tallow chandler, and one of those hard-working, industrious tradesmen, who generally open their own shop in the morning at an early hour, and after sprinkling it, and putting things in order, finish with old Braccbridge's soliloquy, before they go to breakfast:—"Good morning, shop, now I've taken care of *you*, I hope you'll take care of me."

Parsimony is often better known under the title of strict economy; and that, assisted by attention, caused a gradual increase of wealth to Mr. Mactwigit; until, after fifteen years of anxious labour, he had the gratification of seeing his capital amount to five thousand pounds. As he had never dreamt, when he commenced business, of being in possession of a tithe-part of that sum, he determined to enjoy himself, since he had obtained an independency, and was of the middle age; but how to do so most to his satisfaction, was the difficulty. Company, beyond that of a pipe, he had no relish for; and yet a pipe is but a dull sort of unvarying companion. He wished for something entertaining, to keep him from sleeping before bed-time, and perhaps afterwards; something to rub the rust off his mind; to make him feel the dignity of man's estate; something to rule over; something *alive* to call his own; in short, he wished a wife to crown his happiness, and he wished not in vain; for after two months' advertising in the Times and Chronicle, with the addition of a

week's courtship, he became the happy husband of Miss Margery Trot, spinster, owning to thirty-nine.

The blessed result of such an union as this may be easily anticipated, where taste on the female side was only to be equalled by her youth and beauty. The honey-moon appeared to the poor tallow-chandler like a long six, as if there was never to be an end of it; whilst Mrs. Margery began to find the winter's evenings long and tiresome; for her husband had returned to his pipe and chimney-corner, seeming to forget his dulcet wishes, and wrapt in smoke, to meditate on his former habits and customs, which in themselves constitute the major part of earthly happiness to a plodding mind.

What was to be done? How enliven the dreary hours by sober recreation? Reading was out of the question, for two reasons. In the first place, there was not a book on the whole domestic establishment, excepting the London Directory, and that, it must be confessed, contains much more information than amusement—and, in the second place, the eyesight of Mrs. Margery was not well calculated for reading small print by candle-light, and spectacles are only for people who have numbered a certain quantum of years, of which she, by her own acknowledgement, (and she must know best) had many yet to come.

After some days' consideration, she determined in her own mind to have a few old friends every now and then, to form a comfortable, agreeable evening party, in St. Mary Axe; but the difficulty of obtaining the consent of her lord and master was first to be surmounted.

A close siege was resolved upon; and should her first approaches fail, she vowed within herself, to worry his life out until he consented. With this sage and never failing method of prevailing, as continual dropping will wear away a stone, she opened the conference at night, immediately after getting into bed:—"Indeed my dearest Mac," quoth she, "these winter evenings are remarkably dull, and you are very remarkably dull, my love. I have been contriving, but solely for your amusement, my life, how to make the hours pass, as the poet says—

"Like the idle wind, which we regard not."

Suppose now, for instance, we were just to ask neighbour Jones and his wife to drop in one evening next week." At this momentous crisis, the exclamation "*bah*," bursting from Mr. Mactwigit, assured his spouse, like Morgiana in the Forty Thieves, that it was "not yet, but presently," she must hope for the success of her projected plan. Foiled in her first attempt, though not in the least dismayed, she resolved to mention the circumstance again in the morning, so soon as Mr. Mac should open his eyes; likewise at breakfast, and constantly morning, noon, and night, until his ears should become so familiarized to the sound of "company," that even the very noise they might occasion, should be no bar to his nightly rest. She kept her word in good earnest, until after a fortnight's persevering efforts, poor Mac groaned his consent to an evening party after the next melting day was over; but with a proviso, that he was to be allowed to do as he pleased abroad, whilst she entertained her friends "at Home."

So far conqueror, Mrs. Margery lost no time in improving the advantage she had gained. Two card tables were added to the first-floor furniture, nearly as good as new; and a dozen little notes, with crow quill penned, were sent forth by a trusty messenger, the R. S. V. P. being

conspicuous in the corner. A confectioner was held in requisition with a retaining fee, and she resolved that three full quarts of Port, and an equal quantity of Cape wine, should be sent for, from the Shades, near London Bridge.

With such a prosperous commencement, the good lady had no doubt of distinguishing herself amongst the *haut ton* at the Eastern end of the town, and of becoming equally celebrated, in time, with either of those two dashing, leading characters, so ably drawn in the novel of "A Winter in London."

Melting-day gone and passed—the hour approached for the arrival of the expected guests. A cold meat dinner was over by half an hour after one, and the shop closed a whole hour before the usual time, to afford a better opportunity for removing the candles into the back warehouse, in case the company should ask for a quadrille. The passage at the private entrance was sprinkled with lavender water and eau de Cologne, that it might not smell of the shop; and an elegant lamp was suspended for the occasion, trimmed by the scientific hands of Mr. Mac himself, who, by degrees, had been persuaded, not only to endeavour to make himself useful, but to be introduced to the friends of his amiable spouse. Why should words be wasted on a plain brown coat, and bob-wig, which were the principal body clothes which adorned the person of the host, when the dress of Mrs. Margery vied with the colours of the rainbow? Her flaxen hair, which, when *en dishabille* very much resembled a haystack, was now twisted into large French curls, and ornamented with crimson roses. A green dress, somewhat short, with inverted flounces, according to the present fashion, was admirably calculated to exhibit a pair of elegant silk stockings and lemon coloured shoes. Upright as a dart in her gait, she felt certain of inspiring her guests, individually and collectively, with wonder and admiration, at her choice of the materials of fashion.

The shop boy, metamorphosed into a livery servant for the night, was placed in the passage, with strict injunctions to be speedy in opening the door; whilst the maid servant of all work, with hands and face thrice three times refreshed, was stationed on the landing place to usher in the parties as they arrived. The domestics having waited the best part of an hour at their posts, the good lady of the house on the tip top of expectation, the first hackney coach drew up to the door at a quarter past seven. A loud knocking was succeeded by an awful silence; Mrs. Margery, in alarm, looked down stairs, and beheld, with horror, her livery servant fast asleep, coiled up on the door mat. Vexed beyond bearing, she began muttering execrations, not loud but deep, between her teeth, when a second knock, more terrible than the first, startled the affrighted youth from his slumber, whilst the lady hostess regained in haste the apartment prepared for the reception of her guests. By eight o'clock the company, to the number of thirteen, had assembled, when Mrs. Wilkins, whose husband, when alive, was a farmer, and she a graft from his dairy, looking anxiously round the room, addressed a haberdasher, who was next to her, in an audible whisper, hoping the folks were not all come; for if they were, she could not possibly stay; as nobody should say she was such a fool as to sit a whole evening with such an unlucky number as thirteen; for as sure as a gun, said she, some of us will be in our coffins before this day twelvemonth. This sage prognostic might have had some effect, had it not been disturbed by the female servant bringing in the tea

things, followed by the pro tempore footman with a dish of muffins, and one of hot buttered cakes. During the disposal of the bohea, the conversation turned upon the arts and sciences; and the subject was warmly disputed between a Captain Fume, who commanded one of the Gravesend steam-boats, and a junior clerk of the Post-office, as to whether the steam boat, *the Scud*, would make the passage from Falmouth to Lisbon in as short a time as the "Francis Freeling" sailing packet. Captain Fume descanted loud and long upon the beneficial effects of the steam, whilst the clerk as obstinately defended the vessel which bore his master's name; adding, with much emphasis, that it would be ungrateful, indeed, in him, did he not support that, in argument, by which he obtained his bread.

Tea being over, Mrs. Margery directed the card tables to be placed; when just as they were sitting down to commence a comfortable rubber, a violent knocking announced another arrival, and quieted the scruples of Mrs. Wilkins. The eyes of Mrs. Margery sparkled with joy—Bless me, 'tis Mrs. Pillblister, the apothecary's lady, said she; we shall hear all the news. An old lady, upon a large scale, dressed in strict conformity to "*La Belle Assemblée*" for the month, was now introduced; and a-bbling into the room, commenced an apology for coming so late; "but really," added she, "people who keep their own equipage are less independent than those who are compelled to hire; for at one time a horse is unwell, at another the coachman is bilious; so that one never knows when one can depend upon having one's own carriage for one's own use." Bowing and curtsying over, seats were resumed, and a card table filled, Mrs. Pillblister lost no time in pouring forth to the delighted Mrs. Margery and her auditory, all the scandal she had collected and invented for this occasion; when, having talked herself out of breath, she expressed a desire to play a rubber. This was declined by so many of the party, that Mrs. Margery was in want of *one* to make up; so looked about for her husband; but he had quitted the room. On ringing the bell, the livery servant appeared. "Simon, where is your master?" enquired she.—"Why, please ma'am, he be down smoking his pipe in the back shop."—Had he fallen out of the three pair of stairs window into the street, Mrs. Mactwigit would not have felt more amazed, though she might have been more delighted; but, desiring the servant to tell her husband she wanted him directly, and to make haste, she placed her party in readiness to begin. Mr. Mac hastened to obey the summons of his wife, and was seated at table.

"I never play less than shillings," said Mrs. Pillblister, with an affected grandeur; and perhaps, Mr. Mactwigit would like to bet half a crown on the rubber. "I must beg leave to be excused," returned the tallow-chandler, "'tis what I'm not accustomed to—only think, if I should lose a bumper, would not that come to a deal of money?" "True, Sir," replied the lady, "shillings is high enough, but I'm so in the habit of playing half crowns, that"—"Half crown pints, Ma'am?" "Oh! yes, and higher too," said the apothecary's wife, with a chuckling laugh.

Mr. Mactwigit was awed into silence, and the rubbers continued with various success until supper was announced. Captain Fume, requesting the honor, handed Mrs. Margery into the adjoining room; while Mr. Mac did the same office for Mrs. Pillblister, with as much grace as a dancing bear. Some time was occupied in placing each according to his degree, but it was at last, though with difficulty, accomplished.

In providing the supper, there was by no means an *elégant scarcity*—not

an inch of table cloth was to be seen—the most incongruous articles appearing on the most intimate footing—at one corner, a ham saluting blanc mange; at another, jelly in the immediate vicinity of oysters; and in the middle, a towering salver of whip syllabubs with port wine at the bottom of them. The boy in livery had been most carefully instructed by his mistress, that if he should observe any lady or gentleman looking as if something were wanting, he was immediately to endeavour to anticipate their wishes. He was anxious to do as he was directed, so the moment Mrs. Wilkins took her eyes from her plate, he stepped up to her, and staring in her face, said in a loud voice, “Ma’am, be you looking for beer?” Stung to the soul by such excessive vulgarity, Mrs. Margery ordered him out of the room, with a look that seemed to forebode some dreadful retribution.

Supper being ended, a bowl of punch was introduced, which put the party into complete good humour; indeed, so much so, that Mr. Mac-twigit volunteered a song, which meeting universal approbation, he treated them with “I’m jolly Dick the lamplighter,” in a style peculiarly his own. His wife was not to be outdone, so followed in rotation, and went through a ditty of about twelve verses, in which the only words that could be distinguished were “Strephon and Phyllis,” and with as much variety in her tones, as might be discovered in the chirping of a smoke jack that wants oiling. “Handsome is that handsome does” being the principle each acted upon, the conviviality of the evening was prolonged to a late hour, when Mrs. Pillblister’s carriage being announced, opened the way for a general retreat, leaving Mrs. Margery alone with her husband, to tell him how well she had done it—and to hear him roar out at the head of the stairs, “Shut the street door, *Simon*—I thanks my stars, we’ve got rid of them there people for some time!”

COMPLAINT AND PETITION OF THE PUBLIC.

To the very learned, tasteful, and industrious, the Editor of the European Magazine,

The Complaint and Petition of his well wishers and admirers, the British Public.

Sheweth and Prayeth:—

That whereas, from time immemorial, various parties and individuals have been, and continue to be in the daily habit of usurping our name, or pretending to engage in schemes and perform acts for our benefit, while not only to us generally, but to every one of us severally, excepting the said parties themselves, the said schemes and actions have not only been of no use whatever, but have been invented and carried on by the said parties for their own benefit, and to the intent that they might profit by this their imposture upon our credulity, we feel it a duty incumbent on us to state to you, as one of our choicest benefactors (meaning thereby, since in your New Series you became one of us, and known and loved as such) the great loss and grievance that we have thus sustained, to the end that you may interpose, and save us from those scandalous usurpations of our name, and daring impositions upon our good nature.

and the approbation then lavished upon me, by the indulgence of my friends and acquaintance, was not forgotten. I applied to —— of Covent Garden Theatre, whom I had occasionally met at the house of a mutual friend, who gave me a letter of introduction to the manager of the B—— Theatre. My ill-filled portmanteau was soon packed up, and I took my seat on the mail with an anxious heart, and with only £3. 13s. 2d. in my pocket. It was about nine in the morning that I stepped from the coach and proceeded to the house of the manager. He was at breakfast, but after some little delay I was permitted to see him. I shall never forget the emotions of that moment—as I looked upon him he seemed to be the arbiter of my destiny; and I felt as if I must either live or die by his decision. After reading my letter, he gave me to understand that the jealousy existing amongst his corps would effectually prevent him from giving me any character of importance for the present, but that he would willingly make trial of my abilities in a third, or, perhaps, second rate part. This was as much as I could expect, and, after thanking him, I went to look for a lodging. This I soon found in the shape of one room at the rate of seven shillings per week, which I hired, and began to be in some degree relieved from my apprehensions of beggary and utter destitution. I walked about the town for some time, and then amused myself by sitting at the window of my humble apartment, and noticing the passers by. Amongst the rest I saw a young female, who had just crossed the road from the house in which I lodged, and I blessed the muddy street that was the cause of my seeing one of the prettiest little ankles the world ever looked upon. Her figure also was beautiful, but of her face I had no opportunity of judging, for she went straight on her way, and never turned either to the right or the left, but I felt convinced it was handsome. Youth is always sanguine, and raises every thing to the standard of its own wishes. I gazed after her until she was lost among the crowds that were pacing along the streets of B——, and then retired to a corner of the chamber, disappointed and vexed with myself that I had not followed one who so strangely interested me. There are sensations that will not, that cannot be defined, and such were mine at that moment. Every distinct feeling has a name—every individual passion has a title by which it is understood—but there are shades of these feelings which have no name, and blendings of these passions by which their titles and their individuality are lost together. I have heard feelings compared to colours, as acting on the sympathies in the same way that colours may act upon the eye; but colours (although each one has a denomination when separate) may receive a name in their blended state—for what else is the rainbow than a mingling of hues? and yet that one word seems sufficient to express them all. This is not the case with the emotions of the heart. We cannot wreath them together, like many-tinted flowers, and call them a garland. We have hope and joy, and love and memory, but we have them not united under one name. They must be identified distinctly, or they cannot be identified at all. But this is running away from “My first appearance.”

In the evening I was admitted behind the scenes, and became fully convinced of the truth of the manager's assertion. Jealousy of each other was the characteristic feature amongst the performers, and they eyed even me with more curiosity than friendliness.

The play for that night was *Hamlet*, in which I remember the Prince

of Denmark would have done well to have given his own attention to the directions which he so liberally dispensed to the players, for he "sawed the air," and "mouthed" most strenuously, and saved others the trouble of "fooling him to the top of his bent," by doing it for himself. The Grave-digger was the only well-acted character in the tragedy, with the exception (a sweet exception!) of Ophelia. This performance riveted my attention. There was no straining after effect—no attempt at points which are often introduced for the sake of a little silly applause, and destroy the simplicity, and tenderness, and beauty of one of the most delightful creations ever yet imagined by Shakspeare or by nature. I had never seen the part acted or sung so well before, and I have never known it acted or sung better since that time, although I have witnessed many representatives, and among others Miss Tree, who appeared to have no other guide than her own womanly feelings—no other master than the unerring impulses of her own gentle heart. But after all, in judging of *my* Ophelia, I may be considered partial, for (the truth must out) I fell desperately in love with her, and felt determined to try my utmost on the night of my first appearance, that I might not seem ridiculous in her eyes, for at the moment it seemed to me that such a circumstance would have been worse to endure than the censure of a thousand audiences. The dreaded yet wished-for night arrived, and Wilford in the Iron Chest was the character selected by the manager for my debut. I felt pleased at the choice he had made, for it gave me an opportunity of playing to the Barbara of Miss H— (the "fair Ophelia" of the former night), and whilst the rest of the company treated me with coldness, and on some occasions with spite and injustice, she incited me to persevere, with a smile of kindness and encouragement that recompensed me for the indignities and want of feeling I experienced from the others. Never shall I forget my emotions as the time drew nigh for my entrance on the stage. My heart sickened within me, when I thought that there was not a single being in the house whom I knew or to whom I was known, and my anticipations of success grew weaker and weaker every moment. I looked through the green curtain, and when I saw any of the audience conversing and laughing with each other, I thought of old times when I had sat down as carelessly as themselves, without reflecting upon some poor devil behind the scenes, whose very existence depended upon the attempt he was about to make. Thus, we are selfish even in our pity, at least it is generally sooner awakened by those misfortunes which are nearest akin to our own sufferings, than others, although perhaps more severe, which we have never experienced. Were it not for the shame of being seen, I could have cried like a child as I stood at the side scene before the curtain rose; but I endeavoured to conceal my feelings, as my alarm would only have been a source of laughter and ridicule to the rest, who were, as I may say, hardened in stage matters. Miss H— was, I think, the only person who perceived my embarrassment; and she whispered in a kind yet monitory tone, "Success depends upon yourself—do not lose it by giving way to fear." These words acted like a charm upon me, and although I could not help my knees trembling a little when the call-boy told me to be in readiness, my spirits seemed buoyed up with the consolation that there was one at least who took an interest in my welfare—one at least whose heart (should I fail) would sympathize with me and with my sorrows. There is no music in this world like a woman's voice—her compassionate voice—when we are in

trouble and affliction. We pretend to be their *props*, but they are *ours*. They are living lessons to us, of patience and resignation in the midst of suffering—examples of all that is bright and beautiful in mind as well as form. Never—never shall I forget her to whom I owed my success at B——. The curtain was drawn up—the scene proceeded, and after a little while I trod the stage for the first time before a public audience. I was all anxiety, but the applause bestowed on me as I came forward, gave me a small portion of courage, and, to say the truth, I wanted it sadly, for my own limited stock was oozing out very fast. From the approbation I received throughout the evening, I felt that my acting had been as much liked by the audience as ever the vanity of youth could have anticipated. Sir Edward Mortimer never forgave me for running away with more applause than he gained himself, although performing what is termed “first business.” The termination of that night’s adventures was singular enough. As neither Miss H—— nor myself played in the afterpiece, I asked to be allowed the happiness of seeing her home to her lodgings, an offer which she accepted “not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,” for not one of the company—not even the “first-business-man”—had on previous nights tendered his services, but left my pretty Ophelia to go home unaccompanied. We walked on through different streets—she giving me information respecting the theatre—the manager—the performers, and advice on many points, of which I afterwards found the benefit—when on a sudden she stopped, and said, “I am at home, Sir;” knocking at the same time at the door of the very house in which I lived. The thought flashed across my mind that she was the identical female whom I had seen a few evenings before from my window, and who excited sensations which reason scarcely could account for. On questioning her this proved to be the case, and I could not help telling her of the interest she then had raised within me. To make a long story short—Mr. —— left at the expiration of three months to fulfil an engagement at York. I jumped into Prince Hamlet’s sables and a good salary, became a great favourite at B——, and married Ophelia, whom I afterwards took from the stage that she might devote her time more fully to sundry little princes and princesses, who required all her care and attention. Reader—deal with me as gently as you may—and have some pity on my defects in consideration of this being MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

TO AN OLD MAN, WHO MARRIED A VERY YOUNG WOMAN.

FROM THE DUTCH.

I do not wonder you complain
 Of being gall'd by wedlock's chain;
 For all would take you (on my life!)
 To be the father of your wife;
 Although, in justice, I must add,
 You are not e'en your children's dad.

DISEASES OF THE PAST MONTH.

JANUARY.

THE very mild state of the weather, at the commencement of this month, being followed by such a severe frost, has been the cause of very violent inflammations of the pulmonary organs. Many elderly persons, who have been for some years liable to an attack of catarrh, or what is often conceived to be asthma, and who had flattered themselves into security from the very clement state of the atmosphere, have suffered vehement accession of this disease. Many, as it is above stated, who are subject to winter cough, particularly when a little advanced in years, are very apt to attribute its recurrence to asthma, and their being asthmatic. This, in most of them, is not the case. The membrane which lines the wind-pipe and its continuations, the bronchia (as they are technically called), is, like all secreting membranes, well supplied with blood-vessels. This, it will be obvious, is necessary for its furnishing the mucus, proper to lubricate the canal, as, without this protection, the membrane would be so irritable as to prevent our breathing. From its free exposure to all kinds of atmospheres, it becomes liable to inflammatory attacks, and in different parts of the passage. The inflammation causes the membrane to secrete a mucus, much thinner than it is in health, and more acrid: this disturbs an already uneasy surface, which has no other means to resort to, to rid itself of its annoyance, than by throwing it off, which it endeavours to do by coughing.

When the membrane has suffered several times from these accessions of inflammation, it becomes thickened, and ceases to secrete, either the proper quantity or quality of mucus. This causes great exertion to the respiratory organs, as the passage of the air into the lungs is of necessity narrowed; respiration and circulation are by these means greatly impeded. The more frequently the membrane is diseased, the thicker it becomes, and thus the canal becomes contracted. The mucus, which is secreted during its presence, is thin, frothy, and very viscid, and generally of a grey colour.

Persons, therefore, labouring under cough, or having irritable lungs, should never drink wine or spirits, under any form whatever. For patients suffering with cold, it is a favourite domestic remedy, to give them plenty of warm *sack posset*, or *white wine whey*, and though last, not least mischievous, gruel, with brandy or rum put into it, to make them perspire.

This is only adding fuel to the flame. If nurses, therefore, will have the goodness to put the feet into hot water, and, after wiping them dry, wrap them in flannel, and give their patients simple gruel, they will be doing service in nine cases out of ten, and, at least, will have the consolation of knowing that, should they do no good, they will have done no harm.

All amateur professors of medicine are great lovers of stimuli of every description.

Females who are in any way obnoxious to these inflammatory attacks of

the nervous membrane, should never go into the external air without wearing a veil; because the cold atmosphere will stimulate the tender and irritable sheath of the respiratory canal and bring on a paroxysm of coughing, which will last for some time,—by which the strength is exhausted and the disease increased. By simply wearing the veil, the air inhaled is warmer, and consequently less irritating to the already unhealthy and too sensible membrane, and coughing is avoided. As a domestic remedy, ipecacuanha lozenges are the most elegant and useful.

Inflammation of the lungs and their investing membrane has been very prevalent, and principally attributable to the same causes as those above-mentioned.

Measles, which were very frequent at the termination of the last year, have gradually disappeared, but have left the organs of respiration in those who had been attacked exceedingly tender and liable to inflammation. There were some fatal cases, but generally the little sufferers struggled through them with safety.

Rheumatism has re-appeared with renewed vigour, and during the cold weather was exceedingly severe and obstinate; at the approach of the thaw, however, it yielded.

Fever has never been entirely absent since its first aggression in the autumn; it has, however, generally speaking, been less fatal than in the preceding spring.

Whooping-cough has shewn itself in some few instances, but is by no means general; it has, however, commenced its career with great severity. Persons having children labouring under this disease should endeavour to keep the apartments, in which they reside, nearly at one temperature; they should also never allow them to sleep in the chamber in which they play during the day. It is a peculiarity of this malady, to be often sensibly alleviated by a change of atmosphere, however slight, even so trifling as one as removing the sick persons from one room to another. Change of air, (for instance,) removal in the open air from one residence to another, frequently produces mischief, as the membrane is more liable to become inflamed from such an exposure.

X. I. P.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE CZAR.

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit,
Tunc suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.

For the last six weeks the curiosity of statesmen—the speculations of journalists, and the anxieties of jobbers, have been as steadily turned towards the North, as if they had all been about to embark on a Polar expedition. The political magnet has pointed constantly to Petersburg, without dip or aberration. We are told that within the last twelve months five comets have appeared to astronomers in different parts of the world, and that one of them had two tails: but though all of them had appeared in the heavens together, and though each of them had displayed as many tails as the highest order of Pachas, their united attractions would not of late have equalled that of *Ursu Major*.

Nor is the fact to be wondered at. For, in the first place, a sovereign had disappeared, on whom the existing arrangements of society depended more than on any other potentate, and a respectable degree of mystery, besides,

hung for a time over the manner of his exit. In the second place, the rumours about his successor made it necessary for politicians and speculators, to erect the horoscope of the new autocrat, to determine what *conjuncti* and *oppositions* it would display, and as *Gemini* was certainly the sign to observe whether *Mars* was not in the *Ascendant*. Some of these astrological sages heightened the interest of events by announcing an unfavourable position of the heavens, and predicting a disputed succession. And in the third place a *disput d succession* has actually taken place, of a very novel and extraordinary kind. The ball of empire was suspended for days between Petersburg and Warsaw, or tossed between two archdukes, as in a game at shuttlecock. If we can believe the accounts which we have hitherto received, never was such amiable hostility—such self-denying ambition—such *civil* warfare—such fraternal resistance—such loyal rebellion—such friendly rivalry—in short, such a disputed succession known, as that which the Russians have lately witnessed. They saw one brother who had signed his abdication when he signed his marriage contract—and in obtaining a wife had renounced an empire, refusing to take advantage of his birthright at the expence of his faith, and another, who had been destined to empire by family arrangements, renouncing the benefit of the contract in favour of the claims of primogeniture. They saw Nicholas I. proclaiming Constantine I. at Petersburg, and Constantine I. declaring for Nicholas I. at Warsaw—they saw at once two self-denying emperors without any effective ruler—each brother a subject and a sovereign in his turn—both standing on the steps of the throne ready to kneel when invited to mount—and each pointing to the vacant diadem, as the rightful ornament for the head of his rival. This generous conflict was at last terminated by the *submission* of Nicholas to receive the homage of his brother emperor—the government of fifty millions of souls, and the command of nearly a million of soldiers. The court, the senate, the civil authorities, and the army, have thus had the benefit of taking two contradictory oaths of allegiance, and are all necessary rebels as well as faithful subjects, while one regiment has been massacred as traitors, because it refused to rebel.

But with these disputes about the crown—with this double resignation of an imperial inheritance—this singular contest between the *Eteocles* and *Polynices* of the North, not about a throne, but the enjoyments of privacy—we have at present nothing to do. Our object is to make some observations on the character of the late Emperor Alexander. For the time of his birth, marriage, and death, we refer to the Imperial Almanack, or the monumental plate on his coffin, when that document shall arrive. The few remarks which we have to make will be classed under the heads of his personal character, his internal government, and his external policy; or, in other words, his government of the European continent.

I. The late Emperor of all the Russias, though neither endued with extraordinary energy of character, nor possessed of extraordinary capacity, was in many respects a most remarkable man. He was remarkable for the activity of his mind and the extent of his acquirements—for his power of adapting himself both as a statesman and a military chief to the circumstances and wants of the times—for his fearless profession of liberal opinions at one period of his life, and his avowed hostility to them at another, without allowing either to alter the course of his policy or obstruct the exercise of his beneficence, as regarded his own dominions.

Though the son of that madman Paul, his education was more carefully conducted than that of any former Russian prince. His grandmother, Catherine II., who systematically excluded his father from court, as systematically required the presence of his children, and lavished upon their instruction all those attentions which she could spare from the gratification of her licentious amours, or the promotion of her ambitious schemes. She even composed for Alexander a compendium of Russian History, from which, of course, the chapter on the deposition and strangulation of her husband was expunged; and as French philosophy was then in vogue, she appointed Colonel La

Harpe, a Swiss republican, thoroughly imbued with the new ideas of liberty, and moreover a man of accomplishment and talent, to be his tutor. As the young prince was often placed in trying circumstances between his father, whom he was always desirous, out of filial reverence, to obey, and the Empress whom he was afraid to offend, he early contracted that habit of suppleness and finesse which remained with him through life, and which constituted perhaps, at once, the charm of his general manners, and the blemish of his personal character. Both Madame de Stael and Buonaparte, in admitting the cultivation of his understanding, the graces of his deportment, and the general goodness of his heart, dwell on this trait of his manners. The latter even goes so far as to calumniate him by saying that he was "without frankness, and a true Greek of the lower empire." "*Il a de l'esprit*," says the Ex-Emperor, "*de la grace, de l'instruction, il est facilement séduisant ; mais on doit s'en défier ; il est sans franchise ; c'est un vrai grec du Bas Empire.*"

Alexander, under a tutor like La Harpe, and under a guardian like Catherine, who supported both the tutor's authority and the pupil's emulation, made rapid proficiency in all the branches of knowledge and accomplishment suited to the important station which he was destined to fill, while his amiable disposition and elegant manners rendered him the delight of all who approached his person or witnessed his conduct. When, therefore, the policy of his reign and the interests of his empire brought him into Southern Europe, he appeared among sovereigns and statesmen—at courts and in private societies—in the field and in council—a man who could have attained distinction independent of his rank—who could fully appreciate the talents and character of others, and make others respect his own.

With the artist he could skilfully touch on matters of taste—with the philosopher he could discuss the principles of science—with the churchman he could decide on the authority of creeds and the merits of ecclesiastical institutions—with the soldier he could converse on the history of campaigns and the principles of the military art—and with the politician he was at home in the forms of government and the rules of administration. His tastes were simple—his habits active—and his self-denial to pleasure and to luxury uncommon. He was almost his own foreign minister, and director of the internal administration of his own dominions, holding at once in his hand all the threads of European diplomacy, and superintending every scheme of domestic improvement. His life was passed in a perpetual whirl of employment, and yet his manner never appeared bustling, nor his head confused. He possessed an uncommon command of his faculties and powers of application at all times and in all circumstances. He could labour with great intensity at one species of employment—change his employment and apply equal ardour to another—and when he had nothing that particularly required his attention, or occupied usefully his thoughts, he could command at pleasure and for short intervals, the embraces of sleep without being exhausted by the fatigues of business.

It has been asserted by some that the late emperor was a hypocrite in religion, and that his pretensions to piety were only assumed as a cloak for his ambition. Nothing can be more unfounded than such a representation. Alexander was in the latter part of his life a zealous believer, though the articles of his creed might not be accurately defined to himself, nor clearly known to the world. He was at once an intolerant bigot, as regarded the general system of his faith, and a reasonable latitudinarian as regarded particular dogmas. It was expected, when he was at Verona in 1822, that he would have visited the Pope. Had he done so, and had any proposal towards a union of the Greek and Latin churches proceeded from the Vatican, similar to that made to Peter the Great by the Sorbonne, he would have so far laid aside the prejudices of his own church, as to have treated it with respect and reverence. Religion appeared to him rather the sentiment of submission to supernatural power,—the sanction of social engagements,—and the cement of political order—than any well-defined set of opinions,—system of duties,—or

series of hopes. The fire of Moscow, according to his own declaration, had flashed conviction on his mind; and the preaching of some fanatics, with whom he afterwards met, deepened the impression which calamity had made. The avenging Providence of the elements, in turning the tide of victory against his invaders, after the eastern capital of his empire had been burnt and the western threatened, had produced a serious effect on a mind naturally disposed to devotion, and requiring only some strong excitement to break through its secular restraints, and to indulge in the dreams of Greek superstition, or German mysticism. We have seen the emperor, when he could not suppose that he was known to any one, and when of course he could not imagine that he was securing for himself any reputation for sanctity, beg the blessing of a priest whom he casually met with on his solitary walk, and humbly kneel to receive it; and *we know* that at the congress of Aix-la-chapelle, where every projector with a plausible scheme was easily admitted to an audience, Mr. Owen, of New Lanark—the most magnificent projector of all—was refused that honour, on account of his supposed want of religion. His majesty did not object to see the New Lanark philanthropist, because he came with a “new view of society,” in which emperors would be of as little use as astrologers, and proposed to clip down the Russian dominions into pretty little parallelograms “of industry and happiness,” in which the Czar could rank no higher than assistant schoolmaster, but because he professed to have no “view” of the Christian faith, and proposed to limit the hopes of his disciples to the terrestrial paradise of his co-operating villages. “Is not he an infidel?” asked the emperor, when solicited to receive him and hear him explain his system,—“then I would not be in the same room with such a man.” On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Hay, who had just travelled through Poland to convert the Jews, and who appeared at Congress to present a memorial to the allied sovereigns in favour of that most ancient and most money-getting people, was received by the emperor with great cordiality, and had the honour of lecturing him for hours on the mystic signs of the Apocalypse, and the visions of the prophet Daniel. Nay, though of a creed which would probably see “the image of the Beast,” as much in a Greek patriarch as in a Romish bishop, the reverend gentleman joined in prayers with the emperor for the conversion of the Hebrews and Heathens of his vast dominions.

Alexander's ambition, though latterly under the guidance of his principles, was great and universal. He courted the reputation of being a legislator, a statesman, a patron of certain kinds of literature, a man of letters, and a man of the world. His autographs and diamond-rings, or snuff-boxes, may be found in the possession of nearly every eminent man of science or literature, who chose to write a book to his taste and transmit a copy for his perusal. The French poet LAMARTINE, received about a year ago a very elegant imperial compliment for his *Meditations Poétiques*, and even a Chemical Catechism sent from this country did not pass without notice, though it had no pretensions to the discovery of the philosopher's stone. His powers of conversation, and his acquaintance with the current knowledge of the day, were so considerable, that he would have been thought a well informed man in any society—and would have been as much at home in a saloon at Paris or London, as in the Kremlin at Moscow.

To descend from these qualifications, to others which are more usually found about courts, it may be observed, that he was a rigid observer of etiquette, where the prejudices or feelings of others were concerned, but otherwise as regardless of its forms as any of his subjects. We have seen him change his dress four times in one day, in compliment to the parties whom he was to visit, or with whom he was to associate: while we know, on the other hand, that in his travels either abroad or in his own dominions, he showed the greatest simplicity in his taste, and opposed ceremony as the bane of comfort.

In his dress, person, and manner, he had much the appearance of a coxcomb, and probably an inordinate degree of conceit—the result of early flattery,

directed to minute accomplishments—may have mingled with the better parts of his character.

In his affections and attachments he was strong and constant. His regard for his father was never destroyed, even by his father's capricious folly, and his reverential fondness for his mother has seldom been surpassed, in those classes of life where the feelings of our nature are supposed to be the least adulterated. His matrimonial ties were formed at a time when he could neither be sensible of their obligation, nor resist their imposition; but, however little he was consulted in the contract, he always treated the object of it with a respect and kindness which secured her admiration, confidence, and gratitude. Had he been in Moscow at its conflagration, and been able, like another *Æneas*, to save only one dear object from the flames, he would no doubt, like that pious chief, have preferred his surviving parent to his *Creusa*, but he never would have sacrificed the latter for any personal gratification.

We have no desire to touch on the *histoire scandaleuse* of the court of Petersburg. If the emperor *did* form any attachment forbidden by a strict standard of morals, he never allowed it to interfere with his domestic arrangements, though as he never could pretend to be Alexander the Great, he never affected to be Alexander Saccarus. Where he saw zeal in his service, or attachment to his person, he was always ready to reward it with liberality, or to return it with confidence.

We have stated these particulars respecting the personal character of the late Emperor, at the hazard of being thought tedious, both because we know he has been much calumniated, and because the qualities which we have ascribed to him derive additional merit from the country, and the circumstances in which they have been displayed. Alexander will be celebrated in after times as the first Russian monarch who has shown himself penetrated with the civilization and refinement, as well as possessed of the arts, discipline, and knowledge of Western Europe. He is the only Autocrat who has shewn principle and self-control in private life—with a freedom from the degrading vices and furious passions of unlimited power. Peter the Great, with all his greatness, was a great savage. He possessed surprising energy of character, and executed mighty undertakings—but his manners at home were coarse and brutal—his pleasures vulgar and beastly—his temper ungovernable, and his heart callous and cruel. He was in fact an Asiatic despot, with the dexterity of an English mechanic, the science of a French philosopher, and the tactics of a Prussian drill-sergeant. We find him handling with equal art the hatchet of the carpenter, or the axe of the executioner—inspecting with equal interest the evolutions of an army or the tortures of a criminal, and directing with equal energy the improvement of an empire, or the excesses of a debauch. His very conquests over the barbarous manners of his country were gained by his cruelties—he may be called the *Gie gizcan* of Russian civilization. If it can never be forgotten that he founded a capital—created a fleet—raised and disciplined an army—joined distant seas by lines of internal communication—extended his dominions—conquered the “Swede,” and humbled the Turk; it will always likewise be remembered, that he arranged scenes of vulgar buffoonery—indulged in riot and intoxication, from which his favourites came with bloody noses, given them in his cups, by his own hand—impaled his courtiers alive—scourged and imprisoned his wife—assassinated his son—and feasted his eyes on the dead bodies of two thousand Strelitzes, sacrificed in cold blood to his policy or his vengeance, and died himself of a torturing disease, the consequence of multiplied irregularities.

The most respectable circumstance connected with the personal character or private history of this great enemy of barbarism and bushy beards, was his regard for his second wife, Catherine, whose marriage with the Czar, and subsequent elevation to the throne, showed the absence in Russia of all those laws for regulating family alliances, and determining legitimate succession, which prevail in other parts of Europe. This peasant girl sovereign—

this upstart empress—who, from being the illegitimate partner of the emperor's bed, was raised by his caprice to be the partner of his throne, had no sooner been released from restraint by his death, and the possession of his power, than she proved how little she was penetrated with the feelings of her rank, or how unable she was to command the respect of a civilized people. She could not sign her name to the acts of her government—she indulged in the grossest pleasures, and died at the age of forty, of venery and Tokáy. It would be needless to allude to her successor, Peter II., whose reign terminated before he was 15, and who consequently had not time to display the usual virtues of the Muscovite throne. The reign of Anne, was that of her favourite, Biren, with whom she lived in undisguised adultery—to whose caprices she was obliged to submit—who kept her in bondage and on board wages, and who banished her best subjects to *Siberia*. Her successor, Elizabeth, who reigned twenty years, had made a vow against ordering capital punishment; but tortures and the *knout*—dungeons and *Siberia*, carried off more than 40,000 of her people. She commanded the tongues of those to be cut out, whose heads she had sworn not to cut off—she drank brandy to excess, and owned towards her death that intoxication and sexual indulgence had constituted the chief pleasures of her life. It would be superfluous to speak of the cruelties and crimes—of the public perfidy, and private pollution of Catherine II., from the dethronement and murder of her husband to the promotion of the last of her numerous favourites—from the massacres in Poland, to the scourging of those who talked of her licentious amours. Her pedantic attempts at internal improvement, and her pretended regard for learning and the arts, throw but a thin veil over the loathsome profligacy of her private conduct—the wasteful extravagance of her court expenditure, and the atrocity of the assassinations which she authorized her favourites to commit. Insanity has been pleaded as an excuse for the tyrannical freaks of her son Paul—but while we admit the plea, we must employ the example as an evidence of the tendency of arbitrary power among a half civilized people—to corrupt the heart, and to derange the understanding.

In looking at this last of Russian princes, and considering the state of society in Russia, we shall be able to appreciate the transcendent merits of the late Emperor's private character, who, seated on a despotic throne, with an unlimited power over fifty millions of souls, with no good domestic example to follow, and no well informed public opinion to guide—displayed the moderation and self-command—the solid virtues and refined accomplishments, of the most respected and enlightened citizen of a free state.

II. On the internal government of his empire we have room to say very little. He succeeded his father in the spring of 1801, and his first object was to terminate the war with England. The four years which intervened between his accession to the throne and his joining the Confederacy against France in 1805, were spent in strengthening his military force, and executing plans of internal improvement. One of his first objects was to take into consideration the state of serfship, and to relax or cut asunder the chains of bondage. He released, on certain conditions, the slaves on the domains of the crown, and recommended similar measures to the nobility and the church. More has been done in this great work during his reign than since Peter the Great commenced his reforms. He established schools and literary institutions—encouraged commerce and industry, by pointing out new markets, or opening new lines of communication—established greater order in the public finances—augmented his navy on the Black Sea and the Baltic, and sent out several expeditions of discovery—improved the provincial organization—and introduced a more regular process of business, and a more efficient controul into every department of the state. One thing was wanting to render these ameliorations permanent blessings, and to guarantee a similar progress under his successors—we mean some form of constitutional government. He is

said at one time to have expressed his regret that he saw nothing above his will in Russia, and that he could not support his attempts at improvement on the immutable basis of laws and institutions. "Sire," said Madame de Stael, to whom this regret was expressed, "your character is a constitution." "In that case," replied the Emperor, "I should only be a lucky accident."

[Our very intelligent friend, the writer of this article, will we hope pardon the omission of the third head, relating to "Alexander's foreign policy." Our limits impose this restraint upon us; and we must, however reluctantly, break off with his concluding paragraph:—]

Alexander, in the fulness of his power, abstained from using it to serve his own ambition, and it is to his courageous good faith in observing the stipulations against conquest, that he did not die *Master of Constantinople*.

BEAUTY AND BRAVERY.

Revellers give o'er ! this is no bridal day,
 The foe's at hand, I must away, away ;
 Our youths are up, the task of war is mine ;
 Bring my bright sword, and bid my buckler shine.
 Clara adieu ! nay, dry that painful tear,
 Thou art but to my swelling heart more dear
 That thus we part—my country calls to arms,
 Her parent voice more strong than beauty's charms.
 Sweet, I'll return, or tho' to fall my fate,
 Think that 'twas glory shorten'd Conrad's date :
 Raise thou my tomb, so shall my fame survive,
 Kept by the tender hand of love alive.
 Mother, look up, these gloomy fears dispel—
 Father, your blessing—Clara, love, farewell."
 But Clara's breast has caught the martial glow,
 Nor woman's fears nor weakness will she know ;
 Unseen by all she seeks the tented field,
 Her soft arms brandishing the lance and shield ;
 Daring, by Conrad's side, the foeman's pow'r,
 Full proud to aid him in the doubtful hour.
 The steel's discordant clashing rends the sky,
 And mingles with it Conrad's dying cry :
 Covered with wounds he falls, while at his side
 A ruthless blow struck down his gentle bride.
 " I faint," he cries, " oh ! were but Clara near"—
 " Conrad," she faltering sighs, " thy bride is here."
 In death's cold clasp their faithful hands are wed,
 "The blood-stain'd earth the warrior's bridal bed.

BEATRICE.

REPLY TO MR. MATHEWS.

BY A NATIVE YANKEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE—(NEW SERIES).

ALLOW me, Sir, to justify myself, so far as I can do so, and to excuse myself, where I can do no better, for what I said of Mr. Mathews, in a paper which I furnished you with a few weeks ago. I do not mean to be very tedious, though, generally speaking, more words are necessary to answer a charge than to make it. A paragraph may require a volume or two for refutation.

I shall proceed, step by step, in reply to what appears to be the work of Mr. Mathews; but I will pass over the parts which have nothing to do with our dispute.

Mr. Mathews would appear to have read the paper, to which he or somebody else, I hope with his authority, has replied; and yet he charges me,—1st, with saying what I never said in my life; and, 2ndly, with meaning what I never meant in my life. I say Mr. Mathews, because the signature of Mr. Mathews is attached to the paper; although it appears to have been got up, either by two different persons, or by one person, at two different periods, after a little reconsideration, for the last five pages are occupied in admitting a large part of the facts which are denied in the first three pages.

Mr. Mathews says, for example, that I charge him with “uttering, knowing to be forged, certain counterfeit portraits, and clumsy absurd caricatures of my countrymen, and thereby *ridiculing the whole nation.*” To which I say, that I do no such thing. I never did—I never shall charge him with ridiculing, or with wishing to ridicule, I do not say the whole nation, but any part of the nation to which I belong. It would not be true if I did—my true complaint is, not that he has, but that he has not ridiculed, my countrymen. I have said before, and I say it again, that “a little more courage, and a little more hearty good will in delivering his blows would not have been amiss.* Look at page 380 of this very European Magazine. See if I say any such thing—see if I have said so anywhere else. What I do say is, that “it is high time to take Mr. M. to task. *His portraiture of the Yankee is generally misunderstood here; and he knows it. He knows very well that a wretched caricature, which he got up in a frolick, is received in a pernicious way, by the multitude here, and yet he persists in multiplying the copies,*” &c. &c.

Nay, more—I have said, in the very beginning of the paragraph, which has been so oddly misunderstood, or misrepresented, that “I attribute no bad intention whatever to Mr. Mathews.” What do I attribute to him then?—barely this; the putting off a bad caricature for a good one, where a good one were easy enough to make—easy enough, with such power as Mr. M. is gifted with; and the persisting to multiply copies thereof, long after he knew that the copies, which he had prepared, *in a frolick*, were taken seriously—taken, as I have said above, *in a pernicious*

* In Blackwood, more than a year ago, I spoke as I do now. See B. M. Oct. 1824. I did not care to see my countrymen puffed, or wish to see them badly pawed about.

way, by the multitude. But are they ^{so} taken? I say that they are; and I hope to prove my whole case, before I have done. He says that they are not; but, we shall see by and by, which is right—and peradventure, that he must have *known* all that I say he knew, about *how* these wretched caricatures were received by the multitude, here.

Mr. M. says, too, that I charge him “with knowing, in his own heart, that his picture of the *Yankee* is a poor and feeble counterfeit, unworthy of America, unworthy of Mr. M. &c.” To which I say, that I do no such thing. I say *first*, that “his portraiture of the *Yankee* is generally misunderstood here.” By this, I meant that it was generally received here, (a fact which I shall try to prove by and by,) *not* for the portrait of *individual*, but for a portrait of the *national character*—a portrait of BROTHER JONATHAN, by which people mean here, just what people mean of the British character, when they speak of a JOHN BULL. The people of the United States are all Yankees abroad; and the national character is embodied here, I say, in the shape of that Brother Jonathan, which the “droll” Mr. M. has imported. But, after saying that his portraiture of *individual* character is generally misunderstood, for a portrait of the *national character*, I say that his *Jonathan* is a very poor and very feeble counterfeit, unworthy of *America*, &c. (I do not say that his *Yankee* is a poor and feeble counterfeit.) By which, I mean that, although as a portrait of individual character, (not of the *Yankee* character), it is pretty good—very fair, at least in a few superior touches, partly of tone, partly of dress, and partly of speech, it is not worthy of *America* as a portrait of the national character. It may be tolerable as the portrait of an American—but is not, as a portrait of Brother Jonathan.

Perhaps it may be well enough to ask here, whether people do not mean, *always*, when they speak of BROTHER JONATHAN, or JONATHAN—always—the *national character* of the people of the United States of America? Do they not, as much as they do, of the national character of the British, when they speak of John Bull? And if so, why should I not say to Mr. M. or to Mr. anybody else, if Mr. anybody else were to do, what Mr. M. has done. Sir—your portrait—no, your “sketch” of the garb of a “native,” whom you met in the United States, being adroitly set off with a few features, that you have picked up, here and there, and a few stories that you heard, all which you desire to put off, on the British public (who have a very high, and a very just opinion of your fidelity) for the portraiture, not of this or that individual hat, coat, or breeches, not of this or that New Englander, but of the *New England character*, is taken by this people, for the portraiture of something more than you, yourself, had courage to pass it for, though you had courage to pass it, for more than it was worth—for that, which it was not—for they look upon it here, not as the portrait of a New Englander, not even as the portrait of *New England character*—but as a portrait of the *national character*. What if I were to get up a very bad Yorkshireman, for the New York theatre—a bad Yorkshireman, as a whole, yet very good, in a few parts of speech, in garb, or tone? What if it were understood by the people of America to be a portrait of the native John Bull—a portrait of the *national character*—not of this or that individual, nor of this or that provincial character—with what face, pray, could I complain of a British writer, if he overrated me—saying to me, Sir! your portrait is misunderstood—and you know it. You are doing mischief—not much perhaps; but some. Look to it. You are able to do good—give us a brave caricature. Lash

us, if you will—we deserve it—we may be the wiser for it, if you strike hard. But—I pray you—do not make us appear so utterly cheap. What if I were to say in reply—It is no fault of mine! Could he not finish me, by retorting the title of my caricature? I have called it a—what?—a Yorkshireman—oh no—but a JOHN BULL. So with Mr. M. He has called his caricature a JONATHAN, well aware, that a JONATHAN here, is what a JOHN BULL is in America.

Mr. M. charges me, too, with mixing up the character of his JONATHAN IN ENGLAND (I say *his* again, you perceive) with his TRIP TO AMERICA. So I do. So I did. Let us now see whether I have done so, without a justifiable authority. Take the very words of Mr. M., who, after saying that “he holds himself personally responsible” for all that he said in the TRIP, avows that he furnished the writer of JONATHAN IN ENGLAND with materials for it—with memoranda, &c. &c. But let us take the very words:—“The author constructed a most ingenious plot, and applied to me to furnish him with some *phraseology, peculiarities of pronunciation, &c.* I was at a great distance from London, and preferred furnishing him with *materials ready prepared*, than be (quære to the English of this) at the trouble of copying from my own memoranda.”

Now, in addition to this avowal—we know that Mr. M. *dressed* for the part—copying the “sketch” that he spoke of, and repeating the squirrel story, which *his* Jonathan had already been praised for giving with such effect, in his *Trip to America*.* Was I not justifiable, therefore, I do not say excusable now, but justifiable, in regarding Mr. M. as the author of both portraits?—and yet he will talk of “misrepresentation.” A word is enough, here. If Mr. M. be answerable for either, he is for both of these awkward, heavy caricatures.

Mr. M. adds moreover, that “he is no more responsible for the tendency of the character of *Jonathan W. Doubikins*, in the farce, or the effects, or the errors it may produce, than Mr. COOKE was responsible for the sentiments uttered by him, in *Sir Pertinax M’Sycophant*; or his friend LISTON for his droll delineation of *Lubin Log*, to the citizens of London and Southwark.” To which, I say—That will depend, Sir, on two or three questions. First, did Mr. Cooke furnish the materials to Macklin? Did Mr. C. dress the part from actual “sketches?”—did he repeat, in the character of the Scotch *boo-er*, all that he had been praised for doing before in the Scotch character? Secondly, and if he did, was the character that of a haphazard individual, or that of the nation?—How was it understood?—Was it worthy of Cooke? &c. &c. If he furnished the materials for it—if he dressed for it, &c. &c., he would be responsible as you are; first to the Scotch, if it were not a good caricature, and secondly to the English—if it were a bad one. Such is your plea—such your case. I need say nothing of Mr. Liston.

“The Americans laughed at *Lubin Log*”—says Mr. Mathews (p. 61) “am I to infer that they took that for a portrait of *all Englishmen*.” Certainly not, I reply—assuredly not. If they had, it would have been the duty of a true Englishman to undeceive them. But consider a little, suppose that *Lubin Log*, the very same character had been set forth by a native American, after a voyage over sea, for the very purpose of getting a faithful portrait of the British character—suppose it were put forth by such a person, so qualified, for a *national portrait*, or called

a JOHN BULL. How would you relish a true Lubin Log in the character of JOHN BULL at your "Englishman's Fire-side?" I leave you, Mr. M., to apply the case.

"Are the North Americans," you say, or the Yankees of the East, to be the only people in the world, that are to be exempt from such representations? Must they exclusively be secure from shewing up?" No, indeed—show them up, if you will. Caricature them if you will. But for your own sake, for the sake of your country, for the sake of my country, let it be *them* that you show up, not a rabble of portraits, collected, God knows how—and God knows where—inch by inch—a feature at a time—here a little and there a little—under their name.

"Why, who in the name of common sense," you say, "ever once insinuated that Jonathan was a national portrait?" Who!—multitudes. I have been repeatedly asked, if your portrait was a true portrait of our American character. I have been asked, if we really wore such waist-coats in our part of the world—nay, while you were playing the character, I have heard the people about me speak of your JONATHAN, as they would of a *Sir Pertinax*, or a *Dennis Bulgruddery*. But, if my word will not be taken—that of others may.

1st. Let me show that by JONATHAN here is understood the national character of the United States embodied. One familiar, every day authority will be enough, I suppose. I might give a score, but one will justify me. I will refer to a writer pretty well known too. You have heard of William Cobbett—"nobody comes up to Jonathan for coolness," quoth he. Reg. Vol. 55. No. 10.

Now—to show that his portrait was generally misunderstood here;—understood, in fact, by the literary purveyors of the age, for a portrait of the *national character*; and that Mr. M. has been regarded as the author of all that I have charged him with, *in both pieces*.

"JONATHAN, by *Mathews*, is a caricature, and a wild caricature"—says the *News of Literature and Fashion* for Sep. 10, 1825. "An extravagant caricature—a talented and an able one, we grant—a caricature by Cruikshank; but still, an *unfair* portraiture. There is not a *stroke* in the whole piece, from the first to the last, that is *merited by America*, with the exception of the lolloping of the negro.* The greatest pains are taken throughout the whole piece, to represent *poor Jonathan* in the worst light possible,† and to encrease the unfavourable impressions already entertained," &c. "Care is taken to avoid everything, which might be thought to have the slightest flavour of a generous, kindly or conciliatory spirit."‡ "It was an ungracious thing in Mathews to

* Untrue—the writer must have been either no *judge*, or something worse, for, if he will refer to Blackwood for July 1825, (the paper to which he is indebted for all that he knows on the subject) he will find that Mr. M. is applauded for many capital "strokes" over and above that of the negro, in his TRIP TO AMERICA. This writer though, if Mr. M.'s charge be fair, is guilty of "misrepresentation" too—for he confounds the TRIP with the FARCE, or at any rate regards Mr. M. as the true author of that Farce.

† Untrue—for JONATHAN is made respectable two or three times, and is never contemptible in the Farce; and what is more, there is a well intended, though stupidly executed set off, in the other American, who tries to make love, and play the gentleman, with a wretched song or two—I do not say that he tries to play the devil with a wretched song or two, for that would not express what I mean—he goes farther; he tries to play the gentleman with it.

‡ Ridiculous enough, to be sure—in a writer, who, the very week before,

caricature the *Yankees* in return for their hospitable entertainment of him."*

"Without exception, we have found it is true, in all the Americans we have fallen in company with (quite possible) or met with, a certain coarse assumption and hauteur of deportment—but they are in general, the *stateliest beings that wear the shape of man, with a pride of gait and port, that leaves even the stateliness of a Scotch Laird in the distance.*"† &c. "If this be, indeed, at all a representation of the AMERICAN CHARACTER, it is such a representation as Dogberry, or we might say, the Dougal creature, would be of the character of the *British Nation*. No humour of the caricaturist can reconcile us to such an exhibition." *Morning Herald*, Sep. 2, 1825.

Enough—I do not appeal to such papers out of regard for their value or authority, but simply to show, (and I might show the fact by a multitude of similar proofs) that, 1st, When people talk about JONATHAN here, they mean a sort of personification of the character of the people of the United States of North America. 2nd, That Mr. M.'s JONATHAN has been so understood, as a portrait of the national character; and 3rd, that Mr. M. has been regarded as the true author, if not of the piece—at any rate, of the character of JONATHAN, as he appears in that piece, about which we are squabbling. But, if it be so misunderstood—am I justifiable in saying that Mr. M. *knew it*—knew it in *his own heart*? I leave others to judge. The opinions which I have quoted, were *common* with the newspapers—or they were not. If *common*, he of all men would be *likely* to know it—if *uncommon*, he would be *sure* to know it. Such, I believe to be a fair inference, if we consider the very deep interest which Mr. M. would have in knowing the state of public opinion.

"Mr. M. appears rather anxious to know what I think of the squirrel story." My answer is—and I refer to Blackwood for authority—that "it is inimitable; and the sketch of the Kentuckian, masterly. They are two of the most legitimate pieces of sober humour in the world, for one that knows the American character." What would he have more?

He says that I would "*insinuate*," moreover, that he makes Jonathan Doubikins out a negro dealer, and a slave holder, raised in Vermont, and born all along shore, there, &c. &c. So I do—that is my answer to the charge in three words—I *do so*. But Mr. M.'s back is up here—and he adds, in rather large capitals, for which I have a hearty respect by the way, wherever I see them: "IT IS FALSE. I did nothing of the kind—not one of the charges are (*is*) true."

SEPT. 3, was foolish enough to say, that the "Americans have a decided prejudice against foreign music, especially Italian, *in common with everything refined.*" Such people cut a pretty figure, when they rebuke Mr. M. for not showing a *generous, kindly, or conciliatory* spirit towards the Americans. Hedoes—they do not. He is liberal, they wicked and perverse.

* Hospitality!—Fudge. The fault of Mr. M. as I have said before,—ay, over and over again, is, that having received a hearty welcome over sea, and being to the heart, a generous, good fellow, he has been too much afraid of subjecting himself to the charge of ingratitude.

† This writer has a beautiful idea of the American character! But so has everybody—now, that people begin to bestir themselves here about America. They are all chattering as if they knew what they were chattering about. God forgive them, I say; not long ago this paper said that William Cobbett was the chief authority, in literature, to a well bred American! He might as well have said so of the MORNING HERALD.

Now let us put a passage or two of Mr. M.'s reply together ; and see if we were not justified in making the frightful "insinuation." "He (Jonathan W.) says Mr. M. page 62. *purchased* him (that is, the negro) of uncle Ben—and when uncle told him he had a nigger to sell, and says do you want one, Jonathan replies—O yes, for I have more than the *other* helps can do."—Now, "does this prove him a dealer, or a driver?" says Mr. M. A *dealer*, I should say ; and yet this occurs in the *TRIP*!—the *TRIP TO AMERICA*, for which Mr. M. says that "he holds himself personally responsible." He adds too, that Uncle Ben "is the dealer," yet Uncle Ben "lives to Boston."* Now let us see what he admits to be in the celebrated farce, for which I have undertaken to hold him—I do not say "personally responsible,"—that phrase being appropriated now, to much more serious matters—but responsible. Jonathan says—observe reader, Jonathan W. Doubikins, the very individual, in dress, talk, name, behaviour, and all, that appears in the *Trip*—he says in the *FARCE* "Do you know where New Haven is? Well—it warn't there. Why did you ask then, says Ledger. Jonathan answers (I quote the very words of Mr. M. as they appear in his odd reply to me) Jonathan answers, 'because Uncle Ben was *born* there, though I war'nt. I was born as I have heard in *Vermont* state, or thereabouts, just as the Indian said, he was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and *all along shore*.'" Very well—so far, so good. We have here the admission of Mr. M. that a slave-dealer, for he says, "the dealer is uncle Ben," (p. 62,) was a native New Englander, born at New Haven, in Connecticut, and living at Boston, the capital of New England. Let us now see whether he does not acknowledge more than I taxed him with—for if Jonathan should prove to be a slave-holder, and slave-dealer, too, there will be *two* cases of blundering absurdity—and I charged him but with *one*—but one, I should say, so incapable of justification as that of making a native New Englander either a slave-holder or slave-dealer. Mr. M. proceeds, "There is not one sentence in the whole piece that *alludes* either to his being a negro-dealer or slave-holder." Really, Mr. M.! But, look to my words ; you have not quoted them exactly. I say that "your Jonathan" *proves* to be a negro-dealer and a slave-holder ; I do not charge you with *saying* so, or with "*alluding*" to the fact "in a single sentence." Now, what says your Jonathan? I quote your words anew. "Do you want to buy a nigger. My uncle

* *Lives to Boston.* A note here will not be amiss, I hope ; for Mr. M. asks if I have the *impudence* to tell him that they do not say, *live to Boston*? To which I reply, that reserving my *impudence* for a better occasion, I do say, positively, that they (if by *they*, he means the people, or any part of the people, except *his* author of the story) do *not* say, *live to Boston*. They do say, *I live to home*—but, how?—by corruption of the word *at*, which, where it encounters a vowel or a weak aspirate, becomes *to*—thus—I live *at* home—I live *t'home*—I live *to* home, but is never heard very distinctly as *to*. My "*ear*" against his, therefore. Again. He says that they do say *raised* (for brought up) in every part of the country, that he has visited. To which I say that he is altogether mistaken, if by *they*, he means the people. Throughout New England, which he *visited* or marched through, it is a sort of bye-word when they laugh at the southerners for their peculiarities. I do not say that *raised* instead of *born* is used any where, though Mr. M. says that I do (note p. 60), nor do I say that *raised* is confined to *one state*—I say no such thing. But he is very unlucky in his few quotations. Nor do I say—God help the man!—that *enquiry* is not the *common pronunciation*. But I do say that it is "confined altogether to the middle states, if not altogether, to a part of Maryland, and a part of Pennsylvania."

Ben told me I could dispose of him in England." Again, "I do not much like to part with the nigger; he is a spry active *help*," (here Jonathan shows what he meant by the word *help*, in the passage quoted above, where Jonathan says that he has more work than the *other helps* can do. Here the *slave*, we see, is called by Jonathan his *help*. If so, what were the "*other helps*" of Jonathan, pray?)

Now, let me ask, if all that I have charged Mr. M. with, ay, all and more too, be not proved here, out of his own mouth? And first, I would ask, Does not the New Englander that he shews up, as a portrait, *prove* to be a *slave-holder*? Does he not *hold* one slave certainly, and perhaps more—perhaps, I say, for while he speaks of that one as a *help*, he speaks of having *other helps*? 2nd. Does he not prove to be a *slave-dealer*? He *buys* one slave—one, if no more: and of whom, pray? Why, of *another* native New Englander, (a fact which, some how or other, I had overlooked). He *buys* one slave, and he offers that one slave repeatedly, over and over again, for sale. Now, if the *buying* and *selling*, or the *buying* and *trying to sell*, (for in so much I was wrong) of a negro slave, do not make a *slave-dealer*, and if the *buying* a *slave*, and *keeping a slave*, do not make a *slave-holder*, I should like to know what does. I can tell Mr. M. that a *native New Englander* would not buy, or keep, or sell a negro,—could not, I may say, without ceasing to be a New Englander; that is, without changing all his native habits. N. B.—I care not whether Mr. M. avow or disavow the FARCE, here—the faults of which I complain so far, being common both to the TRIP and the FARCE. In the TRIP Jonathan is made to *buy* a slave and to *keep* a slave, and what more would you have to justify my principal charge? But, 3rd. Does not Jonathan, after all, "*bring a slave into England for sale*?" Does he not wear a straw hat, &c. &c. &c.? Does he not say that he was born, *as he heard*, in Varmount, just as the Indian said, all along shore? Does he not say *raised*, *inquiry*, &c. &c.? And, if so, have I not been justified by Mr. M.—out of Mr. M's. own mouth, too, for every word of my charge, even while he was contradicting me at every step? I say that I have—and after admitting that I have made one or two trivial errors in a word or two, for as I never saw the Farce in my life but once, and that above a twelvemonth ago, while it was performing, I did not, for I could not, give the very words—words which may no longer *be* what they were—Mr. M., as we all know, being celebrated for variations—I shall add a few remarks more, and give up my pen, I hope, for ever, on this head.

Mr. M., however, is not half satisfied yet; for he says, if "I imagine the people of England are so *besotted*, so *ignorant*, as to believe that he ever *intended* Jonathan as a *fair specimen* of the North American character, or that they believe him to be so, he must assure me that *they are not such idiots*." Well, well, after that I have only to ask, why he took the trouble to answer my charge, when I said that his Jonathan was *not* a fair specimen of the North American character? (I said no such thing, by the way, I only said that it was not, as a whole, a *good* specimen, a *clever* specimen: it was *fair* enough, I laid no sort of unworthy motive to the charge of Mr. M.) Why did he answer me? Was it for the "*people of England*?" Was it with a fear that I should suppose them "*idiots*" enough, "*besotted and ignorant enough*," to believe his Jonathan a *fair* portrait of the North American character? If so, it behoves me to justify myself to *them*. I do—I appeal to their papers. I prove by the two that I have quoted already, and I could prove it by a score, that I had much

reason to fear that his character of Jonathan was thought by the people of England to be *intended* by him, whatever it might be, as a fair specimen of the said character. What is their speech? They are in doubt, perhaps, if it be a *fair specimen*; but are they in doubt respecting his *intention*.

By the way—I had overlooked one little matter. I said of Mr. M. that after the practice of a whole year, with leisure and opportunity enough the while for correcting any prodigious blunder, into which he might have been led by haste, or by his great inexperience of the real Yankee character, while performing his TRIP TO AMERICA, the first fruit of his labour, out he comes with a new piece, &c. &c. Here we are at issue. Mr. M. denies every word of my charge; and gives a date or two. I repeat the charge—adding only that I did not go far enough. Mr. M. was in America in 1823. He returned in 1823—I believe. He brought forth his TRIP early in 1824—and the FARCE, we now perceive, was acted early in September, 1824. I had a notion, to be sure, that there was a longer interval between the TRIP and the FARCE, and, if I had been aware of the whole truth, I might have changed the words a little—a very little; but, nevertheless, what is the fact? Why, that nearly two years intervened (I believe) between his going to America and his coming out in the FARCE; and that over and above the “leisure and opportunity” that he had otherwise, he had the practice of more than a year, off the stage, and of a good *season*, if not of a whole year on the stage, before he appeared in the farce.

In a word—for why should I travel a step further?—Mr. M. appears to me to set up two sorts of defence. The first is, that he is not the author of the JONATHAN W. DOUBIKINS, who, to my view, is the chief character in the FARCE, called JONATHAN IN ENGLAND. And the second is—that HE, Mr. Matthews (for while speaking of it, he says, I) did not *intend* JONATHAN W. DOUBIKINS for a *fair specimen* of the North American character; and that, the public of this country were never *ideots* enough to suppose that HE did intend it for a *fair specimen* of that character.

To which I reply, 1st. That Mr. M. is the author of the JONATHAN W. DOUBIKIN who appears in the said Farce; he (Mr. M.) having furnished the materials for him—the facts—the language—the dress—the character,—and having, in short, transferred his JONATHAN W. DOUBIKINS, bodily, from his TRIP to the FARCE. 2ndly. That I never disputed his *fair* intention; except so far as I charge him with multiplying bad copies, after he knows, not only that they are bad, for so much he knew at first, but after he knows that they are *misunderstood* by the people here. And, 3rdly. That the public of this country have hitherto received his portraiture of Jonathan, both in his Trip and in the Farce, for a portrait—I do not say merely a *specimen*—but for a portrait, a national portrait, of the North American character; all which I prove, partly out of his own mouth, partly by the newspapers of the country.

I would stop here, if I did not respect Mr. M. for the very feeling which has led him astray. Over anxious to get clear of a charge, a ridiculous one to be sure, that of ingratitude, breach of hospitality, &c. &c. he has gone out of his way to attack the only writer that has ever spoken the truth of his behaviour toward America; and he has made the attack—how?—in such a way that charity compels me to suppose that he furnished the facts while he was angry, God knows wherefore, with me; and that some other

put them into the very awkward shape,—the contradictory shape, in which they appear.

Let me add now, that my testimony throughout will bear a sharp investigation. I have dealt with Mr. M. twice in *BLACKWOOD*,—once before in the *EUROPEAN*, (that is, before *now*,) and once in the paper which he speaks of, at *Boston*,*—but no where else, and at no other time. What I have there said, in every case, I say now, that “I attribute no bad intention to Mr. Mathews;” no ingratitude, and no “breach of hospitality,” as they have it, over the water—meaning that he has forgotten what he owed to the hospitality of America. I will go further now, much further—I will say, that while he has been remarkable for good-natured forbearance toward the foibles—nay, toward the very follies and vices of my countrymen, they, or at least a few of their number, have been as remarkable for their bitter, desperate, unjustifiable, wicked abuse of him. But he will have his day yet—when the people of America know the truth, and know it they shall, the few that have belied him will suffer as they ought. Meanwhile I would have him laugh at the absurd lies that are told of him—and prepare to encounter the truth. His chief enemy “over on t’other side,” is really a very honest man, though a very abusive editor;—and he is bitter with Mr. M. partly because Mr. M. is an Englishman, partly because he, Mr. M., carried all before him there, as an *actor* of a peculiar shape—and partly because he, the editor in question, *believes* that he, Mr. M. has been very abusive about America. I shall put the true initials of my name now—so that Mr. M. will not be so “bothered” hereafter—hereafter, in this world I mean.

J. N.

THE MONTH.

“Old Janus wears a double face,
One dark and t’other clear;
To tell us that both good and ill
Will happen in the year.”

THE first month of 1826 is one which will not soon be forgotten—not in consequence of any very great events to make a show upon the record of history, but because of the effects of that panic and derangement of the money market in England, which had their beginning during the last quarter of the former year. We said formerly, and we repeat it, that great as has been the distress produced by this, and great as it may still be, it is the effect of the panic and the alteration of the system of credit, and not of anything connected with the real wealth of the country. Up to the very time when the note of alarm was sounded, every branch of our national industry was in a state of unprecedented vigour, and people of every class were getting themselves better accommodated in the essentials of food, clothing, and habitations, as well as in all the conveniences and luxuries of life, than they had been formerly. There was not a city, a town, or even a hamlet, to the value of which some addition had not been made in the course of the year; and there was hardly a parish in which at least some portion of ground, formerly waste, had not been cultivated. Thus, if the kingdom, as it stood, had been brought to market, and sold to foreigners, its value would have been considerably greater than even at the brief space of twelvemonths before. So far as this went there was, notwithstanding the clamours of those persons who have done so much mischief, on a subject which they did not understand, there was an accumulation

* In a letter which I wrote very hastily after seeing the *TRIP* on the first night of performance.

of wealth, an actual prosperity in the country, or else language ceases to have a meaning. If the new houses had been without inhabitants, and if the fowls of the air had been allowed to gather in the produce of the newly cultivated fields, then those houses and that produce might, by the ingeniousness of sophistry, have been made out as having no "*value in use*," as the political economists would call it; but even then they would have had a "*value in exchange*," because, unless all the countries in the world had been supplied to the same excess, some persons might have been found who would have given for them either other commodities or labour.

Against the actual property that exists in a country, there are only these two things to be set off:—First, the maintenance of its population, with all their institutions; and, secondly, the obligations to other countries which it may have to discharge. Obligation to foreign countries there was none, for England had long been in the character of a giver, and not a receiver; and to suppose that the very people, and the very institutions by whom and with which the improvements were carried on, had become poor at the very time they were obviously accumulating wealth, would be a supposition nearly as nonsensical as could well be imagined.

Still, however, the effects have been as distressing as a scarcity, or a stagnation of business, although the distress has come in another way, and affected a different class of persons. Though more limited in its extent, (we hope it will be much more so in its duration,) than the distress which followed the general establishment of the peace; and though it has affected payments, while the other more affected employment and wages, yet there is a considerable resemblance between the two; and people are astonished at this one much in the same way as they were astonished at its predecessor.

At that time everybody was perfectly aware that the war, with all its glory, was a losing game; and that, during the whole period of its maintenance, it cut off many thousands of the hands which otherwise would have been employed in productive labour, suspended the labours of many more, and consumed not a little of the produce of the remainder. Every one was aware that, upon the restoration of peace, an addition would be made to the producing power of the world, while an extensive drain of its produce would be closed up. Hence every one anticipated that the moment the sword was sheathed, and the olive planted, mankind would feel relief from pressure, and an increase of enjoyment. Such, however, proved not to be at once the fact; but though they who, for political considerations, scouted those who attributed it to the real cause, yet many years did not elapse before the full effects of the wholesome change were visible.

† It is with nations as with individuals, when these change from one occupation to another, they are awkward at the new one until they gain a little experience, and it is precisely the same with those when they change from one system to another, even though the change should, as in the case alluded to, be upon the whole an advantageous one.

The present embarrassment, like the distress of the period to which we allude, is the effect of a change, or at least of an attempt at change, in the financial arrangements of the whole kingdom; and it is by no means clearly established that the change, though it could be completely carried into effect, would be beneficial. Those who argue in the affirmative, and contend that every commercial transaction should be accompanied by an exchange of real value at the time—by the payment of all prices in gold, rest their strength upon the great security that such a system would afford both against frauds and improper speculations; and it is no doubt true that if specie were paid down always when commodities were bought, there would be little risk compared to that which exists among a people dealing upon credit. They further argue, that, with payments in specie, the prices of commodities would be more moderate and more uniform; because, from the very nature of the thing, the quantity of the circulating medium would be less, and because people could not increase it at their pleasure, as they do in the case of bank notes. But it

seems extremely doubtful whether the limiting of the currency of a commercial nation to the quantity of the precious metals that could be made to circulate, would, under any circumstances, be an advantage; and when it is considered that a very large portion of the people of England are stipendiaries and annuitants, who have had their stipends and annuities fixed under a paper currency, the effect of a return to a metallic circulation would be to render them affluent at the expense of the whole community. An issue of paper money, or an extension of the system of credit, under any form, always applies itself directly and immediately to those classes which are most efficient in augmenting the national wealth; and if it cause retrenchment to be made anywhere, it causes that to be made by persons who are, as it were, living upon either former savings, or a tax levied upon the more productive. No doubt an increase of the circulating medium has a tendency to raise the prices of all commodities; but as, in a country like England, such an increase has a chance of being more immediately applied to the opening up of new sources of industry and profit, than to mere subsistence, the addition so made pays its own interest. If it be made in a real commodity, such as gold, it at the same time consumes its own interest; because if the gold were made into any article of convenience or ornament, it would pay the workmen, yield a profit to the merchant, and not only gratify the wearer, but leave some other article to be applied to some other use. On the other hand, if the addition were made in an article costing little or nothing, it would gain its interest in the same way, and to the same extent as the gold, without occasioning any loss whatever. In as far, indeed, as the circulating medium itself is concerned, it is quite clear that gold would be a very great and continual expense compared with a paper circulation.

Nor does it appear that any advantage would arise from the permanency of the quantity. On the other hand, that very permanence would produce fluctuations in the price; and as there never has been a very extended commerce without paper money in some form or other, it will be found that where there has been only, or chiefly, a metallic circulation, local scarcities have produced greater misery among the poorer and labouring classes, than ever have resulted from the derangement of a paper currency. The labouring classes, except in those states of society (and they have never been very advanced ones) where every peasant cultivates his patch of land, pays his rent out of the produce, and subsists upon the scraps left from day to day, have subsisted on daily wages; and if in addition to the currency which they require, commercial men were obliged to keep in their coffers sums of gold ready to meet all the demands that might be made upon them, and pay for all the goods they might have occasion to purchase, the people would have to sell a full third of the conveniences of life, in order to purchase gold and silver for the purpose of circulation; and when any new invention or discovery offered even large profits, people would have to wait a long time before they collected specie for carrying it on. By this means the inventive, and for that reason the most profitable powers of mankind, would be paralyzed, which would perhaps be paying rather too much even for all the securities of a metallic currency. The facility with which paper money can be made to adapt itself to emergencies, and the smallness of its original cost, render it so superior to every other, especially for large payments, that the chief thing wanted is to give it all the security which laws and honour can impart, and when such a currency is established to a very great extent, it is hardly possible to conceive a greater crime against society, than any attempt to shake the faith of men in it generally; because there is no crime of which individuals can be guilty that may produce consequences so ruinous.

It is true that in a time of mad speculation, such as was the year 1825, paper money or credit (for where the obligations are transferable they are precisely the same), may exist to an excess much beyond the necessity of ordinary times. But even this excess is not more dangerous than an excess of any other commodity, or an excess of labour applied to any branch of manufacture. If left to itself, the natural tendency which mankind have, each to

follow his own interest, and thus to equalise matters, would soon cause the excess to be absorbed. On the other hand, the violent withdrawing of even a real excess must, like every other violent change, be productive of mischief; and it was just because, in consequence of an alarm of which the foundation has at least never been shown, an attempt was made, instantly and by force, to narrow the circulation, that so much distress has been produced in England. The facility of passing paper securities was so great, and people were prospering so well under it, that every man made his arrangements in the belief that none would be mad enough to attempt the alteration of a system which was working so well. Granted, it was a system of confidence and not of certainty; the security lay in the honour of men, and not in the locks of strong boxes; but where would society be in all its departments, if confidence, and trust in the honour of mankind, were suspended for a single hour? Were it not for the feeling of this confidence, no man would go upon the water lest he should be thrown overboard, in the streets lest he should be stabbed, or into his house lest it should be set on fire about his ears.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that in almost all those stoppages and failures, which have been more immediately produced by the alarm in the money market, embarrassment, and not a deficiency of effects, has been the evil complained of; nor is there the slightest doubt that if accommodations by security had not been so freely given for so long a time, and then so instantly withheld, the list of commercial misfortune for this winter would not have been heavier than that for the preceding, while the quarter's revenue, instead of being deficient, as it has proved to be, would have been so much in excess as to warrant a further reduction of the national burdens. It is thus that they, who, with the cant of the love of security and national prosperity upon their lips, but with the grossest ignorance in their heads, and the blackest malignity in their hearts, do incalculable injury to individuals and to nations. This no doubt is an evil to which a system of credit is exposed, but unfortunately it also is an evil from which no portion or institution of society is exempted.

FOREIGN INDICATIONS.—The most remarkable of these for the month, and indeed the only one deserving of particular notice, is the abdication of the elder brother Constantine of Russia, in favour of Nicholas the younger. As soon as the death of Alexander was known, rumour set her hundred tongues to work in carving out employment for Constantine, whom all these tongues represented as being a Czar of the most chivalrous character, and one who would take especial care not to remain at peace. One said that a deputation of the Grecian chiefs had actually begun their journey to invite him to deliver them from the Turks; another said that he was to renovate and re-establish Poland as an independent sovereignty; and a third, that he was to transfer the seat of his empire at once to Constantinople, and re-enact Constantine the Great; and they all agreed in pronouncing that he would separate himself from the existing league and pacific system of the other continental powers. Meanwhile it appeared, that though Constantine neither adopted, as rumour had once falsely hinted, the means by which Macbeth ascended the throne, nor was ejected from it in the same way as that renegade Scot, yet that

"Upon his head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in his gripe."

For though he himself must have been well aware of the formal renunciation which he had, for the honour of the Imperial house, made in favour of Nicholas, yet the ceremony of proclamation was as regularly and solemnly performed, as though no such document had been in the Imperial archives, and the Emperor of the week was enrolled in the list of those mighty potentates, whose dominions half encircle the globe.

That Nicholas will make a better Emperor, both as respects Russia and as respects the world, than Constantine would have done, is very possible, and we think very likely, for in as far as we have known and heard (and we have done a little of both), Nicholas is a man of much greater talents than his

brother, and also much more devoted to pacific measures, and the encouragement of those arts and habits of civilized life, for the improvement of which there is so much scope among the Russian people.

DOMESTIC INDICATIONS.—The time of the opening of parliament is so near that the exhibiting parties must be at their rehearsals; though they are making much less noise than they have done for many seasons. The Catholic Associations are still holding a few meetings, and bandying about compliments to each other; but their doings—or rather their sayings, do not now appear to make any impression even upon the idle and objectless population of Dublin; while, as a parliamentary measure, their project seems in the meantime to be set at rest. His Holiness is said, however, to have deputed Father Ennis M'Donnel to wrestle in scholastics with the bible and education societies of this country; but the reverend Father does not appear to be overwell qualified for the work.

The usual "field day questions," like the hares after a hard season, appear to have some chance of a jubilee. So far as we have heard or read, the words "annual parliaments and universal suffrage," have not been once spoken or printed for twelve months; and they of the middle class appear as though they were to take up the triennial question only once in three years. Even HUME himself will be enabled to keep holiday; for in going his rounds of Scotland as a trusty watchman, he found everything so completely fast and right, that he was fain to dine with SIR WILLIAM RAE and the Athenian Tories. This, we think, is a presage both of Scotch and of parliamentary unanimity, with which there is great reason to be pleased; for really the few odd pounds which HUME has saved to the public, would hardly have paid hod-mens' wages to all the members while they were listening to him. What with his silence, and the absence of the Catholic Question, there is every promise that the ensuing session will be a short one, and in as far as concerns the real interests of the kingdom, very effective.

Upon the question of the abolition of slavery we shall in all probability have some discussion; but that discussion will have only the interest of a ten-times told tale. Everybody is aware of the offensive name, the offensive nature, and the impolicy, in a pecuniary point of view, of cultivating the West India Islands by the labour of enslaved negroes. But here, as in many cases, it is more easy to see the fault than to find the remedy; you cannot alter the habits and dispositions of a large body of persons by any statute, however benevolent in its intention, or skilful in its framing; and those who ought to be the best judges are very generally of opinion, that, such is the state of moral depravity among the Negro slaves, that emancipation would make them worse instead of better—would change them from being the drudges of others to be the butchers of one another; and thus render the islands either wholly untenable, or so unprofitable that they would soon be abandoned. These, to be sure, are not objections to the principle of abolition, they are merely impediments in the way of the practice; but they are impediments which it will demand the skill of many heads, as well as the labour of many years, to remove. What may be the intended measures of the abolitionists, or the line of conduct taken up by their opponents, it is not easy to say; and the saying would answer little purpose, as they are soon to say it themselves; but if a judgment may be drawn from the placards, and counter-placards, which they are exhibiting, it will be somewhat strong.

There is another subject on which a good deal of discussion may be anticipated; and that is the question of the Corn Laws. This is a question which has many peculiarities, arising partly from its own nature, partly from the great influence which the landed interest has in both houses of parliament, and partly also from the circumstance of the general principles of trade not being so well understood by that class, as by the commercialists. These belong to it at all times, and by the time that it comes before parliament there is some reason to dread a very general complaint of agricultural distress. The pecuniary derangement to which we alluded in the first part of this article

began among the bankers and the larger commercialists; but, following the course of all such derangements, it will go its rounds, and fall last and longest upon the agricultural interest, the parties concerned in which, being as it were bound to the soil, are unable to shift the burden, or to recover when they sink under it, like mercantile people; and as they have always had a large share in the framing of the laws, they are very apt to seek in legislation that relief which those who are not so immediately or specifically represented find out by their own exertions. Under these circumstances it is possible that the question may come before parliament in two forms—a relaxation of the existing statutes on the one hand, and an application for severer ones on the other; and it is possible that these may neutralize each other, and leave the main question just where they find it.

In the administration of LAW and JUSTICE there has been nothing of so peculiar a nature as to demand any particular notice. A female has been executed at Newgate, for a murder of a very barbarous nature; and this, though painful in the recital, may be wholesome as an example, in convincing the depraved part of that sex, that when they abandon the proper characteristics and conduct of woman, they put themselves out of the pale of that protection to which woman, as such, is entitled, by the feelings of well regulated society.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.—Of these there is never any lack. One has happened, in which it seems very difficult to determine whether accident or offence be the proper epithet. The venerable and patriotic PETER MOORE, after having devoted much of his time to parliaments and playhouses had at length gone home to tea, that is, he had allowed himself to be written down as chairman (chair we believe is the technical expression) to the United Kingdom Tea Company in Crutched Friars. Whether this company was to invite the United Kingdom (that is the tea-drinking part of the United Kingdom) to sip congo with them, in brotherly and sisterly love and union, or whether they were merely to furnish the lieges with the *materiel* at their own houses, or whether indeed there was or there was not to be any congo at all in the case, has not been demonstrated, although a species of demonstration was made before the Lord Mayor, and some *mural* (no allusion here to the M.P.) attack and defence set forth upon the blind walls of the city. Notwithstanding the known urbanity of the chair, the tea-party in Crutched Friars does not appear to have partaken of that cordiality by which tea-parties are usually characterized. For three gentlemen, either then or previously connected with the concern, entered the tea-room when all the old women except one were gone; and there they drank, not tea, but ale; and carried off, not the tea-pot, but the books and &c. of the concern. This excited mortal wrath; and also gave rise to some printing, one specimen of which was headed with these very extraordinary words—

“STOP THIEF!”

“Chairman—PETER MOORE, Esq. M.P.”

Now though at first sight the “stop thief,” and the “Peter Moore, Esq. M.P.” appear to have a most invidious and perfectly unfounded connexion, yet such is not, and such cannot be the meaning. The words “stop thief,” are addressed to the thief himself; and the cause why the said thief should stop is assigned in the line following. In short, the thief is to stop; and he is to stop because Peter Moore, Esq. M.P. is chairman of the United Kingdom Tea Company, and if this will not make the thief stop, why then, in true Dogberry style it were well to “take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together; and thank God you are rid of a knave.” In as much as the offending parties did not get hold of the tea-pot, although they did get the poker and tongs, it was found that they had not committed “flat burglary;” and so they were sent about their business with a pretty broad hint that they were no gentlemen. All this was as it should be; but as touching the chair, “*Hic Murrus est!*” And though he did not appear in court, excepting in so far as the placard might be his representative,

he doubtless may find sweet consolation in thinking upon these members of his tea-party, and mingling with his thoughts a running commentary upon these words of the sage of Messina: "If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man, and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty." Nor do we see that a portion of Peter's meditations might not be given to all the honourable and right honourable members of both houses, that have lent their names, their honours, and their right honours, to the gambling bubbles of the day; the *forms* of parliament should not be cut up into *chairs* for such purposes.

In SCIENCE there has been no discovery of importance; and in consequence of the derangement of payments the book trade has been almost at a stand; nor do we think that of the volumes that have appeared, many, or even any, add much to the wisdom of the age. Tegg, of Cheapside, has begun to publish a reprint of the Perth Encyclopædia, with a Metropolitan name; and JOHN MURRAY has sent forth a newspaper, of which the duration will, we hope, be as long, and a little more agreeable than the name. "The Representative," is liable to a vile contraction and a worse pun. This paper was so lame in comparison with the promise that was held out, and there were so many historical blunders in the first *leaden* article, that many suspected it had been written by Captain Parry, when ice-bound in the Polar Sea.

We have not hitherto seen even one number of those interminable files of cheap books by which the great bibliopoles were to smother the little ones. We fear that part of this is owing to the embarrassment, and for the sake of literature—we are pleased to hear, that the embarrassment again has, at least in some quarters, been produced not by books but by hops. "*Nec sutor*," &c., we say,—which being interpreted, means "booksellers stick to your foolscap, lest a fool's cap be stuck on you." We hear that the Gallant Knight of roan, skiver, and broken types, who built up Boulogne, and finished Sir Isaac Newton, will, in the event of extensive sales, purchase all the forgotten volumes as future materials for the *Anas* of English literature, of which he has most appropriately taken charge.

Such are one or two features of a very stern January, the coldness of which has been relieved by nothing save skating on the different canals and rivers, and dearly has the sport been purchased in several instances.

DRAMA.

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

It happened to one man, who had often deserved it, as the reward of his own industry, to be hanged at last for what he neither did, nor could do. Whether we have ever had merits to entitle us to this distinguished mark of *public esteem*, it is not for us to determine; but sure we are, that if we suffer for what appeared in our last number, with respect to the character and conduct of MR. COLMAN, we shall be punished for what we neither did, nor could do.

It is hardly necessary to disabuse the public with regard to the monstrous libel that disgraced our pages last month in treating of MR. HYDE's comedy of *Love's Victory*, for there is scarcely a man in the most remote and obscure corner of the island that could read what is there affirmed of the author of *John Bull*, the *Heir at Law*, &c. without a personal con-

viction of its utter stupidity and shameless falsehood. It fixes its fangs in itself, and dies in the act. MR. COLMAN must, if it fell under his observation, have felt for it that degree of contempt which at once extinguishes every scintilla of resentment; but it is due to him, and more especially to ourselves, in our relative situation with respect to the public, to explain how we became a party to the circulation of this venomous, but impotent, libel. That we are to blame we admit, and deeply lament; but with us it was a sin of omission, and not one of commission.

The Editor never saw the article in MS. and never read it in print, until it was in the hands of the public. In this he was inexcusable; but these are the facts. The article on *the theatres* comes in of course at the latest period of the month; and this happening in the Christmas week, there was a desertion at the printing-office, and a consequent hurry about the finishing sheet, which was unfortunately received by the Editor when far more important concerns, which he had not the power to postpone, afforded him but a few minutes to cast his eye over it, and when it was necessary to return it without delay. Under these pressing circumstances, he, with a confidence ill-deserved, merely skimmed over what was said of *Drury Lane* and *Covent Garden*, and let the prefatory matter pass unnoticed. This is the truth, and, such as it is, our apology—the deliberate writer of such an article can have none, but to confess his shame.

It would be as delightful to us, as it would be idle and tedious as a thrice-told tale to all England, to descant on the refined taste, wit, humour, and genius of MR. COLMAN—as a dramatist, he stands alone in the present day, the master spirit of our age—and yet there is one (another will not be found) to profane his muse in the same breath with the mention of such things as *Love's Victory* and *Alasco*. Were not the malignity most transparent, Pan and Apollo would cease to be a fable.

As to the good taste and sound judgment of MR. COLMAN, in his office of deputy-licenser, none but justly disappointed play-wrights, or their officious friends, will question them—none other will doubt the pure and impartial exercise of these qualities. What earthly motive could influence him in the execution of his duty, but an anxiety to do it as it ought to be done? *Jealousy*, no doubt—the fear of a rival: such rivals—mercy on us! But they are sure of it. Never was play damned, but its author ascribed its condemnation to any and everything but its demerits. Here, however, fortified by a never-failing confidence, they print and shame the rogues—they do indeed—shame the scribbling rogues by confirming the judgment of the critic—

“Bis interimitur, qui suis armis perit.”

Censure and abuse, though very opposite things, are too frequently confounded. It is possible, but the instances are rare, that some may censure a small portion of MR. COLMAN's writings, and this censure may arise from a mere difference of taste, but no just man or enlightened critic will be found to abuse his, or the labours of any one. Censure is occasionally deserved, abuse never; and so far from attaining its end, abuse, as most strikingly in the present case, injures no one, and reflects no disgrace on any one, but its author. Such filth may be cast about by any man who chuses so to defile himself—but it brushes off—and though offensive for the moment, leaves no stain behind.

Speaking of slander, Shakspeare says, “Those,” (and MR. COLMAN may safely be ranked amongst them) “those who are generous, guiltless,

and of a free disposition, take those things for bird-bolts that others deem cannon shot."

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

It will not be believed by any one of himself, but men are very apt to think too much of themselves, and none run the absurdity to such a ridiculous extent as heroes and heroines, sock and buskin. As imitation is always a caricature, so the mimic world in this particular leaves far behind the great globe itself. Their exits and their entrances are deemed, by themselves, of infinitely greater interest and importance than the fate of kings, or the rise and fall of empires. A man will tell a story, a notorious lie, till he at last believes it himself,—and players, by the repeated personation of princes and potentates, wits and humourists, begin at length to imagine that they are themselves what they have represented, and assume a corresponding manner, the ridicule of which is lost on no one but themselves.

JOHNSON once observed, on BOSWELL lamenting the vast gap left in society by the loss of an eminent person,—“Pshaw, nonsense! Sir, nobody is missed!” If then *the substance* can pass away unheeded, how can the absence of *the shadow* be so deeply felt? The applause of a theatre, the burning of so much incense under the nose, is enough to turn weak heads, and this may account for otherwise unaccountable vanity. Have we not seen men and women, of but moderate talent, quarrel with the manager, about some trumpery privilege or preference, with all the superb feeling of men in real life contending for a post of honour? and on being thwarted, have we not known them, with all the pomp and circumstance of Coriolanus turning his back on his country, abandon the theatre to its fate, confident at the moment that their desertion would “eclipse the gaiety of nations?”—And how was it?—it *eclipsed* nothing but themselves! Here, then, is an abundance of folly in actors; and in the public we should be ready to admit that their unconcern betrayed no little ingratitude, did we not know that the public is an abstract thing, and has no feelings. The cunning player makes the most of this concrete abstract gentleman, and then laughing in his sleeve retires, without a thought of being recalled or lamented.

Others have indulged in these fantastic tricks in a different form. Perfect as MRS. C. KEMBLE was in *Lucy*, she must (merely because she was of long standing, and by so much the less qualified,) play *Lady Lydia Languish*; and MRS. GLOVER, delightful in comedy, must perform in tragedy—the latter with a face as little fit for horror, as the former for languishing. MRS. JORDAN fell into the same error, and fancied that a good *Nell* must needs make an excellent fine lady; and recently, we have beheld that admirable actress in her peculiar line, MISS KELLY, absenting herself from the winter theatres, and making it a condition of her return that she should play *Lady Teazle*—thrusting herself into this part, because she imagined that MISS FARREN had mistaken the character, and that she alone had hit upon the right conception of it. QUICK conceived that he understood, and very likely he did understand, how RICHARD THE THIRD ought to be played—but was ever person less qualified to embody the conception? Thus we see that players, not content with what they can do, presume on their popularity in a particular direction to indulge their vanity at the expense of the manager and common sense, by shewing what they cannot do, and ought never to have attempted. This reproof is deserved, and we are the less tender, because those to whom we allude

have sufficient merit to make it of little consequence to them; if they mount a feather or two, they are such as were no ornament to their caps: others (and the whole body have similar fantasies and frailties,) are not worth mentioning—any comment might do them harm, and nothing can do them good.

Another loses a *character*, which in her hands was perhaps a very bad one, and could not be too soon got rid of. What is the consequence? "*All hell shall stir for this*," says ancient PISTOL. No virtuous woman in danger of losing a good character could make so "much a-do about something." An event of this momentous description, which gave rise to these remarks, has within a few weeks occurred at one of our provincial theatres. At Manchester there has been, as we learn, a riot concerning the displacing of one actress, and substituting another. A MRS. M'GIBSON was the object of this O. P. row, which signified a wish on the part of certain persons for the return of their favourite old piece—as the papers term it O. P. we can give those initials no other interpretation. Now, (for we speak entirely by surmise,) we should apprehend that this *debutante* at Manchester must have come originally from *Brummagem*, for, had she possessed sterling merit, there would have been no need of all this anxiety to pass her off on the public, or to induce the manager to consult the interest of his treasury. Our venture shall be on the judgment of Mr. CLARKE, the manager—in catering for our *Manchester* friends, he is too old a stager to attempt to palm off corduroy for velvet.

DRURY-LANE.

MR. WALLACK has appeared as *Rob Roy* in the musical play of *Rob Roy Macgregor*, and with considerable credit to himself. We make no comparisons—as the country manager very prudently remarked on there being a scarcity of white paper to continue the snow storm, "Never mind, snow away; if you can't snow *white*, snow *brown*!" Liston in *Nichol Jarvie*, and Miss Stephens in *Diana Vernon*, left nothing for the imagination to add, even in a dream. The *Francis Osbaldeston* of Mr. SINGAIR gave us some very pretty singing—there was much taste in it, and very little force.

On the 6th Jan. after that delicious little drama, *The Marriage of Figaro*, a new farce was produced at this house, under the title of "*Wool-gathering*." It is not the same, but very similar to a former piece, whose name we forget, which turned on the absurdities of an absent man.

Wander (Liston) arrives at the house of a retired grocer, *Pickleton* (Mr. Bennet,) whose daughter he is about to marry. *Wander*, having previously committed the error of addressing a love-letter to the niece instead of the daughter, meets with a very bad reception from the young ladies, *Clarissa* (Miss I. Paton,) his intended, and *Harriet* (Mrs. Yates,) who is otherwise engaged. The humour of the piece depends on his continual mistakes and embarrassments; but the plot consists of but few incidents. After getting over the difficulty of his first reception, *Wander* receives a chamber-candlestick to retire to rest. With this he plays various antics in his moody fits, to the great delight of the beholders. He is next seen in the bed-room of *Mrs. Pickleton*, who, having gone in search of her husband, finds the *Wool-gatherer* on her return, in the night-gown of her best beloved. Thence ensue screams and reproaches, to the confusion of poor *Wander*, who makes a disastrous re-

treat. To this succeeds a scene between him and *Pickleton*, during which he continues as much in the clouds as ever, committing a variety of practical blunders, till the whole concludes with what is always, on the stage, considered a happy conclusion—MARRIAGE.

In the natural world, *ex nihilo nil fit* may do, but in the theatrical world, while LISTON moves in that sphere, it has no applicability, for he makes a great deal of nothing—indeed the less the author does, the more he makes of it—and Mr. BEAZLEY has here accommodated him to his heart's content, and ours. The greater the dramatist's scarcity of wit and humour in the composition, the more abundant with him in the acting; and here again he has ample room for the display of his *ex nihilo* powers. In these matters, LISTON resembles MATHEWS in his entertainments, for in both cases the writing is nothing, the man everything. The other characters would have been more agreeable, had they also been of the *absent* sort—however, LISTON was enough—he had plenty of *straw* to make his bricks, and the audience appeared highly delighted with the performance.

Mr. Beazley is an architect, and he has here proceeded accordingly, leaving the materials, ornaments, and execution to be furnished by LISTON. We know not whether the piece be printed, but we think it would afford about as much amusement to the mere reader, as those facetious *jeux d'esprit*, called ground-plans, sections, elevations, &c. do to the eye of the common observer. However, there is great tact and cleverness evinced in so measuring and profiting by capabilities.

On the 21st there was some disturbance at this theatre, in consequence of an apology for Miss STEPHENS and Mr. SINCLAIR in *Guy Mannering*. Disappointment is always provoking, and any substitute for Miss STEPHENS perfectly beyond all bearing. Mr. SINCLAIR was double-doubled, for Mr. HORN not arriving, Mr. YARDLY figured in his place. The stir continuing, Mr. ELLISTON, jun. made a speech, (he could not help it—it is in the blood) and proposed to return their money to the discontented—an offer more generous in him, than wise in those that declined it.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A gentleman, who is not likely to acquire any great name, and who has given us none, made his *debut* on the 9th, in *Macbeth*. We are half inclined to take a hint from the epitaph on a mighty builder:

“Lie heavy, earth, on him, for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee:”—

but as *Macduff* accepted the challenge, “*Lay on, Macduff*,” and put this *Macbeth* to rest at this theatre, we shall not revenge the heavy load he laid on our patience. He is an extraordinary person, and of the chameleon kind, (*anonymous*) as it would appear. The *Post* says he is very tall, the *Chronicle* that he is remarkably short—at least there is some such slight discrepancy in the view taken of this gentleman by the diurnal critics. Miss LACY, in attempting *Lady Macbeth*, taxed her powers beyond their strength. When will actors and actresses learn to know themselves? Never:—in the meantime we'll tell them an anecdote. A very rich French merchant was, after repeated entreaties and refusals, made a peer of France. Previously he had been a great favourite of *Louis XIV.* but the king would never see him more, giving him this reason—“You were the first of merchants, you are the last of peers!” *Macbeth* is now, as

we observed, put to sleep—let him, for the love of Shakespeare, be no more disturbed by such experimentalists.

SHERIDAN'S *Duenna* has introduced, from the Liverpool theatre, Mr. C. BLAND, son of that little round jewel of delicious melody, Mrs. BLAND. He succeeded, and deserved his success. His articulation in songs is uncommonly distinct, and he sings with much sweetness and taste. Sheridan requires no prop, and we object to the foisting of such things as "*Just like love*," into the part of *Carlos*, because a singer happens to execute it well. On this principle, KEAN might have thrown a *somerset* during the delivery of the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. *Clara* by Miss PATON, and *Louisa* by Miss LOVE, were admirably sustained. FAWCETT'S *Isaac*; and Mrs. DAVENPORT'S *Duenna*, are still rich bits:—these two worthies of the old school appear to be indestructible. MUNDEN should have thought the same; for neither pressed by the strength of others, nor by his own weakness, he might have still maintained his post with honour. Diffidence, and a philosophical contempt for money, deprived the town too soon of MUNDEN and JOHNSTONE.

Mr. C. KEMBLE is, as it would appear, the most mistaken of all actors in the estimate of his own talents. According to the critic in the *Morning Chronicle*, "he is certainly, whatever he may think himself, less happy in his tragic than in his comic efforts." We recollect him when he was happy in neither; but no man can be continually in the shower without getting wet, and he has, by the same figure, got completely wet through during his long sojournment on the stage, with respect to all the mechanism of acting. No actor has been more industrious, none perhaps more intelligent. Nature had done much for him, and all that study could effect, he has accomplished. There we must stop—the *vivida vis*, those touches "beyond the reach of art," are neither his, nor is it his fault that he has no mastery over them. But how he came to surpass himself in comedy, we are at a loss to conceive: it is true that he has performed *Colonel Feignwell*, in *A bold stroke for a Wife*, with considerable eclat,—so we recollect his brother John Philip playing *Petruchio*, and we thought it delightful; but it was delightful to us, because he took us by surprise, and we quite chuckled to see our solemn friend in such jocular humour. Comic, however, in any other point of view, we could not call it. Mr. C. KEMBLE'S *Feignwell* may have borrowed a little effect from the same source, and it certainly partook more of comedy, but not enough to induce us to pronounce him a better comedian than tragedian. In one tragedy, however, he is so—that is *Othello*. Since our last, he has chosen to appear in the character of *Othello*, and we regret it. It is not so bad as if he, who made an admirable apothecary, should insist on figuring as *Romeo*; but the mistake is something similar, for it was an histrionic crime in him to abandon one who did so much for him—we mean *Cassio*—and to leave him to be murdered by Mr. COOPER, that he might make his way to an attempt on *Othello*. When he addressed the former, saying,

"I love thee, Cassio,
But never more be officer of mine."

he discarded the best friend he had in the State. Mr. WARDE'S *Iago*, and Miss A. JONES in *Desdemona*, were perfectly consistent, and reduced the whole to a well-known play, called "*Follow my Leader*." In this, there is no denial of talent, excellent talent, in these performers; but

what we complain of is their want of confidence in SPURZHEM, and the too common fault of not attending to *bumps*.

It is too late in the day to speak of the *pantomime* at any length, and we are glad of it. The town know more of them by this time than we do. They have occasioned two *runs*—one to see that at *Drury Lane*, which is well contrived, and the other a run on the *Covent Garden* bank, which is a failure—we mean both bank and pantomime. Being in *Chancery* is no joke—*brevity* being the soul of wit—and it has evidently damped the ardour of that hitherto trusty servant, Mr. FARLEY. *Old Dornton* says to *Sulky*—"You are a good-natured man, Mr. Sulky, though you don't look so;" and we may safely say of Mr. FARLEY, that this year he is out of *spirits*, though he don't LOOK so.

ADELPHI, AND MINOR MATTERS.

THE ADELPHI, as we foretold, is a complete hit; and from its central situation, and Mr. TERRY's *marvellous* industry, may be said to take in everybody. PEAKE, the indefatigable and inexhaustible, had a drama accepted (and we should think thankfully) at this theatre, but in consequence of the run of other pieces, *Success*, *Christmas Boxes* and the *Three Golden Lamps*, it is to stand over till next season. The talents of TERRY and WRENCH, with the *fac-simile* imitations of YATES, are enough to make room scarce in a much larger house.

We are sorely afflicted with *hydrophobia*, especially in the winter, crossing a bridge is therefore painful to us, and we have *Sadlers' Wells* in perfect horror; consequently we can only speak by hearsay of the *Surry*, *Coburg* and the *Wells*, which we understand, thanks to the activity of bricks and mortar in providing shelter in the neighbourhood for his Majesty's lieges, are flourishing as much as could possibly be expected of hot-house plants exposed at this season of the year.

Poor INCLEDON has had a paralytic stroke. Mr. ELLISTON, now for the first time living within RULES, is picking up very fast—so rapidly that, as we are informed, he is studying (wanting nothing but the words) to play FALSTAFF. The green-room of Drury-lane, much to their honour, have opened a subscription, to comfort the latter days of O'KEEFE, to whom the town owes many a merry hour. We have pronounced the public ungrateful, but that is only when those who amused them on the stage are dead, or take idle fancies into their heads—they are never uncharitable, whereas; in this case, charity is not only needed, but well-merited by past services. Mr. Robins, the theatrical poor-box, is open, and will, we trust, be speedily full. Mr. Kenny's opera is, it seems, to be put by for the revival of *Aladdin*, and the old subject of *Oscar* and *Malvina*. If the managers of Drury-lane have really this "Humane Society" virtue, we think they had better revive *Garrick*, or something to prove them worthy of being called conjurors. Anxious as the managers of Covent Garden are about the *dressing* of Shakespeare, and much to their credit and Mr. PLANCHE's, we marvel that such lovers of consistency should still continue the trashy interpolations of Dryden and Davenant in the *Tempest*. This is looking like gentlemen, till they open their mouths.

Mr. KEAN having at length satisfied the morality of *Jonathan*, the most virtuous of his sex, is permitted to perform in NEW YORK, unassailed by the pelting of the pitiless storm, with which the gods at first welcomed him. Shame light on thee, *Jonathan*—*Bull* blushes at your immorality. Miss FOOTE, whose salary was raised, no doubt on account of the public's

increased approbation of her *acting*, has been the occasion of a duel between two enamoured swains, resolved to lose no opportunity of testifying the love and veneration of Englishmen for the most twinkling spark of chastity and virtue on the stage. What a vitiated taste is this of the Americans—

They take the bad, too bad with us to stay,
And leave *the good*—we wish they'd take away!

But *Jonathan* is after all more to be pitied, perhaps, than condemned for this laxity of morals (which, be it remembered, obtains only at *New York*—*Boston* is as pure as ever!) for what could be expected from him, innocent and unsophisticated, after he had acquired a taste for *opera singers and dancers*? Mr. PRICE must answer for this at the reckoning—but from what we learn of their success, we are inclined to think that he entertains no fear whatever of the *reckoning*.

In exchange for Mr. KEAN, the Americans have sent us a Mr. PELBY, who is, on the 25th, at Drury-lane, to appear in the character of *Hamlet*. We have a simple saying that “exchange is no robbery”—we wish it may prove so.

KING'S THEATRE.

The opera commenced on the 7th January at this theatre, which is the noblest in the kingdom, and used to be the most splendid; but it is now a very dusty, dingy, decayed piece of nobility. It is said that the more servants you have, the worse you are served; and the more you pay for it, the less splendour, it seems, is given to you. It might have been recollected, at any rate, that the English like cleanliness; but then the Italians do not, and this is the Italian Opera. Singing is everything, and as a certain bird crows best on his own dunghill, everything should be sacrificed to this great and important object.

The opera was MEYERBEER's *Crociato in Egitto*. *Palmyre*, *Felicia*, and *Aladino*, formerly performed by CARADORI, GARCIA, and REMORINI, are now in the hands of SIG. BONINI, MAD. CORNEGA, and SIG. PORTO, and they have changed hands to great disadvantage. The choruses are improved, but our repose was much disturbed, and by no means agreeably, by a pair of trumpeters just imported from Italy. Though not without merit in proper place and time, the clangour here was a villainous assault on the ear. The blacksmith's hammer and anvil gave the first scientific notion of music, and these horns had a strong tendency to bring us back to its origin.

A new *ballet villageois*, entitled “*Justine, or the Broken Pitcher*,” succeeded. It is the work of M. D'EGVILLE, and introduced for the first time MADLE. BROCARD, who is a neat, but far from a first rate dancer. The music is a composition of French airs, and deserves no commendation. The dance was well received, and was certainly refreshing after the sufferings of the *Crociato*.

It appears that by a new arrangement, gentlemen are in more danger amongst the elegant crowd, on leaving the Opera, than from the common mobs on the outside of the house, for they must not only “take care of their pockets,” but of their coats also; or both will be missing at the *sortie*. Great coats and mantles used to be properly taken care of, and speedily produced; but now persons are detained an age in waiting, to be told at last that their coats, keeping better hours, are gone home long ago. This is very bad management, except, perhaps, in those who have managed, with a due regard to morality, to leave *their bad habits*, and take to better.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARISING, in a great measure, out of the late panic, several serious failures have, within the last month, occurred in the commercial world; and it is more than probable that for some time to come, there will be less activity than might be wished amongst the manufacturing and trading parts of the community. Not a single banking establishment, however, London or provincial, has stopped for several weeks. From a pamphlet assuming a sort of demi-official air, which has just appeared, it may be inferred—as indeed, we indicated in our last—that, amongst the earliest objects of legislative attention in the approaching session of parliament, will be the adoption of some effective measure, for the security of the public in country banks. The provisions of a bill proposed by Mr. Vansittart, (now Lord Bexley), a few years since, are to be taken as the basis of this measure—provisions which were intended to be compulsory on country bankers, to deposit the requisite securities with government, or with the Bank of England—provisions which, had they been adopted when first proposed, would have prevented many of the late failures, and would also, amongst other advantages, have prevented an undue enhancement of the prices of many of the necessaries of life.

It may here be remarked, *en passant*, that several meetings of land-owners, farmers, &c., have lately been held, with the view of petitioning parliament against any alteration in the Corn Laws. The subject is, at present, very imperfectly understood by the mass of the public; opposite interests adopting opposite principles, and the theories on each side appearing extremely plausible, until combated by the arguments of the others. It is most likely, that a full consideration of the Corn Laws will not be entered upon previously to the election of a new parliament.

The revenue of the country, of late, has naturally excited much attention. In the year's revenue, up to the 5th of January, there is a deficiency, compared with the amount of the preceding year's revenue, of £35,940l.; and, on

the last quarter's revenue, compared with that of the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, there is a deficiency of 1,189,068l. This unfavourable result was, as might have been expected, seized upon with avidity, by the disaffected part of the press, with the view of shewing, that the commerce of the country was in a deteriorated state—or, as the leading prodigate of the diurnal tribe had the impudence to express it, that the peace measures of ministers had brought us to the verge of bankruptcy. The simple fact is, that there is no actual deficiency; on the contrary, the expectations formed at the commencement of the year 1825, have not only been realized, but exceeded. It should be recollected, that the drawback upon wine amounted to upwards of 1,000,000l.; that the discontinuance of a portion of the duty on tobacco amounts to an additional 350,000l., besides which, it may be noticed, that, in consequence of certain alterations made during the last session of parliament in the duties on gin and rum, a sum of probably more than 500,000l. would not be paid until the first quarter of the year 1826, instead of the last quarter of the year 1825; and, that, from the lenity of government in not pressing for payment in many cases during the late scarcity of money, considerable further sums are overdue. So much for the candour and honesty of the opposition press.

It is gratifying also to know, that, notwithstanding the large repeals and reductions of duties by different acts of the last session, the revenue of Ireland for the year 1825, has exceeded that for 1824, by about 90,000l.

Our relations with foreign states, remain, in every case, decidedly pacific. Two treaties negotiated by Sir Charles Stuart, with the government of Brazil, and signed at *Rio Janeiro*, on the 18th of October last, have arrived; the one, fixing our commercial connection with the Brazilian Empire on the footing of an enlightened reciprocity, and disavowing the modern erroneous and unjust doctrine, that free ships make free goods; the other, providing

for the abolition of the slave trade on the part of the Brazilian government, at the expiration of the term of four years, after which, it is declared to be piracy. By the eighth article of the latter treaty, the mutual right of search is agreed upon.

THE COLONIES.

Accounts from the seat of war in India, have been received to the end of August. Sir Alexander Campbell's head-quarters were still at Prome: the season had been unusually rainy; the mortality amongst the troops continued unabated; and considerable loss had been sustained from incessant attacks made upon them by the Burmese. When the Crown, which brought the advices, sailed from Calcutta, the cholera morbus was raging in that district, but chiefly amongst the natives.

EUROPEAN STATES.

One of the most extraordinary events of modern times, is the voluntary relinquishment of the Russian throne by the Grand Duke Constantine. With the secret motives of this relinquishment, if there were any, we are unacquainted, and therefore it would be folly to attempt to speculate upon the subject. The simple facts of the case, as far as they are hitherto known, appear to be briefly as follows.—Some years ago, the Grand Duke Constantine married a catholic lady, a subject of the Russian empire; by which it is understood, he violated one of the fundamental laws of the state. Constantine is said to have been disliked by the whole Imperial family: according to some statements, his manners were savage and barbarous, and a belief existed of his inheriting, to a certain extent, the deplorable malady of his father, the Emperor Paul. Alexander, therefore, and the Imperial family, availed themselves of his marriage, to require of him either that he should divorce his wife, or, by a solemn act, renounce his succession to the throne. As an alternative, Constantine adopted the latter. Upon the death of the Emperor Alexander, his brother Nicholas, either not aware of the act of renunciation, or, from whatever motives, not deeming it advisable to be guided by the fact, caused the Grand Duke Constantine to be proclaimed Emperor, and dispatched his brother Michael to Warsaw with the intelligence. In the interim, the Empress-mother, decidedly hostile to Constantine, formed a strong party with the cabinet ministers, who

influenced the guards and soldiery in St. Petersburg. On the return of Michael to St. Petersburg, Constantine, it was announced, had, in conformity with an official act, signed during the life-time of the Emperor Alexander, relinquished the crown. Nicholas was accordingly proclaimed Emperor on the 26th of December. He immediately issued a proclamation explanatory of his motives for acknowledging Constantine in the first instance, and for subsequently consenting to assume the crown himself. This proclamation cites a letter from Constantine to the late Emperor, in 1822, expressive of his desire to abdicate the right of succession, on the ground that he "does not lay claim to the spirit, the abilities, or the strength which would be required to exercise the high dignity attaching eventually to his right of primogeniture," and declaring himself satisfied with private life. Then we have Alexander's answer, accepting his brother's surrender; a manifesto by Alexander, of the date of August, 1823, in conformity with the preceding arrangement, settling the crown on Nicholas, but not then to be made public; a letter, dated the 26th of last November, from Constantine to the Empress-mother, referring to, and confirming his former abdication; and lastly, a letter from Constantine to the Emperor Nicholas, of the same date and tenor.

The Emperor Nicholas's accession to the throne was not, however, altogether bloodless. At St. Petersburg, on the 26th of December, when the troops were ordered out, and required to take the oath of allegiance, two battalions refused, declaring that they would acknowledge no Emperor but Constantine. Many of the people joined the rebellious soldiers. General Milardowitch, who approached them with pacific views, was killed by a pistol shot from one of the mob. The minister of war, and two other generals, with some private individuals, were also sacrificed. A superior military force was at length called out; many of the mutineers were put to the sword; and numerous arrests of officers, &c. took place. In a proclamation which the Emperor issued on the 31st of December, this mutiny is distinctly charged as a conspiracy, in which the name of the Grand Duke Constantine was used merely as a cloak for treason. The plot is described as having been long

meditated, matured in darkness, and known in part to the government. Its object was, by means of assassination, to cast down the throne and the laws, to overturn the empire, and to produce anarchy. From circumstances which have transpired in this country, there is strong reason to believe that the charge thus made by the Emperor, is strictly founded on fact. In a short time we shall probably know much more.

The government of the Netherlands continued to be most anxiously occupied by the affairs of its great eastern settlement. An action, it appears, was fought on the 2nd of September, between the Dutch and the native forces near Samarang, in which the latter were successful. It would have been strange indeed had it been otherwise, for the native army is described as numbering 10,000 men, whilst the Dutch had only 300! As all European residents were compelled, by the Dutch authorities, to bear arms, there were amongst the force opposed to the insurgents, a considerable number of English merchants, several of whom were killed. The Dutch government in Java is understood to be exceedingly tyrannical and unpopular: it is therefore not to be wondered at, that the native princes should resolve, if possible, to effect their emancipation. It is estimated that nearly 10,000 European troops will be requisite to ensure the safety of the settlement.

A negotiation is reported to be on foot between the Turkish government and the Greeks.

NORTH AMERICA.

The message of the President of the United States, at the opening of congress, on the 5th of December, is, in some respects, a very important document. It is altogether pacific, and it displays much correctness of feeling and soundness of principle. In America it must have been perused with great interest. Respecting the commerce of the United States with Britain, and also with other European nations, the tone is extremely liberal. A treaty of navigation and commerce between the United States and Colombia is com-

pleted; and an intimation is given that similar treaties will soon be concluded with several of the other South American republics. It is also important to know, that the United States have accepted the invitation to representatives to the congress at Panama.

From the Annual Treasury Report of the United States, it appears, that the public revenue in 1824, amounted (including a loan of 5,000,000 dollars) to 24,381,212 dollars; making (with the balance in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1824, of 9,463,922 dollars) an aggregate of 33,845,135 dollars. The expenditure amounted to \$1,898,539 dollars; leaving a balance in the treasury of 1,946,597 dollars. The actual receipts during the three first quarters of 1825, were 21,681,444 dollars; and those of the fourth quarter are estimated at 5,100,000 dollars; constituting, with the abovementioned balance, an aggregate of 28,728,041 dollars. The total estimated expenditure of the year, is 23,443,979 dollars; leaving a balance in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1826, of 5,284,061 dollars; The total amount of funded debt due on the 1st of October, 1825, was; 80,985,537 dollars; the estimated receipt for 1826, is 25,500,000 dollars; the estimated expenditure, 20,584,730; leaving a balance of 4,915,270 dollars.

The senate has unanimously confirmed the appointment of Mr. Rufus King as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. Mr. J. A. King accompanies him as Secretary of Legation.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The latest arrivals report a defeat of the Brazilian army, by the rebels in the neighbourhood of Monte Video. The loss of the Royal army is stated at about 1,000, chiefly cavalry, including about 400 who shot their officers and went over to the enemy. Apprehensions were entertained, that this victory would induce the government of Buenos Ayres to join the rebel army and declare war. Great exertions were making by the Brazilian government.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

NOVEMBER 9. Treaty concluded between the King of Great Britain and the King of Sweden and Norway, relative to the slave-trade; Sweden engaging that penal laws should be passed, as soon as possible, against the traffic.

— **12.** Arrival of Lord Strangford and suite at St. Petersburg.

— **25.** Camberwell and Peckham fairs suppressed as nuisances.

DECEMBER 2. Ratification of a Treaty of Commerce, between Great Britain and the Hanseatic towns of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg.

— **4.** An Austrian loan of 20,000,000 of florins taken by Messrs. Rothschild.

— **6.** Violent storm and hurricane at Gibraltar, Cadiz, &c. by which much property and many lives were destroyed.

— **20.** A meeting of owners and occupiers of land, held at the York Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, to petition parliament against an alteration of the Corn Laws.

— The Grand Duke Constantine's official renunciation of the Russian throne.

— **21.** Trial of the master and pilot of the Comet steam-boat, before the High Court of Admiralty, Edinburgh. M'Innes, the master, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment; the pilot was acquitted. M'Innes, however, has been since liberated, from a flaw in the indictment.

— Fall of the great tower of Fonthill Abbey.

— **23.** Shocks of earthquake felt at Strasburgh and in its environs.

— A meeting of the agriculturists of the county of Lincoln, for the purpose of petitioning parliament against an alteration of the Corn Laws.

— The Bank of Ireland raises its rate of discount to five per cent.

— A political dinner given to Lord John Russell, at the George Inn, Huntingdon.

— **25.** The oath of allegiance to Constantine, as the new Emperor of Russia, administered at the Russian chapel in London, to the members of the Legation, &c.

— At the Catholic chapel at Calgan, Kilkenny, the sudden report that the gallery was falling, occasioned a rush to the door, in which nineteen persons were killed, and more than 100 seriously injured.

— **26.** The Grand Duke Nicholas proclaimed, at St. Petersburg, Autocrat

of all the Russian. His elder brother having, in conformity with an official document, given to the late Emperor Alexander, formally renounced the throne for himself and his children.

— At St. Petersburg, two battalions of the Russian troops refused to swear allegiance to the emperor Nicholas, declaring that they would acknowledge no emperor but Constantine. General Miloradowitsch was killed on the spot by a pistol shot, by one of the assembled mob; and the minister of war, and two other generals, were killed in the mutiny.

— **29.** A public dinner given to Mr. Dawson, M.P. by his constituents, at Londonderry.

— **31.** News that the French ambassador to Persia has been well received.

— Proclamation of the emperor Nicholas, of Russia, to his subjects, respecting the mutiny of the 26th, its origin and its consequences.

JANUARY 1. Adoption of the new system of weights and measures.

— New duties on ram, &c. took place.

— **3.** A reduction of 5s. per barrel on ale, porter, and stout.

— **4.** Message of the American President to Congress, arrived in London.

— **5.** Assimilation of the Irish currency with that of England.

— Reduction in the duty on British spirits, &c.

— The accounts of the year's and the quarter's revenue, shew a decrease of the former to the amount of 238,940l.; of the latter, 1,880,866l. compared with the accounts ending January 5, 1825.

— **10.** Irish Bible Society meeting held in the lecture-room of the London Mechanics' Institute, J. Butterworth, Esq. M.P. in the chair.

— **11.** In the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Stockdale v. Onwhyn, for pirating an indecent publication, the plaintiff was nonsuited, on the ground that such works were not entitled to exclusive possession.

— **15.** A fire at Brussels, in which the wife of an English gentleman, two children, and a nursery-maid perished.

— **24.** Arrival of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Brazil, and of the treaty for the abolition of slavery, both signed at Rio de Janeiro, on the 19th of October, 1825.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PANTOCHRONOMETER.—Under this denomination, Mr. Charles Essex, an ingenious artist, has produced a clever little instrument, the invention of which does credit to the ingenuity of modern science. In a box, about the size of a small snuff-box, are combined the machinery of a compass, sun-dial, and line-dial; and a compass card, a gnomon, and an indexed border, form the whole of the simple process.

POISONS.—A Toxicological Chart, on two large sheets of paper, has recently been published. In four columns are exhibited, first, a particular poison, by name; second, the symptoms which follow its being taken; third, the best treatment for saving the life of the person; and fourth, the tests by which its nature may be ascertained. There is also other useful information and advice exhibited in the performance, which may enable the uninformed to alleviate much distress, and even save the lives of fellow creatures.

Public Works.—The following is stated to be an accurate account of the Public Works projected by the Middlesex Justices, and the supposed cost of each, viz.—

Lunatic Asylum	£100,000
Tothill-fields Bridgeway . . .	70,000
New Prison for Females . . .	25,000
Alterations at the present New Prison	4,000
Chapel at the House of Correction	1,000

£200,000

Religious, and other Societies.—The following statement of the income (annual we presume) of several new public societies, according to their last reports, will be deemed curious in more respects than one:

BIBLE SOCIETIES.—British and Foreign, 93,235l. 5s. 2d.; Naval and Military, 2,615l. 2s. 7d.; Merchant Seamen's, 911l. 4s.

MISERABLE SOCIETIES.—Church Mission, 45,383l. 19s. 10d.; London, 40,719l. 1s. 6d.; Wesleyan, 38,046l. 9s. 7d.; Baptist, 15,995l. 11s. 2d.; London Moravian Association, 3,568l. 17s. 3d.; Scottish, 8,257l. 4s. 2d.; Home, 5,092l. 15s. 16d.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.—British and Foreign, 2,141l. 19s. 3d.; Sunday School

Union, 4,253l. 12s. 2d.; Newfoundland, 701l. 0s. 6d.

SOCIETIES OF A MIXED NATURE.—Christian Knowledge, 62,387l. 3s. 6d.; Propagating the Gospel, 32,016l. 14s. 5d.; Jews, 13,715l. 2s. 1d.; London Hibernian, 8,143l. 3s. 11d.; Ladies' Hibernian, 2,422l. 3s.; Continental, 2,133l. 15s. 10d.; Irish Evangelical, 2,721l. 6s. 1d.; African Institution, 283l. 14s. 1d.; Congregational Union of Scotland, 1,901l. 10s. 6d.

BOOK SOCIETIES.—Prayer Book, &c., 1,781l. 12s.; Church Tract Society, 737l. 10s.; Religious Tract Society, 12,568l. 17s.

SOCIETIES IN IRELAND.—Hibernian Bible Society, 6,721l. 10s. 4d.; Sunday School Society, 2,653l. 7s. 2d.; Tract and Book Society, 3,647l. 6s. 3d.; Irish Society, 1,063l. 3s. 8d.

Anti-Athriton Preparation.—This useful composition is formed of twenty-one parts of pure hogs' lard, and four parts of pure plumbago, very finely pulverised and sifted. The lard is to be melted over a gentle fire, and then the plumbago powder to be added by a little at a time, stirring the mixture with a wooded spatula till it be thoroughly incorporated at each addition. After the whole of the plumbago has been added, and thoroughly mixed, the vessel is to be removed from the fire, and stirred till the mixture be cold. The composition is to be applied in the cold state by means of a brush, to pivots, axles, gudgeons, teeth of wheels, and the like. In the iron manufactories where it has been introduced, the expence has been reduced to less than one-fourth of what it was when they employed oil, tallow, and tar for the same purposes.

Patent Chimnies.—Mr. J. W. Effort has obtained a patent for an improvement in the construction of chimnies. His design is to build circular smoke flues, or tunnels within the usual thickness of the walls, incorporated with the common brick work. Each flue, or tunnel, surrounded by cavities commencing at the back of every fireplace, and connected with each other. The air within these cavities is, by the heat of any one fire, rendered sufficiently warm to prevent condensation within all the flues contained in the same stack. These flues, from the peculiar form of the bricks of which they

are constructed, may be carried to any extent, either perpendicularly or horizontally, and can be adapted to any bend or turn, without the smallest deviation from their original form and capacity, or producing any internal angles. Unlike the common square flues, these tunnels may be cleansed by machines, and the necessity for climbing boys thereby superseded; indeed, from the inside face of the bricks being vitrified, very little adhesion of soot can take place.

Extremes of Temperature.—In no place on the earth's surface, nor at any season, will a thermometer raised six or nine feet above the soil, and sheltered from all reverberation, attain 115 deg. of Fahrenheit. On the open sea, the temperature of the air, whatever be the place or season, will never rise to 89 degrees. The greatest degree of cold ever observed on our globe with a thermometer suspended in the air is 58 degrees below Zero. The temperature of the water of the ocean, in any latitude, or at any season, never exceeds 89 degrees.

FRANCE.

Voyage of Discovery.—On the 12th of last November, the king, on the proposition of the Comte de Chavrol, minister of marine, gave orders for the preparation of a new expedition of discovery, with a view to the improvement of geography and the natural sciences. The command of it is to be intrusted to Captain J. Durville, an officer of great merit, known to the learned world by his voyage in the Black Sea; and by that which he made with Captain Duperry. Lieutenant Jacquinot who was charged with the superintendence of the chronometers on board the Coquille, is to be second in command; and M. Gainard, one of the authors of the Zoology in Captain Freyinet's Voyage round the World, the chief naturalist. The particular object of the voyage is to explore more accurately several of the islands in the Pacific, and especially those among the shoals, of which it is presumed that the unfortunate Prouse perished. The vessel intended for this interesting mission has received the name of the Astrolabe, which was that of one of the frigates of the celebrated man whose loss France and the civilized nations still deplore. The Astrolabe is fitting out at Toulon.

SPAIN.

Balls in the Stomachs of Fishes.—A

globular substance is found on the shores of the Mediterranean, which has much resemblance to the balls of hair formed in the stomach of oxen, goats, and some wild animals; but which appears to be produced by an agglomeration of the leaves of *Spartina marina* in the stomach of certain fishes. The people use them in many places on the coasts of Spain for keeping fire alive in the house. Before putting out fires, which they may have been using for domestic purposes, they kindle one of these balls, by applying to it a burning coal, and then deposit it in a corner of the chimney. The fire spreads, very slowly, so as not to consume the ball within less than twenty-four hours, by which means a light may be obtained at any time.

GERMANY.

General Statistics. The following curious statistical account is given in the Cassel Almanack for the year 1826:—The 100 most populous cities on the globe are—Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Pekin, 1,600,000; London, 1,274,000; Hans-I-schen, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 800,000; Paris, 717,300; Wuts Chani, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,800; Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,726; Su-I-schen, 500,000; Houng-I-schen, 500,000, &c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin, containing 193,000; and the last Bristol, 87,500. Among the 100 cities three contain more than 1,000,000; nine from 500,000 to 1,000,000; 23 from 200,000 to 500,000; 56 from 100,000 to 200,000; six from 87,000 to 100,000. Of these 100 cities, 58 are in Asia, and 32 in Europe; of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, three in Spain, five in Africa, and five in America. A list of the population of 94 states is given; the following is an extract:—China, 264,500,000; British Empire, 136,500,000; Russia, 58,000,000; Japan, 40,500,000; France, 31,500,000; Austria, 30,000,000; Turkish Empire, 24,500,000; Anam, 23,000,000; Spain, 15,000,000; Morocco, 15,000,000; Persia, 13,500,000; Afghanistan, 12,800,000; Low Countries, 12,800,000; Burmese, 12,000,000; Corea, 12,000,000; Thibet, 12,000,000; Prussia, 11,370,000; United States, 10,645,000; Naples, 7,500,000; Brazil, 5,500,000. The principality of Lichtenstein contains the smallest number of inhabitants out of the 94 states, having only 5,800 inhabitants.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetum. By J. Taylor, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and one of the Authors of the "*Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France*." The engravings will be executed by the following eminent English Artists, viz. — Messrs. T. Barber, B. Bosley, J. Byrne, G. Cooke, E. Goodall, W. Greatbatch, G. Hollis, H. le Keux, J. Lewis, John Pye, J. Redaway, W. R. Smith, R. Wallis, etc. The whole is to be comprised in Twenty-two Parts, each containing five engravings, with letter-press descriptions; and a full account of the Journey will be published in one of the latter numbers. Quarto, Royal Quarto, and Imperial Quarto.

Traditions and Recollections, Domestic, Clerical, and Literary; in which are included Letters of Charles II. Cromwell, Fairfax, Edgecumbe, Maconley, Wolcot, Opie, Whitaker, Gibson, Buller, Courtenay, Moore, Downman, Drewe, Seward, Darwin, Cowper, Hayley, Hardinge, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished characters. By the Rev. R. Polwhele, Vicar of Nawlyn and St. Anthony, and an honorary associate of the Royal Society of literature, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Tourist's Grammar; or Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers, compiled from the first Authorities, and including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A. F.A.S.

Dartmoor, a Descriptive Poem. By N. T. Carrington, Author of the Banks of Tamar; with eight Vignettes, and four Views illustrative of Scenery. His Majesty has been pleased to order his name to be placed at the head of the subscription list.

A Series of Plates, illustrative of

the Plays of Shakspeare; entitled The Union Shakspeare, by the most eminent Painters and Engravers.

The Portable Diorama: consisting of Romantic, Grand, and Picturesque Scenery; with the necessary Apparatus for producing the various Effects of Sunrise, Sunset, Moonlight, the Appearance and Disappearance of Clouds, the Rainbow, &c. on the Principle of the Diorama in Regent's Park; accompanied with an entirely new Work, illustrated with Plates, entitled The Amateur's Assistant; or, a Series of Instructions in Sketching from Nature, the Application of Perspective, Tinting of Sketches, Drawing in Water-colours, Transparent Painting, &c. By John Clark, fitted up in a handsome box.

A Practical Grammar of the French Language, illustrated by copious Examples and Exercises, selected from the most approved French Writers; designed for the use of Schools and Private Students. By J. Rowbotham, Author of a German Grammar, &c., and Master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, Walworth.

An Address to the Houses of Lords and Commons, in Defence of the Corn Laws. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq., of Skellow Grange, near Doncaster.

Every Man's Book for 1826, (to be continued annually), comprising remarkable Days in the Year; New Acts relating to Weights and Measures, with Tables; Combinations; Jurors and Juries; Insolvent Debtors; Hawkers and Pedlars; Parish Settlement; Law of Landlords, Tenants, and Lodgers; Pawnbrokers; Masters, Servants, Journeymen, and Apprentices; Guide to the Recovery of Debts. All the Assessed Taxes, with Tables; Stamp and Excise Duties; with a variety of other useful information.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARCHITECTURE.

Half-a-Dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture; in a Series of Designs for Gate-lodges, Game-keepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences; by T. F. Hunt. 4to. 16s. boards, or 21s. India proofs, boards.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach. Written by Herself. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s. boards.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1826. 8vo. 15s. boards.

Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis. Vols. 7 and 8.

Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs; by J. Cradock, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. Jones's Life of Bishop Hall. 8vo. 14s. boards.

CLASSICS.

Young's Zenophontis Memorabilia, Greek and Latin, with Notes, 8vo. 8s. boards.

Ditto, Greek, with Notes and Index. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Platonis Respublica; ad Codicem, fidem recensuit et Commentariis criticis illustravit Immanuel Berkerus, 8vo. 15s. boards.

2. Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia, recensuit et illustravit Fred. Guil. Doering, 8vo. 15s. boards.

THE DRAMA.

The Three Strangers; a Play in Five Acts. By Harriet Lee, Author of Krutznor, and other Canterbury Tales, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

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The Rev. H. W. Marker to the Rectory of Southligh, Devon.

The Rev. J. King, M.A. to the Rectory of Henley-upon-Thames, vice the Rev. Dr. Scobell.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. W. Findlay, to the Church and Parish of King Edward, in the Presbytery of Turriiff, and shire of Aberdeen, vice the Rev. R. Duff.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. A. Mac Iver to the Church and Parish of Sleate, in the Presbytery and Isle of Sky, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. J. Macinnon, to the Church and Parish of Strath.

The Rev. J. W. Peters, Rector of Quennington, to the Vicarage of Langford, Oxon.

The Rev. J. Davies, M.A. Rector of

St. Clement's, Worcester, to the Rectory of Ovir Worton, Oxon, and licensed to the augmented Curacy of Nether Worton, vice the Rev. Dr. Burton.

The Rev. T. Kennion, B.A. to the Perpetual Curacy of Harrogate, vice the Rev. J. L. Lutter.

The Rev. Professor Smith has been presented to the valuable living of Guiseley, Yorkshire.

The Rev. R. Saunders, B.A. Sec. Mast. of the College School, to be a Minor Canon of Worcester Cathedral.

The Rev. B. Boothby, M.A. to the Vicarage of Farnsfield, vice the Rev. Dr. Barrow.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Hon. and Rev. E. Rice, D.D. the place and dignity of Dean of the Cathedral Church of Gloucester, vice the Rev. Dr. J. Plumtre.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Rev. J. Davison, B.D. the place and dignity of a Canon or Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Worcester, vice the Rev. Dr. J. Wingfield.

The Rev. R. Musgrave has been collated by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury,

to the Rectory of Compton Bassett, Wilts, vice the Rev. F. Hayter.

The Rev. G. Taunton, B.D. to the Rectory of Stratford, St. Anthony, Wilts.

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The Rev. W. Sweete, M.A. to the Vicarage of Lenham, Kent, vice the Rev. B. E. Bridges.

The Rev. H. Buttersfield, A.M. to the Rectory of Broekdiah, Norfolk.

The Rev. A. Duncan, to the Church and Parish of Coylton, in the Presbytery of Ayr, vice the Rev. Dr. Black; Patron the King.

The Rev. E. J. W. Valpy, to the Rectory of Stamford Dingley, Berks, vice the Rev. T. Whittaker.

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The Rev. H. Atlay, M.A. to the Rectory of Timwell, near Stamford, vice the Rev. T. Foster.

The Rev. C. Arnold, to the Rectory of Wakerley, Northamptonshire, vice the Rev. H. Atlay.

The Rev. J. Child, B.D. to the united Rectories of Otton, Bougueville and Bottle Bridge, Huntingdonshire, vice the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Stewart, D.D.

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The Rev. W. R. Blake, A.B. to the Vicarage of Great Barton, Suffolk.

The Rev. Dr. Bull, to the Archdeaconry of Cornwall, vice the Venerable Archdeacon Short.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Rev. C. Benson, M.A. the place and dignity of a Censor or Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Worcester, vice the Hon. and Rev. Dr. E. Rice.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Stewart has been consecrated Lord Bishop of Quebec, in the Archiepiscopal Chapel at Lambeth Palace, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishops of London, Llandaff, &c. assisting.

The Rev. W. Burkett, M.A. to a Chaplaincy in the establishment of the East India Company, at Bengal.

The Rev. R. Pole, to the Rectory of Shevioke, Cornwall.

The Rev. W. C. Chidburgh, to the Rectory of Quarrington, Lincolnshire.

The Rev. C. J. Ridley, M.A. to the Rectories of Harling and West Harling, Norfolk.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. W. Fleming to the Church and Parish of Westruther, in the Presbytery of Lauder, and county of Berwick, vice the Rev. J. Birrell.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. W. Fawcett, M.A. to the Ministry of Brunswick Chapel, Marybone, vice the Rev. G. S. Penfold.

GAZETTE APPOINTMENTS.

Charles Bankhead, Esq. to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation to the United States of North America.

T. Topper, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul in the Duchy of Courland, to reside at Riga.

A. L. Molyneux, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul in the State of Georgia, to reside at Savannah.

Balkeld, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at New Orleans.

Mackenzie, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul General in Haiti, to reside at Port-au-Prince.

The Right Hon. John, Lord Ponsonby, to be Envoy Extraordinary and

Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to permit the 5th Foot to bear on its colours the word "Carolina," in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted, in commemoration of the gallantry displayed by that regiment at Cogswell. The same regiment is also permitted to bear on its colours and appointments, the words, "Vimiera" and "Busaco," in commemoration of its distinguished services in the battle of Vimiera, Aug. 21, 1808, and at Busaco, on September 27th, 1810.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

At Antwerp, the lady of J. L. Legue, Esq. of a daughter.—At the Court of St. Petersburg, the lady of the British Ambassador, Viscount Strangford, of a son.—At Rome, the lady of W. H. Hyett, Esq. of Painswick-house, Glouc.—At Corfu, Lady Emily Ponsonby, of a son.—At Munich, the lady of T. Cartwright, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.

At Bombay, Dr. Hugh Smith, to Mary, second daughter of J. Moore, Esq. of Liverpool.—At Paris, G. W. Lefevre, M.D. to Frederica Clavering, daughter of Col. C. Fraser.—At Stockholm, Baron Schemmelpennich Vander Orme, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Baron de Kantzow.—At Guernsey, the Rev. M. Brock, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late D. Tupper of Haute Ville.

DEATHS.

At Avignon, the Hon. Mrs. Long.—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lady Mitchell, relict of Admiral Sir A. Mitchell.—At Lisbon, Garrett Gould, Esq.—At Karla, in the East Indies, Lieut. W. Bailey

—At St. Omer, J. Harcourt, Esq.—At Hayti, J. S. Birt, Esq. late of Tewkesbury.—At Brussels, M. David, the celebrated French painter.—At Ramboe, in the East Indies, Lieut. G. M. Pigrim.—At Brussels, Eleanor, wife of J. T. Newbalt, M.D.—At Capin, Mary Julia, fourth daughter of R. B. B. Esq. of Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow.—In New South Wales, J. S. Gore, fourth son of the Rev. C. Gore, of Barrack-court, Somersetshire.—At Boscogues-sur-mer, B. Savage, Esq. aged 63.—At Jamaica, W. W. Lawrence, Esq.—At Corfu, R. B. Catty, Esq. Private Secretary to his Excellency, the Lord Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.—At Paris, aged 65, the Chevalier Barthelemy du Bocage, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, Geographer to the Department for Foreign Affairs, &c.—At Kingston, Jamaica, Henry William, only son of F. G. Smith, Esq. of Long Hill, Jamaica.—At Jamaica, Capt. de Crespiigny.—At sea, H. H. Summer, Esq. Commande of the E. I. C. ship, Elphinstone.—At Marseilles, Marshal Suchet Duke of Albufera.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES:

WITH BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Manchester mail was overturned at Woburn, December 26th, and a gentleman named Ablett, of the former town, was killed.—On the 27th of December, a hare was pursued through Potson-street, by a pack of boys, and after a short run was killed.

MARRIED.—At Bedford, the Rev P La Trobe, to Mary Louisa, second daughter of the Right Rev. T. W. Foster.—At Bedford, J. C. Greatrex, Esq. to Catherine Augusta, youngest daughter of the late T. Burnell, Esq. R.A.

BERKSHIRE.

The town of Newbury, in conjunction with Speenhamland, was lighted with gas on the 29th of December.—On duting a hay rick at Hartley-court, on the 7th of January, the gardener of the Rev. John Townshend, discovered a tom-tit's nest, with ten eggs in it.—On the 30th of January, a meeting of the proprietors of the Kennet and Avon canal was held, for the purpose of obtaining their assent to the formation of a new canal, which is to connect the Kennet and Avon with the Basingstoke

canal, to facilitate the communication between London and Bristol.—From a Meteorological Journal kept at Charlton, the depth of rain fallen in the year 1825, taken by a proper rain gauge, was 25 21 inches, or 10,362.42 hogheads per acre.

MARRIED.—At Marcham, the Rev. Wm. Buckland, D.D. to Mary, eldest daughter of B. Morland, Esq. of Sheepstead House.—The Rev. W. Hayward, of Wantage, to Miss Sansom, of Hammersmith.—R. Comins, Esq. of Finsell Wick, to Sarah, eldest daughter of T. Horne, Esq.

DIED.—At Jans, lady of T. R. Harman, Esq. of Snodlesham Lodge.—At Clever House, the infant son of J. Deane, Esq.—E. Webb, Esq. of Wallingford.—At Letcombe, aged 36, A. M. Nightingale, Esq. fourth son of the late Sir E. Nightingale, Bart.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

On the 17th of January, a meeting of the inhabitants of Aylesbury was convened by the town clerk, to enter a protest against the proposed application for a bill to light and cleanse the town.—The elstern placed on the House of Correction, for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of Aylesbury with water, is

the largest, as to its superficial dimensions, ever made of cast iron; measuring 58 feet by 23½. It will contain 800 barrels.

DIED.]—At Amersham, Dr. Drake. As a mark of the high regard entertained for the memory of this worthy man, a hundred of the principal inhabitants in mourning, attended his remains to the public mausoleum belonging to the church.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Five gentlemen are still living, who took their degrees at this University sixty-five years since, in the same year (1766), and were all fellows of Trinity College. They are—Baron Graham, Mr. Clowes, of Manchester, Colonel Greyk, of Yorkshire, Mr. Norris, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Dr. Allott, Dean of Raphoe.

DIED.]—Aged 74, Mrs. Elizabeth Burrows.—At Wakefield, J. Billam, Esq. M.B.—F. E. Aspinall, Esq. aged 22, student of Trinity College.

CHESHIRE.

At a meeting of the owners and occupiers of land on the Cheshire line, held at Chester, it was resolved to oppose the Bill for the Birmingham and Liverpool railway in all its stages.

MARRIED.]—E. Wright, Esq. of Alvanley Hall, to Alice, second daughter of W. Moss, Esq. of Goat Hall.

DIED.]—T. Hudson, Esq. of Stockport—Aged 34, Catherine, wife of G. Gorton, Esq. and only daughter of the late J. Lighthody, Esq.—At Kersall, Ann, relict of Henry Aitheiton, Esq. Barrister at Law—At Hoversbrook, aged 77, Elizabeth, relict of the late S. Tonna, Esq.

CORNWALL.

On the 10th of January, 16 ducks and drakes, 8 widgeons, 4 tents, and 2 coots, were killed at one shot, in Skevejack Fowling Pond.—On the 9th of December, a French vessel, belonging to St. Maloes, arrived at the port of St. Ives, on her return from St. John's River, on the Coast of Africa, with a crew consisting only of 12 men; the captain, super-cargo, and eight others, having died in the course of the voyage. When the vessel was boarded, she was found well fitted out for the reception of slaves, with abundance of manacles, chains, and other instruments of torture; there were also found 4 black men and a boy, who constituted part of the wretched cargo.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of — Thomas, Esq. of Killoe, a daughter.—At Stowford Parsonage, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wollacombe, of a daughter.—At Morral, the lady of J. Buller, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.]—At Launceston, the Rev. C. Orchard, Rector of Lidhurst.

CUMBERLAND.

January 3d, a fire burst out in the William Pit, Whitehaven, by which nine persons lost their lives.

MARRIED.]—At Knorren Lodge, aged 40, Q. Blackburn, Esq. one of the magistrates for Cumberland.

DIED.]—R. Gardner, Esq.—At Crosby Lodge, aged 78, Mrs. Martha Graham, daughter of the late Alderman J. Graham, of Carlisle.

DERBYSHIRE.

On January 13th, a meeting was holden at Derby, at which the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Kinnaird, &c. were present, when it was resolved to petition Parliament for the abolition of Negro Slavery.

BIRTHS.]—At Duffield, the lady of Sir C. Colville, of a daughter.—The lady of E. S. Pole, Esq. of Radborne Hall, of a son and heir.

MARRIED.]—W. Manors, Esq. of Eaton, to Ann, only daughter of G. Reale, Esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

On taking down the chiming loft in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, the body of a cat was discovered, between the end of one of the joists and the wall, in a state of perfect preservation; the body was dried to a consistency so hard, that it was nearly impenetrable.—There is now in a garden at Tilton, a nutmeg-myrtle, seven feet high, bearing an abundant crop of seed berries; and also in the same garden, two roots of the new hautboy strawberry in blossom; some of its fruit set ten days since.—A new and excellent peal of eight bells, the present of the Rev. J. Parkin, have been opened at Oakford.—A curious blackbird has been shot at Horuton, with a head and neck perfectly white, with a few white feathers on different parts of the body; the wings were also tipped with white, and the feet very prettily marked alternately with black and yellow. The same morning, a thrush, nearly all white, was shot in the same town.

BIRTHS.]—At Ilfracombe, the lady of Capt. J. Fastaway, of a daughter.—At Ash, the lady of H. Mallett, Esq. of a daughter.—At Ashley House, Tiverton, the lady of H. Buckett, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—H. S. Scott, son of the late Sir H. Scott, to Mary, daughter of J. D. Bassett, Esq. of Watermouth.

DIED.]—At Buekleigh, aged 70, the Rev. F. W. Calcut, Rector of the Parish.

DORSETSHIRE.

December 27th, an English vessel bound from Hamburg to Mogador, a town in Morocco, was driven on the cliffs of Dorset. The whole crew perished with the exception of the mate.—January 30th, a meeting was holden at the Town Hall, Blandford, J. J. Farquharson in the chair, when it was resolved that Parliament be petitioned against the introduction of foreign corn, on payment of a protecting duty; that

a society be formed in Dorset for the protection of agriculture, &c.

MARRIED.]—J. Allen, Esq. of Charlton, shall, to Mrs. Donn, relict of W. Donn, Esq. T. Pavy, Esq. to Maria Purvis, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dupre, of Weymouth.

DIED.]—Aged 74, the Rev. Geo. Chisholm, M.D. Rector of Ashmore.

DURHAM.

At Shields, on the 15th of January, the fog was so intensely dense, that several persons, attempting to cross the water, after rowing about some time, lauded where they set off.—The total receipts of the different religious societies in the County of Durham, amounting during the past year, to the enormous sum of 408,518l. 19s 8d.

MARRIED.]—At Unworth Place, the lady of R. Shaw, Esq. of a son.—In the College, the lady of the Hon. W. K. Barrington, of a still-born child.—At Littleburn, the lady of W. A. Cunningham, of a son.—At Stockton, the lady of T. Hutchinson, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—G. Skinner, Esq. to Hannah, third daughter of the late J. Walker, Esq.—The Rev. W. Rawes, jun. of Enington, to Francis, eldest daughter of the late T. Green, Esq. of Westoe.—W. Scrutton, Esq. to Mary Anne, daughter of the late C. Spearman, Esq. of Thornley.

DIED.]—At New Elvet, R. Kerton, Esq.—At High Pallion, Sunderland, G. Fenwick, Esq.

ESSEX.

On the 11th of January, four post horses were suffocated in a stable of the Three Cups, Colchester, supposed from the latter catching fire.

BIRTH.]—At Woodford, the lady of J. H. Spence, Esq. of a daughter.—At Leyton, Mrs. R. Barclay, of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—J. M. Wilson, Esq. of Fitzjohns, to Charlotte Julia, fifth daughter of G. Wade, Esq. of Dunmow.—The Rev. R. Ward, of Stratford, to Miss Ann Hamphreys, of Waltham-stow.—P. Melville, Esq. of Walthamstow, to the daughter of Lieut. Col. Sandys, of L. marth, Cornwall.

DIED.]—At Dalston, aged 77, Mr. G. Lovett.—Aged 55, Mary, wife of the Rev. C. T. Bond, Vicar of Margaretting.—At Stratford, Mary, wife of J. Edwards, Esq.—Aged 65, Ann, daughter of the late J. Attridge, Esq. of Bocking.—The Rev. R. Mitchell, D.D. Rector of Fryerning, and Vicar of Eastwood.—Charles, second son of Mr. Daniell, solicitor, of Colchester.—Aged 46, W. Preston, Esq. of Sewardston.—At Debdon Hall, aged 69, Lady Mary Vincent, relict of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Arrangements are now made for the establishment of a new Bank in the City of Gloucester, under the firm of Gladstone, Turner, Montague, Turner, and Nicholls.—Westbury church, which has been new paved and repaired, was re-opened on the 1st of January. It is now one of the handsomest churches in the West of England.

BIRTH.]—The lady of H. Shute, Esq. M.D. of a son.—The lady of W. Monro, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Cheltenham, Capt. Goodie, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Major Gen. Sir G. Holmes, K.C.B.—At Dodington, the Hon. A. Thellusson, brother to Lord Ranelagh, to Caroline, Anna Maria, second daughter of Sir C. B. Codrington, Bart.—At Cheltenham, J. B. Brady, Esq. to Jane Harriet, daughter of the late Sir R. George, Bart. DIED.]—At Winchester, aged 18, Newell, only son of the Rev. N. Poyntz, of Portmout.—In consequence of a fall, E. Repton, Esq. Fellow Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, and son of W. Mouton, Esq. of Daylingworth.

HAMPSHIRE.

A cow, the property of Mr. Barnes, of Fovant, has calved a remarkably large calf of the extraordinary weight of 110 lbs.

BIRTH.]—At the Vicarage, Odstam, the lady of the Rev. W. Harriott, of a daughter.—At Fifehead Parsonage, the lady of the Rev. E. Peacock, of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—At Christchurch, C. Wilemit, Esq. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late J. Sloman, Esq. of Wick.

DIED.]—At Shirley House, Mary Frances, eldest daughter of the late Sir P. Rich, Bart.—At Portsmouth, aged 72, Major Gen. Millor.—Aged 34, the Rev. A. Radcliffe, Rector of Titchfield.—N. Atcheson, Esq. founder of the Portsmouth Pitt Club.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

A Mr. Imier, of Hereford, has manufactured a pair of scissors, only three-twentieths of an inch in length, each part about the thickness of a horse hair. They are firmly rivetted, and open and shut freely. They are contained in a common sized stocking needle, the head of which screws off.—It is intended to apply to Parliament, for an act to make a new road along the shortest line from Hereford to the Haw-bridge.

BIRTH.]—The lady of the Rev. W. Gretton, of a daughter.—At Woodhope, the lady of the Rev. H. Morgan, of a daughter.

DIED.]—At Llenwame Rectory, the infant daughter of the Rev. R. Lockey.—At Orleton, aged 84, Eleanor, widow of the late E. Spencer.—At Belmont, aged 70, J. Matthews, Esq.—In King-street, aged 82, W. Johnson, Esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

DIED.]—Eleanor, fourth daughter of the Rev. Z. Brooke, Vicar of Great Horwood.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

A gentleman in Huntingdon has in his possession a startling perfectly white, without one dingy speck on its plumage.—A meeting was held at the Town Hall, St. Ives, on the 25th of January, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the abolition of slavery.

MARRIED.]—R. Smith, Esq. of Buckden, to Mary, eldest daughter of R. Edwards, Esq. solicitor.—J. Hockley, Esq. to Jane, second daughter of J. Pooley, Esq. of Upwood.—At Woodstone, the Rev. T. Garrett, M.A. to Sarah, third daughter of the Rev. J. Brighurst, Rector of the former place.

KENT.

The astonishing quantity of turkeys and other poultry, brought into Dover

from Finesse, during the Christmas week, is computed at upwards of twelve tons weight.—January 18th, the frost had set in with such severity, as to interrupt the communication between Sheerness and Chatham. The Royal Military Canal has been so completely frozen, that it was not an unusual thing for skaters to take a breakfast at Hythe, a luncheon at Elbe, (about twenty miles glide,) and return to Hythe to dinner.

BIRTHS.—At the Rectory, North Cray, the lady of the Rev. J. C. Lucena, of a daughter.—At Dartford, the lady of J. Tasker, Esq.—The lady of E. Hooker, of Sheerness, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—S. Brand, Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of the late J. Elwid, Esq. of Dover.—The Rev. E. F. Neale, of Frittenden, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of J. Duplay, Esq.—J. Ware, Esq. of Tunbridge, to Elizabeth, second daughter of H. Clements, Esq.

DIED.—At Canterbury, T. Dashwood, Esq. brother to Sir H. W. Dashwood, Esq.—At Seven Oaks, T. Warner, Esq.—At Tunbridge Wells, C. Denshire, Esq.—Aged 60, P. D. Firmin, Esq. of Condaham House, Hemling.—At Rochester, Jane, second daughter of W. Nicholson, Esq.—At Maidstone, R. Tanner, Esq. aged 66.—Clarmda, wife of Mr. J. Chaplin, of Rochester.—At Dover, the Rev. Edward Winthrop.—Mrs. Hutchinson, of Perry Hill, Sydenham.—At Margate, in his 94th year, the Rev. W. Abbott.

LANCASHIRE.

The fine ass which was imported into Liverpool from Alexandria, and which was purchased by the Ashton-under-Lyne Israelites, died on the 11th of December, and with it, their sanguine expectation of obtaining a cream coloured milk. The purchase money, maintenance, and charges for farrier's attendance during its illness, amounted to upwards of 500l.—J. Bolton, Esq., of Stovin-hall, has presented the magnificent donation of 500l. towards the erection of a new church at Ulverstone.—The receipts of Custom-house duties at Liverpool, has, in the year just ended, notwithstanding the panic which has prevailed in the interior of the country during the last quarter, exceeded 3,000,000l.

MARRIED.—At Preston, W. St. Clare, Esq. M.D. to Sarah, eldest daughter of S. Horrocks, Esq. M.P. for Preston.—T. Evans, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late J. Robinson, Esq. of Liverpool.

DIED.—At Manchester, aged 62, Mr. J. White, author of the New Century of Inventions.—At Liverpool, Sir William Barton, Bart.—Ann, lady of T. Burrell, Esq. of Mount Vernon, Esq. lady of G. W. Williams, Esq. of Victoria-street, Liverpool.—At Warrington, Anna, relict of W. Barford, of Rainford, and relict of J. Blackburne, Esq. M.P. for Warrington.—Aged 75, Ann, relict of H. Atherton, Esq. Barrister at Law.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The spire of that beautiful edifice St. George's Church, was completed on the 31st of December. A small piece

of ordonnance was reportedly stood on the occasion from one of the scaffolds. The height of the spire from the ground to the top of the stonework, is 173 feet, 6 inches, and to the top of the vane, 181 feet, 4 inches. The foundation stone was laid on the 29th of August, 1823.—A numerous and respectable Anti-Slavery meeting, was held at the County Hall, Leicester, on the 20th of January.

MARRIED.—W. Freer, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of T. Wood, Esq.—The Rev. J. Owen, of Tamworth, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late R. Teed, Esq.

DIED.—Aged 81, at Loughborough, J. N. Fry, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

MARRIED.—At Holton, Captain Caldecot, to Margaretta, second daughter of the Rev. J. Hale, M.A.—At Timberland, the Rev. C. Holmes, to Miss M. Ward, daughter of the late R. Coppe, Esq. of Lincoln.—At Nettleham, S. Harrison, Esq. to Louisa, daughter of G. Bayles, Esq. of Chisholme.

DIED.—At the Vicarage, Barkstone, the Rev. J. S. Wagstaff, Vicar of Barkston and Flungur.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—The lady of the very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough, of a daughter.—At Berkeley, the Marchioness of Exeter, of a daughter, still born.

DIED.—Aged 69, J. Benton, Esq. of Houghton House.—J. W. Cole, Esq.—Edward, fifth son, and Eliza, fifth daughter of W. Law, Esq. of Northampton.—Aged 15, Charlotte Augusta Denys, eldest daughter of Sir George W. Denys, Bart.

NORFOLK.

January 3d, first annual meeting of the Mechanic's Institute, held at the Hall Concert Room.—A magnificent silver gilt vase, of the value of 500 guineas, and bearing the following inscription, has been presented to W. E. L. Bulwer, Esq.

TO
WM. EARLE LYTTON BULWER, Esq.
Of Heydon Hall,
Whose extensive benevolence commands
universal admiration,
And whose disinterested generosity,
During the most alarming period of severest
Agricultural Distress,
Rescued many Families from impending ruin;
This Vase,
The small but sincere token
Of deep-felt, permanent, and affectionate
gratitude,
Is most humbly
Presented by his faithful and devoted Tenants,
Oct. 1825.

BIRTHS.—At North Ruishton, Lady Harriet Garpey, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Great Yarmouth, Capt. C. Pearson, R.N. to Maria, youngest daughter of the late J. Sayers, Esq.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Thellusson, of Aldenham, to Lucy, third daughter of E. R. Pratt, Esq. of Royston.

DIED.—At Finesham, the Rev. R. Turbay.—At Trillick, the Rev. D. Hesse.—At Shipham, aged 62, the Rev. Dr. Edridge.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

On the 2d of January the opening of the Newcastle Fish-market was cele-

brated by a grand procession of the dealers, accompanied by bands of music.—On the 19th of January, the northern part of the work.

Bensham pit suddenly fired, of the miners were able to reach the bank alive. Thirty-five individuals fell victims to the fire damp; besides 46 horses and two asses.

BIRTH.]—At Trindon, the lady of the Rev. R. Douglas, of a son.—At Netherwinton, the lady of R. Trevelyan, Esq. of a daughter.—The lady of W. T. Greenwall, Esq. of Greenwell Ford, of a son.—The lady of W. Chapman, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—W. O. Gillebrand, Esq. & Miss Parkinson, of Mill-place.

DIED.]—Aged 83, W. Batson, Esq.—Jane, lady of W. Lamb, Esq. of Queen-square.—Aged 79, Mrs. Forester, Esq.—At Trindon Hall, Mrs. Gibson, widow of the late E. Gibson, Esq.—Aged 98, Mrs. Ann Tallisbre.—At Striford, aged 92, J. W. Bacon, Esq.—At Hendrayde Park, aged 70, George Waldice, Esq.—N. H. Monkhouse, Esq.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

MARRIED.]—T. P. Morris, Esq. to Jemima, eldest daughter of — Dale, Esq. of Nettleworth.

DIED.]—Aged 73, W. Aldred, Esq.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Mr. Smith, of Ensham-bridge, has a tortoise-shell cat, which two or three times, in pursuit of rats, has dived to the bottom of a deep ditch, and each time succeeded in bringing out her prey.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of the Rev J A Cramer, of a son.—The lady of the Rev — Wollington, of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—The Rev S. Robins, M.A. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late T. Hollard, Esq.

DIED.]—At Wykham Park, Philip, the infant son of D. Stuart, Esq.—At Lpwhury House, the Rev. L. Ion.—At Radford, J. Bewden, Esq.

SHROPSHIRE.

On the 4th of January, Mr Miner, of Shawbury, shot a white blackbird, which is preparing for the museum of A. V. Corbett, Esq. of Acton Reynold.

BIRTHS.]—At Henstock Rectory, the lady of the Rev. M. Davies, of a daughter.—At Horton Lodge, the lady of the Rev. E. Humphrey, of a son.

MARRIED.]—W. Burton, Esq. of Allesley, to Anna, only daughter of R. Miller, Esq. of Duncut.—At Oswestry, P. Heywood, Esq. Inner Temple, to Sarah Harriette, eldest daughter of J. L. Longueville, of Oswestry, Esq.

DIED.]—At the Grove aged 88, O. Roberts, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County.—Aged 19, Helen, youngest daughter of the late F. Perry, Esq.—Aged 53, T. Green, Esq. of Ludlow.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

On the 4th of January a public meeting was held at the Guildhall, at Bridgewater, to consider of an application to Parliament to enable the Market House Trusts, to levy a perpetual tax on the inhabitants and occupants of premises

within the borough, for paving, lighting, watching, and cleansing the said borough.—On the 19th of January, a woodcock so forcibly struck one of the lantern lights on the Sheep Holmes, as to shatter the plate glass (a quarter of an inch thick,) in pieces; the bird was found dead at the foot of the lantern.—A farmer named Kingdon, of Ditchet, who was born without arms, is enabled to accomplish with his feet all those purposes for which the hands are generally employed. He shaves and writes with great facility, and in the cricket ground is an admirable bowler.

BIRTHS.]—At Clifton, the lady of the Rev. B. Blay, of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—The Rev. T. G. Pison, B.A. of Knapp-hill House, to Jane Mary, second daughter of W. Damarq, Esq.—At Bath, R. Phillips, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. Grime, D.D.

DIED.]—At Clifton, A. Daniel, Esq.—At Clifton, Col. York.—At Bath, aged 78, Capt. Colquett, R.N.—At Bristol, aged 77, Lieut. Col. Booth.—At Bath, J. Lyne.—At Clifton, J. Macnamara, Esq. senior, Rear Admiral of the Red.—At Marston House, aged 27, Viscount Dungarvon, eldest son of the Earl of Cork and Orery.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Marquis of Stafford has signified his willingness to become the Patron of the Pottery Mechanics' Institute.

MARRIED.]—At Leek, W. Devill, Esq. of Kay Wall Green, to Ann, eldest daughter of J. Meakin, Esq. of Mixon.

DIED.]—At Lichfield, aged 80, Mrs. Woodhouse, wife of the very Rev. the Dean of that Cathedral.—At Fauld Hill, J. Hunt, Esq.

SUFFOLK.

The annual meeting of the chancery Institute was held at on the 4th of January.—On Monday, Jan. 16, the anniversary meeting of the Ipswich Philological Society was held at the Golden Lion.

BIRTHS.]—At Beccles the lady of E. Leathes, Esq. of a daughter.—At Hamogate, the lady of the Rev. H. Cherry, of a daughter.—At Gifford's Hall, the lady of F. Power, of a son and heir.

MARRIED.]—T. Hammond, Esq. of Tennington, to Mrs. Mary Clemence.—At Gifford's Hall, Catholic Chapel, Serj. Major Hynes, to Miss Lucy Green, of Stoke, by Nayland.

DIED.]—At Parkings Hall, aged 80, Mrs. Webb, relict of Major Wm. Webb, and daughter of the late Sir A. Lake, Bart.—Aged 81, Hannah, widow of J. Ward, Esq. of Farns Hall.—Mrs. Rose Connor, midwife, who during her residence at Ipswich, has assisted at the births of upwards of 4,000 children.—At Great Thurlow, aged 108, Mrs. Trylen. She enjoyed her faculties, and could read without the aid of spectacles, until the close of her very long life, and was only confined to her room by illness during the last three weeks.

SURREY.

BIRTHS.]—At Bury Hill, the lady of Colonel Cromhead, of two daughters.—At Teddington, the lady of the Rev. J. H. Skyrme, of a daughter.

MARRIED]—N. Wancroft, Esq. of Alfred House, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of R. Heale, Esq. of Peckham Lodge.—At Camberwell, the Rev. S. Robins, M.A. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late T. Holland, Esq.—R. Cannon, Esq. of Sandertead, to Mary Oakley, eldest daughter of G. Saunders, Esq.—At Clapham, Major G. Arnold, to Ann Martin, daughter of the late H. Brown, Esq.

DIED]—Mrs. Sophia, daughter of L. Chambers, Esq. of Goden.—At Norwood, aged 72, J. H. Shaw, Esq.—At Richmond, Sir David Dundas, Bart. Surgeon to the King.—Edwin, fourth son of W. S. Andrews, Esq. of Richmond.—Aged 78, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. H. Laurence, of Kingston.—H. Mattyn, son of the Rev. C. J. Hoare, Rector of Godstone.—At Camberwell, aged 83, Judith, relict of J. Read, Esq. of Peckham.

SUSSEX.

BIRTHS]—At the Hook, the lady of Major General Hepburn, of a daughter.

DIED]—At Brighton, Sir S. Falkiner, Bart.—At Hastings, Henrietta, lady of Vice Admiral G. Parker.—At Brighton, Mrs. Crawford.—At Brighton, Eleanor Catherine, wife of D. Mitchellson, Esq.—At Hastings, Janina, daughter of Colonel Symes.—At Ryde, W. C. Woodhams, Esq. of Peisham.

WARWICKSHIRE.

December 21, two houses in Nelson-street, Birmingham, fell down, by which one man was killed, and four others severely injured.—On the 11th of January, a new Scottish Church dedicated to St. Andrew, was opened at Birmingham, by the Rev. Mr. Irving, of London.

BIRTHS]—At Packington, the Countess of Aylesford, of a son.

MARRIED]—W. Barton, Esq. of Allesley, to Anne, only daughter of R. Miller, Esq.

DIED]—At Honington Hall, G. Townsend, Esq. aged 73.—At Guy's Cliff, Warwick, E. B. Greathead, Esq. He was related to many of our highest nobility, and nephew of the late Duke of Aconaster. Mr. Greathead has long been considered in a most extensive, literary, and scientific view, the *deus ideal* of the English country gentleman.

WESTMORLAND.

MARRIED]—The Rev. J. Fawcett, to Mrs. Elizabeth Chesterton.—J. J. Anson, to Miss Mary Holmes, of Great Crosswaite.—At Bolton-le-Sands, Mr. J. Gaskill, to Miss Taylor, sister of his late wife, who was interred about three weeks since. He having, within the short space of six months, had three living, and two dead wives.

DIED]—Aged 99, at Kendal, Mrs. J. Rook.

WILTSHIRE.

December 21st, the lofty tower of Fonthill Abbey fell, bursting through that part of the building which adjoined it, without occasioning any personal injury. Upwards of 9,000l. worth of glass was destroyed, and a great quantity of stone was buried in the ruins.

BIRTHS]—The lady of the Rev. H. Fox, of Maperton, of a son.

MARRIED]—At Marlborough, J. M. Blay, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of J. Halcomb, Esq.—Purton, W. Large, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late T. Plummet, Esq. of Marl House.

DIED]—Mrs. Naider, relict of J. Naider, Esq. of Berwick Bassett.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

BIRTHS]—The lady of J. Byrne, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED]—At the House of Industry, Elizabeth, aged 100.

YORKSHIRE.

December 16, the Trustees of the Keighly Savings' Bank held their half-yearly meeting, when it appeared that the savings deposited in the bank amounted, together with interest, to 3,500l.—The new Church at Hanging Heald, in the parish of Dewsbury, was consecrated, December 20, by the Archbishop of York.—On the 31st of December, the Union, Leeds Coach, from Town, was laden, among other Christmas luggage, with 200 barrels of oysters.

BIRTHS]—At Beveray, the lady of the Hon. A. Macdonald, of a son.—At Wheatley, the lady of Sir W. B. Cooke, Bart. of a daughter.

MARRIED]—At Woodhouse, the Rev. W. C. Madden, B.A. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late J. Whitacre, Esq. of Woodhouse.

DIED]—At Bevelley, Lord Arthur Paget, son of the Marquis of Anglesea.—Catherine, eldest daughter of J. L. Eyre, Esq. of York.—Aged 49, T. Fearnley, Esq. of Oakwell Hall.—J. Foljambe, Esq. of Campall.

WALES.

January 18, the Swansea Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting in the Guildhall, Sir J. Morris Bart. in the chair.

BIRTHS]—The lady of T. Bishop, Esq. of a daughter.—At Llandaff, the lady of Dr. Salmon, of a daughter.—The lady of J. Leach, Esq. of a son.—At Llanover, the lady of M. Morgan, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED]—At Swansea, the Rev. R. Thomas, of Bulton Ferry, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late L. Thomas, of Baglan, Esq.

DIED]—At Stirling Park, Carmarthen, Jane, wife of H. Lawrence, Esq. M.D.—T. Thomas, Esq. of Carmarthen.—At Tygwyn, Margaretta Mails, relict of the late Gen. A. Campbell.—At Barns-low, the Rev. J. Cole.—At Cardiff, R. Griffiths, Esq. M.D. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Glamorgan.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Macqueen, the editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, has been voted by the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica, 5000l. to be paid without any deduction, for his unsolicited services in advocating the Colonial interests, and this example of pecuniary reward is recommended to the other islands for adoption.—A warper in the employ of Messrs. Kerr, and Co., of Glasgow, had a child, which died on the 29th of Dec., after four days' illness, occasioned by the blow of a game cock; having stuck his spur in the child's head, while in the act of creeping on his feet and hands.—On the new Scotch national bank-note, the words "One Pound," are engraved 1200 times, thus render-

ing the success of forgery difficult, is who had their arms, legs, ribs, &c., not impossible.

BURNS.]—At Kirkcaldy, the lady of Capt. Roxburgh, of a daughter.—At Kilmleith, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lindsay, mother of a son.

MARRIED.]—W. Kieth, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late G. Crooks, Esq.—The Archibald Livingstone, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late A. Sheriff, Esq. of Leith.
DIED.]—At Moss-side of Monie, aged 100, Alexander Angus.—At Dunkeld, Lieut. Marchison.—At Underdyke Park, Roxburghshire, G. Waddie, Esq.—At Yester House, Licent Hay, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.—A. P. Skeus, Esq. of Halyburton. This gentleman was a descendant of the famous Sir William Wallace, and held a military command in the British service above 40 years.—At Edinburgh, Major General G. Johnston.

IRELAND.

December 28, a dreadful accident occurred at Callan, County Kilkenny. The Augustinian Friary Chapel being crowded to excess, an apprehension arose that the gallery was giving way, when a frantic rush towards the door took place, by which nineteen persons were killed, and the number of those

who had their arms, legs, ribs, &c., broken, amounted to upwards of a hundred, and many of the number will be disabled for life.—On the 1st of January, upwards of fifty head of oxen were washed ashore at Ballymacaw, which were instantly made a prey of, and skinned by the country people. The cattle were supposed to be the cargo of some vessel which foundered at sea, as some of the carcasses were still warm when discovered.

BURNS.]—At Nass, the lady of Lieut. Col. Jones, of a daughter.—At Cashel, the lady of W. Pennefather, Esq. of a son.—The lady of R. Nolan, Esq. of Mahaydon, Carlow, of a son.—The lady of J. Corcoran, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Ballinasloe, J. Burke, Esq. to Mary Rose, only daughter of the late P. Synnott, of Cullinstown, county Galway, Esq.

DIED.]—At Dublin, Major Baddeley.—At Dublin, the Dowager Baroness Rossmore.—At High Town, Wexmouth, F. Batterby, Esq. of hydrophobia, a strange dog walked into his parlour in October last, and on his endeavouring to turn it out, he was severely bitten in the hand.—R. L. Price, Esq. of Callow, county Kilkenny.—At Woodtown West, county Meath, J. Reade, Esq. Harriester at Law.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM DECEMBER 20 TO JANUARY 21:

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Conway, J. Upper Stamford-street, Lambeth, builder.
Elford, Sir. W. Bast. and Co. Plymouth, bankers.
Higgs, N. Duke's-row, Pimlico, brewer.
Hobbs, R. Duke's-row, Pimlico, brewer.
Lewis, H. Newport, Monmouthshire, tallow-chandler.
Morton, A. and C., and Rodick, A. and E. L. Wellingtonborough, Northamptonshire, bankers.

BANKRUPTS.

Adkins, W. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Troughton and Co. Coventry, Long and Co. Gray's-inn.)
Amalay, J. Barksland, Halifax, innkeeper. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn; Alexander, Halifax.)
Akers, J. Arlington-street, Clerkenwell, broker. (Selby, St. John-street-road.)
Aldred, J. Over Darwen, Lancashire, iron-founder. (Milne and Co. Temple; Neville and Co. Blackburn.)
Allen, E. Preston, elser (Winstanley and Co. Preston; Milne and Co. Temple.)
Applegarth, A. Stamford-street, printer, (Bostock, George-street, Mansion house.)
Archer, J. Judd-street, tailor. (Atkinson, Tokenhouse-yard.)
Atkinson, E. Morpeth, tanner. (Leadbetter, Bucklersbury; Forster, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Charlton, Morpeth.)
Barber, J. Myo-end, builder. (Bean, Took's-court, Curator-street.)
Barlow, J. and S. Jun, Old Broad-street, merchants. (Williams and Co. New-square, Lincoln's-inn.)
Baylis, J. J. Leeds, commission-agent. (Baylis and Co. Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds.)
Beag, C. J. Goulde-terrace, Islington, and Took's-court, Curator-street, money-seri-

vener. (Cole, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road.)
Beard, P. King's-Stables, near Stroud, clothier. (Gately, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)
Bernard, J. Clarendon, pawn-broker. (Swain and Cole, Old Jewry.)
Best, J. Kidderminster, maltster. (Baylis, Kidderminster; Collins, Great Knight Rider-street.)
Blake, J. Mere, Wilts. draper. (Hardwick, Lawrence-lane.)
Blaymires, J. and Slater, J. Halifax, coach-makers. (Wiglesworth and Co. Gray's-inn.)
Bottomley, H. Sheppridge, Yorkshire, shawl-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friar's; Fenton, Huddersfield.)
Bradley, J. Great Queen-street, dealer. (Sutcliffe, New Bridge-street.)
Brameld, T., G. F. and J. W. Stanton, Yorkshire, manufacturers of earthenware. (Stocker and Co. New Boswell-court; Newman, Barnsley.)
Bratt, S. Macclesfield, silk-throwster. (Warrend, Bucklersbury.)
Bray, J. Huddersfield, woolstapler. (Whitehead, and Co. Huddersfield; Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane.)
Brittain, B. Birmingham, pocket-book-maker. (Swain and Co. Old Jewry; Whateley, Birmingham.)
Broughton, C. D., and Garnett, J. J. Nantwich, bankers. (Kiddleston and Co. Nantwich, Wildes, Lincoln's-inn.)
Brown, A. and M. Hull, straw-hat-manufacturers. (Jones and Co. Chancery-lane.)
Browne, J. Whitehook, Monmouthshire, paper-maker. (Bourdillon and Co. Broad-street, Cheapside; Bevan and Co. Bristol.)
Calvert, G., and Beeston, W. H. Manchester, corn-mERCHANTS. (Chester, Staple-inn; Bians and Co. Manchester.)
Cammack, W. Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, tim-

- ber-merchant. (Chas. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn)
- Camplin, R. Goldsmith-street, silk-manufacturer. (James, Bucklebury)
- Cartledge, J. Halifax, merchant. (Alexander, Halifax; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Cavenagh, N., Brown, W. and H. Bath and Bristol, bankers. (Gaby, Bath; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Charlton, T. Quadrant, gold-lace-man. (Tooke, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn)
- Chriddie, J. Lendenhall-street, ale-merchant. (Hill, Chancery-lane)
- Clark, A. Jermy-n-street, carpenter. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Clarke, W., Collins, F., and Thorn, J. Spring-lane, Upper Clapton, bleachers. (Watson and Co. Falcon-square)
- Clayton, O. Oxendon-street, coal-merchant. (Bright, Burton-street)
- Clementson, J. Angel-court, St. Martin's-le-grand, silver-caster. (Fairthorn and Co. King-street, Cheapside)
- Constantine, A. Bolton, Lancashire, shop-keeper. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Boardman and Co. Bolton-le-Moors)
- Cooke, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Harvest, Northumberland-street; Mullis, Coventry)
- Cooke, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, hosier. (Stevens, Ratton garden)
- Cooper, J. and Reader, J. Stroud, wooll-staplers. (Simmons, Rochester; Flexney, Bedford-row)
- Cooper, T. Pentonville, ironmonger. (Rice and Co. Great Marlborough-street)
- Coots, W. St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, corn-merchant. (Long and Co. Gray's-inn; Day, St. Ives)
- Corbett, A. Friday-street, merchant. (Bourdillon and Co. Cheapside)
- Coverdale, G. Stokeley, linen-manufacturer. (Hirst, Northallerton; Hall, Sergeant's-inn)
- Crickitt, S., and R. A., and Ruffell, F. H. Chelmsford, bankers. (Bartlett, Chelmsford; Humphreys and Co. King's-arms-yard)
- Cross, G. jun. Clare-market, butcher. (Burton, Queen-square, Bloomsbury)
- Cubbridge, W. West Wycombe, Bucks. paper-maker. Fox, Austin filias
- Daniell, J. Lime-street, provision-merchant. (Davison, Blackfriars)
- Davidge, J. and J. jun. Bristol, timber-merchants. Taylor, Clement's-inn; Day, Bristol
- Davis, A., and Howell, G. Cheltenham, glaziers. King, Hatton-garden; Packwood, and Co. Cheltenham
- Day, T. S. and H. F. and W. Norwich, bankers. (Rackham, Norwich; Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Dickenson, W. Lad-lane, Cheapside, silk-man. (Birkett and Co. Cloak-lane)
- Dixson, T. Newman-street, picture-dealer. (Benton, Union-street, Southwalk)
- Dodson, J. and R. Beeton, wooll-staplers. (Walker, York; Walker and Co. New-inn)
- Dore, W. Bath, innkeeper. (Smith, Bath; Jay, and Co. Gray's-inn-place)
- D'Orville, A. M. Leicester-square, dealer in dresses. (Syger, Broad-street-buildings)
- Dutton, J. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. (Gard and Co. Sambreok court, Basinghall-lane)
- Eady, G. Bromley, coach-master. (Sherwin, Great James-street)
- Emborough, J. Chettendon, T. and Bartlett, T. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Killeard, Old Jewry)
- Edgcomb, R. Tewkesbury, cabinet-maker. (Jenkins, and Co. New-inn, Senior, Tewkesbury)
- Edmons, W. Harrow-road, wheelwright. (Hooper, Old Burlington-street)
- Elford, Sir W. Bart and Co. Plymouth, bankers. (Tink, Davenport; Kessit, Bedford-row)
- Elphinstone, J. Hindon, Wilts. victualler. (Lindell, Gray's-inn; Bowles and Co. Basinghall-lane)
- Enich, W. Lakenham, Norwich, innkeeper. (Smith, Verulam-buildings; Barnard, Norwich)
- Flacion, F. Berwick street, Westminster, jeweller. (Young, Poland-street)
- Fletcher, J. Abingdon, Berkshire, carpet-manufacturer. (Nelson, Essex-street; Graham, Abingdon)
- Ford, W. Vauxhall-road, coal-merchant. (Giles, Clement's-inn)
- Garsch, D. Brighton, silk-mercer. (Dunn and Wadsworth, Threadneedle-street)
- Gibbins, J., Smith, W. W., and Goodie, W. Birmingham, bankers. (Spurrier and Co. Birmingham; Heming and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Gibbins, J., and Eaton, R. Swansea, bankers. (Holme and Co. New inn; Berrington and Co. Swansea)
- Gibson, R. H. Tokenhouse-yard, merchant. (Partington, Change-alley)
- Gilbert, T. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, coal-merchant. (Fairlie, Surrey-street, Strand)
- Goodall, W. Cicle, Derbyshire, grocer. (Sweetenham and Co. Wirksworth, Derbyshire)
- Gregory, J. Brighton, lodging-house-keeper. (Burn and Co. King-street, Cheapside)
- Groves, D. Nulton-street, May-le-bone, grocer. (Addison, Gray's-inn)
- Groves, J. Gun-street, Spital-fields, carpenter. (Phillips, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell)
- Groves, W. Woth ng, Sussex, cabinet-maker. (Rogers, Worthing; Millett and Co. Middle Temple-lane)
- Habgood, J. jun. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Birkett and Co. Cloak-lane)
- Hall, W. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, merchant. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand)
- Hammond, C. Brighton, victualler. (Faithful, Brighton; Faithful, Birchen-lane)
- Harding, S. Oxford-street, jeweller. (Phillips, Bedford-street)
- Hardy, D. Bristow, Norfolk, bombazine manufacturer. (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn; Ransom, Holt, Norfolk)
- Harvey, R. Aldburgh, C. and Hill, E. Wertwell, Norfolk, millers. (Bignold and Co. Norwich; and New Bridge-street, Blackfriars)
- Hastings, T. Green-walk, Blackfriars-road, silversmith. (Richardson, Cheapside)
- Haswell, C. P. Barnsbury-row, Islington, carpenter. (Kaye and Co. Dyer s-buildings)
- Hemming, W. Hatcham, money-scriver. (Ewington, Poultry)
- Herring, C. Strand, fringe-maker. (Selby, St. John-street road)
- Hetherington, D. King street, Cheapside, waiter-houseman. (Birkett and Co. Cloak-lane)
- Higgin, R. Norwich, manufacturer. (Smith, Verulam-buildings; Barnard, Norwich)
- Hill, J. sen., and J. jun. Wisbeach, Isle of Ely, bankers. (Wing, Caroline-place, Guildford-street; Girdlestone, and Co. Wisbeach)
- Hill, L. Lambourn, Berks. grocer. (Goddard, Basinghall-street)
- Hobson, S. and Marshall, O. Minorities, corn-factors. (Fairthorn, and Co. Cheapside, and St. Alban's, Herts.)
- Hodgskin, R. Brompton, Kent, grocer. (May and Co. John-street, A merion-square)
- Hollick, E. Nash, T. Searle, W. and Nash T. jun. Cambridge, bankers. (Nash and Co. Royston, Herts.; Allen, Chisford's-inn)
- Horey, J. C. Mile-end, New-town, sugar-lander. (Philed and Son, Fore-street)

Horton, H. and A. R. Millamantier, Manchester; Gregory, Chancery-lane
Houlden, J. Bristol, Bathurst. (Taylor, Chamberlain's Day, Bristol)
Houldsworth, S. Royston, Lancashire.
(Law and Co. Manchester; Baker,
Sale; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row;
Howard, D. Leeds, worsted-spinner. Green-
lock, Sergeant's-inn; Nicholson and Co.
Leeds
Hubbard W. jun. Cornhill, merchant. (Steele
and Co. Cheapside
Hubbard, E. and Alexander, W. H. Nor-
manufacturers. (Taylor and Co. T.
Parkinson and Co. Norwich
Hutcheson, G. J. and B. and Place, T.
town-pou-Tres, Durham, bankers.
Sergeant's-inn; Hertie, Northallerton
Ingelow, W. sen. and W. Jun. Boston, Li-
shire, bankers. (Baplin, Boston; Stocker
and Co. New Essex-court
Inkersole, N. St. Neot's, corn-dealer. (Day, St.
Neot's Parbs, Ely-place
Inkersole, T. St. Neot's, grocer. (Day, St.
Neot's; Forbes, Ely-place
James, W. Bath, tallow-chandler. (Gaby,
Bath; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Jenkins, C. H. Peckham, builder, Barber,
Chancery-lane
Johnson, H. Liverpool, grocer. (Willett, Es-
sex-street, Parkinson and Co. Liverpool
Jolyntson, K. Adamson, A. and Hope, J. White-
haven, bankers. (Hodgson and Son, White-
haven; Falton, Temple
Johnston, E. sen. and E. Jun. and Manley, T.
Whitehaven, sugar-renders. (Clenell, Staple-
inn; Perry, Whitehaven
Joll, M. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent,
builder. (Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas
Apostle
Keir, J. and Spear J. Tonley-street, groceries.
(Tate and Co. Cophall-buildings.
Kerahaw, J. Tomlinson, J. and Fuller, R. A.
Manchester, machine-makers. (Chapman,
Manchester; Appleby and Co Gray's-inn
Lamb, W. M. Newcastle-upon Tyne, merchant.
(Donkin and Co. Newcastle; Megginson and
Co. Gray's-inn
Latnam, J. Liverpool, grocer. (Blackstock
and Co. Temple; Woods, Liverpool
Levi, W. J. and J. G. Bridgetown, Barbados,
merchants. (Darks and Co. Red Lion-
square
Lewis, B. Unbridge Wells, baker. (Stone
and Co. Walbrook buildings
Lewis, J. Sheffield, linen-draper. (Thompson,
Sheffield; Battye and Co. Chancery-lane
Lomax, J. Houghton, Lancashire, calico-
printer. (Milne and Co. Temple; Neville
and Co. Blackbars
Looker, A. Ham-mills, Berks miller. Drew
and Co. Bermoadsey-street, Southwark
Mann, A. C. Church-street, Spital-fields, silk-
manufacturer. (Crouch, Union-court, Broad-
street
May, J. Wyborn, J. White, W. and Mercer, J.
Deal, bankers. (Noskes, Sandwich; Hall,
Sergeant's-inn
May, J. and Mercer, J. Deal, money-ser-
viceurs. (Leith, Deal; Alexander, Carey-
street, Lincoln's-inn
Maynard, R. Menheniott, Cornwall, tanner.
(Bele, Devonport; Sole, Aldermanbury
Melksham, J. S. and Ross, R. Pall-mall, up-
holsters. (Knight, High-street, Kenning-
ton; Popkin, Dean-street
Menster, N. Frome-Selwood, banker. (Ellis
and Co. Gray's-inn; Ratton and Co. Feme
Mileham, J. Oxford-street, grocer. (Tate and
Co. Court-hill-buildings
Mills, G. Wood-street, Cheapside, and Beach-
field, Buckinghamshire, silk-manufacturer.
(Fisher and Co. Walbrook buildings

Mason, H. shop
~~Father~~
Mass, R. Southampton, dealer. (Gray, South-
sea
Myrran, A. _____
Joiner, Adlington and
Jackson, Manchester
Merrey, B. New Bond-street, Wine-dropper.
(Huist, Milk-street, Cheapside
Morris, J. May's-buildings, near Cannon-street,
Surry-street
_____, A. and C. and Nedick, A. Willesdore,
borough, bankers. (Addison and Co. Wor-
lingborough; Heddon, M. John-street,
road
Moreway, S. Richmond, and Moreway, J.
Leeds, linen-manufacturers. (Grange, Leeds;
King, Hatton-garden
Mullins, H. Beverley, Yorkshire, Wine-dropper.
(Taylor, Gray's-lane-square; Shepherd, Be-
verley
Oliver, W. Barton-upon-Irwell, Lancashire,
draper. (Hard and Co. Temple; Booth,
Manchester
Pass, W. Curtain-road, dyest. (Mathew, Chan-
cery-lane
Pasmore, G. Coleman-street, warehouseman.
(Booth, Manchester; Hard and Co. Temple
Perk, R. Bow, corn-factor. (Ashley and Co.
Tokenhouse-yard
Perrin, W. Chatham, grocer. (Amory and
Coles, Throgmorton-street
Pewters, R. Bristol, boot and shoemaker.
(Evans and Co. Bristol; Bourdillon and Co.
Broad-street, Cheapside
Philips, M. Cullem-street, merchant. (Hat-
chinson, Crown-court
Pickering, H. B. Coventry, ribbon-dresser.
Long and Co. Gray's-inn; Trighton and
Co. Coventry
Piper, D. and Dewdney, G. Docking, bankers.
(Deady and Morphett, Beam's-buildings,
Chancery-lane
Porter, S. North Lopham, Norfolk, banky.
(Bretingham, Dis; Nelson, Milmas-street,
Bedford-row
Potts, H. M. Liverpool, cooper. Avlea, Li-
verpool; Wheeler, Bedford-row
Pring, J. Bristol, leather-factor. (Evan and
Co. Bristol; Bourdillon and Co. Bread-street,
Cheapside
Pyke, W. Bristol, dealer. Joyce, Chancery-
lane; Thomas, Bristol
Renwich, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.
(Castable and Co. Symond's-tian;
Armstrong, Newcastle
Richardson, J. Regiate, grocer. {Addison,
Verulam-buildings
Rigby, J. Preston, grocer. (Hinde, Liverpool;
Chester, Staple-inn
Rix, P. Gorham, G. J. and Inkerale, W. St.
Neot's, bankers. (Day, St. Neot's; Farbes,
Ely-place
Robine, F. Regent-street, jeweller. (Nichols
son, Percy-et-el
Robinson, W. By Kingsland-road, apothecary.
(Jennings and Co. Elm-court, Temple
Rossiter, W. Misterton, dealer. (Guyatt,
Taunton; Felahy, Salisbury-square
Rowthell, J. Upper-Clapton, tavern-keeper.
(Robinson, Walbrook
Rowley, W. Regent-street, tavern-keeper.
(Stephens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apo-
stle
Ryder, A. Burge-row, warehouseman. (Whear-
man and Co. Guildhall-street
Byland, B. and W. Savage gardens, corn-fac-
tors. (Druse and Sons, Billiter square
Sadler, O. and Fish, J. Gosw. Guildhall-street,
Southwark, seed-crushes. (Copeland,
Gray's-inn
Sadler, J. Bow-lane, Cheapside, warehouseman.

- (Roundillon and Co. Broad-street, Cheap-side.
 Said, J. and Smither, J. St. Martin's-lane, woollen-drappers. (Robinson and Co. Charter-house-square.
 Sayer, C. and Gardner, G. Great Tower-street, grocers. (Paterson and Co. Old Broad-street.
 Scott, M. Pall-mall, dealer and chapwoman. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street.
 Searle, J. and S. B. Saffron Walden, bankers. Sweet and Co. Basinghall-street.
 Sharp, G. Took's-court, Curator-street Jeweller. (Reeve, Ely-place.
 Sharp, J. H. Exchange-buildings, broker. (Robinson, Walbrook.
 Shave, R. Grace's-alley, Wellelose-square, linen-draper. (Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side.
 Shaw, J. E. Gwynne's-buildings, City-road, paper-hanger. (Farris, Surrey-street.
 Shraf, C. Harrington-mill, Worcester, miller. (Whateley, Birmingham; Swain and Co. Old Jewry.
 Sheppard, H. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. (Williams, Red Lion-square; Messiter, Frome.
 Sheppard, J. Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, corn-factor. (Hodgkinson, Newark-upon-Trent; Hall and Co. New Boswell court.
 Shoollidge, A. and Stuart, D. Jernyn-street, tailors. (Freame and Co. Temple.
 Sikes, W. and M. and Wilkinson, T. Loudon, bankers. (Long and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
 Skelton, E. B. and M. M. and E. Southampton, stationers. (Blanchard, Southampton; Roe, Temple.
 Smallbone, J. High-street, Bloomsbury, auctioneer. (Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
 Smith, J. Monk, Wearmouth, Durham, virtualler. (Swain and Co. Old Jewry; Smart, Sunderland.
 Smith, T. Cumberland-street, Chelsea, builder. (Freeman and Co. Coleman-street.
 Smith, T. W. Fenchurch-street, watch-maker. (Sheppard and Co. Cloak-lane.
 Smith, W. King-street, Seven Dials, printer. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.
 Smith, W. Lombard-street, hatter. (Gregory, Clement's-inn.
 Somers, J. Oxford-street, and Shoreditch, porkman. (Harrison, Walbrook.
 Sparrow, T. and Nickessen, W. Newcastle-under-Lyme, bankers. (Williams and Co. Gray's-inn; Ward, Newcastle-under-Lyme.
 Squire, M. and Edwards, H. Norwich, merchants. (Smith, Verulam-buildings; Barnard, Norwich.
 Stanfield, J. Hanroyd, Halifax, reed-maker. (Walker, Exchange Office; Alexander, Halifax.
 Stevens, E. P. Hackney-road, stock-broker. (Gatty and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
 Stocking, C. Paternoster-row, bookseller. (White, Great St. Helens.
 Sutcliffe, B. Manchester, merchant. Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Morris and Co. Manchester.
 Thick, E. Mid Lake, E. Quadrant, Regent's-street, grocers. (Adams, Gray's-inn-square.
 Thompson, J. Smeaton, Yorkshire, cattle-dealer. (Argill and Co. Whitechapel-road.
 Thorpe, T. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. (Swain and Co. Old Jewry.
 Tourner, J. N. Haymarket, coffee-house-keeper. (Mills, Hatton-garden.
 Turner, J. Chester, architect. (Hinde, Liverpool; Chester, Staple's-inn.
 Walker, R. Oxford-street, butcher. (Woodward and Co.; and Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn.
 Walter, M. Northampton-square, warehousemen. (Sweet and Co. Basinghall-street.
 Wardale, F. Allhallows-lane, mustard-manufacturer. (Sweet and Co. Basinghall street.
 Warren, W. Monkwell street, bricklayer. (Oriel and Co. Wormwood-street; Bruce, Clement's-inn.
 Wass, W. Nottingham, grocer. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Wise and Co. Nottingham.
 Watkins, T. W. R. Hereford, scrivener. (Jay, Hereford; Platt, New Boswell-court.
 Watson, J. Willington, Northumberland, iron-founder. (Grace and Co. Birchin-lane; Carr and Co. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 Waugh, E. A. Ironmonger-lane, cloth-factor. (Jay and Co. Gray's-inn-place.
 Webb, W. Great Distaff-lane, packing-case-maker. (Millard and Son, Cordwainer's-hall.
 Welsantown, E. A. and H. Upper Holloway, lodging-house-keepers. (Cluter, Water-lane, Blackfriars.
 Weller, G. Birmingham, laceman. (Parton, Bow Church-yard.
 Wells, J. W. Cambridge-terrace, Islington, builder. (Robinson, Half-moon-street.
 Wells, T. sen. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. (Williams, Broad-south Walbrook.
 Wentworth, G. W. Chaloner, R. Rishworth, T. and R. jun. and Hartley, J. York, bankers. (Lee, Wakefield; Stocker and Co. New Boswell-court; Wood and Co. York.
 Westell, J. Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. (Wilson, Hatton-garden; Carr and Co. Blackburn.
 Whitaker, C. P. Strand, coal-merchant. (Wigley, Essex-street, St. and.
 Wicks, J. Wonthink, Sussex, ale-brewer. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
 Wickle, G. Edmonton, farmer. (Clare and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
 Wilkinson, W. and Gill, W. C. Holborn-bridge, woollen-drappers. (Jay and Co. Gray's-inn-place.
 Wilson, A. M. Cambridge-heath, timber-merchant. (Viney, Banner-street, and Hoxton-square.
 Wright, J. High-grave, Saddleworth, woollen-manufacturer. (Gibbon, Ashton-under-Lyne; Batty and Co. Chancery-lane.
 Wright, W. Wakefield, inn-keeper. (Taylor, Wakefield; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row.
 Zeller, G. J. Charles-street, Covent-garden, copper-plate-printer. (Wigram, Newman-street, Oxford street.
 DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.
 Bond, S. and Hornbuckle, R. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, wine and spirit merchants.
 Brittain, R. Birmingham, pocket-book-lock-maker.
 Brown, G. T. Mark-lane, Kennington, dealer.
 Browne, J. Whitebrook, Monmouth, paper-manufacturer.
 Bumpus, J. Newgate-street, bookseller.
 Burden, T. and E. Stourbridge, Worcestershire, drapers.
 Davis, G. Kensington, corn-dealer.
 Dodd, W. Jernyn-street, saddler.
 Foster, C. Otley, leather-dresser.
 Goodfellow, R. Newcastle-street, Southwark, back-maker.
 Hardy, D. Briston, Norfolk, Bombazine-manufacturer.
 Hemming, W. Thatcham, Berks, money scrivener.
 Hobson, H. and Marshall, C. Crescent, Minorca, corn-factors.
 Hyams, M. Regent-street, lapidary.
 Levi, W. J. and I. G. Bridgetown, Barbados merchant.
 Lloyd, D. and N. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothiers.

Mitcham, J. Oxford-street, grocer.
 Peters, G. 41 St. Saviour-street, baker.
 Reynolds, W. 51 St. Thames, Southwark, rope-maker.
 Robinson, W. B. Kingsland, apothecary.
 Ryland, S. H. and Knight, J. Horsleydown, lighterman.
 Sanders, J. Oxford, bookbinder.
 Shave, R. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, draper.

Shepherd, T. St. James's-street, Brighton, Jeweller.
 Smith, W. Lombard-street, hatter.
 Slavelly, G. Juss. Leicester, stationer.
 Sueb, J. Blackman-street, boot and shoe-maker.
 Taylor, T. New Sarum, Wilts, butcher.
 Waldock, R. and W. and Hancock, W. Hermondsey, skinner.
 Webb, W. Great Dittaf-lane, carpenter.

DIVIDENDS.

Argent, J. Church-row, Bethnal-green, Jan. 21.
 Ashcroft, F. Liverpool, Feb. 28.
 Asphall, J. and J. Liverpool, Feb. 6.
 Atkins, S. Great Portland-street, Jan. 21.
 Atkiss, W. Chipping Norton, Oxon. Jan. 23.
 Auger, E. George and Blue Boar-yard, Holborn, Jan. 14.
 Baker, J. Clare-market, Jan. 28.
 Badger, H. New-road, Jan. 20 and Feb. 4.
 Ball, N. T. St. Stephen's in Bramwell, Cornwall, Feb. 14.
 Bennett, J. M. Brosseley, Jan. 17.
 Benelli, J. B. Quadrant, Jan. 29.
 Bentlev, J. and Beck, J. Coin-hill, Feb. 14.
 Blundell, M. B. and S. Holborn-bridge, Feb. 14.
 Broulev, J. Circus-street, New-road, Jan. 21.
 Brooks, R. Oldham, Lancashire, Feb. 1.
 Brown, J. Austin-fairs, Feb. 7.
 Buckle, T. Leeds, Feb. 8.
 Bust, J. Bishop Stortford, Jan. 14.
 Cato, W. Little, W. and Irving, W. Newcastle, Jan. 25.
 Clarke, J. Leeds, Feb. 8.
 Clarke, J. Montreal, Jan. 10.
 Clarkson, J. Gracechurch-street, Feb. 4.
 Collins, J. and F. Nicholas-lane, Jan. 21.
 Colley, B. Possenall, Salop, Jan. 17.
 Corbett, B. C. Friday-street, Feb. 4.
 Cowdroy, W. Gorton, Lancashire, Jan. 25.
 Croaker, C. Crayford, Kent, Jan. 14.
 Cuthbert, A. and G. R. and Brooke, T. Gutter-lane, Jan. 28.
 Davies, J. Micheldean, Gloucestershire, Jan. 23.
 Dickenson, J. Dewsbury, Jan. 30.
 Dighton, G. Rochester, Jan. 31.
 Dobell, J. Cranbrook, Feb. 11.
 Drake, J. Shoreditch, Jan. 24.
 Kail, L. Walcot, Feb. 15.
 Folsaith, T. S. Hackney, Jan. 21.
 Fuller, R. Reigate, Feb. 4.
 Farrington, P. Wood-street, Feb. 11.

Gardiner, G. St. John-street, Jan. 24.
 Gayle, T. Stockport, Jan. 27, and Feb. 6.
 Gilbert, J. A. George-lane, Botolph-lane, Jan. 17.
 Glover, J. Knottop Leeds, Feb. 8.
 Goodwin, J. Holt, Worcester, Jan. 21.
 Green, J. Birmingham, Jan. 24.
 Hale, C. Egham, Jan. 29.
 Hales, E. Newark-upon-Trent, Jan. 18.
 Harland, J. Tottenham-count-road, Jan. 29.
 Hollnail, H. L. Birmingham, Jan. 20.
 Hulley, C. Lancaster, Feb. 16.
 Hunter, D. Size-lane, Jan. 28.
 Huntiss, W. Northwiam, Yorkshire, Jan. 25.
 Ingham, J. Aldgate, Jan. 17.
 Inglethorpe, W. Portman-mews, Feb. 11.
 James, J. and Saddon, W. Liverpool, Feb. 15.
 Jameson, W. York, Jan. 24.
 Jay, G. and Wood, T. Burlington-gardens, Feb. 11.
 Johnson, T. Heanor, Derbyshire, Feb. 14.
 Jones, J. Malwyd, Meri neth-shire, Jan. 26.
 Jones, J. Peterchurch, Hereford, Jan. 21.
 Jones, W. H. Croydon, Feb. 7.
 King, C. Cranbrook, Kent, Jan. 21.
 Langston, E. Manchester, Feb. 15.
 Latham, T. D. and Parry, J. Devonshire-square, Feb. 11.
 Lawrence, C. Drury-lane, Feb. 11.
 Lawton, R. Chester, Feb. 19.
 Leach, J. Manchester, Feb. 1.
 Lowes, W. Liverpool, Jan. 27.
 Macleod, J. Cornhill, Jan. 21.
 Manifold, J. Kendal, Jan. 27.
 Marritt, R. Pickering, Yorkshire, Jan. 24.
 Maude, W. and E. Otley, Yorkshire, Jan. 26.
 Moon, F. Mufield, Yorkshire, Feb. 10.
 Morgan, G. M. Queenhithe, Jan. 4.
 Newell, R. Hereford, Jan. 28, and Feb. 19.
 Nicholson, F. Manchester, Feb. 6.
 Palfitt, T. Bristol, Jan. 14.
 Parkes, T. Fenchurch-street, Jan. 31.
 Pearce, W. Oreston, Plymouth, Devon, Jan. 16.
 Penaluna, W. Helston, Cornwall, 24.

Penny, G. and Thomson, R. Mincing-lane, Feb. 4.
 Pett, R. College-hill, Feb. 11.
 Pierari, J. and T. R. Maidstone, Feb. 11.
 Proctor, J. Wardour-street, Feb. 11.
 Raackham, J. Strand, Jan. 21.
 Roper, F. Haymarket, Feb. 11.
 Runcorn, P. R. Manchester, Feb. 6.
 Salisbury, A. Windsor, Feb. 11.
 Salisbury, D. Nottingham, Feb. 11.
 Schultze, R. M. Bradford, Yorkshire, Feb. 8.
 Shackle, Milk-street, Feb. 11.
 Sharpe, G. Leeds, Feb. 16.
 Shaw, W. Thornhill Lees, Yorkshire, Jan. 24.
 Sinner, J. and R. and J. Birmingham, Jan. 20.
 Smith, E. Birmingham, Feb. 3.
 Smith, G. Bread-street, Jan. 24.
 Smith, J. Bosbury, Jan. 30.
 Smith, W. and Atkinson, J. Jun. Aldermanbury, Jan. 28.
 Smith, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 17, and Feb. 27.
 Stirling, T. Commercial-road, Feb. 4.
 Stuart, R. E. Portsmouth, Feb. 8.
 Sutcliffe, W. Halifax, Feb. 8.
 Tatner, W. Kent-road, Jan. 17.
 Telford, J. and Arundell, W. Liverpool, Jan. 28.
 Thomas, W. L. Brighton, Feb. 11.
 Thompson, P. and C. A. Tom's Coffee-house, Feb. 11.
 Thorpe, J. sen. Cheadle, Cheshire, Feb. 7.
 Turney, J. Sedgebrook, and Bates, W. Halifax, Feb. 8.
 Vale, T. Leg-alley, Long-act, Feb. 11.
 Vile, W. Deal, Feb. 20.
 Weaver, T. Abington, Berks. Jan. 30.
 Werninck, J. G. Plymouth, Jan. 25.
 West, J. Little Newport-street, Jan. 21.
 Westlake, J. Ringwood, Feb. 23.
 Whaiton, T. Finsbury-place, Jan. 14.
 Whitney, W. Ludlow, Jan. 31.
 Williams, J. Birmingham, Jan. 20.
 Wilson, J. Leeds, Feb. 16.
 Winkles, R. sen. and R. jun. Islington, Jan. 17.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, JANUARY 28, 1826.

Several considerable failures, arising in a great measure out of the late panic, have again cast a considerable gloom over commercial affairs. Many heavy bills having been returned, and money continuing scarce, very little general business is doing.

COTTON WOOL.—The market very flat, and demand suspended; prices of American and Egyptians ½d. per pound lower. 150 Surats, middling 5½d. to 5½d. 20 Bengal, middling, 5½d.; and by public sale, a few Bowed 8d. per pound, in bond, and a few Carthagena 7d. duty paid.

SUGAR.—The demand for raw Sugar has been very steady for some days, and good qualities being scarce fully maintain their prices. Jamaica, 57s. to 62s.—In Refined Sugars little alteration; the stock small, and Refiners not disposed to accept lower prices. Several contracts have been made to deliver in a month or two, but it is difficult to close at present prices, 1s. to 2s. per cwt. higher being demanded. Lumps, 79s. to 98s.; Loaves, 84s. to 92s. Crushed Sugar in demand for the Mediterranean market.—In foreign Sugars nothing doing.—The East India Company's Sugar sale on the 25th instant, consisted of nearly 8000 bags chiefly Bengal, which sold as follows, being 1s. to 2s. per cwt. lower:—Good White 34s. to 35s. per cwt. in bond, Middling 30s. to 33s. 6d. Damp and inferior 25s. to 29s. 6d.

COFFEE.—The Coffee market is languid, and prices have receded 1s. to 2s. per cwt. About 11,000 packages were brought to sale at the East India House, and nearly two-thirds of the quantity was sold as follows:—Cheribon, 55s. 6d. to 60s. per cwt. Sumatra and Ceylon, 60s. to 64s. 6d. Malabar and Batavia, 58s. to 67s. Damaged 1s. to 5s. per cwt. under the sound. Mocha good, 111s. to 125s. Ordinary and damaged 60s. to 98s.—Of West India only 150 casks and 630 bags offered: good ordinary Jamaica, unoleau, 54s. to 65s.; fine ditto, 60s. to 61s.; low middling, 67s. to 74s.; and middling, 70s.

to 79s. 6d.; Dutch, 80s.; Brazil taken in at 54s. per cwt.

SPIRITS.—Rum on the advance; holders are very firm; demand considerable. Brandy, Cognac, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; Bourdeaux, 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d.

SPICES.—White Pepper considerably higher, owing to great scarcity; 4s. 9d. to 5s. 6d.. Other spices nominal.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—Hemp stationary; Flax rather lower; Tallow market very flat, and prices lower. St. Petersburg, 35l. 3s. to 35l. 6s.; to arrive, 37l. 6s.

RICE.—780 bags ordinary, at the India House, at 12s. 6d. to 14s. 6d.

PROVISIONS.—Irish Butter, 92s. to 96s.; Dutch and Flemish, 80s. to 110s.; Dorset and Cambridge, 58s. to 60s.

INDIGO.—Market very dull, sales almost impracticable.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.*

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	64	8	Peas	48	3
Rye	43	6	Beans	45	11
Barley	41	11	Oats	26	11

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	12	8	Gibraltar	31	0
Rotterdam	12	9	Leghorn	48½	0
Antwerp	12	9	Genoa	43½	0
Hamburg	37	4	Naples		
Paris	25	40	Lisbon		
Bourdeaux	25	65	Oporto		
Vienna	10	17	Rio Janeiro		
Madrid	36½	0	Dublin		
Cadiz	36½	0	Cork		

* By the quarterly averages, published on the 19th inst., all Foreign Grain for home consumption is excluded, except Barley and Peas, which are admitted—the former at a duty of 6s., and the latter at 7s. per quarter, until the 15th of February, 1826. Wheat from the British Colonies, 1½ North America, may be entered for home use at a duty of 5s. per quarter, until the 22nd of June, 1826, and the following articles until the 15th of Feb. next, viz. Barley, Peas, and Beans, at a duty of 8d., Oats 4d. per quarter, and Oatmeal 6d. per boll.

PRICES OF SHARES

At the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, No. 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Canals.					
Atlantic and Pacific Mining and Trading	—	—	Rock	3 16	2
Ashton and Oldham	212	7	Royal Exchange	—	8
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	335	12 10	Sun Fire	210	8 10
Bristol Ship	3 dis.	—	Sun Life	27	10
Chemical	120	—	Union	44	1
Coventry	1200	44 And bs	United Emp. and Cont. Life	—	5 per ct.
Derby	225	9 10	Literary Institutions.		
Edinburgh and Glasgow	—	—	London	30	—
Forth and Clyde	550	20	Russel	10	—
Glamorganshire	300	13 12 8	Metropolitan	paid	—
Grand Junction	293	10 & 60s b.	Mines.		
Grand Western	14	—	Tlalpuhualpa, or Green and Harley's	45 pr	—
Grand Surrey	50	2	Arigna Iron & Coal Comp.	4 dis	—
Grand Union	28	—	Welsh	8 dis	—
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	Brazilian	1 dis	—
Huddersfield	25	1	Anglo Mexican	5 pr	—
Kenner and Avon	25 10	1	United Mexican New	7 pr	—
Kensington	70	—	Real Del Monte Mines, Mex.	1 pr	—
Lancaster	42	1 10	Bolanos	30 pr	—
Leicester and Northampton	96	4	British United	—	—
Monmouthshire	215	10	General South American	—	—
Oxford	800	32 & bs.	Peruvian	24 dis	—
Regent's	45	—	Colombian	9 pr	—
Thames and Medway	17	—	Chilian	5 pr	—
Ditto 1st Loan	—	2 10	Chilian Anglo	1 dis	—
Ditto 2nd Loan	—	2	Rio de la Plata	3 dis	—
Ditto 3rd Loan	—	5	Peruvian and Chilian	24 dis	—
Ditto 4th Loan	—	5	Hibernian	3 dis	—
Warwick and Birmingham	270	11	Potosi La Paz & Peru. Ass.	24 dis	—
Docks.					
London	86	4 10	English	2 dis	—
West India	205	10	Consolidated	—	—
East India	102	8	Scotch Mine Stock	—	—
Commercial	70	3 10	Royal Irish	12 dis	—
Bridges.					
Hammersmith	35	—	British Iron	11 dis	—
Southwark	10	—	Cornwall and Devonshire	—	—
Vauxhall	28	1 5	Gas Lights.		
Railways.					
London and Northern	—	—	Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	56 1/2	3 10
London and Bristol	—	—	City Gas Light Company	160	9 0
Birmingham and Liverpool	par	—	Ditto New	90	5 0
Bath and Bristol	—	—	Bradford	—	2
Cheltenham	78	—	Brentford	—	—
Water-works.					
East London	122	5 10	Bath Gas	16	16
Grand Junction	78	3	Birmingham	—	4
West Middlesex	70 1/2	2 15	Brighton Gas	16	1 4
York Buildings	35	1 10	Do. New	11	12
Insurance.					
Alliance British and Foreign	12	—	Bristol	23 10	1 6
Ditto Marine	2 pr.	—	Ditto (from Oil)	7 dis	—
Palladium	4 dis.	4	Canterbury	62	3
Albion	58 10	2 10	Cheltenham	75	2 10
Atlas	8	9	Derby	75	5
Bath	—	40	Edinburgh	35	2
Bracon	par	5	Edinburgh Oil	—	—
Birmingham Fire	—	20	Exeter	70	5
British	47	3	Glasgow	60	2 10
Do. Commercial Life	4	5	Ipwich	12	12
County	55	2 10	Leeds	240	10
Ditto Annuity	4 dis.	10	Leeds (from Oil)	—	—
Eagle	4 5	5	Liverpool	318	10
European	20 16	1	Maldstone	63	3
Ditto New	—	2	Norwich (from Oil)	25	1
Globe	155	7	Rochester	55	3
Guardian	18	—	Sheffield	36	1 12 6
Hope	8	6	Wakenfield	42	2 10
Imperial Fire	105	5	York	16 pr	—
Ditto Life	11	8	Miscellaneous.		
Kent Fire	65	2 10	Irish Provincial Bank	3 dis	—
Ditto Life	—	—	Hibernian Bank	—	—
Law Life	11 10	—	Australian (Agriculture)	11 pr	—
London Fire	23	1	Colombian Pearl Fishery Ass.	3 dis	—
London Ship	23	1	General Steam Navigation	12 dis	—
Norwich Union	50	1 10	Metropolitan Loan Company	40	2
Provident	22	18	Gold Coast	12 dis	—
			British Rock & Patent Salt	12 pr	—
			Patent Brick	12 dis	—
			Imperial Plate Glass	1 dis	—
			Medway Lime and Coal	4 dis	—
			Rio de la Plata Agricultural	4 dis	—

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, From the 26th of December, to the 25th of January, 1826.

DAYS.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Ited.	5 Pr. C. Cons.	3 1/2 Pr. C. Con.	7 1/2 Pr. C. Red.	N4Pr.C.	Long Annuitiee.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols. for aect.
26	210	81	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		4 d 2 p	1 d 2 p	31 1/2
27	215	212	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		1 d 4 p	1 d 4 p	31 1/2
28	215	212	1 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		par	4 d 5 p	32 1/2
29	213	216	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
30	214	215	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
31		81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
1		81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
2		81 1/2	81 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
3	217	218 1/2	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
4	220 1/2	194 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
5	220 1/2	21	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
6			82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
7	221		82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
8	222	223	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
9	222	223	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
10	222	223	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
11	222	223	82 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
12	218	216 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
13	216 1/2	153 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
14	216 1/2		81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
15	214 1/2	215 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
16	214 1/2	214 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
17	215	214 1/2	80 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
18	215	214 1/2	80 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
19	214	213 1/2	80 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
20	214 1/2	214 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
21	214 1/2	134 1/2	81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
22			81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
23			81 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
24	215	214 1/2	80 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	197 1/2		3 d 1 p	3 d 1 p	32 1/2
25											

JAMES WRENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 30th of December to the 19th of January, 1826,

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

Therm. Barom. De Luc's Hygro. Winds. Atmo. Variations.

9 A.M. 10 P.M.

Therm.	Barom.	De Luc's Hygro.	Winds.	Atmo. Variations.
48	48	46	29	32
46	46	46	29	34
46	47	40	29	42
40	45	36	29	73
			29	90
			29	61
			29	77
			29	72
			29	53
			29	46
			29	49
			29	61
			29	63
			29	67
			29	71
			29	70
			29	75
			29	67
			29	68
			29	80
			29	90
			29	67
			29	56
			29	65
			29	81
			29	93
			29	12
			29	37
			29	44
			29	34
			29	97

The Rain Gauge having frozen, no account could be taken of the quantity of Rain fallen.

Shackell, Arrowsmith, and Hodges, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

New Series.

No. VII.

MARCH, 1826.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, NEW BRIDGE STREET;

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

BRACKLEY, ARROWSMITH, AND HODGES, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET-STREET

A V I S.

A Monsieur Louis Barbonillade has favoured us with his "*Notes on England*," which being in French, and notes so long, that they well deserve the title of Epistles, we must decline. Some of the remarks are curious and comical. He treats us as our travellers have treated his country, for he knows everything, although he has been here but a fortnight. One thing surprises him exceedingly—being unable, as he says, to read much English, and in print nothing but capitals, he is quite astounded at having read a placard on the walls: "*Robbery, £40 reward*," and asks, "Why we give a reward for it?" Again, he sees, with astonishment, in various parts of the town, "*Natives, 4s. 6d. a barrel*," and enquires, with some personal anxiety, Whether *foreigners* are ever treated in this way?

"*The Infant Lyra, an Acrostic*," written, we should imagine, by herself, and intended to place another feather in the cap of this little prodigy, is not at all to our taste. We recommend her by all means to keep to the music, and leave the words alone;—besides *puffing*, being another term for lying, we do not admire it in one so young.

Mr. WHITEHEAD may transmit any papers he pleases; they will be fairly dealt with, and so will their author.

RECEIVED—"A Plague in both your Houses," or a Letter to Messrs. EL-LISTON, KEMBLE, GILLET, and FORBES; (*Nicar Moreau, on the Rise and Progress of the Silk Trade*; Mr. Plainway on the West India Question; Mr. Newman's Lark; A Farewell and Hebrew Melodies; A fashionable Vocabulary; Continuation of Don Juan; Otium cum dignitate; I's Sarah; W. J. on Irishmen, Manners, and Scenery; A. B.'s Confessions; and Edmund Burke, and Humphrey Colquhoun.

According to our publisher's account, "T. Tell Truth" is a misnomer.

Percy Vivyan's gentlemanly, and, we must say, very kind letter, we acknowledge with thanks. We agree with him in principle, but "first catch your hare."

"Fair Beatrice," (for she must be fair, unless, like *Rosa Matilda*, of the Della Cruscan school, she turn out a blackamoor) is pleased to be very flattering, and so far she is, we must say, *very fair*; but why talk to us of *the grave*? It seems that she wishes we should indulge in a little more gravity—and determined to carry her point, hopes that the Editor, if not married, may soon "find a wife to his mind." An excellent recipe—but what if we should then be too grave? Who's to cure us of that?

"*Le Docteur Italien*, J. CRIVELLI, *sur l'abolition de la mendicité*," will find his paper at our publisher's. The Doctor says, "Je voudrais en tirer parti suivant votre tarif;" to which, if we approved of the matter, we should have no objection, but under circumstances, we cannot, in his case, consent to contribute towards the abolition of mendicity.

Δῖς is, we have no doubt, a profound grammarian, but the subject is none of the liveliest. One position of his, that "U always follows Q," a little boy at our elbow protests against, and produces this authority:

"That U follows Q,
Is not always true;
When your pig-tail I view,
Then Q follows U."

There is no knowing what may become of us, therefore we regret to find that we have given offence to the "*Principal Officer of his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate*." We certainly did not know it, but this gentleman assures us, that "there is but one Bishop in the Gaol"—and that he is *not*, as stated in the article, *Fawntleroy*, "an outer-turnkey." We are sorry for the error, and cheerfully announce that "Mr. JOHN BISHOP is, and has been, *principal officer* in that establishment about thirteen years." The documents transmitted to us, state him to be a man of great humanity—we are ready to admit it, without requiring any personal proof of the fact.

We have not yet read "*The last Man*," but notwithstanding the presumption, arising probably from the effect of the plague on the human countenance, we can assure G. L. that he is wrong in supposing that it is "*the Memoirs of Mr. Rogers, by himself*."

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

CHARACTERS FOR CHARITY'S SAKE,

No. IV.

FRANCIS PLACE, OF WESTMINSTER, ESQ.

"Give me PLACE for my fulcrum, and I'll move the world."
ARCHIMEDES.

WE have been told that we ought to take shame to ourselves for not having set the cranium of this most indefatigable and efficient individual, foremost in our cabinet of illustrious and influential head-pieces; and we must confess that those who bestow only one thought upon a subject, and bestow that one only upon the surface of it, may blame us with a modicum of reason on their side; for, it would be in vain for us to plead ignorance of his very numerous and very important labours for the good of mankind, notwithstanding that amiable, and, as we have been sometimes tempted to think, reprehensible modesty and self-denial, with which he himself has laboured to conceal them, as well as that singular generosity of character, which has so often induced him to ascribe to others the praise of that which, both in the idea and the execution, was altogether his own.

Herein, however, we have, as we trust we shall prove in the sequel, been guided by a due respect for the public, for ourselves, and for the illustrious individual, whose name we have at length ventured to write. We love the order of nature,—which is the order of ascent, and in these our delineations we have been studious to follow it. Take, for instance, one of those romantic islands, which are bedded in ocean and browsed in the heavens, and you will find precisely the same order of succession that we have adopted; lowly and by the shore you have fragments of rocks, and particles of sand, hard, gritty, unconnected and unprofitable, like the half-propositions of JOSEPH HUMPHREY; a little onward, and you

have downs, still of sand, and producing an herbage so hard, so prickly, and so impregnated with alkaline matters, that not even the veriest goat of the quadrupede race can be made to browse it—this we think is a very near approximation to *John Cum HOBHOUSE*; then comes *BROUGHAM* in swelling hills and sinking valleys—here grey and bleak—there green, with the most luxurious of nature's productions, and sparkling with the most lovely and living of her streams; but high above all these rises the *Athos*—the *Chimberaço* of the moral, philosophical, and political world: *Caput inter nebula condit*, rises *FRANCIS PLACE*, the *Etna*, the *Mont Blanc*, the very *Atlas* of human nature; and with the burden of the whole world upon his gigantic shoulders,

“Mighty he looks, and more than mortal stares.”

Although, however, we, as devotees of the sublime, have been constrained to follow this mode of observance, there is no such plea for the common herd of that world which, in all their halloosings, tossings up of caps, dinings, scribblings, and subscribings, have passed him over with that envious neglect to which modest merit is doomed, by that inherent love of show and glitter that debase mankind, and retard their progress in that sound philosophy, and that pure and wholesome morality, of which this illustrious man may be accounted at once the author and the apostle. Upon *JOSEPH HUME* the country has rained tea-pots and pepper castors, and the tide of cyder has emulated the November swell of the *Severn*; *HOBHOUSE* has been plastered with speeches, and pots of beer innumerable have flowed to his glory; and in the matter of *BROUGHAM*, the very thin-ribbed men of the modern *Athens*, forgetting at once their politics and their parsimony, have delved their one arm up to the shoulder in haggis, and bathed the other in sheep's head broth for his renown,—ay, and re-christened, or if you will, unchristened him in their own sonny waters, in order that he might be the son of their adoption. Furthermore all these have stood rubric upon post and pillar—have been alternately the burden of a song, and the song of a burden,—till the eyes of men have been worn with wonderment, and the tongues of women stunned with adulation. But, notwithstanding all this, not even a ballad-singer in *petit France* has trolled the name of *PLACE*; not a bone has been gnawed, or a pint of small beer emptied to his glory; and that ungrateful country, which was pouring pots of all denominations, shapes and sizes upon the heads of mere puppets of his science, has voted him nothing, no, not so much as a pointless and eyeless needle. This we contend is the very acmé of ingratitude; and for this reason, independently of the beauty of the climax, we wished to have some practice in effigies, before we meddled with one so old in deserving, but so new in renown. Nor fear we that our labours herein shall be in vain. We are writing for immortality. This is *the place*—the adamant on which we carve our indestructible memorial. As it out-colours, so must it outlive all brass; and as we, in the fondness of that fairy hope, which at one time or other comes over the whole scribbling race, glimmer our eye forward among the countless years of the future, we can fancy the men yet to be tossing *Sir Richard Phillips*, and *Barry O'Meara*, and *Moore*, and *Harriette*, and all the other murderers, or rather life-attempters, aside, and remembering us alone as the biographers of *FRANCIS PLACE, Esq.* We catch inspiration at the idea; and fancy that we can behold him careering through hundreds of ages, like a great mastiff, along the

streets of Westminster, while we, like a little tin canister, clattering at the tail of the gallant brute—

“Pursue the triumph and partake the fame.”

When we look at the labours, the gratuitous and unrewarded labours of this illustrious man, and hear folks babbling about the Bacons and the Lockes, and the Newtons and the other pioneers, who have drudged their little hour in their little nook of knowledge, we absolutely feel, not language, but nature herself, and even the extravagance of imagination, giving way ere we can spin a line to fathom the depth of our subject, or sweep a circle to girdle its extent. And the world is thankless to him ! But the world is thankless to the sun ; we praise the farmer, and the planter, and the gardener, and (for a day or two in the year or so) we praise the weather ; but it is only in its most rude and savage state that human nature worships the sun ; and herein again the soundness of our philosophy and the clearness of our perception are established, for, of his contemporaries, those who have best discerned and most warmly applauded the merits of this illustrious man, have ever been they whose condition, intellectual, moral and social, was the nearest to the savage model.

But, though it is difficult to force one's-self from a style of eulogy so well merited, it behoves us to mention what the illustrious subject of this memoir has done. Now, speaking candidly, and without any amplification, we scarcely know of a thing that he has not done—meaning, of course, in the way of promoting civil, religious, and all other kinds of liberty. He is, adopting the oriental similitude, the cow's-horn upon which stands the tortoise, upon which stand the worlds in all their number and variety. Westminster stands upon him ; for, take away *place*, and where would Westminster be found ? The administration stand upon him ; for remove them from *place*, and they would have no power to conduct the public business.

A character which is at once so ample in its mass, and so varied in its details, is very difficult to manage ; and therefore we shall confine ourselves to two or three features, the delineation of which will, we trust, be sufficient to reward our labours, and record our immortality. FRANCIS PLACE, Esq. is a man of polite literature, a profound philosopher, and an enlightened statesman. We shall consider him a little under each of these aspects.

First, in the matter of polite literature. It has been said, and we have no reason to doubt the truth of it, that “no man can be an elegant scholar, or an elegant writer, who is not at the same time an elegant man.” Now, to one of the most comprehensive and acute minds that ever fell to the lot of a human being, Mr. PLACE adds the most captivating exterior. His figure (and his costume always corresponds) is superior, to the Fawn or the Belvidere Apollo ; and we are quite sure that his head has more solidity than any of the bronzes (however the material may assimilate) or marbles of the ancients. Men talk of CANNING'S head, and call it a superb one ; of HUSKISSON'S, and call it shrewd ; of BROUGHAM'S, and call it queer, and of HUME'S, and call it impenetrable,—but the head of Mr. PLACE, like the pigment prepared by his compatriot, is “MATCHLESS ! *cheapest and best.*” Nothing can be more bland and inviting than the address of Mr. PLACE. His sentences are keen with antithesis ; and yet the language which he uses is so ex-

quisitely classical, and so delicately chaste, that his oratory rather resembles the "soft recorders," (not of Newgate, but of Milton) than the language of an ordinary gentleman. Your knowledge of the world must be extensive indeed, and you must have moved in no common sphere if you have found logic in any way comparable to that of Mr. PLACE. The schoolmen used to boast that "logic could prove anything," and that boast, which was with them an empty one, becomes here the enunciation of an every day truth.

Mr. PLACE evinces, even in his ordinary conversation, a most familiar acquaintance with the dead languages, and we are credibly informed, that such is his anxiety to use them in their purity, that even to this day he may occasionally be found devoting an hour or two of very laborious study to the accidence of the Latin tongue. As an author he has done much; although he has usually had the modesty to shroud in the simple initial "F. P." that name which of course would give *éclat* to anything; and so little has he been regardful of that emolument and fame, which seem to be the principal objects of those who make a trade of literature, that his works are said to have been always printed, and often circulated, at his own private expense—a sacrifice and a self-denial that are truly astonishing.

But, secondly,—great as are the attainments of Mr. PLACE in literature, and useful as they have been, notwithstanding the modest way in which they have with blushing secrecy been circulated, he is much greater, and has unquestionably been much more useful as a philosopher. In merely abstract science, his researches have probably not exceeded those of such men as Barrow or Euler; because all his researches have had a reference to practical utility. We think it no injustice to style him the Watt of population; and just as that illustrious mechanic perfected the steam-engine of Savary and Newcomen, has he perfected the theory of Professor Malthus. That great discoverer, or inventor (for it is not yet settled which is the proper epithet) startled the world with the boldness and the demonstrative force of his theory. With him, however, that theory was as wide of practical application, as the hint of the *Marquis* of WORCESTER, in his *Century of Inventions*, was of impelling a vessel to India by steam; but the illustrious man of whom we are treating showed how it might be reduced to practice, and effectually banish from the world that crime and misery, against which philosophers, and legislators, and divines had been so long striving in vain. Upon this point, however, it is needless to dwell, as any attempt at adding to its value, or his fame, would be like painting the meadows or illuminating the sun.

Thirdly.—It is as a statesman, however, that Mr. PLACE has polished and elevated the copestone of his glorious pyramid. No one needs to be told that the whole popular liberties of this country, and, by connection and consequence, of the world, depend upon the electors of Westminster; and just as necessarily as the sinking of lead depends upon its weight, do these electors depend on Mr. PLACE, not only in the choice of the men whom they intrust as their representatives, but in the very subjects in which those men deal. When it is said that *Sir Francis Burdett*, or *John Cam Hobhouse* made a proposition or a speech, thus or thus, there is a misnomer in the assertion; for the proposition or the speech belongs in justice to Mr. PLACE, and in all that demonstration of frantic freedom,—that tumultuous tide of popularity which they propel, he is the influential luminary—the moon which stirs up the waters.

Nor is his immediate influence confined to his own immediate representatives in St. Stephen's; for HUME, and PETER MOORE, and all the other illustrious propounders of reforms, deliver not themselves, but FRANCIS PLACE. Ask him, and modest though he be, he will not deny it, that of all the thousand and one projects upon which HUME rocks and rides away, like a hawker upon well-stored panniers, there is not a single one where Mr. PLACE did not both suggest the idea and prepare the materials. Look over the notices of motions, and see when Joseph is to storm sixpence laid out in the decoration of a public work, or sack the salary of a clerk in a public office, and when you find that in a day or two it is to astonish St. Stephen's and delight the land, then go, if you can find admission, to the library of this indefatigable statesman, and you will discover him schooling the nabob like a baby. There, upon that three-footed stool, gowned in wholesome grey, with an absolute avalanche of schemes, scraps, and calculations about him, sits the philosophic sage, delivering his golden rules with the slowness and the certainty of the choicest alembic; and yonder, squatted upon a pile of unread pamphlets, and unrepresented petitions and resolutions, sits the substantial pupil, with his whole countenance perked up into one gigantic ear of astonishment and delight. "The wild ass quaffing the spring in the desert," says the Arabian proverb, "is not so lovely as the countenance of him who drinketh understanding;" and we are quite sure that if Sir Thomas Lawrence, or Wilkie, or our friend Burnet, were admitted to one of these interesting displays of political tuition, he would produce the very *chef d'œuvre* of art. Indeed it may be safely laid down among the political axioms, that, if there were no FRANCIS PLACE, there would be no JOSEPH HUME—at least none that would be listened to in parliament.

And this is but one instance out of many, and the one is as delightful as it is singular, and convinces us, and may convince any one, that where there is sterling talent, that talent will invariably be better pleased with its own conscious, though silent approbation, than with all the blandishments of external display, and all the motley colours in which popularity ticks out her spoiled children.

Nor is it in the senate-house alone that the political tact and talents of this illustrious man are exerted in benefiting the world. All those schemes which are now in progress for rendering Westminster the fountain of philosophy and civilization, as well as of liberty, can have originated with none other than Mr. PLACE. It is true that JEREMY BENTHAM is his senior by a year or two, but still we see no reason why Jeremy should not be the pupil, and Mr. Place the instructor, and we are quite sure that of the other philosophers of Queen's-square he is the manufacturer. Now the singular part of the business is, that the others should get all the merit. Those codes, catechisms, and constitutions which, if the world had but read them, would have done it so much good, all have his imprint upon them,—or rather, perhaps we should say, his spirit in them. The government of MILL, the political economy of MACCULLOCH, the speeches of Dr. BORTHWICK GILCHRIST, the lectures of Dr. BIRKBECK, the poetry of BOWRING, and, as we have sometimes been inclined to think, the holdings forth of GAST and GREGORY, all have a smack of PLACE in them. He appears to be the matter, the essence, the substratum out of which everything emanating from Westminster, or in any way connected with it, is moulded, and all the others are nothing more

than the different characters which are stamped upon it; and, as *Burns* says,—

“The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gould for a' that,”

so say we of *MR. PLACE*; for whether it be sung or said, spouted or written, the mere vomitory from which it proceeds has no more influence upon the thing itself, than the brazen stop-cock used in drawing it has upon the wine in the cask.

Among the more meritorious doings of this illustrious man (for even in his case there are degrees of merit) it would be unpardonable to pass over the important services which he has rendered to that very numerous, and, before he took them under his protection, misguided, ill-informed, and ill-rewarded class, the journeymen mechanics,—or as the philosophic school more elegantly and *physically* expresses it,—“*the operatives*.” We are not sure that he was the absolute inventor of mechanics' institutions, but we do think that either he, or which is the same thing, some of his pupils, gave to the London combination bearing that name that unity and bias, which cannot fail to make it a very efficient organ of civil liberty in Westminster, in the event of a contested election. Electors require management, and there is at least a greater show of philosophy in a large hall and a brace of learned doctors, than in a common tap-room and a political landlord. Though not more numerous, the company at such a place can be more select; the admission by tickets of course prevents the intrusion of persons who might disturb the motions of the business; and when anything happens to be spoken, which does not accord with the tactics at head-quarters, there can be more feet in readiness to rattle it down. Left to mere science and literature, an institution of this kind might have lasted for a while, though it would soon have gone the way of all institutions; but by making it political it is connected with that which is both inexhaustible and indestructible, and therefore it is made permanent. Even here, however, *MR. PLACE* is as modest and as self-denying as he is in his literature, his philosophy, and his greater politics. He does not always attend, and when he does, he sits in his corner, “modest as the maid that sips alone;” although a knowing person may discover from the expression of his countenance when the actor does, and when he does not, give the sense of his author.

Another matter, in which the elimination of the whole operatives from “Slavery's sad and sickening slough,” is in reality the invention, the operation, and the triumph of *MR. PLACE*, is the repeal of those most odious of all statutes, the combination laws, and the substitution of that beautiful statute of 1824, which was found so much too good for this age—a paragon of legislation so outshining everything that the ministers, or even the whigs could propound, that the former would only suffer it to eclipse their doings for a single year. This (and be it observed, that this illustrious and modest individual did not assume the merit even here) may very fairly be taken as the true mirror of legislation. The committee by which it was organized was the most important, interesting, and popular, in the estimation of the wisest men in the house of commons. A fairer, a more intelligent, and a more attentive committee never sat: it was composed of men from both sides of the house, ministers, law officers, gentlemen merchants, and manufacturers. It sent a circular letter to the mayor, or other head officer, of all the principal towns in the United

Kingdom, requesting them to give notice of the wishes of the committee, that persons who might desire to give evidence should attend, and they would be heard. The committee sat no less than thirty-six days, and patiently and carefully examined one hundred and twenty-two persons. Here in the parliamentary machinery was an organization, an acuteness, and a research to which, in ransacking the whole archives of that house, it would be in vain to look for a parallel; and the whole of this, in all its stages, and through all its beauties, was owing to the superintending head of MR. PLACE. It would have been wicked in the colliers of Lanarkshire to have given the mustard-pot to HUME, the instrument, although they had been able to muster halfpence for paying the other half, and getting the *quarterings* which he lent them engraved, when they did not think of giving so much as a brass thimble to the real inventor and artist of the whole. How strangely have things altered since the days of Pope! he complained that the architect stole the whole glory from the bricklayers and hodmen; but here, in the very masterpiece of England's legislative architecture, not the hodmen merely, but the very bricks and mortar have filched the praise, and very nearly filched the pudding, from the great Inigo Jones himself. This is really too bad; and parliament ought to be reformed by the people without, if it were only to wipe away the stain of this piece of ingratitude in the pretended reformers within.

Such things ought not to be. We call upon the hundreds and thousands of writers whom MR. PLACE has enlightened into quill-craft, to come forward and do him justice. The number of illustrious men—of men upon whose every thought intelligence is engraven, and whose every act is buttered with benevolence, is not too large; and though they were countless as the stars in the firmament, the omitting of Mr. Place would be like dashing the moon from the nocturnal sky, and leaving our benighted race to the cold glimmering of the stars. *Fiat Justitia—ruat Cælum.*

THE ENCAMPMENT.

Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heav'ns more just.

KING LEAR.

AT the moment when I am writing, the earth is as white with frost as it generally appears after a fall of snow; and the sky itself is of a pale ashy colour from the intensity of cold. My fingers are almost frozen within a few yards of the fire, and cannot hold a pen without some difficulty. The labour of the farmer is for the present at an end; but he sits down with the comfortable reflection, that Nature, wonderful and bountiful in all her processes, is even now, amid the semblance of rigour and sterility, doing more for his land than he could himself accomplish by the most persevering exertions of industry, or the most ingenious contrivances of agricultural skill. The cry of hounds, and the halloo of the hunters, are no longer heard: the fox has no immediate enemies except cold and hunger. Not a single individual approaches without bearing about him some tokens of the inclemency of the time; the young, indeed, may derive new enjoy-

ments from it, with the assistance of active exercise, robust health, and animal spirits; but the old, as they pass shivering and limping by, might each be taken as a personification of the season. In short, everything around displays in the highest degree the wintriness of winter.

Yet, while the frost is thus seen and felt, and while every sense receives at the same moment a full conviction of its presence, the most of us are enabled not merely to defy its effects, but even to convert them into peculiar sources of gratification. We wrap our comforts more closely round us, in the same manner as we wrap our cloaks; and the chilliness of the weather, while it excludes us from the open air, drives us together to that common centre, the *hospitable hearth*; which thus becomes the focus of festivity and merriment—of convivial and social pleasure. Hence it is, that from natural as well as religious causes, the point of time in which the two years meet, and also the beginning of the new one, are rendered sacred to the reciprocal interchange of courtesies and entertainments, and kindly offices—to the formation or renewal of friendships—to the several charities and endearments of civilized life. Hundreds who will be separated during the remainder of the twelve months, are then collected by the attraction of the same fire-side; families are re-united: slights, enmities, misunderstandings are forgotten by consent, or put off “until a more convenient season;” and all the artificial methods are exhausted which can serve to give additional zest to amicable intercourse, or promote the happiness of man in a refined state of society, and in a land where there is the greatest share of industry and talent to supply new stores of enjoyment, and the greatest share of opulence to purchase and enjoy.

This is a pleasing picture, and well would it be if there were no other. But, unfortunately, they who should imagine that there is no dark side in the view of human existence, and that hilarity and comfort compose its sum, must shut their eyes as well as their understandings—must be blind, and deaf, and altogether insensible to the events of every day and every hour that passes over their heads. A striking contrast to the joyous and hospitable conviviality of the season is at this very moment pressing itself upon my sight; and some use, as well as interest, may be extracted by representing it in a slight and rapid sketch.

At the distance of a few fields is a small and miserable encampment, placed under a hedge, which skirts a rough, narrow, and secluded road. It has not long been visible in its present station, for it is an abode of that description that oftentimes the night beholds it in one place, and the morning in another. In the compass of an hour it was erected, and furnished, and inhabited; but, alas! this celerity of construction, instead of shewing it to have been a work of magic, only proves the poverty and wretchedness of the erection, the furniture, and the inhabitants. It is simply composed by a sufficient quantity of rags stitched together, and stretched over a few sticks in such a manner as to form an arched covering, which may shut out some slight portion of the air, and yet allow the free ingress and egress of a human being. To such a structure, in its rude and primitive nakedness, the mud-built hovel of an Irish peasant must, in the present state of the atmosphere, be almost a palace—and even the den of the wild beast a place of comfort and security. Yet it stands in full view of a magnificent English mansion, surrounded by an extensive park, in itself combining solidity with elegance, and ornamented with Corinthian columns along its splendid façade. The spectator may thus behold at a

glance the extremes of wealth and penury—of prosperity and degradation ; and catch in one instant a juster glimpse of the strange contrasts and anomalies with which life is studded, than he could obtain by the perusal of a thousand treatises. It is probable that the inmates of the tent may survey with feelings of envy and irritation the lordly edifice, which mocks them with its splendour ; but that, on the other hand, the noble owner of the mansion is either totally ignorant as he pursues his round of occupations and pleasures, that the sorry and temporary dwelling has, within three miles of him, “risen like an exhalation ;” or that, in common with his relatives and associates, both male and female, he regards it—if it has met his eye at all—merely in the light of a picturesque object, or a blot in the prospect, which must be forthwith removed, without considering it as the residence of beings endued with the same “organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions,” as himself, but struggling from day to day and from month to month, with wants, and hardships, and adversities, the hundredth part of which would in one hour drive him to desperation, and perhaps to suicide—of beings, who came from Nature’s hands the same, and who are only separated from him by the chance of adventitious circumstances. Such is the difference of character and habits which is constantly engendered by the difference of condition.

As for the inhabitants of the encampment, they are quite of a piece with their abode. None, however, have been much seen about the neighbourhood, except two lads, exactly of the age to be considered as men by the very young, as boys by the very old—and as both or neither by the rest of the world. Their appearance will be best imagined, by conceiving a compound of the country gipsy and the London thief—with slim active figures—complexions, as far as the natural complexion can be discerned through dirt and soot, giving evident tokens of un-English origin—and keen scrutinizing looks, sharpened by hunger, and habits of purloining, which take a quick and exact survey of everything, without appearing to regard fully and steadfastly any object whatsoever. Their clothes, which were probably made in the first instance for persons better fed and better conditioned, hung loosely and flappingly about them ; while their walk, as loose as their garments, is precisely of that kind which belongs to beings accustomed to be pursued, as it seems at every step about to be accelerated into a run.

Of these lads one is ostensibly a tinker by profession, and the other a chimney-sweeper ; their strange appearance, as they called at various houses and cottages for the purpose of asking for employment in their respective pursuits, has drawn the curious part of the village into an inspection of their dwelling, as well as sundry questions respecting themselves. The answers returned to the latter were of course brief and unsatisfactory ; and the general construction of the former has been already described. The following particulars, however, are the result of a closer investigation : The first object which presented itself was a girl, as Lord Byron says, “upon the eve of womanhood,” but not exactly as he adds,—

“Like the sweet moon upon th’ horizon’s verge.”

She was absolutely in rags, and sat just outside the tent with her elbows resting on her knees, her head upon her hands, and all her limbs huddled together, as if with the wish that every part of her frame might reciprocally communicate some little warmth to the rest. Here, perhaps, the romantic reader may expect a delineation of natural and unsophisticated

beauty. I must confess that I have none to give him; nor am I one of those, who have accustomed themselves to expect either fascinations in a gypsy girl or virtue in a brigand. On the contrary, when treated with a glowing account either of the one or the other, I have always felt an uncomfortable suspicion, that the narrator was either desirous to deceive others, or had been himself deceived by his own ardent imagination. It is surely probable, that persons in every sphere and situation of life have been equally favoured by nature with personal charms, and good mental dispositions: and therefore the advantages of fortune and education must always ensure to the happy and the well-instructed, an evident superiority over the poor, the miserable, and the outcast. Unquestionably there are exceptions; but, unquestionably too, the present object was not one of them. Her features might be neither better nor worse than those usually met with in the highways of the world;—but whatever beauty she might have originally possessed, was now utterly obliterated by squalid want, filth, beggary, and an irregular mode of life. The expression of her face was merely such as is exhibited by women who are perpetually exposed to suffer the grossest insults, and hear the most degrading epithets—the expression of hardened effrontery, and total absence of self-respect—of that reverence of self, which, as Bacon has beautifully remarked, “is next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.” The language and manners of this female vagabond perfectly corresponded with her countenance and dress.

No other person was at first seen about the encampment, and thus it absolutely appeared, that these two lads, and this one wretched girl, were straying by themselves from place to place, amidst the utmost inclemency of the winter, without friends—without other companions—without a fixed habitation—without money, and almost without clothes. They seemed as if banished from some more reputable association of gypsies, and cast away by those who are themselves the castaways of society. In the inside of the tent nothing was to be found but some straw—some fire-wood—a kettle with its appendages, and some fragments of coarse stuff, which in all probability served for their covering at night. And what must a winter night be in such a dwelling! Let pride and affluence think of it and shudder. Let the sentimental mourner turn for a moment from his own delicate sorrows to the real and biting miseries which others have to endure. Let the fastidious voluptuary feel one pang of shame in the midst of his dissipations and excesses, *one* throb of sympathy with the distressed of his fellow-creatures. And let the truly benevolent consider, how much of vice, as well as of suffering must be engendered under such circumstances.

* * * *

Having been obliged by accident, to break off my account at the above point, the remainder must be considered as referring to a different point of time. Such was the state of things at the first visit which was paid to the encampment. But as it remained upon the spot longer than the allowed space of twenty-four hours, another opportunity for inspecting it was afforded. The second visit was on Sunday, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. There were then more persons within the tent; if a judgment had been formed from the noise and variety of voices, the number might have been guessed at twelve or fourteen; but only six were in reality seated round a blazing wood-fire;—namely, four men, and an older woman, besides the girl who has been already mentioned.

Their countenances, lighted by the fitful flame over which they bent, presented for an instant a picturesque and interesting sight. With the strong red glare cast upon their embrowned and weather-beaten features, and displaying their long and shaggy locks, the group would have formed no bad study for the painter of real life, while it possessed the fitting accompaniments of a secluded and desolate looking lane, with the moon-light converting its leafless trees into the likeness of human figures. But all other feelings were soon absorbed in emotions of pity and disgust. They had been levying contributions in the neighbourhood, and either from what they had received, or what they had stolen, had been able to procure the means of cheap intoxication. They were accordingly drinking, smoking, and quarrelling; and it is a very safe assertion to say, that there was not one sober person in the party. Such are always the ideas of enjoyment imbibed by the vulgar, the uninstructed, and the savage part of mankind. The wild Indian knows no medium between want and excess; his existence is a continual vibration between famine and debauch. And who can wonder if the unfortunate beings who are often exposed to the cravings of hunger, should impose no restraints upon their appetite, whenever there is a possibility for indulgence, or if they who have no subjects for reflection, upon which the mind can rest with pleasure, should seek in drunken licence, a momentary forgetfulness of themselves and their situation.

On the next morning after their miserable orgies, the whole party disappeared. No one thought it worth his while to enquire whither they had gone, feeling sufficient satisfaction in the certainty of their having vanished from his immediate neighbourhood. The only traces which they left behind them, were some scattered remnants of straw—the round black spot in which their fire had been kindled, and certain deficiencies in the adjoining hedge, part of which they had extracted for their fuel. Yet to some persons their visitation may be convenient, as without doubt every theft which for some time occurs in the vicinity, will be set down to their account.

The question may be asked perhaps, where is the use of relating so common-place an incident as the encampment and departure of a few gypsies? Who does not know, it will be said, that gangs of these people are still roaming about the country? or who would expect to find among them much comfort or regularity of habits—much honesty, or sobriety, or chastity, or prudence? I would observe in answer, that if these things are common-place, they are not on that account the less to be deplored. The frequency of the fact only makes its existence the more lamentable.

The truth, however, is, that it has fallen to my lot to encounter several sets of gypsies in various spots and under various circumstances—but never to have seen any counterparts to the specimens above described. It is true enough that England possesses some hundreds of persons, whose mode of life during the greater part of the year, is more migratory and vagrant than that of the romantic tribes of Tartary and Arabia. Yet they are generally stationary in the winter months; and oftentimes in the summer, something like competence and cheerfulness may be discerned among them. The handicrafts practised by the men, and the arts of divination, to which the women have recourse, are in some degree lucrative, if they cannot assert any high claims to respectability; and philosophers of more imposing exterior might sometimes gather instruction from these modern Peripatetics, as to their disregard of hardships,

and the paucity of their wants. Still the life of our English gypsies is at the best a most unenviable one. Misery and profligacy are its inevitable concomitants. The Tartar and the Arab—to return to the former comparison—are in every respect infinitely superior to the predatory wanderers over the richest, the most polished part of Europe. They are placed in a more genial climate;—they traverse a soil far better suited to their migratory dispositions; they are congregated in larger numbers, they possess more property, and have in consequence better regulations and stricter ideas of justice; they compose, too, the whole of the nation, and are not separated and cut off from the rest of the community. In all these points the gypsies of the West and North, are much behind the hordes of the desert and the Steppe. And in every instance it must be a mournful thing to have no settled habitation, no local attachments. It is far more mournful to be *among* well-ordered millions “but not of them;” to hurry through abundance and prosperity without the hope of sharing them; never to remain long enough in any one place, to leave behind either remembrance or regret; but to pass away in person, and while we are yet living, even as our lives must pass away at last;—or to use the beautiful similitudes of the sacred writings, “as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the path-way of the keel in the waves; or as when a bird has flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found.”

Such is the case with our present gypsies, who glide from hamlet to hamlet, and from county to county, like beings that belong to another age and another state of society; who drop off no one cares how, who are buried no one knows where; and whose ranks are either gradually thinned, or filled up by the dregs and refuse of the kingdom, by persons who have been either driven from their fellows on account of their misconduct, or who have left them from sheer hatred of order and restraint. The whole number is inconsiderable: yet it would be no uninteresting task to trace the existing state of the gypsy population of this country; to enquire how large a proportion yet remains of the true original clans, with their foreign aspect, language, sentiments, and manners, and how many who profess and call themselves gypsies, are aliens to their race, linked with them only by a love of idleness, and the common bond of destitution and necessity.

But if destitution and necessity may be predicted of gypsies in general, the terms are peculiarly applicable to the inmates of the encampment, which forms the subject of this paper. Of course, too, they are attended by vice in its most revolting shapes. The truth can hardly be inculcated too often, that want and honesty cannot subsist together. From those who are pinched by hunger, it is absurd to expect anything better than theft and prostitution. Such persons are surrounded by the strongest temptations, and can have no adequate motives to resist them. Moral restraints they have none:—for, without education, and without religion, these they soon accustom themselves to consider as bugbears to frighten children; and as for legal restraints, these also must be inefficient, and in most cases altogether inoperative. For such persons the law can have no terrors; since for such persons the law can have no punishments. For them the gaol must be a comfortable asylum, and the house of correction a house

of repose. And let us bear in mind, that if it be a bad thing for a man's self, when he has nothing to hope, it is a terrible thing for society, when he has nothing to fear.

These are merely intended for desultory, yet practical observations:—for this is not the place for a disquisition upon political economy. If the foregoing sketch can possess any interest, it must be the interest of truth; it is, and it pretends to be, nothing more than a simple narrative of what has actually been witnessed within the last few days; and something similar to which, in its most painful features, any man may witness who chuses to look about him, and receive the evidence of his own senses. It is, indeed, a curious anomaly, that there should be any persons in England, and in the nineteenth century, almost literally without shelter and without subsistence. No one individual, perhaps, is directly and absolutely starved; but numbers have their constitutions destroyed—their days shortened, and their minds brutalized and demoralized, by scantiness and insufficiency of sustenance. The fact is, I fear, indisputable; and let it teach the philanthropists, whose good wishes and good works are straying over the globe, to remember how much yet remains to be done at home: while it whispers to those, with whom education is now all in all, that there is another kind of food, besides intellectual, to be provided, and other wants to be supplied more immediate and more cogent. Universal charity and the proper education of the many are excellent things;—but the benevolence which does not administer in the first instance to the physical necessities of men, must always begin at the wrong end.

It may be imagined, that the preceding sketch has reference to some remote and thinly-peopled district; on the contrary, it was taken on a spot, from which, on a clear day in summer, the dome of St. Paul's and many of the steeples of the London churches are distinctly visible.

SONNET.

THE MANIAC.

SWEET summer flowers were braided in her hair,
 As if in mockery of the burning brow
 Round which they drooped and withered—singing now
 Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair,
 Came the poor wreck of all that once was fair,
 And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe,
 Like a dark storm came o'er her, and laid low
 Reason's proud fane, and left no brightness there:
 Yet you might deem *that grief* was with the rest
 Of all her cares forgotten, save when songs
 And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,
 Of man's deceit, and trusting maiden's wrongs:
 Then, and then only, in her lifted eyes
 Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly rise.

A. S., Reydon, Suffolk.

THE DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID. *

It would be unpardonable in the conductors of any miscellany of any period, and particularly of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, to omit noticing a publication professing to treat of the duties of a personage so important as the lady's maid.

We accordingly proceed to do so, and begin by informing our lovely readers, that the little volume before us, discusses, among other grave subjects, Religion, Rouge, Honesty, Courtship, Diligence, Stays, Attention, Artificial Flowers, Familiarity with Superiors, Padding to improve the figure, Good Temper, Method of ~~cleaning~~ ^{bleaching} Silks, Civility, Cosmetics, Keeping Secrets, Hair-dressing, Vanity in Dress, Taking out Stains, Amusements, Vulgar and Correct Speaking, Change of Place, Taste in Colours of Dress, with their application to carnation, pale, sallow, and dark ladies, &c. &c. &c.

This is rather a miscellaneous table of contents; but it will soon be seen that, under most of the heads we have enumerated, something new and valuable will be found. We propose in this article to extract, as it were, the quintessence of the volume, and we consequently look for a prodigious sale of our present number, for all lady-readers will of course purchase an additional copy, in order to present it to the one hundred thousand and one ladies' maids in and about London, requiring instruction in their duties.

We are sorry to find, in a very early part of the book, such a bad account of ladies' maids in general as the following:—

"It has unfortunately become common to consider it no robbery or dishonesty to take little things, which will never be missed. The principle of dishonesty, however," adds the author, "is precisely the same in taking a *pin*, which is not your own, as in stealing a bank note or a diamond ring, for theft knows not when to stop."—(pp. 19—20.)

We hope, after this, that ladies will as carefully lock up their packets of pins as they do their jewels and money—for, if stealing a pin be so criminal as the worthy author represents it, we think it cruel in mistresses so often to throw such temptations in their servants' way. Those who begin by stealing pins are encouraged by this volume to hope for "ignominious banishment or ignominious death," by acquiring a habit of "appropriating to themselves little things which they have no right to, because things of more value may afterwards tempt them to commit felony."—(p. 21.)

In order to guard against temptation in the shape of money, with which a lady's maid may be entrusted, she is recommended "to keep an *accurate* account in a little book of every farthing paid away. This will be a check upon your conscience, which will stare you in the face every time you open it, if you have been tempted in any case to purloin small sums, or falsify the prices of things in order to pocket the surplus."—(p. 24.) This must be allowed to be an admirable maxim—if dishonest servants could be only prevailed on to adopt the plan—for what could be a better method of discovering their thefts than a journal of them kept under their own hand? So much for the chapter of honesty.

* The Duties of a Lady's Maid, with Directions for Conduct, and numerous Receipts for the Toilette. 12mo. Bulcock, Strand.

The next, on *Diligence and Economy*, advises the lady's maid never "to write anything but what she may read with pleasure a thousand years afterwards."—(p. 27.) Query. Of what age is this maid to be? She is certainly an old maid. But to proceed—

"Nobody, even with the greatest industry, can ever do much, if they attempt to do half a dozen things at once." (p. 28.)

We beg here to differ with our author:—a lady's maid of this description, we think, would do too much—seeing that she has but two hands to do all, or one finger and two-thirds to the each of the half dozen things in question. Such persons, we are further told, "are always leaving things half done, to run to others which have been left in the same unfinished state."—(p. 28.) We think this highly proper on the part of the lady's maid; for, of course, when she has finished that half dozen she goes on to the next. Would our author have her to neglect them all? Early rising is next recommended, and as the lady's maid is told that "it is vain for people to rise early unless when they are up they make the most of their time," say lady's maid has only to resolve not to do this in order, with a safe conscience, to be in bed all day. After this we have a piece of very fine writing, which it would be unfair not to extract; especially as it contains an introduction to a kind of breakfast, to which, we suspect, most ladies' maids would prefer tea or chocolate.—

"If you would have your head dancing gladly like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook, up with the lark," the merry lark, as Shakespeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn—up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with the odour of budding flowers, and all the fragrances of the maiden spring—up," &c. &c. "Whoever then is found in bed after six o'clock." (Query. In the morning or evening?) "from May-day to Michaelmas," &c. &c. (pp. 29—30.)

After this earnest exhortation to get up early, let us see to what purpose ladies' maids are to rise,—

"Go forth to the fields, lodge in the collards, get up early to the vineyards, see if the vine flourish, and whether the tender grass appears:

"Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree," &c.—(p. 33.)

Now, to say nothing of the improbability of their making discoveries of the above nature in our country, we beg to ask whether ladies' maids might not be just as well employed, as far as their mistresses are concerned, in sleeping at home as in making these morning excursions?

Attention comes next, and ladies' maids are exhorted to be ready to learn "even from a child," a maxim rather superfluous, seeing that the females the author addresses are already women. *Familiarity with superiors* is the next topic, and ladies' maids are advised to "beware of the least approach to familiarity with any of the gentlemen of the family where they live," a maxim which is of course unnecessary, as ladies' maids are never guilty of such things. "If you should be far gone the affections of any of the young gentlemen, be ready then to marry you," [to propose marriage, we presume the author means.] "be the situation at once, because the least hint of such a connection would soon spread, and be exaggerated much to your disadvantage."—(pp. 34—48.) This being the very step which a lady's maid could most naturally take under such circumstances, it was surely needless for the author to point it out.

Good temper and civility is produced by an anecdote, which is so likely

to be true that we extract it—only marvelling at the dexterity of the girl who could carry pails of water in a carriage, without spilling them.

"A gentleman in the country hearing his coachman and housemaid quarrelling, and using high words, inquired the cause, and was told by the girl that John was a very ill-tempered man; for though she had been to the well many times to fetch water to clean the house, and was quite tired, and asked him only to bring her one pail of water, he refused it. 'Surely,' said his master, 'you could not be so uncivil! the men are always happy to oblige the ladies.' The fellow replied in a surly tone that he was not hired to fetch water for the maids. 'True,' said the master, 'I did not think of that: go, put the horses to the carriage, and bring it to the door as soon as possible,' and left him. When the carriage was ready, he bade the girl to get into it, and ordered the uncivil coachman to drive her to the well and back as often as she had occasion to go. (pp. 50—51.)

Keeping family secrets we should have thought a sinecure, if we were not told by our author that there is scarcely a family which has not "secret affairs," nay, that in some there are secrets on which the welfare, and perhaps the very existence of the persons concerned may depend."—(p. 62.) "Young ladies in particular," (as if belles had faults to hide!) "place confidence in their maids, and impart to them the most important secrets," (p. 65.) which they sometimes "threaten them with revealing."—(p. 66.) This is a truly alarming state of things, and if it be as common as according to our author it is, we hope ladies' maids will, as he advises them, "by no means *make a practice* of abusing and exposing the concerns of a family," but merely do so *occasionally*.

Amusements—the chief of these is to be "the performance of a lady's maid's duty," and next "reading good and useful books." Of these "good and useful books" we have the titles in page 92. "The Art of Beauty," "Mrs. Parke's Domestic Duties," "The Art of Preserving the Hair," &c. The next *amusement* is dress-making, and the last is the chance of "accompanying any of the ladies to a place of amusement," where ladies' maids are never "to laugh loud," even if Liston should perform, for that might be disagreeable to the ladies of the party, who should have all the laugh, of course, to themselves.

Under *Vulgarity of Speaking*, the author gives us specimens of sundry unknown tongues—among the rest, the following flowers of speech, which he represents as much in use among ladies' maids: "I seed her—I done it now—she warnt here as I knows on—idear—fellow—windor," &c. He quotes the following words as being Irish mis-pronunciations of English—to us they look more like Cherokee: "desate, beeby, bether, haw-rum, druv, teer, staw-rum, rell-um," &c. &c. To make matters worse, ladies' maids are informed, "that there is scarcely a sentence they utter, in which they may not commit mistakes of this kind, even after all he has told them"—which indeed, is not wonderful, seeing that the improvement she suggests in their speech are of this description:

"I never saw it any mote. (p. 99.)

I never heard anything. (p. 100.)

Are not they come? (p. 101.)

This silk is the *beautifullest*. (p. 106.)

I got it in a present. (p. 116.)

I *will* [shall] go to-morrow. (p. 117.)

It is a great change now. (p. 117.)

I *become* wear to stay. (p. 118.)"

After these exquisite models of language, we come to *Change of Place*:—the chief rules given are "never to secure a new place before you have given warning to quit the one you are in," (p. 126.) which will only involve the loss of the old, without gaining a new situation;

and "never to give ear to those malicious gossiping persons who would put you up against your situation by telling you all manner of stories of the family"—as if the lady's maid could not, and did not do all this much better herself!

We now come to a very important part of our subject, *taste in the colours of dress*. The rules laid down for ladies' maids in this chapter, are so luminous, and tend so evidently, to the embellishment of beauty, that we hasten, through our magazine, to make them public, being quite sure that they have only to be known, in order to become quite fashionable at Almack's this season.

"The colour of the trimmings ought always to contrast or harmonize tastefully with the dress."—(p. 142.)

So much for the principle—now for its application. The contrasts given us by the author, are grey and white—violet and yellow—blue and orange—green and red, and the harmonies are yellow and yellowish green—purple and yellowish green—blue and red—crimson and violet, &c. &c. It follows from this that white gowns should be trimmed with grey—violet gowns with yellow—blue gowns with orange and blue—green gowns with red—yellow gowns with yellowish green—purple gowns with ditto, and crimson gowns with violet. It is unnecessary to describe the effect of this tasteful association of colours—we willingly leave it to the imagination of our fair readers.

We are next favoured with the application of the above mentioned beautiful dresses, to the various complexions of the *beau sexe*. Carnation ladies are to wear pale rose dresses trimmed with pale green and lilac, or black trimmed (like a coffin) with white? "If a lady of florid complexion wears a bright pink or crimson, at least let her ribbons be chosen from some of the shades of bright red or violet."—(p. 147.) "Fair ladies, with red hair and abundance of freckles on the face," are condemned to wear "light yellow;" and pale ladies, (O call them fair, not pale!) are to wear "grey, with pale yellow for contrast, or black, trimmed with pale rose or pink."—(p. 149.) Sallow ladies are to patronize green or blue, and "liven of too brilliant a white ought to be avoided by them," and all brunets are to wear "yellow and orange." Forgive us ye arbitresses of taste—ye belles and triades for copying these horrors!

In treating of artificial flowers, the author takes occasion severely to reprobate the wearing of acorns, wheat, &c. &c. and tells so alarming an anecdote apropos of these matters, that we are sure our fair readers will for ever hold such ornaments in abhorrence: •

"A lady elegantly dressed, was passing close to a coach which had stopped at the door of a house, when one of the horses turned open mouthed upon her, as if he were going to devour her. And the circumstance was by no means so wonderful, when it is remarked that she wore in her hat a tuft of oats, which the simple horse evidently mistook for a moving manger, stocked with his natural provender."—(p. 151, 152.)

We remember it was the fashion at Paris about two years ago, to embellish *chapeaux* with artificial grapes—what a fortunate thing it was that some gentleman upon the same principle, did not mistake a lady's head-dress for a dessert!

Padding. The author concludes this chapter with remarking, "that nothing has a stronger tendency to improve the form of the breast, than the performance of the natural office of a mother. You ought to know

this," &c. How the lady's maid is to know this without having suckled children, the author does not condescend to inform us.

In the chapter on *foreheads*, the lady's maid is told about Winckelmann, the Greeks and Romans, Gall and Spurzheim, Lucian, Hercules and Sidonius Apollinaris—all of whom it seems, as well as our author, disapprove of curling the hair. In connexion with this subject, we have sundry receipts for making tuns of pomatum and oceans of oils for the hair, of which we give the following samples.

"Take twenty-five pounds of hog's-lard, eight pounds of mutton-suet, six ounces of oil of bergamot, four ounces of essence of lemons, half an ounce of oil of lavender, and a quarter of an ounce of oil of rosemary. These ingredients are to be combined. (pp. 237, 238.)

"Cut into small pieces about two pounds of the best common soap, and put it into three of brandy, with eight ounces of potass, and melt the whole."—(p. 246.)

We pass over the remarks on paints for the face, only remarking that one of the colours therein recommended, is said to be *green*—in order to get to the chapter on soap, to which the author is a great enemy. The following advice to ladies' maids about hot water sounds rather oddly—coupled as it is in the next sentence with brandy. The paste for the hands must, however, be allowed to be a very delicate preparation.

"It is the duty of a lady's maid, to carry up hot water at all times when her lady goes to dress, and also when she retires for the night." (p. 313.)

"To prepare a paste for the hands, take one pound of sweet almonds, a quarter of a pound of bread crumb, half a pint of spring water, the same quantity of brandy, and the yolks of two eggs." (p. 314.)

Under *Care of the Wardrobe*, we remark a very excellent rule:—Furs and other valuable articles, are always to be put away for the summer in company with "a piece of tallow candle," a practice which we earnestly recommend, considering the odoriferous qualities of that accompaniment, to all ladies' maids.

We have now gone through this volume—and our fair readers must acknowledge that we have condensed in a marvellously small space, much that is curious and valuable in its three hundred and twenty-eight pages. We had almost forgotten to state, however, that the author is a great master of proverbs, and that frequently, as in the following sentences, he outdoes even the outdoings of Sancho Panza himself in this way:

"Remember the old maxim, that those who are negligent when young, will be necessitous when old; for wilful waste makes woeful want. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves; for remember the proverb, 'many a little makes a mickle,' and

A penny sav'd is two pence clear:

A pin a day's a groat a year.

Save all you can with propriety—a penny saved is a penny gained, while a penny spent is gone for ever; a little money will be a friend to you in old age, for service is no inheritance. If you do this you will probably in time find yourself rich, when I have no doubt you will take care how you part with the guineas you have so carefully saved; a guinea is a friend that will never see you with a new face. If on the other hand, you spend but the trifle of one penny a day, recollect, that this will be no less than thirty shillings a year; while a "penny laid up will be money," for money begets money, and the less you spend, the more you will have," &c. &c.

FAREWELL AND DEFIANCE TO LOVE.

Love and thy vain employs, away
 From this too oft deluded breast,
 No longer will I court thy stay,
 To be my bosom's teasing guest;
 Thou treacherous medicine—reckon'd pure;
 Thou quackery of the harass'd heart,
 That kills what thou pretend'st to cure,
 Life's mountebank thou art.

With nostrums vain of boasted powers,
 That ta'en, a worse disorder leave;
 An asp hid in a group of flowers;
 That bites and slays when few perceive;
 Thou mock-peace to the troubled mind,
 Leading it more in sorrow's way,
 Freedom, that leaves us more confined,
 I bid thee hence away.

Dost taunt, and deem thy power beyond
 The resolution reason gave?
 Tut—falsity hath snapt each bond,
 That kept me once thy quiet slave;
 And made thy snare a spider's thread,
 Which e'en my breath can break in twain;
 Nor will I be like Sampson, led
 To trust thy wiles again.

I took thee, as a staff to guide
 Me, on the road I did pursue,
 And when my weakness most relied
 Upon its strength, it broke in two:
 I took thee as mine friendly host,
 That counsel might in danger show;
 But when I needed thee the most,
 I found thou wert my foe.

So go, thou folly-painted toy,
 Thou play-thing, all display;
 I will at last outbrave the boy,
 And throw such idle games away;
 Thou dream, for folly's idle hour,
 Which I have found a dream indeed;
 Thou distant seeming showy flower,
 That proves, when near, a weed.

Go, trump thy mystic lotteries
 Elsewhere, veil'd 'neath deception's blot,
 Holding out every draw a prize,
 Where worthless blanks are only got;
 And flourish with thy patron dame,
 Yclept a Goddess, and her boy;
 That fills the world with empty fame,
 And lives a fabled joy.

Tempt me no more with rosy cheeks,
 Nor daze my reason, with bright eyes,
 I'm wearied with thy painted freaks,
 And sicken at such vanities :
 Be roses fine as e'er they will,
 They, with the meanest, fade and die,
 And eyes, tho' thronged with darts to kill,
 Are doomed to like mortalities.

Feed the young bard, who madly sips
 His nectar draughts from folly's flowers ;
 Bright eyes, fair cheeks, and ruby lips,
 Till music melts to honey showers ;
 Lure them to thrum thy empty lays,
 While flattery listens to the chimes,
 Till words themselves, grow sick with praise,
 And stop for want of rhymes.

Let such be still thy paramours,
 And chaunt love's old and idle tune,
 Robbing the spring of all its flowers,
 And heaven of her stars and moon,
 To gild with dazzling similies,
 Blind folly's vain and empty lay :
 I'm sober'd, from such phantasies,
 So get thee hence away.

Nor bid me sigh for mine own cost,
 Nor count it loss, for mine annoy,
 Nor say my stubbornness hath lost
 A paradise of dainty joy :
 I'll not believe thee, till I know,
 That reason turns thy pampered ape,
 And acts thy harlequin, to shew
 That care's in every shape.

Heart-achings, sighs, and grief-wrung tears,
 Shame-blushes, at betrayed distress,
 Dissembled smiles, and jealous fears,
 Are nought but real happiness :
 Then will I mourn, what now I brave,
 And suffer Celia's quirks to be,
 (Like a poor fate-bewilder'd slave),
 The rulers of my destiny.

I'll weep, and sigh, whene'er she wills
 To frown—and when she deigns to smile,
 It will be cure for all my ills,
 And, foolish still, I'll laugh the while ;
 But till that comes, I'll bless the rules
 Experience taught, and deem it wise,
 To hold thee, as the game of fools,
 And all thy tricks despise.

REFINEMENTS.

AY, ay, "*tempora mutantur*," times change, and so do men, and so does everything. This is an old chant, and many find in it cause for rejoicing; but a sexagenarian, like myself, with the crow's-foot gathering in the corner of his eye, and a pole plentifully diversified with grey hairs; who has lived in the bustle of life, and enjoyed its hurly burly, looks with more complacency on the rougher manners of the last century, than the boasted refinements of this. Refinements forsooth! and in what do they consist? why in acting, saying and doing every thing in so modish a manner, that the exact contrary is presented to the eye and ear from what is intended. There's little ———, a fellow as black as a coal, and as bristly as a bear, who cannot utter two syllables without perverting our plain broad Saxon English, into the wishy washy phraseology of a boarding-school Miss; who will discourse you about a *cyard*, a *gyarder*, a *cyart*, and such like niminy piminy:—pah! how sickening this is to our octocenturian ears! There we have refinements in houses, in clothing, in eatables, and the Lord knows what; our domiciles, which in my days were nearly a yard thick, are now refined to the slender proportions of a card-house, where the wind sings, "rude Boreas" through every corner, doors, windows, sky-lights, and all; and the whole fabric tumbles about your head before one-third part of the said term of 99 years has sunk into eternity. By the bye, all the new buildings in the Regent's Park, and "elsewhere to our knowledge," ought to have their doors returned in the assessor's book as window lights; for the sun and the day shine through the chinks in their pannels, as cheerily as a man peeps through his own eyelids. Then there's the Metropolitan Dairy Company, who have refined the fine, thick, yellow Alderney cream, to a thin and delicate potation of sky-blue.—Heigh ho! old October, the creamy nut-brown John Barley-corn, languishes into small beer—Claret usurps the place of glorious old Oporto—and gin and water tips the go-by to a flagon of usquebaugh.—Prize fighters grow pea-green—coachmen drink toast and water—fox-hunters pass the bottle—soldiers sip ratifie—and fools chew opium; mind, its all refinement.

The next evil, which arises from this same fount, is that of laying to the ground all the barriers, which were wont to separate the different degrees of rank and station, and keep them distinct from each other. Not that mankind are one whit less tenacious of their rank, than they were heretofore; or that pride is less busy from White Chapel to Hyde Park-corner, with the heartstrings of the shopkeeping station. Yet so it is, that notwithstanding the strong impulse which every one feels to maintain his own consequence, notwithstanding the eternal struggle to rise in rank, as well as wealth; this exquisite refinement has blended all distinctions—the *gentlemen* of the Stock Exchange, butchers, bakers, and cheesemongers, are all Esquires—bricklayers, in Burton Crescent, are architects—acting, banking, cozening, and pick-pocketing, are all professions—every apothecary is a surgeon—every lawyer's clerk, a solicitor—every butcher, a meat purveyor—the gallows,

a new drop—coffee-houses, are all hotels—chop-houses, coffee-rooms—and smoking-shops, divans.—Nor is this all. Everything has a new name, which few can understand, and none pronounce without breaking their teeth. If you happen to be in a hurry, and run foul of a pole, which turns your optics inside out, it is surmounted by a placard directing your attention to a Diorama, a Panorama, a Cosmorama, or a Pœcilorama. At each turning of the street, you stumble upon an eidouranion, or an heptaphaisiosoptron. How the scrannel sound grates and grits against one's teeth! Musical instruments are Grecian to their backbone—harmonicons, panharmonicons, and Apollonicons—oils and washes, are calydors—immodest books, calygonomias,—to say nothing of your aurists, ophthalmists, and chiropodists—your *seminaries for young ladies*, and *academies for young gentlemen*, where “them as larns manners pays hextra two-pens a week.”

But, I would endure all this without a murmur, absurd as it is, if the mischief stopped here—if the pruning knife of refinement were content with committing its ravages amongst the full grown trees. In that case the harm that it did would not affect the stamina and vital strength of the plant—it might disfigure it for awhile, and it might, as it has in some cases, improve and beautify it. But when we turn to the saplings, the young and vigorous shoots, which nature has put forth, and which merely want the assistance and fostering care, not the refinement of art, to cherish their growth, and form their character, the picture is sadly changed—the more woefully, because its effects are more potent. I say that I am sorry to see this, because schoolboy impressions stick to a man through life—he never can entirely rid himself of them, and his after opinions and actions will always be correspondent to the manners and habits imbibed in early years—this will be great and good, upright and manful, stern and unyielding, or shrewd, little, effeminate, and unprincipled, just as the manners of the boy have been taught, to be open, free, and frank hearted, or else, crafty, calculating, and cold-hearted. I do not pretend to argue this, because I imagine no one will gainsay it; and I imagine it equally allowed on all hands, that with those, who received a public education, the character of the man, at least all its proud outlines, are displayed in the schoolboy—who doubts it? The boy, who has his pocket always full of marbles, who is ever protruding his clenched fist into his companion's face with “odd or even”? who sucks his favourite taw, whilst he should be saying his lesson, and is never to be seen unless chalking out a ring, or at “knuckle down”—does any one doubt what that lad will turn out? All men mark him for a gambler—When I was a youngster, you might have seen me marching through Windsor, with a rough terrier at my heels; a hat with its crown and brim indented like a quart pot, a perfect polygon in shape; a pair of trousers half up my legs, patches at my knees, and holes at my elbows. Consequently I am a sloven in the autumn of my years. But your “*parvus Julius*” of the present day, decks himself out in a frock coat, and crisped socks, and white kid gloves—he is as weak as water, and as squeamish as a boarding-school Miss—he will be an old woman when he should be a man. All this comes from the refining system, because the pedagogues of the nineteenth century seem to think that a broken spirit, or what we used to call a “jack pudding,” is the fittest subject for bringing to maturity the culture bestowed upon him by his corporeal pastor and master.

For my own part, I am inclined to think such discipline "more honoured in the *breach*, than in the observance."

The next horror which kindles my zeal, is the absurd fashion of magnifying things, which are ordinary or insignificant in themselves, into dignity and importance. This is a sin, which cries aloud for retribution—we lose the straight forward, downright character of our forefathers, by this ludicrous system of polishing and refining. What could be so infinitely ridiculous, as to see the daily press running after a tribe of barbarians, who feed upon dogs and cats and "such small deer," advertising their motions, and *ore-rotundoing* out their names as if they were the greatest princes in Christendom? Their gracious majesties, forsooth!—why the very appellation of *Jammikammitammitouloo*, was enough to set the compositors, printers, and printer's devils into hysterics. If the papers had informed us how they visited the slaughter houses in Newgate market, how they devoured the "tripes and trullabubs" therein, and how they quarrelled over the last offal, like dogs over a bone—we should have thought it all very well in the way of balaam, and might have carried our children to see the wild beasts, as we do to Exeter Change, or IRVING'S chapel; but in no other light can we regard governors *Poki*, *Bogi*, and *Smoki*, and when they are thrust upon our attention with formality, pomp, and consequence, it provokes that peculiar contrast of ideas, denominated the ridiculous.

Of advertizing and puffs it recks me not—that is an old grievance, and so rusted in with the habits of Johnny Bull, that he could not be happy without them. It serves trade, catches gulls, and exercises the wits of lottery office keepers and play-house managers. But I think it would be as well if certain booksellers were to usher their advertisements into the world like others of the craft, without the pronomen of *Mr.* Stop! kind, gentle, courteous reader, didst ever direct thy perambulations so far eastward as Ludgate-hill?—I'm sure thou hast! Do'st know, then, where Ave-Maria-lane diverges from the afore-said declivity? Did'st ever stop thy locomotion opposite the roof of Marlborough the news-vender? Did'st ever read the inscription which emblazons the front of his dwelling-place, in golden letters as tall as a grenadier sargeant, wherein this identical newspaper merchant informs the public, that if they will purchase their diurnals and hebdomadals at his office, he in return "will send them FREE OF POSTAGE to all parts of the kingdom." Would any man but a Jew have believed such a thing, that in the year 1825, when Mechanics' Institutes are abroad—when citizens are all scientific—when men-milliners petition their employers to "shut up shop" at eight o'clock P.M. that they may have time to *improve their winds*—that there should be found in this our microcosm of Babylon a man who could put forth so barefaced a trick, or flounders and flat fish to gorge a bait of such palpable humbug. If any doubt my word for the fact

"Let the town

"Flock there in crowds, and stare the monster down,"

"Ohe! jam satis"—"hold, enough,"

ZINES COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

I CANNOT close my weary eyes,
 From yonder bed such sounds arise,
 And banish sweet repose ;
 Then let me, to beguile the time,
 Accompany with tuneful rhyme,
 My neighbour's tuneful nose.

All is at rest about the house,
 Not even the scratching of a mouse
 Is heard amidst the gloom ;
 Nought save the sounds that struggle out
 From that unintermitting snout,
 And echo through the room.

What sweet amusement this !—to note
 From that incorrigible throat
 What various noises pour ;
 In loud smooth breathings now they gush,
 And now the mingled discords rush
 In one tremendous roar.

Oh ! horrid sound !—I'd sooner far
 List to a three-string'd crack'd guitar,
 By tuneless mortal play'd ;
 Or, warbling in the lofty gutter,
 I'd sooner hear a tom-cat utter
 His tender serenade.

Worse than the voice of fish-wife Nell,
 Worse than the dustman's jangling bell,
 Worse than knife-grinder's wheel ;
 Worse than a score bag-pipers playing,
 Worse than a score jack-asses braying,
 Is that discordant peal.

Grant, oh ! ye gods ! if e'er I wed,
 I may not lay my aching head
 Beside a snoring wife ;
 No—let me rather live, unblest'd
 With all the joys that lend a zest
 To matrimonial life.

But hark ! a pause !—the noise has ceas'd !
 Though but, I fear, with power increas'd,
 Soon to renew the strain ;
 Then let me, ere it re-commence,
 Strive to knit up my weary sense
 In slumber's flowery chain.

WANTS A SITUATION.

"Thou shalt not gormandize as thou has done with me,
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out."

SHAKESPEARE.

IF it be of consequence to my readers to know who and what my father and mother were, there is no chance of their curiosity being gratified, inasmuch, as I know no more about them, than if no such beings had existed. I certainly have a recollection, when about six years old, of being dressed in a little cap and blue gown, half starved at a parish school, walking in couples, with about twenty more unfortunates, miserable as myself, to a church every time it was opened, and in this recreative exercise I passed many of my hours until I became thirteen years of age.

Happy epoch! thought I, when a muffle-faced old woman hired me as a servant for a lodging-house, at fourteen pence a week. Any where was paradise, according to my idea, *but* the school. I should get clear of *Missus* and her high-heeled shoe, which had left many a bump upon my head, as her constant weapon of offence, and of wearing my fingers to the bone, in making shirts out of sackcloth, for raw apprentices. With a joyful heart, and as much brains as I should have been better without, I packed up my all in a charity-school pocket-handkerchief, and followed my new employer to a dirty house, not far from Panton-street, Leicester-square.

The appearance of the interior of this domicile was not much calculated to inspire hope of felicity to an experienced person; but, with the school in my mind's eye, I trudged into a kitchen, dark as a coal-hole, and found myself maid-of-all-work to a menagerie of foreigners.

The first evening passed away in comparative happiness; but the pallid cheek and sunken eye of the girl, whose place I was to occupy, struck me to the very heart, young as I was, whilst the insufferable smell of tobacco and snuff, and the sight of a ragged shirt, which was drying by the fire over the back of a chair, dispelled all hope of future comfort; so that I looked with regret upon my clean white apron, in the anticipation as to what would be the colour of it that day week, and with the shivering reflection that I had but one solitary change in the world. The following morning, before six, was ushered in by the stentorian lungs of the landlady, vociferating for "poor Polly"—so up I got, with a pain in every bone, from the hardness of my bed of flocks, to light the fire, and prepare breakfasts for the tribe of occupants of the different bed-rooms which were let. In this, however, I was agreeably disappointed, for the landlady, with a gracious smile, informed me that the *gentlemen* generally remained in bed until the middle of the day, that breakfast and an early dinner might answer for one and the same thing, and that nothing more was required than to take up seven cups of coffee, which she would pour out, and leave them on the landing-place first floor, after ringing a bell to summon the lodgers. I was always given to curiosity, even when a child; so, after ringing the bell, I retired into a spare room, and, to my surprise, saw seven men, some from up stairs, and some from down, all congregate to the coffee, and, each snatching a cup, retire the way he

came. I made no remark to my mistress, because I had no business to look ; but a very few days convinced me I had been ensnared into a most miserable situation, so I determined to get away so soon as I could. Unfortunately, no opportunity offered for more than two years, during which time I never knew what it was to have a good meal ; yet, somehow, I grew up to be a pretty girl, which, I suppose, caused an old Frenchman, with a huge pair of whiskers, to stop me on the stairs one afternoon, and make violent love. Fortunately, I had been in the habit of reading good books when at school, so called out as loud as I could, and threatened to tell my mistress of his behaviour, who would send him packing with his impudence ; but he, knowing more of the world than I, was beforehand with me, and made such a complaint, as procured me a most severe beating, which confined me many days to my bed. So soon as I felt myself able to walk, I resolved to use the best means nature had granted me in running away, therefore dissembled weakness a day or two longer, until a fair opportunity should present itself. A dear love of a she-friend of my mistress assisted me one evening, unknown to herself ; for they both had been so liberal in their sacrifices to *Juniper*, after tea, that they fell asleep, and my mistress was immoveable in her chair. Profiting by this chance, I packed up my baggage, which was no trouble to carry, let myself out of the street door, and ran as fast as I was able towards Hyde Park-corner.

It was summer time, and a fine evening, so I continued my route, and trusted to chance for my future fate. I had no character to lose (I should say, from my last place), and only three-pence in my pocket, therefore was in no fear of being robbed. For the first time in my life I was totally independent of all the world. I wandered three or four miles, as near as I could guess, until I saw a public-house by the road side, which was much to my liking, when, feeling very tired, I determined to make the most of my three-pence, and endeavour to procure a lodging for the night. With this intention I accosted the landlady of the house, who listened to my story, and I told the truth ; but she laughed in my face when I offered her the money. Mortified and alarmed, I burst into tears ; but the good woman set my heart at rest, by promising to accommodate me until morning with a back garret for nothing. The fatigues of the day, and a hearty supper off bread and cheese, made me sleep well, and I awoke refreshed and careless, as if I had no farther to go, and nothing on earth to care about.

The charity of this good woman detained me to assist in the bar until she could recommend me, which she soon did, to a knot of ladies, who kept an establishment, commonly called a preparatory school, at Hammersmith ; and there I was enrolled as under servant, to wash and comb the children, clean the door-steps, make the beds, run of errands, help on washing days, attend the governesses as lady's maid, and, in short, to make myself, what is termed, generally useful. This sort of every-day work lasted upwards of six months, which appeared to my imagination more like six years, when I lost my place through an unlucky accident. I was playing with two of the children, under seven years of age, which was the greatest extent of human life admitted into our seminary, when, by an unfortunate blow on the nose, I knocked a little girl from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The governesses, Misses Grifflinhalt, three in number, uproused by the squalling, ran and hobbled (one was lame) from their room, to assist the sufferer, who then squalled ten times louder

than before. A formal inquiry took place, which ended in my complete exculpation; but an unforeseen visit from the mother of the child brought back the whole weight of the blame upon my shoulders, and it was finally arranged that I was to be turned out of doors, upon condition the child was not to be removed from the school. On the mother's departure, my earnest entreaties procured me a week's respite, during which time I paid a visit to my friend, the landlady of the "Frog and Toad-ache," where I came from, and she once more lent me her assistance. It is an old saying, that three removes are as bad as a fire, but it was not so with me; nor did it require any extraordinary exertion to place me and mine in the kitchen of Mrs. Puffwaterly, in Baker-street, Portman-square. My new master and mistress were of that class of people who endeavour to pass for fashionables, with low incomes and high notions. They must have a house in Baker-street; but the first and second floor were let out in lodgings. They affected style in dress, and much visiting, and the glass, over the fire-place on the ground floor, was nearly covered with invitation tickets and cards, returning thanks for polite inquiries, some of which were more than six months old. I never knew exactly what calling my master followed, but think he must have been either in the coal or blacking trade, as he always came home with a dirty face. Creditors were constantly knocking, beseeching for money, though they seldom got any, but were sure to be pacified by the smooth tongue of Mr. Hugh P—, or scared from the door, by the portentous phiz of his better half. This woman seemed determined to maintain a reputation for fashion, in defiance of poverty and all other opposition; for I have seen her sit down to dine off a part of a cold shoulder of mutton, whilst dressed in a silk pelisse, trimmed with chinchilli fur, and drink her small beer out of a tea-cup; yet, at the same time, her handkerchief would be perfumed with otto of roses, or esprit de lavande aux mille fleurs, which is, as I recollect, to be got for 3s. 6d. the bottle, and I ought to know all about it, as I have fetched it so many times for her use. She was a rosy-checked dame when dressed out for a party, and well she might be, for the rouge was plastered on her cheeks as thickly as the stucco on the outside of a modern-built house. It would be useless to enumerate how many times I have gone up stairs, whilst my heart has ached with fatigue, to answer the first or second floor bell, with one of the children at my back, another supported on my right arm, and the coal-scuttle on my left; but, for the information of the unenlightened, and to give publicity to the sort of life maids-of-all-work sometimes lead, I will sketch an outline of my one day's amusement in this house, begging to observe, that our second floor lodger was a maiden in years, confined to her bed, and that there were four children of Mrs. Puffwaterly's at home. Got up at six, put the rooms to rights, dressed the brats, and fed 'em, washed 'em, and took two to school—waited on the second floor lodger—took my own breakfast—prepared dinner for master and mistress—cleared away, washed up things—fed parrot, cat, kitten, and rabbit—made six beds—cook'd broth for sick, and meat for healthy—swept and clean'd the children's play-room—mem. a pretty hog-shty—washed down the yard and area—fetched the two brats from school—gave 'em their dinner—wash'd their hands and face—clear'd away—swept the kitchen and scoured the pantry—waited on second floor lodger several times—got ready, and gave supper, and put brats to bed—needle-work ten minutes—answer'd door thirty-two times—waited on sick lodger on various occasions—fell asleep before

the fire very tired, and jumped up in a flurry, occasioned by a loud knocking, announcing the arrival of the fashionable Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Puff, at three o'clock in the morning, from an evening party.

How long my constitution could have withstood this sort of life, I will not pretend to determine; for I had made my mind up to giving warning, when I was spared the trouble, by two gentlemen, old friends of my master, John Doe and his brother-in-law Richard, who called to ascertain the value of the furniture. Setting no particular value on me or my company, they commenced their packing, by packing me off. Now, as those plunderers of poor *sarvant* girls, the Morning Herald and Post, won't give the smallest scrap of their sheets to any description of maids for less than seven shillings, I trust to your better gallantry for the free insertion of this notice to the public, of one who at present *Wants a Situation*.

THE TEST OF WIT.

At a congregation of poets and drinkers, who assemble once a week at a tavern, not a hundred yards from Covent Garden, it was agreed, a few months ago, after the imaginations of the poetical *souls* had been heated by equal portions of wine and wit, that a certain quantity of *titts* should be thrown into a hat, from which each present should draw one, and, upon pain of instant expulsion forthwith, compose a poem or an essay, as his sense or his sensibility, or the nature of the title he had drawn, decided. The waiter being ordered to brush himself and the glasses off, the lots were drawn, and ere the bottles were brought upon table, five elegant treatises, and three dainty poems, were laid upon it. Among which was, the well-known "Essay on a Broom-stick," by that amphibious animal, the author of "Smiles and Tears;" "Billing-gate, an Heroic;" "On the Religious and Moral Propriety of Being Drunk," "Aldgate Pump," a metrical legend; and the following

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

ON SEEING A

HOTTENTOT IN TOP-BOOTS.

"Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire"

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

The impressions on viewing a Hottentot in top-boots, include within their scope the past, the present, and the future. They unite the barbarism of the old world with the intellectual refinement of modern Europe. A pair of top-boots at once affords a most convincing proof of the progress of civilization, the beneficial effects arising from a free exercise of commercial interests, and a touching appeal to our sensibilities. A new being appears in the world, a new partaker of the luxuries of social life: the mind feels assured that the boots are not the only step that the wearer has made in the important advancement of intellectual superiority. The mere fact implies, that the inward, as well as the outward man, has received a co-equal civilization; and we no longer recognise our dusky friend as the untutored inhabitant of a savage clime, but entertain at once

for him all the deference and solicitude of an individual, ruled by the same feelings and sentiments by which we ourselves are influenced. We no longer feel regret, that one qualified by nature to enjoy all the blessings of society, should be doomed to herd with the beasts of the field, above which, in point of intellect, he can scarcely be said to rank superior; but regard him as one, in no other way distinguished from ourselves, than by a thicker pair of lips, a flatter nose, a few shades of colour, and a degree of amplitude in one part of his person—an unequivocal proof that nature has been particularly bountiful towards the subject of our philosophical investigations.

From a subject of such manifest high importance, it will be expected that we intend advancing some ingenious and remarkable theory: our readers are not mistaken. The astonishing progress that has, within the commencement of the present century, taken place in art and science, would support us in the proposition already advanced, that if a Hottentot wore top-boots, it would not be extravagant to take it for granted that he was in possession of all the movements and qualifications that characterize an accomplished member of society. Without allowing ourselves the liberty of supposing that he may have been many years in this country, we will merely grant him the time from whence he first gave the order to the boot-maker, till the period of the completion of the boots, to prove the moral possibility of his being able, during such a limited interval, to acquire all that is worthy the regard of a cultivated and polished gentleman.

Allowing seven days to have elapsed from the hour he ordered them to the time when they were fit for his appearance in public, we will suppose him, in support of our theory, to land, on the first of these events, a raw uncultivated savage. Anxious to be understood, and aware of the importance of a knowledge of the different languages, he immediately enters himself as a pupil of the renowned Mr. Hamilton, who has satisfactorily demonstrated that he can teach all the languages of the globe, in forty-eight lessons each, one after the other. Our dark friend begins with English at five in the morning, French at six, Latin at seven, Greek at eight, Italian at nine, and German at ten. Every twelve hours he goes over the same course; so that, by appropriating six hours out of twenty-four daily, he becomes, by this immortal method, master of six of the finest languages in the world—that is, if there is any credit to be placed on Mr. Hamilton's advertisements. During the intervals of his engagement with that gentleman, he takes lessons of a fashionable dancing-master, who tells us in the newspapers, that he teaches quadrilles and all other species of fashionable dancing in eight lessons: thus is another half hour *per diem* appropriated. As music is so passionately admired by the intellectual portion of society, and as our Hottentot friend wishes to be considered as one of its most accomplished members, he dedicates an hour a day to an eminent professor, near Soho-square, who qualifies his pupils to take the lead in concerts during the period to which our novice is limited. Thus already is the unbreeched and uncultivated savage metamorphosed into a learned, elegant, and booted philosopher. Through the means of the eminent professors we have alluded to, he converses with facility and propriety in the finest of the dead and the modern languages—dances with grace and agility—is a first-rate musician—and as he had near fifteen hours a day unoccupied, by the help of a rhyming dictionary, has become a most gentlemanlike poet. A set of

phrases, gleaned from old critiques, enables him to pass for a connoisseur in the fine arts; and his complete ignorance of literature is, according to the many contemporary examples, his best recommendation to succeed as a reviewer. Should he consider the symbol of his country,

"The fleecy locks and black complexion,"

as a drawback to his otherwise powerful attractions, he has but to try a bottle of Kalydor, to become as Mr. Rowland, or at least his advertisements swear, as

"Fair as unsunned snow."

Macassar oil, we are assured, will render his hair "silky and glossy;" and should some fastidious individuals object to his nose, an eminent anatomical professor will supply him with a new one, according to the most approved fashion. Williamson, of Fleet-street, will give him his choice of legs, arms, eyes, hands, feet, or any other natural deficiency, from a single limb to a complete set. Ruspini manufactures teeth, palates, gums, and jaw bones. Nugte or Stultz will make shoulders to fit coats, or coats to fit shoulders; calves to fit pantaloons, or pantaloons to fit calves!

Such is the rapid advance of science, in comparison with which the operations of nature are slow and tardy: such is the extraordinary pitch of improvement we have arrived at in knowledge, intellectual refinement, and personal appearance, that awakens these PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A HOTTENTOT IN TOP-BOOTS.

DIRGE,

ON ELIZABETH, THE LAMENTED DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

BY LUMLEY ST. GEORGE KEFFINGTON.

O, hither come! with tears, with sighs,
In tender sorrow share;
Here, early lost, bright Rutland lies—
'The murror of the fair!

Has beauty, then, no winning force
Imperious death to stay?
Must even virtue meet the course
That hurries life away?

Beauties are flowers, in vernal state,
On which the morn has shone;
Sweet is their tenure, brief their date,—
'They bloom, and they are gone!

Virtues survive the fleeting breath,
In pure, in holy trust;
They hold a victory in death;
And triumph in the dust!

Here, as the virtues found new birth,
Firm hope to grief is given;
For she, that bloom'd a rose on earth,
May shine a star in heaven!

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. V.

WM. FITZHERBERT, ESQ. M.P.

DEAR SIR,—I ought much sooner to have answered your obliging letter, but Mr. Hume's anxiety made me wait the event of that *misunderstanding*; you will be kind to a man capricious or not, and it is a proof of a providence that he has fallen into your hands; surely your guest has no reason, or a disturbed one, if he is displeased with Mr. Hume.

You will have a pamphlet, given to Almon by authority, of the late conferences and changes, which will say more than I can; and you can't desire a placeman, with five children, to observe. I hope you'll be at Wooton in September, and

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WM. FITZHERBERT.

To R. Davenport, Esq.

August the 7th, 1766.

MR. GEORGE DEMPSTER TO MR. RICHARD DAVENPORT.

SIR,—The enclosed letters were sent me by a friend of Mr. Rousseau's, to be somehow conveyed to him, as it seems he will take no letters directed to him in the Post-office. May I beg, therefore, that you will deliver the enclosed to him. He will know the hand upon the back of the letters, and may either receive them or not, as he thinks proper. I beg pardon for this trouble, and

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE DEMPSTER.

Scarbro', 21st August, 1766.

DAVENPORT TO ROUSSEAU.

DEAR SIR,—I have been returned from Baginton a week this day, and intended waiting on Mr. Rousseau either Wednesday or Thursday last, but durst not venture, as I was apprehensive of falling ill of the gout. My thoughts proved too true—on Friday I was seized, and at present am confined to my room. I long to see you, and should esteem it as a favour, if you will do me the great pleasure of letting me send for you and Mademoiselle Vasseur; the roads are quite fine, and I hope it would do her good; if you'll be so kind to agree with my wishes, you'll make us all very happy—Am glad you liked your trunk, and that the things came safe.

My children send all manner of services to you and Mademoiselle Vasseur, as do Mrs. Lauzun and Ally; I joyn with them, and long to see you.

Yours, most affectionately,

RICHARD DAVENPORT.

Monday, 4th May, 1767.

P.S. I am well inwardly, but in a good deal of pain outwardly.

If you'll let me send, please to name any day when you judge proper, and he shall bring the horses; the four-wheeled chaise is at Wooton.

LETTERS FROM J. J. ROUSSEAU TO MR. DAVENPORT.

VOICI, Monsieur, une lettre pour vous que j'ai ouverte la croyant pour moi ; j'en suis fâché, mais c'est un effet inévitable des arrangemens que vous m'avez permis de prendre. Ne la jugeant pas pressée j'attendois pour vous la remettre votre arrivée dont on me flattoit depuis quelques jours. Je profite pour vous l'envoyer d'un envoi de M. Walton, et de peur de trop grossir son paquet j'écris sur le revers de la même lettre, vous priant de m'en pardonner cette liberté.

J'attends de jour à autre le plaisir de voir arriver en bonne santé le cher grand papa et sa chère famille. Mlle. le Vasseur vous prie, Monsieur, d'agréer son respect ; et de vouloir bien assurer sa belle correspondante de l'empressement qu'elle a de la revoir et que je partage. Je vous demande, Monsieur, la continuation de vos bontés et de votre amitié, et vous assure, pour ma vie du plus véritable attachement.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 18 9bre. 1766.

JE suis très sensible, Monsieur, à l'attention que vous avez de m'envoyer tout ce que vous croyez devoir m'intéresser. Ayant pris mon parti sur l'affaire en question, je continuerai, quoiqu'il arrive, de laisser M. Hume faire bien du bruit tout seul, et de garder jusqu'à la fin le silence que je me suis imposé sur ce chapitre. Au reste, sans affecter une tranquillité stoïque, j'ose vous assurer que dans ce déchainement universel je suis ému aussi peu qu'il soit possible, et beaucoup moins que je ne m'y serois attendu, si d'avance on me l'eut annoncé. Ce que je vous proteste encore et vous jure à la face du ciel, mon respectable hôte, c'est que j'aime infiniment mieux être l'infortuné Jean Jacques Rousseau livré à toute la diffamation publique, que le triomphant David Hume au milieu de toute sa gloire : mais quittons cet odieux sujet.

J'ai craint pour vous ces mauvais tems passez. J'espère que ceux qu'il fait en répareront l'effet. Je n'ai pas été mieux traité que vous et je ne connois plus guères de bon tems ni pour mon cœur ni pour mon corps, excepté celui que je passe auprès de vous. C'est vous dire assez avec quel empressement je vous attends et votre chère famille, que je remercie de toute mon ame et salue de même tant pour moi que pour Mlle. le Vasseur. Elle vient de perdre sa mère, et risque de faire une autre perte dans son pays dont sa présence l'eut garantie et qui me laisse le regret de l'avoir amenée ici. Permettez que nous fassions ici l'un et l'autre nos remerciemens et salutations à Madlle. Lauzanne et à Mlle. Ally, et recevez avec bonté ses respects ainsi que les miens.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 27 9bre. 1766.

Le paquet que vous annonce M. Lewis est la chose la moins pressée ; il devient même inutile par celui que vous m'avez envoyé, puisque ce n'est qu'un autre exemplaire de la même brochure.

RECEVEZ mes remerciemens, Monsieur, de vos attentions continuelles et de tout ce que vous m'avez envoyé. Je me consolerois plus aisément du retard de votre arrivée si Noël se retardoit à proportion. A samedi donc, Monsieur, je vous souhaite bonne santé, beau tems et bon voyage, et autant de plaisir à venir dans votre maison que vous en ferez à ceux qui l'habitent. Permettez que Mlle. Lauson voye ici les salutations de Mlle.

le Vasseur, et les miennes, et que nous vous présentions de concert les nôtres, vous suppliant de les agréer.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 5 xbre. 1766.

J'ATTENDOIS, Monsieur, avec d'autant plus d'impatience des nouvelles de votre heureuse arrivée à Londres que les terribles tems qu'il a fait me tenoient doublement en inquiétude, et sur votre route et sur votre santé. M. Walton m'a tiré de peine à votre égard. J'espère que vos chers enfans, que je salue de tout mon cœur, n'auront pas moins bien soutenu le voyage.

Voici deux lettres que je vous adresse en conséquence de la permission que vous m'en avez donnée, et auxquelles je vous prie de vouloir bien donner cours. Mlle. le Vasseur vous supplie d'agréer son respect et de ne pas l'oublier auprès de sa belle correspondante et du cher frère; nous faisons l'un et l'autre nos complimens aux dames de votre suite, et je vous réitère, Monsieur, l'assurance de tous les sentimens qui vous sont acquis.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 23 Janvier, 1767.

Les neiges menaçoient de nous ensevelir tout en vie, mais le dégel commence fort à propos à nous en débarrasser.

Je vois, Monsieur, avec confusion tous les embarras que je vous cause, et toutes les peines que vous prenez pour moi; mais je ne puis que vous en faire des excuses, n'étant pas en état de vous les éviter. J'ai bien reçu vos trois lettres des 15, 20, et 22 de ce mois, mais rien encore des envois qu'elles m'annoncoient, et cela n'est pas étonnant, à cause de l'état des chemins. Au lieu du Dictionnaire en 4to, Grec et Latin, que je desirois m'être envoyé dans la malle neuve, j'ai pensé qu'il vaudroit mieux qu'on y mit mon vieux Dictionnaire de Calepin, in folio, qui, étant plus gros, doit tomber plus aisément sous la main, et qui contient encore plus sûrement les noms Grecs de plantes tirés de Dioscoride et de Theophraste pour lesquels seuls ce dictionnaire me fait besoin.

Le petit papier imprimé que vous m'avez envoyé, m'eut bien faire rire s'il m'avoit moins indigné; amuse-t-on vos compatriotes avec de pareilles folies? En ce cas j'en suis fâché pour eux. C'est bien mal connoître le peuple de Genève, aussi courageux que le peuple Anglois, mais moins turbulent. Les malheurs de ce brave, sage, et infortuné peuple, qu'on laisse périr victime des intrigues de ses indignes magistrats ne feront pas honneur aux puissances de l'Europe, et surtout à celles qui disent aimer la liberté. Vous verrez, Monsieur, ce que je pense de cette affaire par l'incluse, que je vous envoie ouverte pour que vous la puissiez lire si cela vous amuse; vous priant de vouloir bien la cachetter ensuite et lui donner cours.

Je vois le retour du beau tems avec d'autant plus de plaisir que j'espère que votre santé s'en trouvera bien. Le dégel a découvert les prairies, mais on ne laisse pas de trouver encore cinq ou six pieds de neige dans les chemins. Mlle. le Vasseur vous prie d'agréer son respect, et salue ainsi que moi vos chers enfans et leur compagnie. Recevez, Monsieur, mes très humbles salutations.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 31 Janvier, 1767.

J'AI fait, Monsieur, une étourderie épouvantable en vous priant de donner cours à ma lettre pour M. J. Ivernois, sans penser que la France ayant interdit tout commerce avec Genève, ma lettre y seroit interceptée. Si heureusement vous n'avez pas encore fait partir cette lettre je vous supplie de vouloir bien me la renvoyer. J'ai reçu ma petite caisse, mais non pas l'autre paquet; je suis extrêmement incommodé et nullement en état d'écrire; j'espère suppléer à cela samedi prochain. Mes très humbles salutations, à vous, Monsieur, et à tout ce qui vous appartient.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 2 Fev. 1767.

SIR,—I have received a letter from Mr. Rousseau, expressing his concern at the enormous expense of his cases from Switzerland, and seems to be very much vexed at it. I sent Mr. R. some time ago the particulars of the charge, just as I paid it; but his astonishment at it is strongly expressed in a letter lately received; an answer to which is inclosed.

I am sorry he was unacquainted with the customary duties here; but it is what every one is liable to, and what I pay very often,—and no redress can be had, for they reckon so much on every hundred weight. The seven cases weighed 1244 pounds—and the freight from Switzerland here, came to above 16l.

The part I have taken in this affair was purely to serve him, for I have paid every farthing I have charged him, as per receipts by me.

I could wish Mr. R. would reconcile himself to what is unavoidable—for if it was in my power to redress this grievance, I would not lose a moment in doing it.

I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

W. BECKET.

London, Sept. 6.

DEAR SIR.—When I called at your door the other day, I meant to acquaint you that the Duke of Grafton had given directions for remitting the duty which Rousseau's books have been charged with at the custom-house. If the Duke had been apprized in time to have stopt the charge, it would never have been made; all he can do now is to take care that Mr. Becket shall be reimbursed, and he has ordered this to be done immediately. But it is to be managed with some attention to Rousseau's delicacy; and he wishes, out of regard to that, that you would give it the turn of a compliment intended him by the King, in shewing him this little mark of distinction, or put it in whatever light you think will be most agreeable to him.

I am, with great regard, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STONHEWER.

To Mr. Davenport,
Grosvenor-square, Jan. 22d.

Je recois en ce moment, Monsieur, vos deux lettres du 27. Je suis très touché de l'activité de votre zèle en ma faveur, mais je trouve que vous avez été un peu vite en besogne au sujet des droits de douane, qui m'ont paru exorbitans, sans doute, mais dont je n'ai jamais demandé ni désiré la restitution. Cependant, comme je ne veux pas vous en deduc

ni manquer au respect dû à celui qui en a ordonné le remboursement, j'écrirai à M. le Duc de Grafton comme vous le desirez.

Mais je n'écrirai pas à M. le General Conway, et je suis surpris, je l'avoue, que vous m'en fassiez la proposition. Si la lettre que je lui écris n'étoit pas claire à ses yeux au moment qu'il la reçut elle a dû le devenir dans la suite : s'il continue à la trouver obscure, c'est qu'il veut bien la trouver telle, et s'il y voit toujours un refus, c'est qu'il juge à propos de l'y voir. Cette lettre, Monsieur, déçoit et respectueuse autant qu'il est possible est demeurée sans aucune réponse, et il faut bien que M. le General Conway n'y ait rien vu qui eût besoin d'explication, puisqu'il ne m'a pas fait l'honneur de m'en demander. Une lettre telle que vous me conseillez de l'écrire seroit une véritable demande, et n'ayant aucun droit de rien prétendre, je n'ai garde de rien demander.

De peur que le débit de mes livres ne serve de prétexte à quelqu'une de ces petites libéralités qu'on est toujours pressé de faire aux gens qui n'en veulent point, je vous prie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien faire faire par un libraire l'estimation de tout ce qui en vaudra la peine, et de ne recevoir de personne un sol au dessus de l'estimation. A l'égard du plus grand nombre qui sont de vieux bouquins hors de service, ils ne sont bons qu'à brûler et ne doivent servir qu'à cela. Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur, de cette petite précaution, mais l'exemple du passé la rend nécessaire. Quand j'aurai besoin d'aumône je la demanderai ; jusqu'alors nul homme n'a droit de me la faire sans mon aveu.

Je suis inquiet des suites de votre rhume. Donnez m'en des nouvelles je vous supplie. Pour moi, je ne suis point bien non plus ; il m'en coûte extrêmement d'écrire, et si cela continue je serai forcé de différer de quelques jours ma lettre pour M. le Duc de Grafton, mais je vous l'enverrai le plutôt qu'il sera possible. Du reste vous savez mes sentimens, ils sont toujours les mêmes et ne varieront point. Jamais homme ne poussera plus loin que moi le respect, les égards, la déférence en choses convenables ; je sais comment je dois correspondre aux bontés dont on m'honore, et je ferai toujours mon devoir, car je suis trop fier pour être insolent ; mais je ne m'avilirai jamais. Quand l'amitié dont vous m'honorez vous porte à me rendre de bons offices je les accepte avec reconnaissance ; mais ne les portez pas jusqu'à me compromettre, car vous ne seriez pas avoué. Mille très humbles salutations, et à toute votre maison.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Le 31 Janvier, au départ du Courier.

Sifot qu'il me sera possible j'écrirai à Mylord Neunham. Sa lettre m'a fait le plus grand plaisir. Excusez mon barbouillage, j'écris si à la hâte que je ne sais ce que je dis.

UNE bonne œuvre en amène une autre, et voila, Monsieur, l'honorable emploi que vous avez à remplir. J'apprends que l'interdiction du commerce avec la France réduit le pauvre peuple de Genève à manquer de pain, que les aissés s'y cottisent entre eux pour les aider, et qu'on fait pour cet effet une collecte entre les Genevois qui sont à Londres. Vous m'avez mis en état d'y contribuer sans m'incomoder, par la restitution des droits payés pour mes Livres ; faites de grace la charité toute entière, en faisant remettre cette petite somme à ceux qui sont chargés des deniers de la collecte. J'ignore qui c'est, mais je ne doute pas que M. Dutens ne le sache, ou à son défaut, M. Roustan pasteur de l'Eglise Suisse, Meard's

court, Dean-street, Soho-square, le sait infailliblement. J'ai bien à Londres un mien cousin qui est au fait, mais je n'aime pas qu'il se mêle de mes affaires, parcequ'il veut trop s'en mêler. Je ne saurois vous dire combien je suis touché du sort de cet infortuné peuple qui se voit ôter à la fois son pain et sa liberté.

J'attens avec impatience des nouvelles de votre rétablissement. Pour moi je continue à être si malade de corps et d'âme que je n'ai pu jusqu'à présent écrire la lettre à M. le Duc de Grafton; ce sera, j'espère, pour samedi prochain. J'ai reçu le second paquet, et je vous fais mes remerciemens de l'un et de l'autre. Je voulois plaisanter sur vos envois et sur les provisions qu'ils contiennent mais je ne fus de ma vie moins en train de rire. Mille salutations, tant au nom de M. la Vasseur, qu'au mien, à vos chers enfans, et aux dames de votre maison; permettez aussi qu'elle vous assure de son respect. Vous savez, Monsieur, combien je vous suis acquis.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton le 5 Fev. 1767.

THE PROSPECT, AND OTHER POEMS;

By Edward Moxon. Longman & Co. London, 1826. pp. 124, fcap. 8vo.

WITHIN these few days a small volume, bearing the above title, has appeared; and as the poetry of Mr. MOXON is of a strain not common at this day, in which polished dulness prevails more than freedom of style, we hasten to make our readers acquainted with it. It is dedicated to Mr. Rogers. The author, we understand, is a clerk in the house of his publishers. There is an "Address" prefixed to the volume, pitched in the lowest tone of self-humiliation. Its first words are these, "In ushering forth this unworthy volume," &c.; and a few lines lower he owns himself to be "unlettered, self-taught, ignorant of every language, except his native tongue;" adding, that he is "even imperfect in that." He concludes, that, "should the author have failed in affording an hour of amusement, or a titlle of instruction," he pleads a good intent, and ungallantly proposes to inculcate his Muse. Intention is everything, and Mr. MOXON will please to be assured, that no one can fail to be greatly *amused*, who reads his volume.—Before commencing our analysis, we bid it "God speed" which may be of some use to him: nevertheless, we cannot but admire the boldness of our author in this adventure—knowing, as he must know, the heavy and certain expense of paper and print—for he is no stranger to foolscap. The motto in his title is emphatic, but not well-chosen; it savours of modesty overmuch—"Bear with me," he says, as if he thought himself merely "tolerable, and not to be borne."

The principal poem "The Prospect," thus opens:—

"Farewell! adieu! thou dearest resting-place,
Where soon again I hope my steps to trace;
When wandering thoughts have ceased within my breast,
And weary with the world, I pant for rest—
Borne by the waves athwart the purple sea;
Landed on shores remote, that once could boast
A nobler race than now infests their coast."

The author thereupon climbs, or seems to climb, a high mountain, in what country does not appear,—whether on the near or further side of his “purple sea:” an addition this, by the way, to our ocean of *colour*, and for which, of course, geographers will be grateful. It is time to return to our post on the mountain. “He gazes from its brow,” and discerns a most extraordinary landscape, which we are sorry we cannot enrich our pages with. We quote two lines of it:

“In your smooth path no hills in steepness rise,
Where gilded sunbeams glitter from the skies.”

He then moralizes—(the whole poem is interlaced with moral inferences) remarking, with truth and elegance,

“The mantling smile that would a joy impart,
Is but the glitter of a gilded heart.”

His figures, it will be observed, are like fair gingerbread, highly gilt. A gentleman’s seat arrests his attention, and that naturally leads to a train of reflections on the lamentable decay of hospitality. In “our festive halls” there is no good thing, it is said, and “only laughter hawls.” Yet our author is candid enough to own—having a strict regard to justice—that there are exceptions to this bad state of things.

“Yet some there are! whose bounty rears a smile,
Scattered like gems, upon this happy isle.”

The poet then gets among the fairies, and seemingly by their assistance,—for we cannot tell how he quits the old subject, and passes into a new one,—glads the mind’s eye with another landscape; the features of it being of a softer kind than the mountain scene. It includes points of still and active life: there being a spirited description of country folks and country manners. One particular peasant, besides being no ways disagreeable to his sweetheart, our author makes out to be thus favoured:

“—— Above, the sun salutes him from the sky.”

No one was ever so supernaturally distinguished, since the days of Balaam, who had the honour to be spoken to by his ass.

This part of the poem is rather excursive; yet it contains some fine touches of pathos, besides elaborate descriptions, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself. Mr. Moxon is perfectly conscious that his mind has been playing the vagabond; and in page 16, thus comes to himself:

“Hither! my Muse, and brighter scenes espy,—
See where the guardian sons of Britain lie.”

We find ourselves carried by him into a church somehow; which sacred place is well described, both inside and outside—doctrine and architecture. The churchyard, having always been a sort of coffee-house for poets, is of course not neglected by our author; and he gives several of the epitaphs, none of which are remarkable. The same character by no means applies to the monumental inscriptions in the church; one monument is in memory of a young lady, who, like Mallet’s Margaret, “died before her time.” Here our poet has exerted the whole strength of his genius: it is a crying business indeed. The story is simple enough, her lover, it seems, came to a premature end in a sea-fight: thereupon, (we quote our author) “her cheek grew pale, her tongue refused to talk:” which negation of speech, whatever married men may say, in the case of a young lady, is no joke. She is more interesting to us from being a poetess. We

are favoured with some of her verses : the subject, of course, being " her William." There are twelve stanzas in all : No. 5, relates the horrors of war, and runs thus :

" There's storms, there's battle, the enemy's fire
And cannon the fiercest of any ;
There's wrecks, and death withal to conspire,
Oh ! there are dangers too many."

12.

" Hasten my love, why longer delay ?
I hope and despair for thee ;
Leave the fell wars, and come, come away,
Or die will poor Emily !"

Before William went to the wars, these lovers were blest indeed—in spite of what Mr. Moxon says, namely " William is a fatal name : " for

" Two such lovers ne'er were blest
Formed for one another's rest."
" He died beneath the cannon's *knell*."

As does the next person whose monument is described ; he, too, having been cannonaded off the earth.

" A cannon was HIS death, the field his bier :
His brows with *turf*, instead of laurel bound."

A wreath of this kind is new : but what of that ? It is quite good enough for cannon braving heroes.

Mr. Moxon quits the church and the subject, with this remark : .
" Every tombstone bears a moral law : " a fact that we remit to those antiquaries who affect the study of lapidary inscriptions : let them look to it.

* Here our enchanter shifts his scenery :

" The fading village now I leave behind,
In peaceful slumber soon to be consigned :
The sun has sunk, *soft bedded in yon cloud*."

A beautiful picture of repose, of which the above is the first feature, comes next. The sun, we see, has gone to bed : who had the honour to be his bedmaker does not appear.

" The lover yonder leans across the gate,
Whom love has taught so *patiently* to wait ;
His Kitty comes, scarce treading on the ground,
But darts to where her *anxious* lover's found."

Kitty and her beau go, arm in arm, a walking, where

" 'Mong yonder trees, in evening that arrayed,
The pendant branches *seem for lovers made*."

Such branches are sometimes too handy, and are the cause of much trouble to the coroper. This is an ambiguous passage.

But the lovers show great wisdom in quitting this walk. They go to a place

" Where hills afford a prospect to the eye."

Accommodating hills, indeed, and well worth going any distance to see. Hills in general bound, that is, shut out further view—these afford one : an idea this, which it is not easy to see through.

The author has just shown us a transparent mountain : he now makes us acquainted with one quite the reverse—of a terrific nature :

" In yonder hall the twinkling lights appear ;
From yonder hill the *ebon* night draws near."

The locality of darkness ! no mean discovery.

The moon having "hid her light beneath a cloud," what with that strange doing of her's, and the black looks of the hill, we can see no more; and why should we? for

"*The sun has ceased, no longer can it roam.*"

We have quoted the poem called the "Prospect" largely, as being the most important. We give the winding up—

"Thus far have I pursued my humble theme,
Unlearned, untaught, unworthily I deem,
While others wisely write, correct at ease,
Improve their minds, or study when they please,
'Tis mine to labour, little to incite,
With hardly time to think, much less to write."

"Ambition swells no higher in my soul
Than just to mark the varied seasons roll."

A desire which anybody may gratify at a cheap rate. But he has a further desire, to go

"Where Caledonia lifts her head,
Explore her mountains, 'neath her rocks to hide."

Possibly he is afraid of northern criticism, when he thus calls on the rocks to cover him. He wishes to be

"Where hills and glens in echoing *PEACE* resound;"

but we can assure him, of our own proper knowledge, that no hills or glens, answering to this description, are to be found in Scotland.

"The Prospect" being gone through, we shall make short work with the minor poems. The first is in the form of an epistle to a friend: the subject is the poet himself, and "his muse." This may be considered his apology for writing. He owns he cannot sing like a Byron, or a Scott, although he owns to having "an itch"—a sort of poetical *scabies*—to do so. He, however, solemnly assures us he has "no intentions" to equal Shakspeare. This is right; but we cannot help differing in opinion with him, when he says, that in this volume "there is no imagination."

The next piece was occasioned "by reading Burns' Life and Poems." Burns, he says, was

"A merry thoughtless bard,
Who ne'er before, but *always* looked behind.
They told me, too, that thou hadst follies many,
And rail'd aloud against both kirk and state;
Pray tell me where's the man that has not any?
And then for e'er I'll hold my foolish prate."

"And well might censure have her judgment spared,
And *something* more on the sweet bard bestowed."

This last line is ambiguous; for we cannot make out whether more "judgment" is called for here, or an addition to the Scotch poet's salary as exciseman. Mr. Moxon is really an admirer of the hapless bard, notwithstanding, and reproaches Scotland feelingly and justly with her neglect. She did indeed play the widow's part—cared little for him while he lived, and howled and cried when he died.

The piece which follows, is addressed "To Maria." He thus expresses himself, in stanza 3,

"Though fortune me has cast afar,
Her various paths to run,
To thee, Maria, *be my star*,
I'll look to *see my sun*."

Subsequently appears a proof of Mr. M.'s warm-heartedness, in two tributes to friendship. We give a stanza of one of them.

"Joyed is my soul at the shaking and clasp
Of hands once united and bound;
Oh, how happy in friendship to grasp!
A pity so seldom its found."

We perfectly agree with Mr. Moxon in this last line; but the second looks rather suspicious,—we hope there is not more in it than meets the eye. There is an ugly suggestiveness about it.

The succeeding piece is called forth by "the Death of a Friend," and is, as it should be, very lachrymose.

"Poor Tom! no more on earth thou'lt ever smile,
Or with thy presence cheer the lingering day;
No more the winter's tedious eve beguile,
Or hearken to what'er thy friend might say."

Hercules is said to have borne the globe on his back for a day, and so eased the wearied shoulders of Atlas: and Mr. Moxon's friend, as appears in couplet first, was in the habit of doing duty for the sun—he shone upon the earth, and cheered the otherwise gloomy day. But wherefore does the poet, after this high flight, rein in his Pegasus with so cruel a jerk, and descend so in the last line? Was there ever "greater alacrity in sinking" heard of?

The last piece stamps the author as being what is called "a very pretty poet." It is evidently written with a view to rivaling the celebrated "Song by a Person of Quality," of Swift. This piece contrasts well with the others; inasmuch as we there generally see him in clouds, but he here descends, to sport among flowers. Hear what he says, on having a rose presented to him by a young lady:

"This rose is an emblem of thee—
In beauty, what fairer can be;
In colours, I know not of any,
Except 'tis the blush that I see
Gracing the face of my Fanny."

This is pretty, very pretty.

Our author will see, by the length of our critique, in what estimation we hold him. Our remarks have been more laudatory than otherwise, as he will surely do us the justice to own;—howbeit, we would deal ingenuously, and we therefore say to our readers there are passages,—nay, whole pages,—of very perplexed matter, here and there in the volume. We do not understand, and will therefore neither praise nor censure them, but suspend our judgment till they are explained.

Occasionally, in such places, we think we have him; but in the twinkling of an eye he slips through our fingers, and it is not easy to follow an eel in the mud. We sum up all in one word.—A genuine writer of the bathos, or art of sinking, has appeared among us, who promises to carry poetry to a greater depth than any writer of the present day.

THE DEVIL'S FREAK.*

OLD Nick one night his accustom'd flight,
 Around the earth was taking,
 Through towns, he had been, in many a scene,
 Intent on mischief making.

For a while he delay'd at the masquerade,
 And then whisk'd off in a trice,
 To mingle where, the prodigal heir
 Rattled the wicked dice.

On every sin he gave a look in,
 And grinn'd to see how well,
 In city and town, and up and down,
 Went on the trade of Hell.

Then perch'd on the top of a steeple high,
 He waved his black wings there—
 And now for my country friends, he cried
 As he wing'd the darksome air.

Continued swift the Monarch of Hell,
 Through the dark sky to pass,
 When he heard below the sound of bell
 That rung for midnight mass.

He peer'd about with his glaring eyes,
 When a holy group he spied,
 At the sound of the bell bearing tapers and books,
 To the midnight mass they hied.

Ho! ho! quoth the Devil, and prick'd up his ears,
 Are you coming you godly crew,
 I should like to prevent your pious intent,
 We'll see what the Devil can do.

Thus said old Nick, and his purpose quick,
 To put into practice began,
 Each horn and ear, soon disappear'd,
 As he took the shape of a man.

* Near Máynooth, in Ireland, there stands a circle of grey stones, with one of a singular shape in the centre. The stones, from their size, and the manner in which they are placed, have all the appearance of having been used in former times for a religious purpose. The superstition of the country, however, has traced them to another origin. The old wives tell you that the Devil, one dark night, in a flight through the air, was attracted by the ringing of a bell from a neighbouring church, where midnight service was about being celebrated. The king of mischief, being bent on frolic, and feeling, moreover, a very natural dislike to every species of religious worship, took it into his head to assume the disguise of a piper, in order to decoy by his music, a group of poor sinners who were hastening to their devotions. How well he succeeded will be discovered by a perusal of the poem. The author deems it proper to add that, in selecting such a subject for his muse, he begs leave distinctly to disavow the slightest connection with that school of poetry, which our moral and highly gifted Laureat has termed "the Satanic."

He quench'd the light of his burning eye
 That shone like a flaming rocket,
 And folding up his wings and tail
 He put them in his pocket.

A piper, old, with hoary hair,
 He sat where the group should pass,
 On a little grey stone beside the road,
 That led to the House of Mass.

A most facetious face he wore,
 And a patch'd up coat of blue,
 And he placed a hat just where he sat,
 As public pipers do.

He turn'd in both of his cloven feet,
 As the group was advancing near,
 And filling the pipes he play'd a tune
 That would ravish an angel's ear !

But the pious group, when the piper began,
 Were counting their beads as they went,
 And chaunting of psalms, so heeded they not
 The Devil's instrument.

But when they advanced to where he sat,
 And heard the lively lay,
 They raised their eyes, in much surprise,
 To hear the piper play.

And one stopped short, and another then,
 Till all at last stood still ;
 And bell and pray'r forgotten were
 As they praised the piper's skill.

The Devil he wink'd with his little red eye,
 Rejoicing in the trick ;
 Quoth he, the church is left in the lurch,
 To hear the pipes of Nick.

They capered away to the merry lay,
 And kick'd their books of prayer ;
 And the candles blest that had lighted their path,
 They toss'd into the air.

And the alms they brought at the church to bestow,
 They flung in the piper's hat ;
 And the Devil he grin'd, and with his head,
 He motioned as he sat.

And the Devil he grinned, and with his heels,
 He beat time on the ground ;
 Just then it was that the midnight bell
 For prayer had ceased to sound.

And then it was that the cloven feet
 The group beheld dismay'd,
 And in deep fear full well they knew,
 The Devil it was that play'd.

While the angry thunder peal'd above,
 With deep and awful moan ;
 And a lightning flash, with sudden dash,
 The sinners turu'd to stone !

The piper was left untouch'd—indeed,
 To fire the King of Perdition
 Would have little effect, and Nick would have laugh'd
 At the waste of ammunition.

Then straight he arose from the little grey stone,
 And holding his sides the while,
 He laugh'd a laugh as he look'd at the group,
 Which was heard for many a mile.

Now, bowing to the group of stones,
 Cried he, " Most pious crew,
 Thus cased in stone, your case I own,
 Is very hard—adieu !"

He upwards sprung, and o'er the church
 His wings he flapp'd in air ;
 " Ho, ho !" he cried, " a group's outside,
 That fain would go to prayer."

The Devil's voice it shook the church,
 And nearly split the steeple—
 Crack'd the great bell in the belfry hung,
 And frighten'd all the people !

G. L. A.

THE HORRORS OF SENSIBILITY.

" I am like a thing that never was yet heard of,
 Half merry and half mad ; much like a fellow
 That eats his meat with a good appetite,
 And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country."

MIDDLETON.

HAVING proposed to myself the task of laying before the world a disclosure of some few of those emotions, which circumstances have produced in my heart—a heart too exquisitely framed for the ordinary course of society, I may be allowed, by way of prelude to so delicate a subject, to give a rough etching of myself in my present condition ; for who would feel pleasure in listening to the gossiping voice of an egotist concealed behind a curtain, except, indeed, it were some sweet fascinating female voice, to which imagination might attach a form beautiful as Hebe ; in which case, those of us who have been well schooled in the lessons of the heart, would wish the curtain to remain drawn for ever, and the voice to continue as it began, lest the disclosure should rob the " fancy's sketch" of half—nay, perhaps more than half its lustre ; and what voice, however melodious, would not lose its charm, if instead of being breathed, as we had fondly presumed, from the lips of a sylph, it

were ushered on the ear, through the beard and leathern cheeks of an Hecate !

As my voice, *per se*, can have no claim to the power of fascination, imagination would not make itself busy in giving me a form unduly beautiful, were I to utter my sensations under a cautious disguise ; and therefore I hold it good to draw the following picture of myself, that in the eyes of my readers, it may stand as a frontispiece and companion to what I may disclose, and that they may shake hands and congratulate me as an " old familiar face," when I shall have laid bare my heart before them.

I am a bachelor " on the wrong side of forty," as the phrase of the day hath it ; the cause of which will in due order be explained. I vegetate on a small patrimony amongst the northern hills of this kingdom—a patrimony which has descended in a regular course of succession ; in short I am the fifth of the name who has died, (I say died, because the death of the heart, which is mine, is the most killing death of all) on this spot, that has almost become sacred to our name, by our long enjoyment.

My looking-glass and my memory must assist me in speaking of my outward man, both of which agents I have duly consulted, and find that a series of years, spent as I shall describe, have changed the open-featured, ingenuous, manly-faced boy, to a man with a care-worn, sinister, misanthropic countenance, and a gait feeble and careless, who, instead of walking on the earth, seems almost to walk in it, as if to bury himself, after having followed to the grave a long family of hopes that smiled around him at the onset of his life.

The circumstances which have produced this marvellous change of body, have in a great measure produced a certain eccentric temperament of the mind, which lays me open to the pity of some, and to the scorn of others, as " a thing that never was heard of, half-merry, and half-mad." No wonder, therefore, that my society is confined to my own house—indeed, to my own bosom. I have been told that my housekeeper was, at the time of my birth, a chubby girl of fifteen, taken from a neighbouring workhouse by my mother ; so that she has been my nurse in the earlier part of my life, and has now, for many years, been the only living thing entering my doors. I believe a word has not been exchanged by either of us for these two years past ; and on that occasion she spoke first, because, in a fit of absence, I was about to lay a valuable family bible on the fire, instead of a log of wood, which she had placed ready for consumption ; and she knew if the bible had been destroyed, she would have been suspected of purloining it.

Here I sit by days together at my fireside, and when the milder weather comes, I con over my old choice friend Izaak Walton, prepare my flies and hooks, and sometimes cheered by the old man's prattle, I wile away an hour by the stream, chiefly with the same success I have experienced in some of my earlier fishings in the deeper streams of the world. At other times, when my strength admits of it, I climb some eminence dear to the recollection of early days ; but heart-sickness, and the pang of the past fasten on me, and drive me from scenes and objects which were wont to awaken up all my enthusiasm and joy ; and when I return to my home in these moods, I never fail to cross the church-yard, and there I see flowers growing over the graves of " others of my line," and in the dearth of my heart, almost envy the silent tenants

who lie lapped in so sweet a slumber, coroneted by such wreaths as nature has scattered over their heads;—and nature is the best herald—the crests she raises, and the escutcheons she grants, are not like those which the like great ones purchase of the greater little ones of the earth.

Do I speak too unblushingly of myself, when I say that an excess of that divine particle of our nature—sensitiveness or sensibility—call it what you will, that so many covet, but so few can enjoy, has wrought the effects which I have described? Alas!—sensibility, over-wrought sensibility has been the source of all my affliction, the traces of which I must bear as a badge for the remainder of my days.

Poets have strung their rhymes in praise of sensibility, in hope that, like distant acquaintance, or a courtier on a gala-day, it might be won over by flattery; and they have gone down to their graves without effecting a nearer connexion. I wish I could put my lips to their ears, and tell my story, and they would rise from their repose, and unsing what they had so zealously sung before.

The first instance I can remember of the inroads made on the current of my happiness, by the exquisite weakness of my nature, occurred at a very early period of my life. I was on a visit to an affectionate old aunt in the country, who had made my happiness the hobby-horse, on which she galloped with an incredible celerity: all her fondness was lavished on me, and I loved her as sincerely. She used to indulge me in everything, and I never lacked a constant supply of pocket pence and toys for my childish gratification; and amongst other indulgences, of which she was always contriving a vast number, she used to tickle my palate with all sorts of good things; and thus she contrived to fill my mind with pleasure, and my belly with sugar-plums.

On a certain birth-day of mine, which happened during my visit, I heard my aunt order the cook to prepare for my dinner one of the finest turkies she could find. I had several times before tasted and relished a turkey, without ever for a moment suspecting that my enjoyment had been purchased by the life-blood of the creature, and not at all considering whether or no, it was prepared with the same materials as a custard pudding would be, and certainly never connecting a thought of life or death with it. In the course of the morning of my birth-day, I strayed into the kitchen, and there I saw the cook struggling with, and tying together the legs of a large bird, and presently with a knife, which the unfeeling wench had been sharpening for the purpose, she almost severed the poor creature's head from its body. The blood and my tears both started forth together. I screamed, and insisted on knowing why she treated the poor bird so cruelly, to which she coolly replied, she was killing and intended to roast the turkey for my dinner, according to the orders of my aunt. I had never heard of killing but once before, and that was when my aunt's coachman, David, drove the carriage wheel over her favourite spaniel, and I could not, therefore, comprehend the destruction of another creature for the gratification of my palate; at least, I do not remember to have heard that poor Dash was served up at table, either for the gratification of me or any one else. In vain the unfeeling cook sought to pacify me, and from that moment I always called her in my own mind Rawhead-and-bloody-bones; but I never pronounced it audibly, for my aunt disliked nick-names. I could not endure the sight of the kitchen executioner; I cried till my eyes were swollen, and hugged the lifeless turkey in my arms, till overwhelmed with its blood and my own

sensations, I ran up to my aunt's room to express my sorrows. She was quite alarmed at the state in which I made my appearance, and in great agitation endeavoured to gather what had befallen me. I told her all I had seen, and all I had suffered as well as I could, and reproached her for having been so cruel as to give the cook the orders she had. My sorrows, however, soon sent me into a profound sleep, until I was awakened by my nurse, to be washed and dressed for dinner. The name of dinner shocked me—the bleeding turkey re-appeared to my imagination, flapping its helpless wings, and struggling with the ferocious cook.

As soon as we were seated at table, my aunt proposed helping me to some turkey; but, although I had hitherto loved her dearly, I gave her a reproachful look, and sat sullenly, turning from her. She, good soul, had no idea of what was agitating me, and though a very worthy woman, had never been troubled with any excess of sensibility. She desired me to amend my behaviour, and repeated her invitation to me to partake of the turkey. I resolutely said—no: she then asked me to taste the stuffing, and I innocently asked whether the stuffing had been killed too. This let her into the mystery of my behaviour, and she endeavoured in vain to induce me to eat something else; but no, my mind had embraced the idea, and I could not but suspect that the very tarts and custards must have undergone decapitation as well as the turkey. In short, I ate nothing: my aunt was angry, and for the first time in my life, she called me a wrong-headed, self-willed child, and threatened to send me home to my father. This availed nought, till at length, after two or three days repetition of my conduct, she administered a severe rebuke, and actually ordered David to take me home, with a message that she could do nothing with me, and would not receive me again till I should know how to behave better. This affair well-nigh broke my heart at the time.

When I re-entered home, which I did, in time for dinner—I found immediately before me on my father's table, a—turkey! This added fresh fuel to the flame. I was too young to express all I felt on the subject, and suffered myself to be removed from the table, sobbing and crying as if my heart would have burst. My father and mother wondered of course what could possess the child, and as I was led out of the room, I heard my father say my aunt was in the right, that I was a spoilt child, and he would see what could be done with me. I trembled secretly for the consequences.

Before I went to bed, my father came and told me that my conduct had very much displeased my aunt, as well as himself and my mother. The idea of wilfully displeasing either of them, was dreadful to me. I told my father all the story of the turkey—but he who had eaten turkey every Christmas-day, for twenty years of his life before I was born, could not understand a syllable of what I meant. Hunger soop, however, compelled me to eat something, and when I was firmly convinced that a plum-pudding had never been alive, I was comparatively happy; but I could not overcome my prejudice against the murder of turkeys, or any living thing for the gratification of my palate. In truth, I was instinctively a Pythagorean; and as my prejudice strengthened, my aunt's affection weakened, and the result of all was, that when she died, a codicil to her will was found, by which I discovered that the cutting off of the poor turkey's head was the remote cause of her cutting me off with a shilling, instead of leaving me the bulk of her property, which appeared to have

been her original intention; and against the part of her will in which she had considered me, she wrote with her own hand "the child is a fool, and money will do him all good."

When my aunt died I was a good stout boy, capable of understanding her resentment, but not of removing the cause, even in the face of its effect.

"This was the first distressful stroke that my youth suffered," and many a pang it cost me at that early stage of my sensations. I could find no sympathy, for all my family were strangely devoted to the eating of turkey at Christmas, and to culinary bloodshed in every shape. I alone stood amongst them with pure hands, and when I saw them swallowing down huge morsels of flesh, my mind always recurred to the flapping wings and struggling legs of the unfortunate turkey that brought all my woe; and not to speak it harshly—I believe sometimes in the fulness of my heart, I almost wished that instead of the flesh, the feathers and talons were thrust down their throats.

My next affliction brought with it a double weight of consequences; and when I see the sympathy of my readers a little awake, I will beg them to produce their pocket-handkerchiefs, their smelling bottles and their best attentions, while I seek to wring their hearts, if they be made of penetrable stuff.

G. F.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN IMPARTIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE MERITS OF WINTER,

12th JANUARY.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. He these my theme;
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing.

SOLEMN enough, indeed! for who can help being solemn when his fingers are stiffened, and his teeth involuntarily chattering with cold? But for those heavenly musings the poet speaks of, where they are to be met with in the month of January, Thomson himself only knows. The good man would doubtless have had his readers believe, that his poem was penned under the immediate inspiration of Nature, herself; but do not, oh ye lovers of truth! do not credit one iota of this. Do not suppose for one instant that the muse of Thomson was ever invoked amidst east winds and ruffles. Ah, no! had it indeed been so, he would have been far too much disgusted with his subject ever to have proceeded in it. But the true state of the case I take to be this; the worthy poet sat down properly accoutred in flannel waistcoat and woisted stockings, a fire blazing in his grate, and his warm study defended from every cold air which could intrude to check the flow of his imagination. Here it was that he vapoured about heavenly musings, and I have little doubt that had he put another Christmas log upon the stove, and kept himself awake to trim it, his poem would have been one continued panegyric upon the peculiarities of the season; but happening, good man, to prove a little, he fell asleep,

and waking when his fire was out, and his frame shivering with cold, he forgot his former boasting, and exclaims,—

“The soul of man dies in vain boasting life,
And black with more than melancholy views!”

An observation much more germane to the matter; for surely, of all the strange, unaccountable whims which have ever entered the human mind, there can be none so perverse—so utterly irreconcilable with the dictates of common sense and right reason, as a partiality for winter; and I freely declare, I hold all who profess such a doctrine in utter contempt. For, ah! how gross—how unsusceptible of all that is lovely must be the man who can look on Nature, in all her splendour of full dress—her flowers and her dewy gems, and forbear shuddering as he thinks of the dreary, dreary day, when she shall be stripped of her graceful attire, and appear in all the nakedness of leafless branches and flowerless beds? Or, how shall we think of him who can listen to the concert of sweet sounds, which Summer ever affords, when every tree is an orchestra, and the very skies seem resounding with more than mortal music?—oh, what shall we say of the ear, or the feeling of one who can wish such melody hushed in the drear silence of winter? Can such a being as thus be said to have music in his soul? No, truly—a hurdy-gurdy were too good for him! And does not the immortal Shakspeare, acknowledged to have a perfect insight into the human heart, does he not, in express terms, declare that such a one is fit for no earthly employment, but treasons, stratagems, and spoils! And shall I, or any other honest man, and useful member of society, keep company with such rascally fellows as these? No, as I would have shunned a Fawkes, a Ravailac, a Thistlewood, a plague, pestilence, or famine, so will I ever avoid the cold-hearted lover of winter.

Being myself so confirmed a hater of cold weather, I take an amusement in gathering the opinions of my associates on this point, and examining the various reasons openly alleged, or obliquely glanced at, for this their defence of the Uncomfortable; and then (for I love to be methodical,) I will divide into two classes the sturdy and the sentimental. Under the first head may be ranked those who follow agricultural pursuits, (gentlemen farmers excepted,) sea-faring gentlemen of the old school, and all who, having passed their lives exposed to a variety of climates, are become really hardened and incapable of feeling the inclemencies of winter. To these more than to any other class of human beings will I allow the privilege of praising the cold, for the fact is, they are so completely tough, so weather-proof, and weather beaten, that the rough salutation of Auster and Notus make not one whit more impression on them, than the soft zephyrs of a July noon. But while I tolerate their want of feeling, I must ever avoid coming in collision with such people. They seem to move in a cold, cold atmosphere of their own; it sticks about them, and every movement they make appears to freeze you; and then they talk with such a loud blustering voice, as if they had been conversing with old Æolus himself in one of his crassest moods, and knew not how to accommodate their tone to mortal ears; and all their jokes are coarse and vulgar, like their own sensations; and then they will never shut the doors after them.

The sentimental lovers of Winter, as the name infers, are totally opposite to these—they take a very different, though in my mind a still more

mistaken view of the affair. They are of the amiable race of mankind, persons full of suavity and moral reflections, and who pique themselves much upon their taste for domestic comforts; and when they wish to be particularly charming, they talk about the delights of a long winter's evening, with a blazing fire, and the shutters closed, and the window-curtains drawn, and a cheerful family circle round the hearth; but, good reader, whenever you hear such opinions as these delivered, be sure that he or she who upholds them has a right by custom, primogeniture, or some such tyrannical reason, to a corner seat by the fire-side; aye, and it may be, good easy chair too; for if you will only take the trouble to mark the sentiments of your acquaintances on this subject, you will invariably find, that, however large the family may be (and, by the way, the larger the more certain you will find my rule,) there will never be more than two in it who take upon them to assert this opinion, inasmuch as it is an indisputable point, that there can be but two really comfortable places by any fire-side. And those of the amiable school are the people who will sit all day long in their warm corners, shawled, and coated, and flannelled, till they look like lumps of animated fleecy hosiery; and when the snow is on the ground, and the ice in the gutter, will drive away their poor little sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, to take a "nice walk," eulogizing the cold, starving atmosphere as a charming weather for young people." Observe, that this sort of conversation is much in use, amongst certain gentlemen declining into the vale of years; albeit, the descent be made somewhat against their own inclination; meagre persons, with the scattering of grey hairs, which time has left them, carefully combed over the baldness of age; and these, who, when in youth, would have shrunk from the chilly blast, will now, by way of appearing the hardiest young fellows in the world, discourse mightily upon the invigorating influence of a fine frosty day, and commonly end with catching their deaths of cold by creeping along one of these healthy days, without the addition of a great coat. Then there are some who praise the cold weather more from habit than principle, and are led by the example of others; some because they want to sport a new coat, with a hundred capes; others again, because they are desirous of getting a ducking, or breaking their necks upon the Serpentine; and many for no earthly reason whatsoever but the direction of their own foolish imagination.

And if we inquire impartially into the consequences of this "fine healthy weather," what do we find but rheumatism, sore throats, and complaints on the chest in the elder part of the world; colds and chilblains amongst the younger. Do we meet three people out of four who are able to articulate intelligibly from hoarseness? And are we not continually in danger of having our most serious opinions, and (still more) our best jokes unnoticed, or mistaken, from the temporary deafness of our auditors? All the effect of this "nice healthy weather." I have heard cold weather extolled on this very account, that it brings with it a never-failing source of conversation; for in whatever company you may chance to go, whether old or young, serious or lively, stupid or agreeable, you are sure to have a subject entirely fitted to it, in inquiries after the cold of this person, or the rheumatism of that. And if, said the defender of Winter, the person you address should unluckily be himself free from illness of any sort, yet it can scarcely happen but that he has had some near relation, or dear friend, who has, or has had a prodigious cold, the

symptoms of which will afford you copious materials for conversation. But should even this resource fail you (a thing scarcely credible); should his mother, his father, grandfathers, grandmothers, his nine sisters, his hundred and fifty cousins, be actually in perfect health, better still, as you may then expatiate *ad infinitum*, on their wonderful good luck in escaping the effects of what has been so fatal to all your other friends, whose disorders, by the way, you may briefly touch upon if necessary. But for my own part, I look upon all this in a very different light, and can imagine few things more distressing than the sameness which is thus introduced into conversation; not to mention the everlasting sneezing, coughing, and nose-blowing which assails you wherever you go. I am loth to leave my subject, which is, indeed, most fruitful to one who feels, as I do, the miseries of this most miserable weather, without slightly reflecting on a certain description of persons, whose mode of conducting themselves, in their commerce with others, renders them an intolerable nuisance to people of my disposition. I mean those who, by way of displaying their own sagacity, or, as I sometimes suspect, for the malicious purpose of frightening their neighbours out of their wits, do invariably begin about the end of October, or the commencement of November, to assert that there will be a dreadfully hard winter. This behaviour I positively object to; for, in the first place, it is my humble but decided opinion, that they know nothing at all about the matter; and in the next, I must take leave to observe, that if, by any unnecessary remarks upon the atmosphere, they should happen to have acquired an inkling of future suffering in the frost line, in the name of humanity let them keep their knowledge to themselves, and leave the uninformed to revel in happy blindness. "If ignorance be bliss, is it not folly to be wise?" I have the misfortune to number many of these soothsayers amongst my acquaintance,—friends I will not call them, for nothing friendly ever came in the person of a prophetic of frosts. Some of them shape their dark sayings by the conduct of the birds of passage, from whose number and time of appearance they will make calculations sufficient to freeze you to the very marrow. Woe to you if you have a sportsman among your associates; for he will talk as though he were grand minister to the snipes, and deep in the cabinet councils of quails and woodcocks: long ere a beak, or so much as the tip of a tail, has been discovered by any other human being, he will bring you intelligence of the shoals he has seen of these messengers of evil. But this mode of judging is so evidently a remnant of the ancient Roman superstition, that I invariably turn a deaf ear to it; besides, I have heard the same story for the last twenty years, and the greater the number of birds so much the milder has been the subsequent weather.

Then there are other prognosticators, who go on a totally different scent, and foretell, not by the evolutions of the inhabitants of the air, but by the productions of the earth. They take Nature for their guide, and prophecy mighty frosts from the number of hips and haws that are to be found on the hedges; and thus the gay berries, which were wont to delight the eyes of the ignorant, are made a bugbear and a fatal warning of dreadful things to come. But an experience of their fallacy has made me reckless of their signs. I laugh at the birds, and scoff at the berries. This Winter, however, I have been assailed by a most formidable prophecy; for, not content with retailing their own observations, one or

two of these unfledged ravens have taken the field of terror under the broad buckler of a scientific name, and have given forth their predictions as those of one of the first chemists of the day, who they assert to have foretold, by calculations and deductions, all the more terrible to their auditors, as the second-hand retailers of the news are unable to repeat them; that this winter is to prove one of the most severe ever known in England. Triumphant I reminded them, as the season advanced, that Winter was half over, and yet he had not appeared in his ugliest form. True, they replied, but we were not to experience the inclemency of the season till the departure of Christmas; then, say they, we shall begin to pile the hearth with the hoarded log, and the blood will stagnate, till the skin, losing all human semblance, shall rise in hideous puckers, like unto the flesh of geese fifty years advanced in life, and it breaks and divides into deep furrows of pain and agony. Then shall Thames once more become a harmless monster, with fairs and bonfires on his back, rolling his sullen waters beneath a stiff canopy of rebellious ice; thus, by deferring the execution of this sad sentence, do they secure to themselves a long reign of soaking, and by quoting the observations of Sir H. — D —, instead of those contained in the venerable pages of Moore's *Almanack*, escape all chance of being contradicted.

Alas! their prophecy is, I fear me, on the very point of fulfilment—a new moon and a hard frost have entered, cheek by jowl; and even now its cold crescent is glimmering o'er whitened house tops, and kennels rugged with ice. The sight has chilled my fingers—the pen trembles within my grasp—a cold shiver has seized me—it steals through every vein—I feel it gradually wrapping me round like a wet blanket, till it settles finally on the tip of my devoted nose. I dare not longer meditate on our approaching miseries, and can only add this final exclamation, “Would that I were a dormouse!”

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.—A REJECTED NEWDIGATE.

“Stiff, o’ my conscience.”—SHAKESPEARE.

SOME years ago, when beaux wore periwigs and ladies their own hair, when poetry and Pope were all the rage, one Roger Newdigate took upon him—as the sailors laconically express it—to kick the bucket; and, doubtless, meaning well, bequeathed thirty pounds annually to be paid to that under graduate of the University, at Oxford, who shall produce the best poem on any subject proposed by the Vice Chancellor, provided that poem contained no more nor less than fifty lines. All this was very well. Divers young gentlemen immediately commenced rhyme tagging,—and those who scribbled verses to the best purpose, have to this day the extreme pleasure of reading their own wit, published collectively with those of the other successful candidates for the Newdigate honours. It is well known that the Professor of Poetry has the looking-over of all the verses

that are sent in, and, having selected the best, one of which is chosen, the author reads it in the schools—all this is equally proper and correct. But in this versifying age, young gentlemen grow fractious, and will not abide by the choice of the Professor; the consequence of which kicking against the prick is, that, placing too much reliance on the superiority of their own muse, they publish their rejected poem, that the world may be enabled to judge *impartially*—as they call it—at the same time that they show their dudgeon at the losing of the thirty pounds. Under some such circumstances was the poem, of which we have to speak, produced; and which, but that we know the vanity of the author, we should not have noticed.

In the year 1825, a *Magdalen* gentleman contrived to tack together a lot of thoughts belonging to our established poets, and thereby gained the prize. As soon as it was known who had been the lucky man, a gentleman of Pembroke, a tall, thin-jawed, spectacle-nosed individual, who endeavours to look like a Guy in the hope of being taken for a literary character—took upon him to dispute the prizeman's pretensions, by publishing his Newdigate. Now the opposition Newdigate is one of the funniest chimes we ever remember to have read, and we use the latter phrase because it really does resemble the verses that the bellman usually produces at Christmas. How a man without the least knowledge of poetry—though we know he plays the fiddle right well, and we have heard that music and poetry are twin sisters, which we did not discredit until now—could be silly enough to publish, in opposition to a poem containing the best selection from our standard authors, we cannot imagine, unless he be the pertest cockcomb living. Henry Fain Tempest should be his future name—for what can be more adapted to so stormily vain a creature as the author of this doggrel. There is but one instance in which the man has shown his sense, and that is, in getting one Trash to publish his nonsense. We believe he has much dealing with Trash, which, had he not previously fleshed his maiden pen, one would have thought from the present. We do not know what sort of fun the other rejected Newdigates consisted of, but, if we are to suppose this was the best, which is likely, since no one stands forth against the lantern-jawed Pembrochian, we can only lift up our hands and exclaim, Alas! for Oxford. And has it come to this—but vanity in some men is invincible, and we might as well endeavour to cut stone with a razor as to convince this gentleman that he is not a poet, or, indeed, anything else, that he takes it into his head to imagine himself. Some write for glory or fame, and the Newdigate folks for thirty pounds; but however the author might have been swayed by the latter, we are sure he could not write for the former, since we well know it is not in his breeches—he will understand this phrase. The only reason we can assign for this strange conduct is that, the young gentleman is going to be married, and perhaps wished to exhibit this instance of precocious talent to her who rules his thoughts by night and day. We understand it is quite a match of pure affection, and the lady is an amiable farmer's daughter, who will doubtless make a "gude huswife;" besides it is pleasant to have a person who will be bored with our nonsense, and thinking it an instance of our talent, love us the better. But we have nought to do with affairs of private life, we will to the poem.

We shall content ourselves with extracting the first eight lines as a spe-

cimen, and, having selected a few others from the muddle as the most genuine, conclude. The poem opens

*In ancient Greece, to sing the Muses chose
Immortal Homer,—and he quickly rose,
And sang in beauty's cause,—how warring hosts
Of Gods and heroes mixt on Phrygia's coasts.
As humble poet now entreats their ears,
And of this liberal bounty claims a share,
My theme is not like his, Achilles' rage,
A palid subject does my pen engage.*

This is all very clever for a beginning, and leads us to "sacred nine," "Thames to Ganges shore," "thoughts rich with celestial fire," in which wish he (the author) had burnt his fingers, or singed the wings of his muse. We shall give another extract which we really believe—for we are willing to make all allowances—was intended for the bellman's verses :

*Borne on the wings of inspiration's pow'r,
Though language fail me, and though fortune lour,
Yet will I try to give this theme full scope,
And for your kind indulgence may I hope ?
Although I may be wreck'd on merit's sea,
Yet will I venture forth on merit's plea.*

This is truly laughable ; a man without the least capacity talking of writing on "merit's plea."—Droll ! exceedingly droll ! Rejected Newdigate's and Bellman's verses—Mention it not within the sound of Tom, lest the fellow gown should duck this man, as his impertinent vanity deserves, for boring them with his nonsense, for disgracing the talent for poetry, which, it was supposed, the children of Alma Mater possessed. We hope to see him served up next Christmas, at Queen's, in mistake for the Bore's head. There is one line, though, that is prettily descriptive of the belfry.—

The vaulted roof that rings with hymns of praise.

We shall conclude ; we understand the gentleman is seeking for notoriety, and he has obtained it, as far as the watchman's address, and the conundrums on the paper in which your tobacco is wrapped, are supposed to be the works of his brain, and really they are worthy of such a genius.

S.

ON NEWTON'S ADMIRABLE PAINTING OF THE DULL LECTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

*Frostie age, frostie age !
Vaine all your learning ;
Browie page, drowsie page,
Ever more turning ;
Yonge heads no lore will heede,
Yonge harte's a recklesse rover,
Yonge beantie while you reade,
Sleeping, dreames of absent lover.*

RULES FOR THE REGULATION OF THE NEW LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THAT a college shall be erected in as silent a corner as possible, because we mean to make no noise in the world, and that Mrs. Fry be selected to choose a quiet corner. We would recommend the neighbourhood of the Quakers' Meeting House.

That as cleanliness is highly commendable in the appearance of youth, we will appoint Mrs. Fry to see that each boy has his face washed regularly every morning.

As it will be proper for the College to start with some clever youths, it is our intention to select from the London charity schools every boy that has obtained a pewter medal, as a reward of merit.

That poetry and music being nearly allied, a Scotch poet be allowed to lecture in both, but not to read his own works—this will be a great saving, as a muse from that quarter will be found naturally expert at the fiddle.

That no professor, or any other holding official power, be entitled to the wearing of gowns, lest they be taken for old women.

That Mr. Martin be engaged to lecture in literis *Humanioribus*. That an eminent counsellor shall teach those gentlemen going into either the army or navy the art of bullying. That Alderman Curtus shall instruct in punning, and, as boxing is now in great vogue, the modern Castor and Pol-lux, White-headed Bob and Joseph Hayne, be appointed to give lessons in that art.

That Pierce Egan shall give instructions in the fashionable language, termed "slang," and that Lord John Russell be appointed Professor in Elocution, to all those whose desire it is to attain the art of speaking at taverns. By employing all these learned men we shall have a bang-up concern.

That, as discipline must be observed throughout, any boy infringing any of our laws, or acting idly, shall, on a day appointed, be publicly whipped by Alderman Birch, whom we will appoint castigator general to the London University.

* The following gentlemen it is said have been appointed Lecturers in the different departments.

Police of London Assurance—Mr. Cobbold, Esq.

Surgical Practice in Private—Rev. W. B. Collyer, D.D. F.A.S. &c.

Disquisitions on the "Golden Calf"—Mr. Wood, Esq. Ald. and M.P.

Geography of "Cape Horn"—Edmund Keen, Esq.

Optics—Rev. Edward Irving, M.A.

Law of Contracts—Rev. Alexander Fletcher, who was to have married Miss Dick.

"Land of Promise"—Sir G. McGregor, Comptroller of Foyals.

The art of turning young barbers into wigs—Mr. Money.

Any further appointments will be duly noticed.

IRISH BAR.

NORTH EAST CIRCUIT.

IN most countries, the inhabitants of their several districts or provinces are distinguished by different shades of national character. An *hanteur* is said to distinguish the natives of Castile from the inhabitants of the other provinces of Spain; and boasting is so generally ascribed as the characteristic of the natives of Gascony, in France, that when Englishmen speak of an hyperbolical boast, they term it a gasconade.

Ireland exhibits an instance of provincial peculiarity. The inhabitants of the northern province (Ulster) are generally wanting in the warmth of feeling, and readiness of expression, which are acknowledged traits of the national character.

They are much given to boast of their superiority in mental culture over the other portions of their countrymen.

That those provincials have no reason for their boast, and would be more prudent in silence on the subject, may be inferred from observing, that of the men of Ireland, who have distinguished themselves and their country during the last century—Boyle and Killyan in science; Swift, Goldsmith, and Parnell, in poetry; Burke, Flood, Grattan, Curran, and Sheridan, in eloquence—not a single name belongs to Ulster. A few names may be gleaned up in a century or two; but, wanting the enthusiasm of genius, we soon discover the province of their nativity.

I have indulged in this introduction, for the better elucidation of my subject. The members of the North East Bar possess the provincial characteristics, and if there be any of that bar, who are not natives of Ulster (of which I am not assured), they have brought with them a similarity of disposition, or they have acquired it by intercourse.

It is not my intention, nor have I any pretension to express an opinion on those gentlemen as lawyers. With their legal acquirements I have nothing to do. Coke and Lyttleton are strangers to me. My only object is to sketch the professional manner, the tone and spirit, which an auditor can perceive, who has attended at the Courts of Law.

With this explanation, I may proceed to state my opinion, that the members of the Irish Bar, of the North East Circuit, are generally common-place men. There was, indeed, one eminent individual (Mr. O'Hanlon), who may be said to have rescued that bar from the mediocrity of talent with which candour obliges me to characterize it. But he is now retired from the circuit. On every other circuit in Ireland, there are some few, at least, who travel out of the wake of the multitude—men of original views, or of a bold and decided character. But it is the peculiar characteristic of the North East Bar, that it presents no such individual for emulation. There is not a member of it individually that would furnish a worthy subject for description; so fill up the paper, they must be taken in the gross.

I shall, perhaps, shock many a sensitive mind by this sweeping censure, and the members of the North East Bar, may be brought out to confront me. But I care not; I will not unsay a word, unless Mr. Solicitor-General Joy be brought to head the phalanx. Shall I be told of the tact of Mr. Holmes, and of Mr. Scriven's cross-examining powers? Mr. Holmes states a case as a respectable country gentleman would address a

meeting—a neatness of expression, a sly but not powerful humour, a clearness of detail, is all that he has pretension to.

Mr. Scriven's practice on circuit is principally in the Crown Court, and the highest tribute that I can offer to his talents is, that the prisoners (generally shrewd and competent critics) feel considerably relieved from anxiety when secure of his advocacy. His experience has given him a facility in cross-examination; his disposition active, dry, and inquisitive, originally fitted him for it; yet, I think, his reputation, which is full as high as his merit, is not a little owing to a bullying tone that never lowers a key—a physiognomy hard and *unique*, which, when embellished with a smile, as is not unfrequently the case, is not a whit more captivating. These things may be considered trivial by many. They will have little or no effect on a practised witness; but upon the number of bashful maidens and country boobies, who, perhaps, once in their lives, attend a Court of Assize, this tone and physiognomy, during the ordeal of a cross-examination, has a powerful effect. Mr. Scriven possesses what a great many barristers lack, to their disadvantage, a knowledge of the vocabulary of the vulgar. He is quite familiar with them, and this familiarity is often the high road to their confidence. Yet with these talents and dispositions, I think, in great and difficult cases (though I have not observed them in any), that he would be deficient.

It may be expected that, out of courtesy, if not of right, that I should pay my devoirs to each member of this bar; but the juvenile gentlemen, I trust, will excuse me, if, instead of setting down mere surmises of qualifications or defects, I am content to look forward to their future exhibitions of good taste, and, what is far more important in their profession, good spirit. There are, however, other members at this bar, to whom this apology will not apply. Bell, Blacker, Perrin, and Gilmer, are names known to the public through the circuit intelligence. The flippant manner of Mr. Bell forms a contrast to the sombre cast of Mr. Blacker. The former gentleman now takes the lead in Crown prosecutions on this circuit.

Mr. Perrin has an undecided mode of addressing the Court. There is no confidence in his manner. Without being servile, he has too little of professional dignity, and he seems not to know that the Court can be addressed with firmness, and, at the same time, with respect. Mr. Gilmer far outstrips Mr. Perrin in gentle diffidence; he is one of the most unassuming barristers I ever cast my eyes on; his tone is so gentle, and his manners so suppliant, that one who did not attend to the subject might suppose his suit was addressed to a Court of Mercy, not of Law.

That the members of the North East Bar are expert and thorough-going in the ordinary professional routine, I do not deny. It seems to me, however, that in the discharge of the ordinary business of the bar, there is not evinced any liberality of views or extent of understanding.

It may be easily perceived of what kind is my estimate of the North East Bar. Two or three of them, in particular lines, scarcely above mediocrity—none of them of distinguished talent—men, who had they not been known as the members of a profession, would have mixed with the multitude of ordinary minds—who, had they studied Cocker instead of Coke, lent their exertions in the counting-house instead of the bar, the public would not have suffered extremely by the difference of studies and pursuits.

J. F.

UNIVERSAL REFORM.

A VISION.

"Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse."

"A blessing," says honest Sancho, "upon him, who first invented sleep;" to which I add, "and may he be doubly blessed who first invented dreaming," for among those privileges which authors have enjoyed from time immemorial, that of dreaming with their eyes open, is not the least valuable; and accordingly they have not been backward in availing themselves of it. It were easy to expatiate on the pleasantness of this species of second sight. Dreaming, at least dreaming to any purpose, is a gift bestowed only on such visionaries as myself. Whether, however, my present vision be or be not a "Vision of Judgment," the reader must determine upon perusal.

I was, a few evenings ago, conversing with my friend Dick Buckram on some of those follies and extravagancies which writers have declaimed against in almost every age, as if, quite regardless of posterity, they would utterly extirpate all those shades that impart such a relief and brilliancy to the picture of human life, and without which it would be as insipid as a Chinese painting, or as monotonous as the twang of a Jew's-harp. I even ventured to say, that even reform might be carried too far—that is, supposing every species of proposed reform to take place, and society become as regular as a piece of clock-work, and as formal and unpicturesque as one of Mr. Owen's patent villages, in which everything is to be precisely as it should be. "Have you no pity," asked I, "for novelists and dramatists; since it is evident, unless they would write such tea-table hum-drum as Mr. Plautre, or deal in events and persons for which they could find no prototypes in the world around them, their vocation would be altogether at an end. And I fear that even many very good kind of people, who are themselves "quite correct," would find their tea-table deprived of its most piquant relish, were it not for those public spirited individuals, who, regardless of their own reputations, show themselves off for the amusement of their neighbours, and generously provide, at their own expense, title-tattle for a whole kingdom, and so prevent thousands from lying of ennui. Surely persons thus crippled in character, which they have lost in promoting the innocent relaxation of their fellow-subjects, are as much deserving of a pension as the veteran who has lost a limb. But the world is an ungrateful world, and as short-sighted as ungrateful; never reflecting how dull it would be without such disinterested characters, who are content, so that the world do but laugh, that it should laugh at them.

When Buckram left me I fell into a deep reverie, and after some time found myself—having first lost myself in my own thoughts—walking along Cheapside, or rather what bore some local similitude to that noted thoroughfare of this huge and daily extending metropolis; for baling the identity of situation, and a certain general resemblance in some of the surrounding buildings, almost every other object was so different from what I had been accustomed to behold there, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I recognised the places; every one was walking so demurely

and sedately, and with a manner so totally different from anything I had before witnessed. I met not a single individual whose important air rather than his dress, announced him to be a warm, monied man; no one who seemed abstracted in profound cogitations as to the probable rise or fall of the funds; no one hurrying along as if on an errand of life or death; no loungers; no swaggering dandies promouing a new cut, as a placard-bearer does a bill; no ladies shopping or bargain-hunting. Indeed, in this universal metamorphosis of things, the shops themselves had not undergone the least change; for the windows no longer presented that display of tempting luxuries which was wont to bid defiance to the precept of "Thou shalt not covet." There were none of those gauds that first attract our eyes, and then extract our purses. Witney blankets hung modestly where cashmeres once floated in, all their pomp, and dealers in artificial flowers had been expelled by dealers in cauliflower. Another circumstance that forcibly struck me was, the complete absence of that display of moral literature, which, exhibiting all the various tints of a painter's palette, and characters of all forms and dimensions, used to announce some important scheme, some wonderful discovery, some portentous occurrence; or to point out some of those wants which seem to afflict the inhabitants of great cities more than any other set of people in the world. Those mute yet eloquent heralds had all disappeared. No longer did *hexameter* letters—letters rivalling in stature the individuals of whose renown they served as monuments—picture the illustrious names of Warren, Hunt, and Eady, of whom it may be literally said that the very stones and walls prate of their "whereabout." Neither did I meet with any of those generous persons who formerly were appointed to provide us so liberally with convenient pieces of printed paper—unpaid for and unasked. Even theatrical placards, bearing the promise of some most interesting intelligence to the lovers of the drama, such as a robbery at a theatre, a matrimonial *fracas* between an actress and her *caro sposo*, or some matter equally relevant, were no longer to be seen.

While deeply cogitating on what these extraordinary changes might portend, and by what they were occasioned, I was suddenly accosted by Buckram himself.

"You may well stare with astonishment," exclaimed he, "times are strangely altered, indeed, since I saw you last. The age of universal reform has, as you perceive, metamorphosed everything. I am ready to confess, now, that you were not so very wrong; but little did I imagine, when I used to declaim so heartily against the follies of the time, that a reformation such as this would ever take place."

"What," returned I, in a tone of incredulity, "and is the world then actually become moral and wise?"

"Aye, such is indeed the melancholy truth. Well may you seem surprised to hear me speak thus of an event of which I at one time, when I considered it almost impracticable, used to speak with such enthusiasm. A world guided in everything by mere common sense—a world without contradiction, hypocrisy, and humbug, once seemed to me a beautiful chimera—to be candid, as a fine subject for my rhetoric."

"Then you really mean to say that the world is actually reformed, the changes I perceive are the fruits of that reformation?"

"Indeed they are, and yet but a very small sample of them. To say the truth, my dear fellow, I am ruined—Othello's occupation's gone.

People are all so moral that they have no more occasion for moralists than persons in sound health for a physician. We no longer live, as formerly, in a dear, delightful, mischievous, naughty, provoking world, where we might always find food for our spleen, and always had something either to laugh or to cry at. Life now proceeds with the regularity of a machine; and men's minds move with the precision of pendulums. For those ups and downs of life, those chequered lights and shadows that were wont to form so agreeable a picture for a by-stander, we have now one plain, uniform, smooth surface, as unromantic as a Macadamized turnpike. Our moral march is become like that of well-trained soldiers, never turning either to the right or to the left. Formerly, indeed, it was a scurvy world, but its errors were entertaining and amusing. All now is one dead calm, and then who cares for a pilot?"

"But has this reform pervaded every walk of life—each department of human affairs?"

"All, all, oddly as it may sound; even literature itself seems paralysed. People no longer care for that which once gave such an impulse to book-writing and bookselling. They now read only for improvement and information; they value books according to their contents, and not from extrinsic circumstances. The day has been, as you and I well know, when vehemently praising one party, and casting unmerciful obloquy upon another—when by affectation and extravagance, by attacking characters, and by flattering the passions and prejudices of the public, a writer might gain a pretty popularity. But the public are now become so conscientious that they reject all humbug and cant—and so charitable that they will countenance no scandal. Once, indeed, the surest way to insure the sale of a work was to cry it down as being not fit to read, for then every one either borrowed or bought it. That is the case no longer. Neither do people now read to confirm their prejudices, or stimulate their passions. And our ladies would as soon indulge in downright drain-drinking as seek a morbid excitement in sentimental novels; for even sentiment is out of date."

"Well, that is strange! But pray, in this mightily precise world, is cant, too, exploded? I presume there is enough of that."

"There you are mistaken; it is now absolutely unknown. Cant never flourishes better than in an immoral age; for there is a certain reaction between profligacy and hypocrisy. In such times, it is easy to act the censor, and to talk about morality in a dogmatic tone; and equally so to apply the invidious term cant to any indication of a regard for the dictates of morality, and to a wish to act conformably to the duties of religion. Then any attempt to check the prevalent laxity of practice is stigmatized by that odious epithet. But where morality is something more than a mere form of words, cant is unknown."

"If such be the case, and both cant and scandal be banished from conversation and literature, many hitherto fruitful topics must be proscribed. But how is it with the periodical press?"

"There you touch me: we have still, I believe, one of two hum-drum journals, devoted to subjects of science, natural philosophy, and such mere dull matter-of-fact, but where is that rich and variegated banquet, once so abundantly provided for every palate, quarterly, monthly, hebdomadally, or daily? Where those caustic, pregnant, articles, that reciprocal abuse of hostile parties—that fine torrent of invective and re-

crimination that once distinguished this species of literature? Where those severe personalities by which some victim was baited for the amusement of the "generous" public? How delightful, too, was that diversity of topics which usually distinguished those productions—where creeds and cookery were treated as subjects of equally vital importance, and where a long-winded and straight-laced article on abstruse points of faith was succeeded by a latitudinarian one on matters of practice. How refreshing to amuse one's-self with a vastly vituperative diatribe on either the *ins* or the *outs*, after a prosy discourse on the duty of Christian charity. How elevating the pious orthodoxy, the personal satire, and the rich scandalous anecdote of one journal!—how liberal and *facets* the *trades* against whigs and cockneys in another—and how was our moral feeling exalted and warmed by the ambrosian compositions of Christopher North and his compeers. But such literature could no more exist in the present order of things than a rat could live in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. Passions, prejudices, and follies are the atmosphere essential to its vitality; and the greater the discrepancy between practice and principles, the greater the contradiction and contention between opposite opinions, the better does it thrive. In the age of common sense all men are agreed—their principles and duties are few and obvious, what then is left them to dismiss? So long, indeed, as the progress of reformation is going on, we view its advances with complacency; but when the work is accomplished we are pretty much in the condition of a man to whom the building a house, or laying out a garden has been a favourite hobby; his plans completed, he finds he has nothing farther to do, but to *ennui* himself in the midst of all the comforts and conveniences he has been contriving. So is it now with us; we have no longer any party to oppose, any measures to censure, any follies to smile at, or opinions to attack. "That is hard, indeed,

"No shade, all sun, insufferably bright."

"I dare hardly venture to enquire what has been the fate of newspapers. The whole race, I presume, is utterly extinct?"

"Nor left a wreck behind," except a few copies that are preserved in the British Museum. For a kind of official gazette, published monthly in four octavo pages, deserves not to be named in the same breath with the myriads that once took their flight daily through the whole kingdom. Newspapers, indeed! you might as well ask whether Robinson Crusoe met with any in his desert island. How should they possibly be filled? All the world is in peace; even Ireland is in a state of the utmost harmony and repose. Spain and Portugal are become enlightened and tolerant, and have exchanged their ultra devotion for reason and morality. Nations are become wise; their feuds and jealousies have ceased, and the age of war and of heroes is almost forgotten, or remembered only when we wonder that such things could ever have been. Then, too, as far as concerns domestic events; we have no longer dashing swindlers, schemes, bubbles, loans, projectors—no gambling-houses—no actions for *tr. con.*—no breach of promise of marriage—no game law—no private scandal—no police reports, or affairs of honour and gallantry."

"Then, of course, you can have no newspapers."

"Very true, for people do not think it necessary to advertise their own private affairs, and puff off their own dinners and parties, and their own charitable doings to all the rest of the world."

"But the theatres, are they still in existence?"

"There are still some remains of that diversion; and in order to give you some idea of the public taste, I will take you this very evening, if you please, to see Samson Agonistes performed, which is one of the most favourite pieces with the town."

"And is it possible that an audience can sit to hear it?"

"Aye, and you will hear, too, our critics discuss minutely the beauties of the poetry, the nobleness of the thoughts, and the vigour of the diction."

"Yet, surely, all your dramas are not of this stamp—pray, have you no afterpieces?"

"No, they have long been exploded as irrational and barbarous, and tending to disturb and efface the impression made by the principal piece. It is pretended that a farce, immediately after a tragedy, can be relished only by that taste which, after gazing on a picture of Raphael, could instantly turn to a caricature. Oh! I can assure you, late, now-a-days, is not so versatile and comprehensive as it has been."

"Then you have no dancers. I do not enquire after the opera, that of course could not be tolerated by so discreet and moral an age as I find that is in which we now live. And indeed, to say the truth, I used to wonder how an Englishwoman could contrive, with any tolerable decency, to witness the exhibition of a ballet, an exhibition but one degree above the grossness of the Roman Floralia."

"Faith, it was strange; but we know that people of *virtù* will endure a good deal that would absolutely scandalize much more vulgar persons. Refinement is sometimes a very strange and perplexing thing."

"Well, your drama seems to be in a most extraordinary way. 'Your actors, I hope, keep pace with the rest of the world.'"

"They do so: formerly an actor of moral character was looked upon—somewhat oddly enough, seeing that the stage was cried up as the school of morality—as an absolute prodigy, a phoenix, a *rara avis*. Now, even if they are guilty of any indiscretions, they keep them to themselves. Besides, people no longer consider actors the high, mighty, and important personages they once did. Why, I can remember the time when you could not take up a newspaper without meeting with a paragraph to inform you that Mr. —, of Covent-garden, was going out of town for a few days, or that Mr. —, of Drury-lane, was returned from a tour, as if the private affairs of such individuals were of as much importance to the public as those of royalty itself. No, no; even if they retain their follies, the world is grown too wise either to pry into, or attach any interest to them."

"This is '*tempora mutantur*' in good earnest. 'Pray, Buckram, in this sober world, is there such a thing to be found as a caricature?'"

"Yes, in the British Museum there is a volume or two of such things, for a few incorrigible virtuosi, who are startled at no grossness so that it be curious, just as your dilettanti used to contemplate with complacent *sans froid* certain antiques from Pompeii that would have scandalized the uninitiated. But with this single exception, no one takes any pleasure in that kind of things: men rather wonder that people, professing to laugh at and correct the failings and foibles of others, should have adopted a mode so obviously opposite to the end proposed, and so gratifying to malignity, that the satire fell as heavily on those who encouraged it, as on the immediate objects of it."

"Why, I must confess, that to a caricaturist a personal peculiarity is tantamount to a vice; and a man is as apt to incur his satire, such as it is, by being too virtuous as by being a notorious profligate. Then, for his gallantry—not all the malevolence of the most determined woman-later can be often so bitter, or half so disgusting. I must confess that it was surprising how we could so long affect to tax other nations with indelicacy, when the most grossly indecent drawings were exhibited in the windows of our shops. But, pray, how stands it with the fashionable world?"

"We have no fashionable world at all."

"O, ye Goths!—what no fashionable world?"

"Even so; we have now only plain, rational people, who are content to be thought of the same species with their neighbours. There are no persons who think that their foibles and their weaknesses entitle them to be considered as something superior to the common race of mortals—or who consider running in debt a proof of their gentility. Our morals are pure, although our language is not over refined; and we should absolutely shock the ears of quondam good breeding by the plain-spoken names we should affix to 'delicate arrangements,' 'lunsons,' and other affairs of that sort."

"I do not enquire whether you have horse-races, effeminate dandies, sentimental comets, and dashing fellows of spirit, without principle—leaders of ton without character—amiable *roués*, and men equally qualified to grace the drawing-room or the bar of the Old Bailey. Such monstrous anomalies you certainly cannot have: still you must have something, I presume, beyond your firmness and superabundant good morals."

"We have patriotism without party, religion without hypocrisy, and rational enquiry without infidelity. We have very few doctors, but very excellent health; very few fine shops, as you perceive, but no bankrupts; no pawnbrokers, but no workhouses; no gin-drinkers, but no paupers. We make no discoveries in cookery, we have no professors in wines; we do not reckon dancing among the sciences, nor face-painting among the fine arts. We are so ignorant that we know not how to say rude things with grace, or utter an insulting, malicious remark with a smile. But we are very plain, very sincere, very good-natured, very charitable, very moral, and—prodigiously dull."

"That I can conceive; and I really think that, in such circumstances, an earthquake would prove an agreeable relief to one's nerves. In the midst, however, of this reform, have you any lawyers? How fares it with the gentlemen of the long robe?—all starved to death, I warrant, long ago: and Chancery is—"

"Chancery is—"

"The devil!" exclaimed I; for at that instant a noise in the adjoining room roused me from my trance, and effectually dispersed my Utopian vision. My eye glanced on a newspaper on the table, I was actually delighted at reading an advertisement commencing, "Ever anxious to prevent imposition." "This is really consolatory," cried I, for now I knew that I am still in that amusing world, where humbug provides for us constant entertainment—a world where a satirist may still find game, and where a moralist is not an absolute superfluity.

VILLAGE LAWYERS AND LAWLESS VILLAGERS.

A SKETCH OF AMERICAN LIFE.

A WANDERER from my youth, a diligent, if not sagacious observer of human nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of the sublime creations of the Deity, I have travelled far, and seen much to delight, and more to grieve my heart, through a succession of eventful years. An afflictive deprivation, which nothing could teach me to forget, threw such a gloom on the home of my childhood, and the scenery of my birth-place, the image of the lost being associated with every sight and sound, that I soon left far behind me the scenes of my earliest pleasures and most agonizing woes. No longer afflicted by the hourly recurrence of my loss, amid the ever changeable beauties of nature, my mind regained its healthful tone, and became as tranquilly pensive, as the melancholy gloom of an autumnal eve. Soothed by the music that comes from heaven to inspire consolation to the sorrowing, my heart still dwelt on happier days; but without the bitterness of repining, as the rainbow arches the blue heavens when the outskirts of the tempest yet hang upon the dusky horizon. But I could never abide long in a settled residence; an impatient restlessness, an eager panting after indefinite excitement, impelled me on from one scene to another, and showed but too distinctly that grief may be repressed and hidden, but seldom subdued and healed. The quivering chords of the heart may be held motionless by superior moral power, but they will recoil from the lightest touch, and thrill again with their first agony. Already, I had entered the great treasure-house of antiquity and returned, awed by silent communion with the venerable forms of the great, and steadfast contemplation of their imperishable works. I had gazed on the ancient system of things, until dilapidated towns, and moss-grown ruins, and monuments of the times gone by, ceased to attract and enchant the spirit which under novel impressions, revelled in their melancholy glories. The shadowy light of far gone years, which once wrought magical influence, and seemed living with the invisible spirits of the mighty, now sunk into darkness and lost its mysterious beauty. Forsaking the old world, therefore, with a heart full of sorrow, but still alive to the outward loveliness of nature, I determined to penetrate into the mysteries of nature and search out the unchangeable beauties of a woodland world. From the summit of the Alleghenies, I looked on the mighty empire of the west, and anticipated the period when that vast political fabric of these latter days will arise in perfect harmony and unparalleled grandeur. I sailed along those inland seas, whose picturesque beauty and unequalled magnitude, surpass immeasurably all the lakes of the eastern hemisphere. While I gazed on their blue waters and forest shores, I could not fail to compare their savage splendour with the exaggerated scenery of the Euxine, Larian, and Egean seas, and the latter seemed in comparison much superior, and, like the pines of Ida, when contrasted with magnolias of Carolina. But, alas! no gods have thundered in their terrors here, save the Lord of the universe; no heroes have bled in battle, save the forgotten Aborigines; no Helen has bloomed amid these wild and sundered empires. Genius has immortalised no deeds of glory, and the most magnificent scenery in the world is passed over with indifference, or beheld only as the abode of brutal cruelty.

Where Byron describes the sun as sinking behind "the Delphian cliff," we feel as if transported to the land of romance; when we read an evening scene on the Cordilleras, the heart may feel its surpassing loveliness, but the mind refuses to dwell on the description. The association of moral with natural beauty alone can give to fine scenery, that charm which rivets attention and enforces remembrance. Yet to me the new world possessed delightful attractions. The wild forests—the bold rocks—the lofty mountains; rivers like the sea, and lakes like the ocean—unbroken solitude and liberty, without a code of laws to secure it—simple nature and primeval feelings—these new things, dear to a heart of grief, and precious to a spirit which had been satiated by antiquity, and tired of the works of man.

Traversing the forests and prairies of the south and west, penetrating the recesses of the woodlands, and sailing on the glorious Mississippi, I had, heretofore, seen little of the character, and known nothing of the condition of those inhabitants, whom I had only glanced at from a distance. In truth, I was for a long time too much absorbed in individual feeling to observe manners, or discriminate character. I was too glad to escape from the unblushing wickedness of man, and find myself free in the forest solitudes, to look around on the new race, (or rather new conjunction of old races,) for accurate observation. But loneliness, at last overcame me, my heart and the undying feelings of humanity told me I was a man dependent upon fellow men; and I awoke from the vain dreams of a morbid imagination, to turn my mind's eye once more on the affairs of human life, and mark the diversities of thought and action, which characterise the endless varieties of things. Pursuing an eastern course, I climbed the massy mountains of the Vermonts, and arrived at last in Maine; a republic, now, in every sense of the word, and as wild and repulsive in natural as in moral imagery. Forests of dark pines and hemlock, larch and birch, sometimes blackened for miles by recent fires, and sometimes lonely and uninhabited as at the creation; interspersed with shaggy and verdureless precipices, and overgrown with briery underwood, impelled my mind into that solitary gloom which renders existence a burthen; and I passed rapidly from one town to another, like a benighted traveller, hurrying in pursuit of light that appears fitfully in the distance. There was nothing to animate my journeyings; nothing to gladden the eye, or cheer the heart, or excite the mind to philosophical remark. Surely, methought, this must be the *Ultima Thule* of all deserts—the *Finisterre* of all inhabitable regions. Wild-looking ragged creatures, more wretched I was certain, than Greenlanders or Esquimaux, ever and anon dated from their invisible cabins, stared at me and fled, like hideous phantoms of a sorcerer's incantation. Hundreds of acres could scarce suffice to maintain a family in endurable wretchedness. My heart sickened at the misery of the scene; the utter barrenness of the earth (frozen for three-fourths of the year,) and the continual struggling between life and death of its afflicted uncultivators. There are strange contrasts in America; in one place, the soil yields, almost spontaneously, thrice the usual quantity of grain; in another it is barren beyond all hope of amendment. So is it with the people; one village will display the good-breeding and urbanity of the city,—another, the curiosity, vulgarity, and impudence, of half-civilized savages. The climate, soil, and people, seem moved by the same impulse.

Leaving a dirty and most disagreeable village, called Bath, I crossed

the noble Kennebec, amid hills of drifting ice, which poured down from the northern regions, and threatened destruction to all within their scope. I then continued my route through a gloomy wilderness, which wanted even the charms of a Georgian pine—barren, and about sunset of a chilly April-day, reached a small village on the banks of the river Sheepscoot, which derived its appellation from the Aborigines, and was named Wiscasset. Stopping at a tolerable inn, in the centre of the town, I prepared to weary away the night among a boorish host, whom I found to be strangers, not merely to me, but to all good manners and civilization. The room which I entered was full of rough, uncouth, and boisterous fellows, whose horrible jargon was sufficient to impute any christian ears, while their familiar impudence and invincible inquisitiveness were beyond all human toleration. I had not been seated two minutes, ere half-a-dozen fellows encircled me, and began a thunder-gust of questionings of where I was from, whither I was going, what I had seen, and what I expected to see; what was my age, where I was born, who my father was, &c., &c., concluding their multitudinous guesses, by inviting me to go and behold their *bran new*, gaudy, and ill-built court-house! I had known something of the Yankees before, but this style of purgatorial catechism was worse than the rack; so, without answering a single question directly, I demanded protection of the landlord, and a chamber where I might secret myself from those spiritual cannibals (pardon the calachresis) and save my distracted brain from irreclaimable madness. I had not been long in my refuge, when I heard a louder and yet louder din below; an ocean of voices, bellowing, foaming, and roaring, like a universe of monkeys, attacked by jackals and hyenas. This is liberty, with a vengeance, thought I, the unquestionable liberty of assassinating the senses and swathing the hearts of all honest men in bonds of red-hot iron. Behold the sovereign people! Truly at this moment, I could have applauded a tyrant to the echo, had he sent a corps of janisaries, or gens-d'armes, and thrown the whole body of the mobility into the Sheepscoot that rolled below; even if he ordered me to be bastinadoed or guillotined, the very next day. But there was no remedy—bear it I must. I would to heaven, said I, that I had been one of Job's comforters, and learned to bear outravings with patience! Would I had been a pupil of Socrates, the all-enduring philosopher: but then the wise Athenian never saw a Yankee; besides, the loves of that great Grecian and his helpmate, Xantippe, had passed some centuries before my birth; and here was I, in the world's dotage, doomed to a mental crucifixion and impalement, without hope or patience to support me. Then I thought on the Abbé de L'Epée, and wished in mercy that I had been born deaf, ay and dumb too, if there were no other means to shield me from Yankee impudence. At last, in utter despair I began to listen; that, if possible, I might find some clue to guide my erring senses amid this Golgotha of broken and discoloured phraseology. I had not attended long to the Babel of Billingsgate, which was every moment rendered more outrageous by constant accumulations of dirty farmers and greasy artisans, ere I caught a familiar name, connected with a jargon of horrible oaths, which no human ear could comprehend.

But again I listened and it came distinctly; nothing was to be heard but "Stafford! Stafford!" and "the girl!" Stafford! said I, what can possibly be the meaning of all this? Abhorring suspense, I rushed below, and demanded who the Stafford was, and the cause of all this uproar.—

"Whoy, don't ye knows?" cried twenty voices at once. "Come in Sar, and we'll tell you all about the feller." "Who is Stafford?" I demanded peremptorily. "Whoy, Sar," the landlord said at last, "he's a young feller who's leaved here a few weeks and has got—" "Where did he come from?" "I believe from Carolina, or somewheres thereabouts; but he's got himself into a pretty hobble"—"Where does he live?" "Up yonder, on the hill like, in brick-house, Sar, but as I'se tellin' ye—" "The devil take your telling," I muttered, as, leaving the inn hastily, I sought the habitation of the most intimate friend I had on earth, and forgot in his cordial embrace that human nature could be degraded lower than the brutes that perish.

Nature and education had combined to adorn equally the mind and person of Cranston Stafford. His symmetric form and commanding intellect, attracted admiration and applause from persons every degree above brutality. A distinguished poet and admirable scholar, his fame had spread extensively, though he had scarcely attained his majority. But it was reserved for those who knew him well to love and admire, in their harmonious union, his eminent talents and acquirements, and his generous, affectionate nature. By those who knew him not, he was esteemed reserved and haughty; and hence little minds pursued, with the unrelenting detraction of envy, a spirit that disdained even to trample them into the dust. The rabble cannot distinguish between the conscious dignity of superior nature, and the pride of birth or opulence; and little smirking misses wonder why a man of genius does not court the glory of their—giggling. Because a spirit, which feels itself trammelled by its fleshly tenement, and longs to soar to its native heaven, scorns to stoop to the base things of clay, which constitute the majority of mankind, it must obtain, of course, that haughtiness prevents the assimilation of materials as discordant as fire and water. Stafford had experienced this. Scorning to conceal his contempt for the everyday things of human life, he avowed his sentiments, and suffered the consequences. But I am anticipating.—After our first gush of good feeling had subsided, I asked him why, in the name of Acheron, he had chosen this outlandish corner of creation for his residence? and why he had not rather gone to Nootka Sound, or Pensacola, or the South Sea Islands, or reared his hut on an iceberg in the middle of the Arctic Ocean? "What could possibly induce you to dwell among such a nation of Caribbees as I have found here—you who have met, and must always meet, with honour and applause among the highest intellects and most refined manners?" "Why, I cannot tell," said he, "you know I am a valetudinarian and humourist; and I fancied a short seclusion from the world would render society more exhilarating when I emerged from my solitude." "There is but little seclusion, and no solitude here, I should think." "No, none whatever now. The heathenish villagers here waited with miraculous patience, during four long weeks after I rented this mansion, in expectation of my appearance among them as the *beau ideal* of all their antiquated hopes. But when they discovered that I preferred solitude to the society of their blowzy daughters, sneers and slanders succeeded to smiles and plaudits, and the rich and handsome stranger was suddenly transformed into a counterfeiter, a runaway consul and assassin. I only laughed at them in return, and spent my time quite to my taste, in rambling over the woods, and composing songs. I seldom went into the village, and scarcely spake to a human being except my servant. They soon discovered that all their lies disturbed me not, though

poor John Barrow and Moses Nibble exerted themselves most manfully in the great cause of defamation. I pitied the execrable pettifoggers, for they seldom had anything to do; and I offered to pension them both, out of sheer commiseration, provided they gave satisfactory securities that they would outlie the devil. Besides, in the full volley of their insults and falsehoods, I very composedly wrote a tale, in which they honoured me by enacting the heroes, and so I am obligated to them for a portrait of poor human nature. But, finding all preceding attempts ineffectual, they inspired those old hags and paupers, whose huts you may see below us, to trespass on my grounds, steal my fruit, destroy my flowers, and haunt my house continually. All this I bore as long as man could bear it; but at last my patience was wholly gone, and, one day, when a host of those plagues were thronging into my garden, I rushed among them, and scattering the rest like buzzards down yonder bank, I caught one of the insolent women, and threw her over the garden wall, without any very distinguished consideration of weal or decorum. She yelled, as the Yankees say, like a racoon, screamed out that she was murdered, got up and went to an old withered ignoramus and debauchee, called a justice, and swore she had been murdered. He took her affidavit to assassination; prosecuted me *instantly*, and summoned her to swear to the fact of her own death. And so it stands; to-morrow will come the famous trial, and I heartily congratulate you on our prospect of much entertainment." "So, so," said I, "the uproar in the village is all explained now."

The morning saw us traversing the little village on our way to court! In a narrow dock street, environed by mouldering huts, filled by long-bearded, serpent-haired, uncoated savages, hurrying to the pandemonium of *his honour*, Justice Stinkham, to triumph in the overthrow of him, who walked amid the crowd more like a conqueror than a captive. In the centre of this dock street we found the office of the Yankee perpetrator of the laws. As we advanced, a little yellow fellow very consequentially pushed himself forward, and squeaked to Stafford—"Are ye ready?" "No, not to adopt your society," returned my friend, as we passed into an old, shattered wooden house, yclept the Town-house, by way of bravado, followed by the Malay bailiff. We had stepped upon the crazy staircase, which creaked at every step, when Stafford espied the fellow pertinaciously dogging him. He paused and looked at him—and, Heavens! such a look! I would rather encounter the eye of the basilisk than such fiery indignation. At the landing-place I turned and looked down; there stood the Malay trembling, at the head of the mob, but not a soul, I mean a body, ventured to advance till Stafford had fairly disappeared. We entered the office through heaps of dust and dirt. It was an old dismantled room, of oblong form, furnished with an inky table tottering on three legs, hewn and hacked by half the jack-knives in the country, and three or four benches, which seemed to have been the seats of all the rabble of Maine. Old hats and petticoats supplied the places of long-absent window panes, and the besmudged faces of fifty little imps occupied the broken panes of the doors. The populace rushed in *en masse*; Justice Stinkham floundered along in his ancient green nightgown and linen chequered breeches, and stumbled into his chair over a legion of black, and grey, and yellow, and blue devils. The village pettifoggers, Barrow and Nibble, marched into the hall of audience, and took their seats side by side in most loving amity, gaining unutterable things. By a miracle, they were friends in counsel for once in their lives, and the

importance of the case required their united abilities. The court was disorganised by the obstreperous organs of Justice Stinkham, who proceeded to read the indictment; which task, after much hard spelling, and many emendations from Burrow, he accomplished in the space of one hour and fifteen minutes by my watch. Then Nibble opened the case, with this eloquent exordium, "May it please yer honour! that there man in the corner of the chimley, has committed premeditate assassination—no, assault—and blasphemy," ("battery," said Burrow,) "yes, battery, on the body of that there pauperish-looking lady who is looking into the Sheepscot. With malice before he thought, he did maultreat, pound, bruise, and assassinate"—("assault," said Stinkham, "I believe: let me see,—a, s, s, a, u, l, t,—yes, 'tis assault,")—well, assault then, which means about the same thing—did assault Miss Higgy Grub, who's standin' lookin' through that there wooden pane of glass, on the 10th day of July, in the year—what is the year called, brother Burrow?" "The year of our Lord, 1825," said Burrow. "Well, may't please yeer honour! we expect to prove all this, *in derelictu veritatis*, as the statutes say; therefore, brother, be at it."

Another and another were called up, till one decided the case in the mind, or body rather, of Justice Stinkham.

The silence of death pervaded the room, while Stafford spoke in a loud full voice of uncontrollable indignation; "I have been summoned her for defending my property against a host of licensed thieves; I have been insulted with a mock trial, by such superlative knaves and fools as here usurp the throne of justice; I have heard perjuries till my soul sickens, and seen vice in its most loathsome shapes till my heart bleeds. You have drugged these miserable creatures with eternal perdition, to prove that which it required only my ready confession to authenticate. I not only own all you have failed to establish, but I also confess in advance, that I will do something worse if your paupers are again driven on my demesnes by Burrow or Nibble. Yes, pettifoggers, record it—and remember it; I will let loose a mastiff, whose gripe it is not easy to sunder. If your wives have a longing for my fruit, send and satisfy their concupiscence; if you are in peril of dying, in defect of lying, I will save you from absolute starvation. But expose not yourselves—expose not human nature, to such unspeakable contempt again. I came, expecting no justice, and I expect none now. What a trial is that, where a debauchee, who cannot spell two words in succession is judge, and fools positive, counsellors? I have only to say, that as I have generally been called "*that there man*," in this mock pandemonium, I glory in the title; feeling conscious that none connected with perjury and profligacy, have any claim to that distinguished appellation. Pass your sentence—do your worst." Justice Stinkham was paralysed and dumb-founded. Burrow waxed exceeding wroth, and look'd like iron ore; Nibble grew pale, and the mob seemed thunderstruck. The few words of Stafford had wrought a singular change in their opinions. Nothing delights the populace so much as boldness and decision in difficult circumstances. They delight to see their rulers overawed in the seat of power; they admire and reverence the man who confronts audacity without a hue of fear. A murmur of applause ran round the room, and many ejaculations of admiration were distinctly heard. "The assault and battery has been proved," said Stinkham, falteringly—and he looked around him with wandering eyes of fear;

Clai sten Stafford, are fined *three dollars*, to be appropriated

to Messieurs Burrows, Nibble and myself." "We'll pay it! we'll pay it," shouted the mob; and they threw the whole amount in coppers on the table. "There! one debt's paid—another will be paid soon!" The iniquitous brotherhood seemed to understand this threat better than I did, for they strove to slink away unperceived. But the attempt availed them not; they were held fast by the sinewy hands of a populace, whose fury had ebbed rapidly back on the sources whence it originally flowed. "Huzza! huzza!" they shouted till the welkin rung again, while the whole mass moved up the village, with Stafford and myself in the van, and the honourable Court in the centre—the rearward being composed of mischievous boys, who pelted the justice and his familiars with all sorts of missiles, nameable and unnameable. So the procession moved, neither Stafford nor myself, daring to persuade the crowd to pursue their vengeance no further. The power was in their hands; they were almost maddened at a flagrant act of injustice; and vain, if not dangerous, would have been any attempt to pacify their ungratified wrath.

At the door of his house the mob raised three tremendous shouts, received Stafford's thanks for their unexpected good-will, and then filed off through his grounds towards the river, where they fulfilled their menace to the letter, by effectually cooling the tyrannical and avaricious qualities of Messieurs Stinkham, Burrow, and Nibble. Such is the variability of the populace; an opportune word will make them invincible friends, and an unreflective one, immitigable enemies. Quick to discern the fallibility of their rulers, they avenge without law the infringement of their laws. Changeable as the winds, and dreadful in their power as the ocean in its wrath, they merit no confidence, for they fulfil no trust.

H. K.

ALEXANDER.

CHARACTER AND POLICY OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The conclusion of the article entitled "*Character of the late Czar*," stating that "it is to his courageous good faith in observing the stipulations against conquest, that he did not die Master of Constantinople," induces me to trouble you with a few observations on the character of Alexander.

Unfortunately for the above paragraph, Alexander never neglected an opportunity of despoiling his neighbours when he could do so with impunity. His seizure on Finland, in a time of profound peace, and without the slightest provocation on the part of Sweden; and on several provinces of Persia, while at peace with the Schah, need no comment; nay, so profound was his dissimulation in the latter case, that he kept his ambassador at the Persian court, until his armies were within five days march of the Persian frontier. The hours were calculated, I forget what was the pretext (I believe of health) of the Russian Ambassador; but on his audience of leave, he received magnificent presents, and in return was unbounded in his professions of amity, and the friendly dispositions of his Imperial Master; yet he had not regained the frontiers of Russia twenty-four hours, before the hostile army of the autocrat entered the Persian provinces.

As to his personal character, Alexander knew as well the art of dissembling as Louis XI. or Ferdinand V. but he did not, like the former, carry about him the image of the Virgin, and before he committed an atrocity, kiss it, and say "*encore celle-ci ma petite vierge*;" nor, like the latter, boast that he had deceived the French King eight times more than he had accused him of.

Alexander, on the contrary, adopted the policy of the Jesuits, he would smile on, and give his hand to an enemy, until he saw the moment of vengeance. He was never known to forgive an offence, though policy might induce him to pardon it. In this respect his character was entirely the reverse of that of his brother Constantine, who was rough, brutal, and savage; but his anger was that of a moment, and he was willing to atone for his errors. An anecdote, equally honorable to the two brothers, here naturally introduces itself. In the Russian army no soldier who is decorated with any order or medal, must be struck by an officer, whatever may be his rank. Constantine, in a passion, had struck a soldier decorated with the order of St. Wladimir. His commanding officer reported it to the Emperor, who ordered a review for the next morning, and told the officer to make a stand directly opposite the insulted soldier. Alexander and Constantine walked arm-in-arm along the line until the officer halted, when Alexander turning to Constantine, said in an imperative tone, which he well knew how to assume when necessary, "Sir, you have violated the discipline of the army, and dishonoured the orders of the empire, in striking that soldier. Ask his pardon this instant." Constantine not only did this in the frankest and handsomest manner, but going up to him, he threw his arms round him, and embraced him; the poor fellow burst into tears. Alexander instantly ordered the soldier out of the ranks. "The man who was insulted by my brother, is, not sufficiently recompensed by an apology—I create you an officer." Constantine instantly begged that he might be attached to his staff, and ever after, the Grand Duke showered acts of kindness and honours on him, which were repaid with zeal and gratitude.

As to Alexander's sense of justice, it always gave way to policy. In the campaign of 1813, when Sweden was neutral, and the Crown Prince hesitated to join the coalition against his old friend and brother in arms, Alexander tried what a bribe would do; he did not offer to restore Finland to Sweden, as the price of her aid. No, he had declared, that Finland was irrevocably become a part of the Russian Empire; but he said, "if you will join us, I will guarantee to you the possession of Norway; and if Denmark will not give it up, I will, if necessary, aid you in the conquest of it." This is the great, the gracious, the virtuous, the religious, Alexander. So nefarious, so diabolical an action, needs no comment; it proves the truth of the great Frederic's observation, *Qui dit politique dit coquinerie*; whoever says policy means knavery?

When the war was ended, contrary to the promises he had held out to the Poles, he seized on all Poland, and added it as a kingdom to his empire.

Alexander had not in himself the elements of a great man, but he knew how to chuse his servants; and showed his skill in daring to intrust foreigners, as *Pozzo di Borgo* and *Caio d'Istri*, with the most important functions. But in nothing was the deep policy of the Russian cabinet displayed more, than on the return of the army after the campaign in France. His people slaves at home, though no longer so on becoming soldiers, found that the peasantry in Western Europe had a political existence, that they were not sold with the soil,* that the produce of their labour was their own, &c. and they resolved on imparting these doctrines to their countrymen, which would doubtless have produced a revolution; but Alexander anticipated them. An order of the day was issued, that "to reward the valour of the troops who had delivered Europe, his Majesty confided to them the protection of the frontiers of the empire."

Here towns and barracks were built, and the troops highly delighted, until they found that a line of demarcation was laid, beyond which they must not pass on pain of death; and that they were as it were in a lazaretto, without any hope of seeing their quarantine terminated.

* By a law of Alexander, slaves are forbidden to be sold; to evade the law, a person advertises to lend for instance, his cook, for fifty years, for such a sum. Such advertisements are very numerous, in the Russian Journals.

As to his religion, in 1814, he was a complete bigot; he has been seen prostrate flat on the ground, during the harangues of Madame Krudener, whom he forced inspired.

I could give you many curious and authentic anecdotes, illustrative of the character of Alexander; but I fear to tire your readers. I therefore conclude with examining the first paragraph of this article.

Alexander we have seen never displayed any "good faith in observing the stipulations against conquest," and he would long since have marched that army to Constantinople, which he was obliged to keep in the field for four years, without advancing a step, had he dared to do so; but he knew, that if he did it without the consent and against the will of England, he would have a war with that power, in which case, the fate of his father awaited him. It is the exports of Russia to England, of furs, hemp, tallow, iron, &c., in which the fortunes of the Russian Nobles consists. A war with England reduces them to beggary, and the monarch pays the penalty with his life. It is a well known fact, that in 1811, if Alexander had not declared against France, and made peace with England, in twenty-four hours the Czar would have been no more. It was English influence that saved Constantinople. All our readers will recollect the bullying ultimatum, giving only twenty-four hours for an answer, or war. The grand Vizier communicated with Lord Strangford, the ultimatum was neither given in twenty-four hours, nor in twenty-four days; the Russian Envoy informed Alexander of the pretensions of England, and the consequence has been, that for these three years Russia has threatened, but dare not stir a step.

X.

THE MONTH.

"The spring returns, but not to me return
Those vernal joys my better days have known."

BRUCE.

THE distress of the commercial world, which has happened at the very time when all hoped and many said, that it was at an end,—the inexplicability, or at least the novelty, of the causes of that distress—the anxiety with which the country looked forward to the opening of Parliament—the varied opinions which, not different parties, but the very same parties, and that at portions of time very near to each other, have expressed, both with regard to the nature and causes of the distress, and the means of relieving it—the small assistance which the speaking-men of the time have derived from their countrymen—both those who write to-day so as that which is written may not stand in the way of their writing differently upon the same subject to-morrow, and those who write for an eternity of oblivion or fame as it may happen—the utter impossibility that senators should as a body, understand that which is incomprehensible to the parties who feel it—the absolute necessity that members, who, before they should again "cumber the cushions of St. Stephen's," must make their appeal to their constituents, and show the gashes which their eloquence had made upon all the ills with which they were beset, could refrain from holding forth—the opinions which this necessity has put upon record—the schemes that have been proposed—the alterations which these schemes have undergone—and the approximation that has, in the multitude and confusion of records, been made to the grand and wholesome truths "that the cause and the cure of the evil was both in the people themselves;"—all these considerations have crowded so thickly upon each other, and so overshadowed the other doings of the month, that we are constrained to place them foremost—to throw them over the whole body, and

armature of society, as a shield, thick, heavy, and impenetrable, as that of the son of Telamon. We use the words in their very best—that is, their most appropriate sense: the Parliament of England is the defence of its constitution and liberty. What better emblem can there be of defence than a shield? and what better property can a shield have than being impenetrable?

Such is our opinion of the good sense and discretion of his Majesty's ministers, that we feel perfectly convinced they would not, could they have avoided it, taken any measures at all for the cure of this distress. Twelve months ago they foresaw and foretold, in what all the schemes of rapid fortune-making, in which almost everybody was then a believer, would end. Though perfectly aware that wool and silk, and indigo, and cotton, and steam, and mines, and fish, and sea-bathing, and curds and cream, and rail-ways to the moon, and balloons to the dog-star, were all in themselves, and to the extent to which folks had use for them, the very best possible of all good things: yet they were not ignorant of the possibility of converting a very good thing into a very bad one, by this mere fact of having too much of it. Thus knowing, and thus giving warning, they grounded a very fine *absolutist* against interference, if reason, necessity, and utility, had been the only parties with whom they had had to deal. But such is the ambition of persons not over qualified for the task (indeed the ambition is almost invariably in the reverse ratio of the qualifications) to try their hands at law-making, that it really costs an administration a great deal more, both of wisdom and resolution, to make an effectual stand against the doing of that which they ought not to do, than it does to propound and perform aright all the active duties of their arduous offices.

Aware that their declaration and warning would not defend them against projectors within and petitioners without, but that they would be called upon to do all sorts of contradictory things, for all contradictory sorts of reasons, they inserted into the Royal Speech, which was delivered by commission at the opening of Parliament, a very clever and explicit avowal, that some of the causes of the distress lay without the reach of parliamentary aid.

If they had said "all the causes," they would not have been very far wrong; because during the time that the foundations of that distress were laying, there was nothing taking place either in one way or another that called for the interference of the legislature. The distress produced at the peace, partly by the changes which have taken place in the application of some branches of the national industry, but far more in consequence of the wild avidity with which many new trades, which the peace had opened, were overdriven, had passed over—the legislature instead of imposing any new burden upon the people, had taken off a good deal of the old—the removal of the war-drain had made the people better able to bear the public burdens—many obstacles which stood in the way of commerce had been removed—the course of justice had been made to run more smooth—those violent discussions of party, which had in times less tranquil wasted the time of many, and distressed the minds of men, were at an end;—and in short, if ever there was a time when the legislature of England had so conducted itself, as not only to produce distress, but absolutely to silence complaint, that time was the two or three sessions previous to the opening of the present one.

Under such circumstances, an admission by his Majesty's ministers, that the causes of the distress lay within the reach of Parliament, would have been both unwise and untrue. It would have been unwise, because it would have led the people to expect that which no legislature could give—a greater degree of understanding and prudence to the people themselves; and it would have been untrue, because legislative cures can apply only to legislative diseases, and here was no legislative disease.

In a country like England, where the sayings of Parliament, and the doings of the executive, form so large a portion of everybody's conversation, there is not a more valuable portion of knowledge than that which consists in drawing the line between the government and the people, and pointing out the precise portion and kind of good or of evil that falls to the share

of each party. At the same time, however, there does not appear to be any portion of knowledge at which it is so difficult to arrive. During the calamity of a war, and especially of a war like the late one, there always must be acts of the government which some part of the people can blame, with at least a show of reason upon their side; and this being the case, there are hundreds of people, who, having no other means of recommending themselves to public notice, add continually to this stock, till in the mass of unnecessary and unfounded blame, the real blame—the instances in which alone if censure fell, it would fall with truth—are lost and confounded; and the people blame them for that in which, were they unsophisticated and unled, they would take the whole blame to themselves, and set about concealing their own error, instead of grumbling away their time at that government which really did not hurt them, and which consequently really cannot better them.

The proper function and business of a government toward the people, over which it is set, is to prevent them, as a nation, from injuring, or being injured by other nations; and to prevent them, as individuals, from hurting each other. Some latitude must, no doubt, be, in both cases, given to the word "hurting," because hardly any two persons will understand it in the same way; but still with this latitude there is little more to add to the theory of government. No government can implant natural dispositions in its people, or instruct them, or make them either prudent or industrious; and for an individual, or a class, to blame the government for that which has happened through want of knowledge, prudence, or industry, in the class, is just as absurd as it would be in a sluggard to blame the sun for not making him get out of bed in the morning; also to call on the government to relieve that which had been produced by those errors, would be just as absurd as it would be in the sluggard to call upon the sun to delay his setting, in order that the said sluggard might compensate the hours which he had lost in the early part of the day.

Governments, as well as people, are apt to take erroneous views of their power and duty in this respect. The false view flatters the vanity of both parties—that of the people, by enabling them to lay the consequences of their faults at some other door than their own; and that of the government by arming them with powers, which convey at least the idea of great wisdom and superiority. But though both parties flatter themselves, the flattering unction which the people lay to their souls is by far the most mischievous—inasmuch as it meets not with the same check and exposure as that of the other party. The Government soon find out that they cannot apply the remedy; but the very fact of the people's complaining to the government, instead of examining what they have done amiss themselves, and so trying to correct it, plunges them deeper in misery. So ruinous is this, that it would absolutely be better for a government to refuse to its people that relief, which it really can give them, than to listen to their foolish complaints, and attempt that relief which it cannot give.

In so far, therefore, as it was declared in the royal speech, that Parliament could not relieve the distresses of the commercial world, that speech was founded upon the most sound and wholesome principle; and, in so far as government may listen to the clamours either within the walls of parliament or without, and deviate from the letter or the spirit of that declaration, the deviation, to its full extent, will be unwise in principle and unwholesome in practice.

Partly, perhaps, to divert attention from other schemes, and partly from a conviction of its utility, the declaration of the inutility of attempting to remove the existing distress, was accompanied by a project for the prevention of its recurrence. That project has occupied the attention (at least the principal attention) of both houses, during that portion of the session which has gone by; and, in supplement to the wisdom that has been evinced in them, the same subject has called into action the pens of one or two gentle-

men, who lay claim to no ordinary degree of *knut* in such matters; but, notwithstanding all the waste of wisdom, senatorial and unsenatorial, and all the good faith and honest intention with which the parties have gone about the extending of it, the subject, like the stone of Sisyphus, appears only to have derived a greater impetus for descent from every hitch upwards that has been given to it; and if any one will, after reading the books and the speeches, have the hardihood to say that he understands the subject better than he did before, truly we think he has hardihood enough for paying any thing.

But in our ignorance of the principle and efficiency of the two measures, we have forgotten to mention what they are. Well, they are these:—First, After a certain period, to prohibit the circulation of bank-notes under five pounds in value; and, secondly, such an enlargement of the Bank of England's charter as shall enable country banks, not nearer to London than sixty-five miles, to have a greater number of partners, if not a greater degree of security.

Now, we admit that everything tending to make paper currency either more secure in being paid, or less liable to fluctuation, is very desirable; but we do not know how the proposed measures are to act, so long as the Bank of England has such a superiority both in favour and in privilege. In regard to over-issues, if *the whole banks* were upon the same footing, they would be complete checks upon each other. If the bank of any district be founded upon proper security, (and if it be not so founded, it should not be a bank at all), it can never, in its own district, circulate a single note beyond what are necessary; because the instant that it did so, the note would be paid to a neighbouring banker, who would send it in and demand cash; and if a local bank became capricious in its discounts—gave them to anybody for one week and to nobody for the next—then it would lose its customers, and a rival would be established. This, however, is not the case with so great, and so greatly privileged an establishment as the Bank of England. There is no rival either to limit its issues, or to prevent it from being capricious in its discounts. Country banks may have failed through want of stability; but it is difficult to know how they can have overpaid. Grant, however, that they had, that is not a *cause*, it is an *effect*. Banks cannot force their notes into circulation. Before they can circulate even one, there must be a demand for it; and if the issue be at any time more than a wholesome state of commerce would require, the fault is in the temptation that is held out to the bank to issue its paper. The interest which country bankers get when their paper is not very great—when 1½ notes perhaps not more than 3 per cent., or at the most 3½, and they are at least liable to be called upon to pay in cash every note they have issued, on the next day after the issue, or on the very day of the issue itself.

From the nature of the country banks' circulation, it is therefore difficult to know how they can at all have been primary causes of the distress; or how they can have been even secondary ones, any further than from the want of security; and as the proposed measure does not *compel*, but merely *allow* them to have greater security, it is not easy to see what will be the value of it. As to the small note part of the business, that is virtually given up in the license that is granted to the Bank of England, to continue issuing small notes for nine months.

The people themselves have found out that those means of future prevention go for nothing as to present cure: they have demanded others; and that very demand, together with the returns of imports, which have been laid before Parliament, taken in conjunction with what has been expended in foreign loans, and wasted upon joint stock bubbles, has thrown a good deal of light upon the causes of the distress. Men have come to demand exchequer bills upon goods. Why do they not sell the goods? They cannot find purchasers. Are the goods bad? No; but the supply far exceeds the demand. How comes that? Why, during the past year they lost and squandered a sum

greater than all the gold that has been coined since sovereigns were the standard; they have imported a supply and a half of every foreign material; in so doing they raised the price; and the world will not consume a half more in 1826 than it did in 1825. Here, we do think, is the mystery of the whole matter. Suppose an ordinary tradesman, who had a regular business, always some money in his possession, and a balance at his banker's, were to lend his ready money, purchase double his usual supply of materials, and have them worked up; and suppose that the banker, knowing that the balance was regularly kept there, should lend it; also, the bills for the materials would become due, the banker would be unable to advance the money, the workmen would want their wages, the goods would become unsaleable, and the tradesman would have either to go into the Gazette, or struggle awhile, by sending them to the pawnbrokers, and then go to the Gazette after they were squandered. Government have very wisely refused to play the pawnbrokers in this instance; they have referred the parties to the Bank, the Bank has given a similar refusal; and thus the wholesome, though secure plan, appears to be the only practicable one,—they must struggle through the best way they can in the meantime, and be wiser for the future.

In those branches of commerce, in the laws and regulations of which no material alteration has recently been introduced, the suffering parties appear to content themselves with those applications for loans in exchequer bills upon their goods; but wherever there has been any alteration, even though that alteration may not practically have taken effect, the blame is laid upon it: thus the glove trade is ruined by the permission to import French gloves, and the silk trade is ruined by the importation (the anticipated importation) of foreign silks; and the parties are petitioning for a renewal of the prohibitions. It is unpleasant to argue with people when they are in distress; because at such a time, they are not in the best condition, either for listening to, or for seeing reason; but really, if they would just take into consideration the fact, that in the face of this very threatened importation of the manufactured silk of other countries, they imported nearly double the usual supply of materials, while they did not so lower the price, as that the people could consume a very great addition, they would find a cause far more powerful than that which has aroused their fear, and drawn forth their petitions. One of those subjects—the petitions of the silkmen,—has been weighed in the senatorial balance; and the principle of free trade has triumphed. Upon the occasion, the reasoning of Mr. Huskisson was splendidly powerful. He rose over the cheering house, like some tall light-house over the dark waves of a trembling sea.

OUTRAGES. It is but too frequently the case, that in this country, the word "distress" is followed by the word "outrage;" but the sequence is not so close or striking in the present instance, as it has been before. There have, indeed, been some disturbances at Norwich, in Staffordshire, and at one or two other places; but they have been comparatively mild in their nature, and limited in their effects; and in no instance do they appear to have had the least tendency to assume a seditious, or even a political character.

The only outrage which is worthy of separate and particular notice, has been one, not so much against the laws of society, as against the canons of decorum; William Cobbett—the political weathercock of the last quarter of a century has, while charitable meetings were being holden for the relief of other distressed persons, been fumbling his way, in order to ascertain whether he can beg himself into parliament. Whether or not it happened according to the couplet,

"When stormy weather swells the flood,
It casts abroad its filth and mud,"

we do not pretend to say; but the fact is, that this most irregular and many-sided of all possible polygons, had a sort of levee in a waggon, or donkey-cart, (we are not sure which) in Lincoln's-inn-fields, some short time bygone.

A Norfolk knight-errant of the name of Beevor, not being wanted in the 'Corum, as we should suppose, made a pilgrimage to London upon the occasion, and upon his sign manual, the donkey cart was impressed into the service. Around the cart we did not hear that any pockets were picked, nor did we learn that there was much in them to pick, but there were a few speeches. The candidate had, however, more tact than to trust his praises in the hands of his constituents; and so he, as best informed upon the point, let them know that he was "the cleverest man," and wielded "the most powerful pen" of the day. Now all this may be very true; for, in one sense, the "cleverest man," is he who is the best runner, and Cobbett, when occasion serves, can run like a windmill; and again, as to "the most powerful pen," that may, in one sense, mean the pen which belongs to the *greatest* goose. Leaving all verbal criticism and conjecture, however, we heartily wish that the pence and farthings may be forthcoming; for really we should wish to see Cobbett in Parliament, for much the same reason that the costermonger wished to see his ass in the ranks of the guards—"just to see what figure he would cut."

LITERATURE. The manufacture of books has been in a great measure suspended during the month, owing to the failure or embarrassment of many of the principal houses, and the general apprehension of the whole trade. Of the few that have made their appearance, none are of much consequence. There is among them a sort of parliamentary compilation, not wholly destitute of meaning, but resembling—the tower of Pisa.

FOREIGN INDICATIONS. Most, if not all the powers, may be quoted as having indicated "no variation" during the month; and indeed, the only thing, at all connected with foreign affairs, which has excited even a speculative opinion, is the mission of his Grace of Wellington, to the court of all the Russias. At first it was supposed, that this mission was merely for the joint purposes of condolence and congratulation—condolence, because of the fact of Alexander's demise, and congratulation, because of the consequences. It, however, has been confidently said, that the gallant Duke is charged with a more important duty—that of protesting, in the name of other powers, against the conquest of European Turkey by Russian arms, even though that conquest should be nominally for the Greeks. In the event of its happening, there needs no conjuror to tell who would be the real lords of the Hellenistic states; and if Russia were in possession of these, the whole continent of Europe would be at her mercy; and from the one end of it to the other, it could not be said that there were any one prince, sovereign, or any one people free. The mission is, therefore, a most important one; and one in which success will be highly desirable. It might be thought, that the Greeks themselves, with the remembrance of the Tartar princes fresh upon them, would refuse the assistance of Russia; but the Greeks have never proceeded upon any fixed principle. Their leaders have been adventurers, often private and piratical adventurers; and their fighting has as often been for revenge or plunder, as for liberty, even under her most doubtful shape.

DRAMA.

UNGRATEFUL as the players may think the public, who, when they complain of what they fancifully call indignities, or leave the London boards full of their wrongs and empty threats, seem to care not one pin about either; we must be allowed to say that they themselves are by no means strangers to ingratitude. Last month we gave them some good

advice, which has been most ungraciously received ; for so we judge from the Letter of their organ "*HISTRIO*," who, so far from acknowledging the obligation due for our disinterested counsel, attacks us with a vituperative spirit, and in such language as might do honour to that quarter of the metropolis where they sell the best fish, and speak the plainest English. Amongst other graceless returns, he abuses us for saying that we recollect "*Mr. C. KEMBLE* no actor." "*What!*" he exclaims, "must not every man, whatever his trade or profession, have a beginning?" To which we reply—certainly ; but what we complain of is, that too many of those who have had their *beginning*, have *no ending*.

The present state and condition of the stage, is really so different from what it was in its palmy days, that it is impossible to consider it with any respect. Seclusion and study form no part of an actor's life—the singer is more respectable, for he must devote some time to his profession before he can venture on the boards—but the actor, we speak generally, appears to leave it all to nature and the prompter. This accounts for the sketchy feeble exhibitions of character displayed on the stage—so unlike what any man of even forty years of age may remember. Why, old *KEMBLE*, or *COOKE*, or *MUNDEN*, or *BANNISTER* performing now, with some we could mention, would so alarm them by the force and energy of their acting, that they would fly affrighted—blown off the boards like straws. The things acted, are perhaps most to blame in this matter after all ; for it is more an affair of heels now than heads, of body more than mind. Salary is everything, and if sinking a grade, passing the shadowy line that separates the man from the monkey, pays best, who shall condemn him, who leaves off imitating humanity abominably, that he may make the ampler provision for his family ? Mimicry is the essence of a player—no animal so good a mimic as a monkey, or so amusing—hence the success of *MAZURIER*, his excellent representative. This is no satire on the calling, but a heavy impeachment of the economy of managers, who squandered away so much treasure on a copy, when they could have had a Wilderness of originals for half the money. Strange however, but nevertheless true it is, that the best mimics are the most indifferent, and often the worst actors—and what is the solution of this apparent contradiction ? The professed mimic, imitates defects, and deals in violent caricature ; while the true actor, who is also a mimic, presents in his imitation a picture recognized by mankind with all its various lights and shades. Individual or personal mimicry is indeed so destructive of genuine acting, which has a wider, a higher, and a nobler object, that every performer, with any value for his reputation, renounces the temptation, and is constantly cautioned by his best friends to avoid it. But to return to the ingratitude of players—"they spurn," as *HISTRIO* says, "our advice." Be it so—we shall throw away no more pearls at present, though we have so many of this description to spare, where they are so greatly needed and so thanklessly received. This is indeed to be ungrateful to their kindest benefactors ; but we bear it manfully—better than they would, for when did you ever hear of an actor, who did not feelingly join in with him in *Lear*, on his coming to these words :

" Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As *BENEDICTS* forgot ? "

DRURY-LANE.

WE spoke, in our last, of an exchange of prisoners between the old and new world, and announced the importation of a Mr. PELSY from America, in return, on the principles of free trade, for our export in the person of Mr. KEAN. How the latter may like the New World, after his reception by the highly civilized natives of Boston, which had nearly sent him to "another," and, we may safely presume "*a better world*," we cannot say, having received no dispatches on the subject; but we are inclined to think that the former, with all his virtue (no amour of his having been as yet detected by our moral play-going folks,) will not in point of profit be much better pleased with the old one.

He made his appearance at this theatre on the 25th January, in the character of *Hamlet*, and was welcomed with great courtesy, the audience seeming well disposed "for him and for his tragedy" to grant a "hearing patiently." It was very far from a *beau d'essai*, but it was better than we expected. Frequently feeble, bald, and unimpressive, there were parts of the performance very creditable to him as an actor—possibly a high degree of credit is due to him; but we have no means of apportioning it properly, as we do not know exactly when he was caught. We rather think, though not from his pronunciation, that he must have been sometime in a state of civilization, for his attitudes were excellent, and he made a good fight of it with *Laertes*. His conception may have been theatrically right, but it was practically or theatrically wrong:—Having driven KEAN away for immorality, he probably thought that he could not be *too chaste*—but much must be sacrificed to effect on the stage. Nature may be very well in real life (though by no means in such full-play in good society as in the back-settlements,) but in the mimic, especially when tragedy is to be performed, she must mount—it is conventionally allowed, and to insist upon knowing better, is to secure the consequences of being deemed tame and flat. Independent of other drawbacks, his features are not at his command, and his voice has no depth, or agreeable variety of intonation. In a word, though respectable, and certainly clever as a specimen of what the transatlantic nursery can do, he ought to have steered clear of *Hamlet* as of a rock, or quicksand. We have heard that he is an uneducated man, who left some laborious "calling, for this idle trade." Now *Hamlet* is, perhaps, the only part in Shakspeare that wont bear such an actor. A bump behind, or a bump before, may, with some natural qualifications, do tolerably for a *Richard III.*, or a *Falstaff*; but "'tis not the inky cloak," a good memory, and a few studied attitudes merely, that can make endurable the profound moralist, the philosophic scholar, and accomplished gentleman, *Hamlet*.

At the termination of the piece, Mr. PELSY was called for by his friends—the noise was so great, that we could not well understand the object,—but, as we guess, it was to wish him his health, and a safe return to *New York*.

Several letters have since appeared in the daily papers in praise and defence of this gentleman. One in the *Morning Chronicle*, 26th Jan. signed, J. A. R. was, taken abstractedly, an excellent piece of criticism, the rest were the veriest trash, and the whole was judiciously disavowed by Mr. PELSY himself. It seems that "he had much trouble in getting leave to appear," and then conditionally—*play and pay*—for he had

100*l.* to deposit, before the managers would let him smell the lamps that burnt at his expence. This at least proves that they look to *something* sterling in an actor, before they thrust him on the public. Really this is going on very safe ground—we wish Mr. P. had kept his money in his pocket, and trod the same path. Another letter writer states “from very good authority, that Mr. P. was not treated with due respect by his brother actors.” Mr. WALLACE, it seems, was jealous, though he is assured that “he would lose nothing in Mr. PELBY’s succeeding.” We think so; for “if Mr. WALLACE has the interests of Old Drury at heart,” which, says this writer, “he ought to have, being stage-manager,” something would be got by repetition, since, in these days, when Chancellors say “take an order,” and Receivers reply “we take nothing else,” 100*l.* a night is not to be sneezed at. However, he denies this imputation of disrespect, but confesses by his silence that he is 100*l.* minus. How is this? Can a few degrees of latitude and longitude make such a difference, that *Jonathan* and his *help* change their value in changing places; and that the former must pay for doing that, for which the latter is paid? The devil’s in this, for the black gentleman, his countryman and predecessor, performed *Hamlet* last year with infinite applause—to the great amusement of his auditors, and doubtless of himself, for he did it not unprofitably, nor (being just caught, a real native *Bostonian* savage) needed he the admonition, “be not too tame neither.”

On the 28th January, a new Opera, entitled *Malvina* was produced at this theatre. After the long and successful run of *Oscar and Malvina*, we should have had compassion on poor *Ossian*, and suffered him to rest; but opera writers have no more bowels than a fiddle—so here, “with a difference,” we have the *crambe repetita*. *Ossian*, it is true, is as little disturbed in his slumbers as possible, and were it not for the names, might sit it out, without knowing that he had any hand in it. It is a fine showy affair, and has two legs to stand on; the music by Mr. T. P. COOKE, which is very good, and the scenery, which does honour to the artists. The writing is literally nothing, or rather something worse. It consists of the humorous and the sublime—in the former, *Ruro*, (Mr. J. RUSSELL,) was obscured, and Mr. HARLEY in *Shilrie* was never made so dull a rogue—it required some skill to bring this buoyant spirit down to so low an ebb; the latter, we mean the prose on stiks, had but one imperfection—it was too poisy for a comfortable nap. The story as we are told is this:—*Conlath*, (Mr. WALLACE,) an Irish Chieftain, having lost his wife, *Morna*, (Miss KELLY) who was borne away from her country by one of the family of *Fingal*, goes in search of her to Scotland. He arrives at the castle of *Oscar*, the son and successor of *Fingal*, where, under the influence of revenge, he engages with *Cuthullin*, (Mr. HORN,) the Lord of Munster, to assist in the abduction of *Malvina*, who was betrothed to *Oscar*. By their joint exertions *Malvina* is carried off; after which *Morna*, who had been delivered from her ravishers by a tempest, from which she was the only survivor, meets her husband, who is the means of saving her friend *Malvina* in the end. Many absurdities to produce difficulties and obstructions (a sort of running against time) terminated at or about the proper hour, with a couple of weddings, when all the parties appeared well-disposed to go to bed.

Miss STEPHENS in *Malvina* sang delightfully; and Miss KELLY seized the few opportunities presented of acting with a corresponding effect.

Mr. WALLACK is good at this work, and made the most of *Conlath*; and as after the machinists and wardrobe keeper, the success of the piece wholly depends on the music, Scotch and Irish, Mr. SINCLAIR and Mr. HORN should not be forgotten. The performers did much, and the show will for a time support them.

We shall here make a single remark. If this, and such as this, of which we have abundance, be what the *national theatre* calls THE DRAMA, our stage, which is the school or nursery, can produce nothing deserving the name and title of actors. The milk throws up the cream—such wash can throw up nothing but worthless scum.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Wednesday, the 1st Feb. a new afterpiece, entitled "*Norah, or the Girl of Erin*," was produced at this theatre. The scissors give the following plot, and save trouble:—

Norah, (Miss GOWARD,) is a foundling, who having attracted the notice of one *Dennis O'Flynn*, (Mr. CONNOR,) is adopted by him, and educated as his daughter. Her beauty and accomplishments attract the notice of *George Redmand*, (Mr. COOPER,) the nephew of *Lord Castleton*, (Mr. EGERTON,) and the sprig of nobility lays close siege to the fair *incognita*. In consequence of his persecutions she is driven from her place as a servant, and he relinquishes his hopes from his uncle to throw himself at her feet. All this looks desperate enough; but the Noble Lord happens to have a sister, who had married clandestinely about eighteen years before, and lost her husband as *Lady Randolph* did; and this same sister, the *Marchioness Derville*, (Miss LACY,) turns out in the end to be the mother of *Norah*. The lovers, being thus found to be cousins, are married without delay; and these circumstances, with a few modifications and embellishments, form the subject of the drama. There was, in addition to the characters we have already mentioned, another, called *Kathleen*, which we should not have thought of noticing, but that it was performed by Mrs. GLOVER. It was an attempt to portray the envy of a jealous domestic, but there was no force in the portrait.

So far we have it ready cut; and dry as the piece itself. By this time, judging from the reception she received, and her melancholy merits, we conjecture that we are speaking of the dead and gone,

"Dead,

The empty tributes of some author's head,"

and we shall spare our breath, though all the skill, anxiety, and affectionate attention of her mother (LACY) could not save poor *Norah's*. *Lord Glengall* is said to have been the father, which his Lordship, with a proper respect for character, denies; and as there is now no question of filiation to be agitated, the inquiry is not worth pursuing.

Mr. BRAHAM returned on the 9th of February to these boards, after seven years absence, and appeared as *Henry Bertram*; but we could not make it convenient to see him, or rather hear him, for few we fancy take any great delight in the former. However, we have an enlightened friend, a very popular critic, one whom he that runs may read, to assist us—we allude to a gentleman who moves very much in the great world, that is, with a placard along the Strand, and who sells his sibyl's leave

at a penny each. On the placard we observed on the day following his appearance, this concise, but profound piece of criticism. "Mr. BRAMHAM—cheering, laughing, and hissing." The style of criticism, though written in letters three inches long, is perhaps too short for the million, and are words that only sound to the initiated—still we think that they must be pretty intelligible to all men. We say *err*, but we take the learned peripatetic and oracular critic to intend to convey this intelligence—first the *cheering* for the return of a favourite singer—then the *laughing* for his *acting*, as usual—and thirdly, the *hissing* for that so small a man should ever have presumed to live with *Signora Storace*. Since KEAN lost his chastity, and the town found it, none but *Josephs* can be endured on the stage.

A new play, called *THE FRENCH LIBERTINE*, was brought out at this house on the 11th. This is the far-famed piece, which, under the title of "*Richelieu*," was rejected by the deputy licenser; but, in consequence of the spirited something of Mr. C. Kemble, according to the papers, it was suffered to pass. Whether he infused any spirit into the work, or subdued the spirit of opposition by certain modifications, we cannot say. What was objectionable is merely surmise, but we think that without reference to the descendants of the Duke de Richelieu, such plain *indicia* remain as to make conjecture tolerably clear.

It now appears as "*The French Libertine*," and is the production of Mr. Howard Payne, the ci-devant Roscius—*Roscius*, so deemed in America—"the one-eyed monarch of the blind," who, finding he could not figure decently above stairs, descended to cook provisions for the company. It may possibly be remembered that Mr. Payne produced a tragedy called "*Brutus*," which had its day, nay, we believe, two or three; and certainly deserved even more success, if what we have heard be true. A bet was made, and, as we understand won, that there were not more than seventy lines in "*Brutus*," which could not be pointed out in other authors—not the thoughts, but the passages *verbatim*. Now, we think, that a thing so *tried and approved*, with the old stamp of currency on it, should have been more durable; the town, however, is fickle, and the *Mosaic* was then perhaps out of fashion. Leaving this safe species of composition, Mr. P. took to another of the same class—translation—

"Beaumarchais' Muse, a favourite of the nation,
Now rises like some bishop—by translation.
Jest, repartee, and stage effect still tease ye,
With wit made English, and with French made easy—"

and, as we hear, sends in, with some other smugglers on the French coast, in the employ of our managers, a bushel of translations at a time, which being well sifted and winnowed, any grain found is preserved; and "*The French Libertine*" having been so considered, here it is.

The story, which is not without interest, though very deficient in incident, is in a nut-shell. *Made. Dorival* (MRS. SLOMAN) has been guilty of a *faux pas*, and is much to be pitied, for it was exceedingly against her inclination; in fact, she was very angry about it, and told the *Duke de Rougement* (MR. C. KEMBLE) that she would do nothing of the sort; but he, the Libertine, having assured her that his heart was broken, her generosity was too much for her virtue, and she gave him both her heart and body to make amends. She continues to live with her husband, *M.*

Dorival, (MR. COOPER,) who is the best good easy man a woman could wish to meet with, till the return of the Duke from a campaign, when a renewal of his suit throws her into a horrible state of melancholy dejection. If this be virtue, it is of the Spartan sort, for her agitation seems centered in one very momentous circumstance in these matters, namely, the fear of being found out. *M. Dorival*, as we observed, is the most unsuspecting of his sex; but, though abounding in kindness, he is the least kind, in the way of attention, imaginable to his wife, considering her prostrate, deplorable, and lachrymose state throughout the piece; and without cause, as it must appear to him. This strikes us as strange; but a French audience would probably see nothing in it, and consider that if *M. Dorival* suspected, or even knew everything, an every-day practice in the best regulated French families, so relieving to the husband, and consolatory to the wife, would be the last thing to come into his head as the cause of all this fuss. The gross scene, in which the Duke pays court to both husband and wife, could only be tolerated (and then in France) on this supposition. This leads to many singularly absurd situations, which are ingeniously improved by the conduct of the *Countess de Flcury* (MRS. CHATTERLY) who is enamoured of the Duke. This lady seems to be much the greater libertine of the two, with a spice of "the cut & the adage;" at any rate, the tempter more than tempted, for the Duke never seeks her, but she pops in upon him at all seasons, and in all places, at home and abroad, in private and in public. In his pursuit of *Mad. Dorival* the Duke is assisted by *La Motte* (MR. POWER) one of his sycophants, and checked by the blunt honesty of *Dubois*, his secretary, who, finding *Mad. Dorival* at the Duke's, to which place she had been conveyed by force, he, as he was luckily going to sup with her husband, takes her home. Unfortunately it rained very hard, and, as he could get no coach, she arrives completely wet through, when, most imprudently, he and *Jannette* place her in a chair for a little chat, without any regard to her situation. The consequence, as we suppose, is a violent cold and fever, which, flying to her head, drives her mad, for having merely time to dress herself in white, that she may die decently, she comes on the stage, confesses to her husband, accuses the Duke, and expires. The Devil does not come bodily forth and carry off the Duke, as he does *Don Juan*, but the Duke assures us that the fiend is very busy with him, and professing great remorse, he walks off, to settle the matter with his Satanic Majesty in private.

Melancholy as all this is, it must not be thought that the piece is without the relief of wit, though we can at present recollect only one little coruscation: *Jannette*, (MRS. GLOVER,) who is *Mad. Dorival's* nurse, (apparently a wet nurse,) hears some one knock very loud at the door, upon which she says, with infinite sprightliness, "It must be somebody accustomed to make a noise in the world." What management is this, to possess such an actress and to smother her under such rubbish? Of this sort is the composition; but meagre as it is in every respect, the piece is not without interest, particularly the last act, which was well played, and so effective as to secure an unanimous assent to the announcement of a repetition. The acting was frequently powerful, and deserved a better cue to action.

Mr. C. KEMBLE is a very clever performer in many parts, and though mistaken in some, he is contemptible in none; but he can never afford to

lose sight, or to let us lose sight, of the personal advantages bestowed on him by nature. In this play he has designedly, for effect, to change his dress three times; but it is an effect defective, for perfect posture-master as he is, attitudes are vain in any man walking in a sack, and he was so swelled out and incumbered with drapery as to render all attempts at graceful display abortive. In his first, which represented the Duke returned from the wars, he looked like the clumsy chief of a band of freebooters; and in the second, his green citizen's garb, he appeared like a fat Robin Hood, on a gala day, in the forest, such was the huddle of clothes about his stout limbs and broad loins. The third, his white round dress, was better, though not suited to the genius of his form, as it now is; but here he was seen to most advantage, and may be said to look best in his shirt, though it was but a short one. In the representation of character on the stage, truth must concede a little to the ideal, or the preconceived idea of the spectator, and surely Mr. C. KEMBLE was in appearance, at least, as unlike the idea of a *French* libertine as could well be imagined. Not that a French rake may not be fat, and wear all his wardrobe at one time, or be compelled to figure in one three times too big for him, but the object before us appeared much more to resemble a heavy libertine of our own breeding. In the more exalted and impressive parts of the character, Mr. C. K. was excellent, which only seemed to shew distinctly that the lighter portion, in every sense of the word, might have been in better hands. It is a laborious pleasantry, and we find it difficult to conceive so much activity in such bulk and gravity to be voluntary. We feel obliged by the exertion, and, indeed, amused, but it is a *triste plaisir*. Mr. C. KEMBLE is naturally fitted to a higher and more dignified walk, a path in which Mr. JONES must not presume to tread, though he could have assisted him here—at least he might have saved Mr. POWER some trouble.

Mrs. SLOMAN is a Miss O'NEIL, in miniature, or we should rather say, in little, always excepting her *bustle*, as the ladies delicately call it, which, if really original, gives her a foundation to which Miss O'NEIL could not pretend. There is some slight resemblance to that admirable actress in the contour and studied expression of the countenance; but we apprehend that the whole is like the mask in the fable, which wanted nothing but the brains—by brains we do not mean anything positively intellectual, but that sort of brains which makes a first-rate player. She dresses and gulps hysterically at her, but with no pleasing or good effect. These were not the charms of Miss O'NEIL. We should advise this Lady, who is not without talent, to abandon imitation, and to erect a fame on her own original bottom.

Mr. Dubois speaks the truth without reserve, and is a very virtuous and very sensible gentleman; and Mr. WARDE performed the character as if he really liked it. We notice this particularly, because it is so rare to find a player fond of the truth.

MR. MATHEWS.

We must speak of Mr. MATHEWS' entertainment, to commence in March, prophetically, and we may venture to prophecy that it will far exceed the expectations, and most agreeably gratify the hopes, of the lovers of fun and laughter. We say "exceed the expectations," because this is

the eighth exhibition, and contemplating its nature, and its sole support, the most sang ine might reasonably expect a falling off—here, however, or our judgment errs, they will find no ie; but rather, as we think, that “practice has made perfect.”

How we came by all this knowledge, may naturally be inquired, and when known, be very rationally suspected of some slight prejudice. We were at a private rehearsal at Mr. M.’s house, after a good dinner. The public will never hear it with this advantage, and it is lucky for our credit that we must not go into a detail by anticipation. If we did, we might very possibly speak in rapture of the first and second course, when we ought to talk of the sets; and when we spoke of the treat, appetite indulged, rich bits, delicious morsels, desert, and how much the whole was to our taste, it might be suspected that we were troubled with a confusion of ideas. Certainly we saw it with delighted eyes, and our friends will perhaps say, saw double. However that may be, we are sure that to a certain degree others will see with the same eyes, for we defy any one to witness it in sober sadness.

The songs are not so evenly compositions, as heretofore, but written with finished neatness, which, with the drollery of the two first acts, are furnished by the younger MATHEWS—the last act, of which we know nothing, is by Mr. PEAKE, and he is always a sure card. Having served seven years, the apprenticeship is over, and we think it will be perceived, for we consider this as Mathews’ master-piece.

MINOR MATTERS.

Among the minor matters, we may with great propriety class the *Italian Opera*, as it is at present conducted. Unable to support the *Crociato*, they have tried ROSSINI’S *Donna del Lago*, with equal success. *Mulcolm*, losing Mad VESTRIS, has fallen into the hands of Mad CORNIGGA, and poor *Roderigo* is abandoned to Sigr. TORRI. It smacks of presumption in Mad CARADORI, to assume the character of *Elena*, while Mad. de BEGAIS is so fresh in our recollection—at any rate she should have waited till restored to her full powers. CURIONI and PORTO are singers and actors of considerable merit; but the weakness of the cast as a whole, with the imperfect execution of the fine chorusses, was sensibly felt, and though so polite an assembly is not noisy, very intelligibly expressed. Mr. ELKERS must look to it, or he will be on his travels,—in search of, we hope, a better company, or some one to manage his affairs with more judgment.

On *Charles’s Martyrdom*, there was a sort of sacred concert at this theatre, under the direction of that worthy and exemplary gentleman, in an academy, Mr. BOCHSA, which Mr. SINCLAIR and Miss GRADDON made, as a contemporary observes, a work of humiliation and mortification, consistent with the season. VEILLUTI, BEILAMY, and SAPIO, distinguished themselves as usual. We cannot refrain from remarking on this paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*,—“Mad. BONINI has consented to sing at the “Oral Fund Concert,” that we apprehend there must be some little error in the expression—for “has consented,” should not we read, “is hired?”

The ADELPHI will, at Easter, terminate a Tom and Jerry season, in

point of profit; but, at the same time, a season of infinitely better fruit, in point of taste and talent. This is the limit in their way. The sacred moments of cessation have been devoted to the holy purposes of exhibiting Mr. HENRY and his monkeys. We have no doubt that they are excellent actors, but we have not seen them. The longer interregnum is to be occupied by YATES, who has, with the aid of Mr. Reynolds, prepared an entertainment of mimicry, story, and song, which is highly spoken of, and cannot fail, in his hands, to be very amusing.

INCLEDON, the delight of our younger days, and an honour to English song, died on the 11th February, at Worcester.

Mr. SERLE has descended to *Colonel Mannering*, in *Guy*, which part he fills with all its requisites; but if this be the "end all," he might as well have remained a term-trotter, or a *walking gentleman*, between the Temple and Westminster-hall.

O'KEEFE, who is living at Chichester, received the noble donation of his Majesty, with such a sense of gratitude and deep feeling, as to render him for a time unable to express his obligation. The grace with which this favour was conferred, would have been sufficient, had the largesse been less munificent, to have cheered the heart, and illumined the latter days of this ingenious dramatist.

Miss F. H. KELLY has got into the *Wright* family—her fame now knows no bounds. By the *Herham* play bill, announcing this lady as *Isabella*, under the patronage of the Queen's own, Mr. Manager WRIGHT, whose family performed all the other parts, assures the Hexham public, that her "extraordinary talents, at their very first development, placed her on the pinnacle of excellence;" and it is by no means wonderful, seeing that she is skilled "to win her friends *before her lips are opened*." If Miss KELLY ever leaves the WRIGHT company, she will find herself in the wrong.

Two new musical infants are, we understand, in full play at the Egyptian Hall, but we have not yet heard these prodigies; nor seen the *Pacollrama*, a new name, as we learn, for an old exhibition.

Mr. BARTLEY, at the Lyceum, has been giving his astronomical lectures, and to say nothing of *his* gravity, he is certainly the most *purely celestial* of all those who break the pause and peace of this sacred season with "Lenten entertainments."

The *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, opened on the 20th with two new views, *Roslyn Chapel* and the *City of Rouen*. This is, take it altogether, their least interesting display of art. The *Rouen* is a mere flat picture, without any of the startling effect of perspective. The rainbow is miserable; and neither in this, nor in the *Roslyn Chapel*, is there a single figure, brute or human, to give animation to the scene. In the latter there are some striking instances of the magic of perspective; and we should recommend the proprietors to confine themselves, in future, to architectural drawings, as the exclusive merit of this exhibition rests on its surprising *deceptio visus*.

Miss LOVE has worn Mad. VESTRIS' breeches in *Artaxerxes*. Hitherto *Love* has been principally busy in *Chambermaids*, &c., but the attempt was very creditable to her powers. Still we must say that women are not

honoured in the breach. Even when figuratively worn by certain married ladies at home, terror is the consequence, and never love, for Miss L.'s little brother, wearing none himself, flies all such association.

Her late stormy reception at Bath seems to indicate that Miss Foote is about to tread in the steps of Mr. KEAN, who, purified, is about to return to England, that is—the paths of virtue! Indeed we understand that she is outward-bound for America—the land of liberty. According to the American papers of the 22d Jan. “two angels” have already descended on *New York* (natives of *Boston* no doubt) which promises well, as they are by this time used to “fallen angels.”

The ORATORIES I have been got up in the usual style of recent times. “*Le diable se mele de tout*,” and with the assistance of the managers of these matters, he has mingled himself charmingly with these holy observances. Even *John Wesley*, who imported into his chapel some of our most jovial airs, saying, “He did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes,” discarded the words; but in our *Oratorio*, we have words and all—and this is called *sacred*. Away with such a farce, or rather something worse. Either the period is sacred, or it is not—if it is, as we guess by certain forms and outward signs, it is fit that those who make these ordinances should prevent their profanation.

By a letter in the papers, signed JOHN BRAHAM, we perceive that he is very angry at being called a Jew, and thinks, and so do we, that he may sing, “*I’m jolly Dick the lamp lighter*,” without ever having been the cause of any illumination in the whole course of his life. As he does not exhibit on the Jews’ harp, and is a good singer, we see no reason why he should be objected to on that score, or why we should quarrel with him about words. He may sing in the *Messiah* with our free will and approbation; but if he introduces *Scotch melodies* at this season, he not only shews bad taste, but a degree of irreverence that deserves the severest censure. It seems, however, (for he declares) that he is no Jew, but a convert to the Protestant faith. So much the worse for his case, in the present instance—no good Protestant would so mix up the sacred and profane. For our part, much as we wish for the conversion of the Jews, we do not like converts, for we have no dependence on them. “One good turn” (and this is a very good one, if honest) they may think, when occasion suits, “deserves another,” and about they go. This has been too commonly the case; and the convert, as SHERIDAN says of his little pie-bald Jew, “stands like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither,” but ready, as it may be expedient, to turn over either way. Besides, we do not very well comprehend how a Jew can ever become a perfect Christian. Mr. BRAHAM may resume the fore-letter of his name, and say, “I am Abraham, the Protestant;” but that is not all—however we don’t understand these things.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Heldom had the public expectation been roused to a higher pitch than at the approaching commencement of the present Session of Parliament. The Legislature was looked up to, and very naturally, as the grand organ of relief in the existing difficulties of the commercial world. The first night's proceedings were, we believe, universally unsatisfactory; they seemed to cast a damp upon the hopes of the nation; for Ministers, it was evident, were unacquainted with the full extent of the pressure, or with the best mode of ensuring its early and permanent removal. In the House of Lords, an Address to the Throne, in reply to the Royal Speech, was moved by Lord Verulam, and seconded by Lord Sheffield; in the Commons, a similar Address was moved by Mr. S. Wortley, and seconded by Mr. Green. In the Peers, the Earl of Liverpool gave intimation of two measures; first, the gradually calling in of the one and two pound notes, and supplying their place with metallic currency; secondly, an abridgment of the privileges of the Bank of England, by which chartered banking establishments, with more than six partners each, might be allowed at a distance greater than sixty-five miles from the metropolis; the Bank of Edgland, however, to be permitted to establish branch banks in different parts of the country. In pursuance of these views (to which, as far as the Bank of England was concerned, the consent of that establishment had been obtained) resolutions were soon afterwards introduced, proposed, and agreed to, to the following effect:—

1. "That all Promissory Notes payable to bearer on demand, issued by licensed bankers in England, or by the Bank of England, for any sum less than 5*l*. bearing a date previous to the 5th of February, 1826, or which may have been stamped previously to that day, shall and may continue to be issued, re-issued, and circulated, until the 5th day of April, 1829, and no longer.

2. "That it is expedient to make provision by law for preventing the issuing, re-issuing, or circulating, in England, of promissory notes, or undertakings in writing, payable to the bearer on demand, by licensed bankers or Banking Companies, for any sum less than 5*l*., other than such as may

have been issued, dated, or stamped previously to the 5th day of February, 1826.

3. "That the provisions of any Act or Acts of Parliament now in force relating to the charter for the Bank of England, whereby the number of partners of which any bank or banking companies may consist is limited to six, be altered and amended, so far as they may effect the establishment of any such banks, or banking companies situated at a distance not less than sixty-five miles from London."

In contemplation of these resolutions, the first of which, it will be observed, restricted the issue of small notes after the 5th of February, Ministers had judged it expedient to prohibit, without the authority of Parliament, the issuing of any further stamps for small country notes. The object of this prohibition was to prevent the bankers from supplying themselves with large quantities of stamps for notes of a date previous to the 5th of February, and thereby unduly increasing their issues. Listening, however, rather to the voice of practical men out of doors, than to the reasonings actually employed within the walls of St. Stephen's, it was found necessary to modify the plan in favour of the Bank of England, or, more correctly, in favour of the public at large. The difficulty, if not the utter impracticability, of immediately furnishing such a supply of metallic currency, as would supersede the necessity of a further issue of small notes was forcibly seen and felt. It was therefore thought advisable to introduce another resolution (February 17) the object of which is to enable the Bank of England to assist the country bankers, by making issues of one and two-pound notes along with gold, until the 10th of October next. From that period the Bank will not be allowed to issue any more new small notes, but small notes already issued will be suffered to continue in circulation until the month of April, 1829, which is the final period fixed for the Bank of England and the country banks to withdraw their small issues altogether from circulation. This determination, in favour of the extended issues of the Bank of England, had the most salutary effect upon the funds, and infused new life throughout the country. On the 15th of the month, the three per

cent. consols were as low as 74½; on the 18th, the day after the resolution had been agreed to, they rose to 76½; and on the 24th they got up to 79½. In accordance with the resolutions, bills are, at this time (Feb. 23) in progress through Parliament.

The eminent house of Messrs. B. A. Goldschmidt suspended its payments, to an immense amount, on the 14th of February; and, within a week afterwards, the banking establishment of Sir J. Perring and Co. Cornhill, was also obliged to stop. Our home trade is at this time suffering greatly; more, in fact, from a deficiency of the local circulating medium, consequent on the stoppage of country banks, than from any other cause. The Yorkshire houses dealing in woollens, the Scotch and Manchester houses dealing in calicoes, and the Irish houses dealing in silens, are those which feel the severest pressure. Government, however, has not judged it necessary to comply with an application from the commercial interest, of an advance of five millions by way of loan. The only relief that they have afforded is, that of throwing two millions of money into circulation, by procuring the Bank of England to buy up Exchequer bills to that amount. Hopes, however, are entertained, that the Bank of England will advance one or two millions, on property.

In consequence of the war in India, and of the necessity of an increasing protection of our trade in different parts of the world, an advance, in this year made in the Navy Estimates from last year's amount, 5,849,119l. to 6,135,004l.

Amongst the important papers laid before Parliament, since the commencement of the session, are three conventions for opening and facilitating the maritime intercourse between the United Kingdom and Foreign states: 1st, a Treaty of Commerce between Britain and France, for equalising the duties chargeable upon the vessels of both kingdoms respectively, conveying merchandise directly between the ports of each, and upon the goods exported and imported, whether in French or British merchantmen; 2ndly, a Convention of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation with the Republic of Colombia; 3dly, the Convention of Commerce with the Hanseatic Republic mentioned in our View of Public Affairs for January. It is deserving of remark, however, that although two additional articles have been annexed to our treaty with France for a freedom of intercourse on

behalf of the merchant vessels of each power with the colonies of the other, the possessions of our East India Company excepted—by which an advantage has been ceded to French commerce, far beyond that which the merchants of Britain derive from the equalisation—an Ordinance has been issued by the French Government, which prevents the introduction into France of the produce of our colonies in British ships, or even the introduction of colonial produce in French ships clearing out of ports of the British dominions in Europe. The products of other countries of Europe cannot be imported into France in British vessels, except from the ports of the United Kingdom.

The treaties with the Government of Brazil, mentioned in our last, have been sent back to Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of receiving some important modifications, previously to their being ratified by the British Government.

The Senate, which is a component part of the treaty-making power in the government of the United States, has refused its assent to the convention which had been entered into between England and America, for the final abolition of the Slave Trade.

Nothing of importance has yet been done in Parliament respecting Ireland. The Earl of Liverpool has stated, that the alteration in the mode of collecting the tithes adopted in that country had been attended by the most beneficial results; but with regard to the measure of education, he could not speak in unqualified terms of its success.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington has left England on a special mission to the Court of St. Petersburg; not only, as it is supposed, to congratulate the new Emperor on his accession to the throne, but to negotiate some specific arrangements respecting the affairs of Greece. The Duke of Devonshire, it is said, will proceed to St. Petersburg, as the representative of his Britannic Majesty, at the approaching coronation of the Emperor Nicholas.

Opinions vary as to whether Parliament will be dissolved at Easter or not till the middle of the summer.

THE COLONIES.

We are led to understand, by intelligence from Madras, to the 16th of October, that, on the application of the Burmese King, an armistice had been concluded, and that a negotiation for

peace was to commence between Sir Archibald Campbell and the first minister of the Court of Argyll at a village of one-and-twenty miles above Rome. On the 2nd of October, our army was well provisioned, but the sickness continued very severe.

Bombay papers to the 15th of September, announce the invasion of Cutch, by a formidable tribe, or collection of freebooters, described as Pindarrees. The statements on this point are very vague, but the news appears to have excited great alarm in the country.

On the 6th and 13th of December, a long debate took place in the House of Assembly, Jamaica, on the proposed Slave Eviction Bill: on the latter day, on the second reading, the bill was lost by 24 against 13 votes.

EUROPEAN STATES.

The French chambers were opened on the 31st of January, by a speech from the king, of the most satisfactory nature. Its leading feature, which, however, has called forth in formidable array the whole opposition press of the country, is the abolition of the mad revolutionary laws for the perpetual subdivision of property. Villele, the minister, on opening his budget of finance, states an excess of income over expenditure for the last year, of 3,551,69 francs. The saving in the year 1823, is calculated at 25,678,066 francs, which is to be employed in the remission of taxes.

At the opening of the session for the States of the kingdom of Hanover, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in the character of Viceroi, stated the produce of the taxes to be in general satisfactory, and held out a hope that at no very distant period, a permanent

diminution of the amount would be effected.

The conspiracy to assassinate continues to excite much attention on the continent. Nearly 2000 military officers are said to be under arrest, in consequence of the arrest of the 28th of December. Names are on the list of the accused, which belong to the most illustrious families of the state. Serious apprehensions are entertained of a war between Russia and the Portuguese, to prevent which the utmost efforts of the British government will unquestionably be exerted. The commercial treaty between Russia and Sweden, which was to expire on the 1st day of the present year, has been declared, by the Emperor Nicholas, and the King of Sweden, to remain in force *pro tempore*.

Report states that the government of Algiers has declared war against Spain.

Intelligence from Batavia to the 26th of September, represents the Dutch Generals, Geen and Kock, as in the field with a force of 8000 men, of whom 2000 were regulars. It does not appear that any decided victory had been gained over the Javanese, though they are said to have been beaten in all quarters.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Brazilian government issued a formal declaration of war against the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, on the 10th of December.—The official newspaper of Rio de Janeiro claims a victory for the Brazilian troops in the province of Rio Grande, where Colonel Bento Gonзалves, at the head of 800 men, is said to have attacked and defeated Ribera, who had under him a force of 2000, with the loss of nearly 1000, in killed and prisoners.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

DECEMBER 10. Declaration of war made by the Brazilian Government against the United Provinces of the River Plata.

16. The Russian Senate decreed a Colossal Statue to the Memory of the late Emperor, inscribed simply, "Russia to Alexander I."

24. A fire at Charleston, in America; between twenty and thirty houses burnt, and property to the amount of 70,000 or 80,000.

JANUARY 3. A fire at Constantinople, in which 1600 shops and 1500 houses were destroyed. A loss occur-

ing thereby to the Christians of 15,000 piastres.

12. A letter from Rome announces the arrival of Plenipotentiaries from Mexico, to procure the establishment of a Patriarch in Mexico, the nomination of an Apostolic Vicar, and a definitive arrangement of the bishoprics there.

15. Installation of a new Council of State at Madrid, by Ferdinand VII.

18. General Assembly of the Roman Catholic Bishops in Dublin.

23. The States of Hanover

opened by a speech from the Duke of Cambridge.

JANUARY 21. Arrival of the Prince of Orange at St. Petersburg.

— **27.** Grand Masonic Festival at the Freemasons' Tavern, in honour of the birth-day of the Duke of Sussex. The Marquess of Hastings in the Chair.

— **28.** The London Gazette contained the unprecedented number of sixty bankrupts, and six declarations of insolvency.

— **31.** A dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the Duke of York and his Majesty's Ministers.

— Meeting of the English Catholic Association at the Crown and Anchor. The Earl of Arundel in the Chair.

— Opening of the Session of the French Chambers.

FEBRUARY 2. Opening of the Seventh Session of the British Imperial Parliament.

— Grand Catholic Dinner, at Dublin. Lord Gormanston, President; Lord Killeen, Vice President.

— **3.** Meeting of a Court of Proprietors of the Bank of England, to take into consideration certain import-

ant communications which had recently taken place between the Board of Directors and his Majesty's Ministers.

— **4.** Inceston, the singer, died at Worcester.

— **7.** Seven waggon loads of bullion, almost twenty-eight tons of gold and silver, delivered at the Bank of England from South America.

— The Duke of Wellington embarked at Gravesend, on a diplomatic mission to the Court of St. Petersburg.

— **8.** A Meeting held in the open air, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at which Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. presided, for the purpose of raising a subscription to procure Cobbet's return to Parliament.

— **16.** Failure of the eminent house of Messrs. B. A. Goldschmidt and Company; debts said to be 1,200,000*l.*; assets only 800,000*l.*

— **18.** Death of Mr. A. Goldschmidt, of the house of Messrs. Goldschmidt and Co.

— Meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of enquiring into, and devising the best means of redressing certain grievances alleged to operate upon the corporation.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Royal Society of Literature.—At the first general meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, at the Society's Chambers in Parliament-street, held in pursuance of its charter of incorporation, on the 15th of February; the Hon. G. Agar Ellis in the Chair. The following elections were made:—

The Lord Bishop of Salisbury, President, in virtue of the charter.

ELFCTED.—Vice Presidents.—His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the Most Noble the Marquess of Lansdown, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley, the Right Hon. Charles York, the Honourable George Agar Ellis, Sir James Mackintosh, the Venerable Archdeacon Vares, the Reverend George Richards, D. D.

COUSCIL.—Lord Kenyon, the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.; the Reverend H. H. Baber, (Librarian), Robert Bradstreet, Esq.; John Casey Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole, (Secretary), the Rev. George Dwyer, D. D., William Hamilton, Esq., Prince Hoare, Esq., William Jacob, Esq., William Jordan, Esq.; A. R. Incey, Esq. (Treasurer); William Mathewson, Esq.; John Nash, Esq.; Lewis Petit Haye, Esq.; Wm. Tooke, Esq.

OFFICERS.—Alfred Elijah Incey, Esq. (Treasurer); Richard Blanchard, Esq. and David Pollock, Esq. (Auditors), the Rev. Henry

Harvey Baber, (Librarian), the Rev. Richard Cattermole, (Secretary), the Rev. Henry A. Dillate, (Foreign Secretary), Mr. Thomas Paul, (Accountant and Collector.)

Composition of the Atmosphere.—Mr. Dalton states that there is a variation in the quality of oxygen in the atmosphere of about 0.45 per cent. The greatest quantity was found on the 8th of January, 1825, when the wind was north-east, and the barometer 30.9 inches; the wind was moderate after three days calm and gentle frost. The atmosphere then contained 21.15 per cent. of oxygen, while, in its general state, it yields only 20.7 or 20.8 per cent.

Nature of Flame.—A series of experiments have been made by Mr. Davies, of Manchester, which tend to confirm the opinion offered by Mr. Sym, a few years ago, respecting the nature of flame. From these researches it appears that it is the surface alone of the flame of a candle that is luminous, the central portion being obscure. Mr. Davies also proves that there is no oxygen in the central part of the flame,

for, in this part, phosphorus and sulphur melted readily, but would not inflame while immersed in it. These inflammable bodies took fire when the surface of the flame was blown against them, so that they received a supply of oxygen; but ceased to burn the moment they were again suffered to be wholly within the central mass of the flame.

Influence of Light on Combustion.—There is a general opinion that the direct action of the rays of the sun diminishes the combustion of a common fire; and, with a view to put it to the test of experiment, Dr. McKeever instituted a set of experiments on the actual state of combustion of well-known bodies in different circumstances. It appears, from these trials, that the quantity of wax taper consumed in broad sunshine in the open air is less than that consumed in a darkened room, in the proportion of 10 to 11. When the experiment was tried with a common mould candle, an inch in length was consumed in 59 minutes, in strong sunshine, temperature 80°; in 56 minutes, in a darkened room, temperature 64°; and in 57½ minutes in ordinary day light, temperature 68½. Brilliant moonlight had no sensible effect on the rate of combustion. Other trials were made to ascertain the effect of the different coloured rays of the prismatic spectrum on combustion, and it was found to proceed most rapidly in the verge of the violet ray. The times of consuming the same length of taper in the different portions of the spectrum were as under:—

	Min.	Sec.
In the red ray	8	0
Green ray	8	20
Violet ray	8	39
Verge of the violet ray	8	57

The common opinion is, therefore, correct; but the difference is not so considerable as might be expected.

Salads.—Washing salads for three or four minutes in sea or salt water is recommended as an effectual means of getting rid of all insects. Vegetables of every kind ought to be so cleansed, and afterwards washed in the usual way in fresh water.

FRANCE.

Royalist Monuments.—His Majesty Charles X. recently subscribed 2,000 francs for the monument erecting to the memory of Larochejacquelin, Lesane, and Doulsson.

Longevity.—Pierre Huet, the oldest soldier, in the French service, died

lately at the Hotel des Invalides. He had reached the extraordinary period of 119 years; and since the inauguration of the statue of Louis XIV., had enjoyed a pension of 300 francs per annum from the city of Paris.

Human Monster.—At the Academy of Sciences, on the 7th of January, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire presented a human monster, which had just been discovered in a collection of animal mummies, forming part of a magnificent cabinet of antiquities recently imported from Egypt by that able artist and learned antiquary, M. Passalacqua. This monster belongs to the class known by the name of ameccephalous, characterised by the complete privation of the brain and spinal marrow; and is exceedingly interesting, first, as contradicting the doctrine of the Cartesian philosopher, that thought is generated in the brain; and, secondly, is opposed to the more recent theory of the origin of the nerves in the cerebral or vertebral pulp.

ITALY.

Pompeii.—A fresco painting, discovered at Pompeii, represents Vesuvius in a state of eruption, emitting flames and torrents of lava; religious processions are seen at the foot of the mountain; Cape Misenum, and the city of Neapolis, are perfectly distinguished in the distance. Vesuvius must have since become much lower; for, in the painting, it is of extraordinary height. It is evident that the mountain Somma has been formed by subsequent eruptions, as there is no appearance of it in the picture.

Property, Probabilities of Human Life, &c.—At a Sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, in the month of January, M. Durréau de la Malle presented a model of the Property Tables of the Ancient Romans, during the long period which elapsed from Servius Tullius to Justinian. This model, which comprehends the details of the ancient authors, is divided into three parts, which are arranged in great order, and which relate in various ways to the condition of the father of every family, to that of the family itself, and to the value of its property. M. de la Malle also presented a table of great interest, shewing the probabilities of human life at different ages, among the Romans. The following is a copy of it:—

Table of the Probabilities of Human Life, calculated by Domitius Ulpianus, Prime Minister to Alexander

Severus, and extracted from Emilias
Macer

Age	Probable Future Life.
From 0 to 20 years.....	30 years
20 .. 25.....	25
25 .. 30.....	20
30 .. 35.....	15
35 .. 40.....	10
40 .. 45.....	5
45 .. 50.....	13
50 .. 55.....	9
55 .. 60.....	7
60 .. 65.....	5

M. de la Malle says, that this table was formed from the property tables, the registers of birth, puberty, manhood, death, age, sex, diseases, &c, which were kept by the Romans with the greatest exactness, from the time of Servius Tullius to that of Justinian. Ulpianus fixes thirty years as the mean duration of human life during that period. It is extraordinary that the chances of life detailed in the above table are precisely those which the

registers of mortality in the city of Florence exhibit in the present day

SWITZERLAND.

Effect of Poison upon Vegetables.—M. F. Maroet, of Geneva, has lately published the result of some curious experiments respecting the effect of both mineral and vegetable poisons upon the system of vegetables. From the whole of his experiments, he concludes, 1st. That metallic poisons act upon vegetables nearly as they do upon animals. They appear to be absorbed and carried into different parts of the plants, altering and destroying the vessels by their corrosive powers. 2dly: That vegetable poisons, especially those which have been proved to destroy animals by their action upon the nervous system, also cause the death of plants. Whence he infers, that there exist in the latter a system of organs, which is affected by poisons nearly as the nervous system of animals.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

Annals of the House of Brunswick, by Sir Andrew Halliday, M.D. 2 vols. royal 8vo illustrated with an engraving from Mr. Chantry's bust of his present Majesty, by Reynolds, and thirteen beautifully engraved portraits of the most distinguished heroes of the Brunswick race, from effigies and paintings, by some of the great masters of the early ages.

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A System of Natural Philosophy, comprehending Mechanics in Theory and Practice. By Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S. Member of the Geological and Astronomical Societies, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Anderson's Institution, and Author of a "Dictionary of Chemistry," &c. &c.—To be published in Monthly Parts, and completed in two vols. 8vo. illustrated with 30 engravings.

The fourteenth edition (newly and considerably enlarged by the Author) of Keeper's Travels in search of his Master, (a little book which, as the many editions already printed of it evince, enjoys much popularity with young readers) is on the eve of publication, to meet inquirers at the Easter holidays. Among the well-known leading features, is its tendency to encourage a spirit of kindness toward the animal creation, free, however, from that morbid sensibility, and impracticable, and even censurable, rigour of system, which can only obscure the cause, as we hear it pleaded by some of its zealous and well-meaning advocates.

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GAZETTE APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G. to bear his Majesty's congratulations to the Emperor of Russia, on his Imperial Majesty's accession to the Throne.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Fane, K.C.B. to be G.C. of the said Most Hon. Military Order.

Frederick William Hamilton, Esq. to be Page of Honour to his Majesty in Ordinary, vice W. C. Burton, Esq. promoted.

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A. Aston, Esq. to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation to the Brazils.

E. M. Ward, Esq. late Secretary at the Court of St. Petersburg, to be Secretary to his Majesty's Embassy at the Court of Vienna.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to elect the Most Noble Charles, Duke of Dorset, a Knight of the Garter.

Henry Beart, Esq. to be Lieutenant Governor of the Colony of Barbice.

W. Courtenay, Esq. to be Clerk Assistant of the Parliament, vice H. Cooper, Esq. resigned.

His Majesty has graciously permitted the 32d Reg. of Foot to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the Regiment, the words, "Roleia," "Vimiera," "Pyrepses," and "Orthes," in commemoration of its distinguished services at Roleia, Aug. 17, 1808; at Vimiera, Aug. 21, 1808; at the Pyrepses, July and Aug. 1813; and at Orthes, Feb. 27, 1814.

Major General Sir Patrick Ross, K.C.B. to be Governor of the island of Antigua.

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MARRIED.

At Calcutta, Capt. G. M. Greville, Nephew to the late Earl of Warwick, to Miss Pearson, eldest daughter of the Advocate General of Bengal.

DIED.

At Prome, in the kingdom of Ava, Capt. H. Parsons—At Boston, D. Hinchley, Esq. aged 57—At Liudan, L. Constance, Esq. aged 78; Elizabeth Meyer, sister of the late Dr. Meyer—At Calcutta, Capt. Borrowes, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. the Hon. Sir E. Paget, K.T.S.—At Mahatee, near Arracan, aged 23, Capt. Randall, of the Madras

Native Infantry—At Leipzig, aged 23, Annette, wife of G. L. Preusser, Esq. and daughter of John Wehrtmann, Esq. of Hamburgh—At Benares, in the East Indies, aged 19, Frances Isabella, youngest daughter of R. Richardson, Esq. commercial resident of Commercilly, Bengal—At Fontainebleau, Dr. Gilder, aged 64—The Chevalier D. Giovanni Danero, Captain General in the Royal Navy of Naples, aged 102—On his way from Canno to Madras Capt. J. G. Proby—At Florence, Wm. Slade, Esq. R.M.—At Montreal, Jersey, the widow of Lient. Col. Bruyeres—At the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, Pierre Huet, aged 119—In Russia Count Nicholas Romanzoff—At Geneva, Mons. J. T. Rousseau, the last surviving member of the family of J. J. Rousseau—At Moscow, Count Kostopchln, who commemorized that city on the invasion of Buonaparte.

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BERKSHIRE.

January 26, a general annual meeting of the

Durham. Col. Steward, of a son.—At Weymouth, the lady of Capt B. B. Decker, R.N. of a son.
Dun.—At Weymouth, the youngest daughter of the late Sir J. G. Hippisley, Bart. At West Hule, Sherborne, John, youngest son of Lieut Col. King.—At Cerne Abbas, aged 92, Catherine, widow of the Rev. S. Berrow.

DURHAM.

Jan 27, a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Durham, at the Town Hall, convened by the Mayor, to consider the propriety of presenting a petition to Parliament for the mitigation and extinction, at the earliest and safest period, of slavery.

Barnes.—At Houghton-le-Spring, the wife of G. Robinson, Esq. of a son and heir.—The wife of the Rev J. Miller, of a daughter.
Maunton.—At Bishop Wearmouth, J. J. Bulman, of Colledge, Esq. to Caroline, youngest daughter of G. Robinson, Esq. of Haddon Lodge.

Dun.—At Harworth, aged 75, Mrs. Addison.—At the College, the Rev. N. G. Howarth, D.L.B. Prebendary of the Cathedral, Archbishop of Northumberland, and Vicar of Northallerton.—At Eder, Anna Sophia, only daughter of S. Marham, Esq.

EXETER.

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Manning.—At Exeter, Captain Hastings, R.N. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late E. Goodrich, Esq. of Saltergrove.—At Walthamstow, the Rev. G. R. Gray, B.A. to Ellen, second daughter of W. T. Robinson, Esq.—The Rev. M. A. Browne, of Stowe Maries, to Ellen Garton, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Dennis, Vicar of White Melton.—At Great Baddow, S. Vessey, Esq. to ———, third daughter of the late W. Urquhart, Esq.

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Feb. 6, annual meeting of the Gloucestershire Free Blue Club.

Barnes.—At Cheltenham, the lady of Dr. Cannon, of a daughter.—At Berkeley, the lady of J. H. Sturges, Esq. of a daughter.

Manning.—At Salop, Capt. Chas. H. Beach, to Miss Harcourt, eldest daughter of J. Brown, Esq. of Salisbury House.—At Cheltenham, Major W. Clarke, of Cheltenham House, to Miss second daughter of the late T. Prothero, Esq. of East Mead.—At Cheltenham, Capt. C. Clarke, to Miss daughter of the late W. Edwards, Esq.

Dun.—Miss Mary, eldest daughter of S. H. Wood, Esq. of New Court, Gloucester, to Cheltenham, aged 67, Mrs. Ann Trevellick, at Salisbury, J. Hunt, Esq. aged 75.—At Cheltenham, the wife of the Rev W. Smith, Esq. to ———, the Vicarage, Burford, the Rev. and Mrs. P. Knolls, incumbent of this parish, of a daughter.—At Curragh House, Cheltenham, the only son of the late Capt. Mansel, R.F.C.

HAMPSHIRE.

Barnes.—At Hinton, the lady of the Rev. M. Sturt, of a son.—Lady Catherine Morant, of Southampton, of a daughter.
Manning.—At Southampton, the Rev. J. Mitchell, B.A. to Miss daughter, Miss daughter

ter of the late T. Ball, Esq. of Armagh.—At Yately, P. Glover, Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of J. Broughton, Esq. of Blackwater.—B. Kingston, Esq. of Demeara, to Alicia, oldest daughter of J. Saunders, Esq. of Downes House, Eling.

Dun.—At Lynton, C. St. Barbe, Esq. aged 86.—Aged 88, Mr. T. Billings, proprietor of the silk mills at Twyford.—At Portsmouth, aged 77, the Rev. G. Cutbert, A.M. Chaplain in Ordinary to the King, Prebendary and Sub-dean of York, and Rector of Shaw-cum-Donnington, Berks.—Aged 84, the Rev. T. Hatt, M.A. Rector of Ringwood.—At Otterbourne, the Rev. J. Scott, Rector of Weston super-Mare, and of Laleham.—At Southampton, Jane, widow of S. Oyst, Esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Dun.—At the seat, Belmont, aged 70, John Matthews, Esq. late M.P. for this county.—At Ergis Gate, the Rev. T. Williams.—At Wallace Cottage, the daughter of J. W. R. Hall, Esq.—At Hereford, aged 16, Emily, third daughter of Dr. Whitfield.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Feb. 8, a meeting of the inhabitants of Hertford, at the Shire Hall, to petition Parliament for the gradual abolition of slavery.

Barnes.—At the Fythe, near Welwyn, the lady of Sir C. Cuxler, Bart. of a son and heir.
Manning.—At H. Peard, Esq. to Elizabeth, third daughter of G. Cathrow, Esq. of Hoddeston.

Dun.—Aged 28, Anna Maria, fourth daughter of T. Oxenham, Esq. of Welwyn.—At Chesham, Misses, wife of S. Key, Esq.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Barnes.—At St. Ives, the lady of F. E. Fisher, Esq. of a daughter.

Manning.—At J. Thompson, Esq. to Harriet, daughter of H. Kenrick, Esq. of Alwalton.

Dun.—At St. Neots, aged 84, S. Allvey, Esq. M.D.

KENT.

An officer of the garrison at Dover undertook to run from the top of the Grand Shaft to the bottom in thirty seconds, which he accomplished within the time.—A poor woman at Tunbridge has been delivered of a child, strangely disfigured, its head and face strongly resembling a camel's, the eyes nearly at the top of the head, the nose and mouth greatly resembling that animal, and a large protuberance at the back of the neck. It is at present in the possession of a medical gentleman.

Barnes.—At Canterbury, the lady of the Rev W. Barrow, of a son.

Manning.—At Dover, F. M. Allott, Esq. to ———, third daughter of H. Bell, Esq.—At Greenwich, Lieut. Wm. Reynolds, to Charlotte Warren, eldest daughter of J. F. L. Jeannett, Esq. of Mease Hill.—At Canterbury, H. Bedford, Esq. to Miss, widow of Capt. H. W. Hore, R.N.—Miss Hayes, Lord Dunsany, to the Esq. Emily, eldest, youngest sister of Viscount Hawarden.—The Rev. M. Dickenson, to Mary, only daughter of the late P. Wynne, of Latham, Esq.

Dun.—At Leybourne Grange, aged 81, Sir M. Hawley, Bart.—Miss Anna, eldest daughter of the late Sir T. Lewis, Bart.—At Woolwich, Lieut. Gen. Rivington.—At Combe Bank, aged 18, Harriet Eleanor, youngest

daughter of W. Manning, Esq. M.P.—At Ramsgate, aged 31, Emma, wife of W. Chaplin, Esq. Madras Civil Service.—At Dover, Lieut. Col. Scott.—At Westgate, Canterbury, the Rev. W. Cressly.—At Blackheath, J. Fuller, Esq.—At Eltham, Dr. Lough, son of the Rev.—Lough, of Sittingbourne.—At Ramsgate, aged 94, the Rev. W. Abbott, M.D.

LANCASHIRE.

January 24, a meeting holden at Manchester, to consider the propriety of petitioning against the present system of the Corn Laws.—The amount of duty received on spirits at the Custom House, Liverpool, from the 6th to the 31st Jan. amounted to 103,644l. 10s. 8d.

MARRIED.—At Liverpool, Capt. Donn, of the 6th, or Innishkeen Barracks, to Fianster, only daughter of the late R. Williamson, Esq.

DIED.—At Manchester, J. H. Webb, Esq.—At Oswestry, aged 71, H. Parry, Esq.—At Hope Cottage, Amelia, relict of the late W. Pickmore, Esq.—At Edge Hill, Elizabeth, only daughter of the late T. Dawson, Esq.—At Walton-le-dale, the Rev. R. A. Goodridge, M.A., aged 52.—At Prescott, H. Rowson, Esq.—At Springfield, Christiansa, relict of the Rev. T. Knowles.—At Hay Carr, aged 27, Richard Lamb, Esq.—At Hope Place, aged 40, S. Houghcote, Esq.—At Colclert Hall, aged 75, P. Worthington, Esq.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

January 30, an anti-slavery meeting was holden at the County Hall, Leicester, C. M. Phillips, Esq. in the Chair, when a petition to Parliament, and various resolutions against slavery, were agreed to.

MARRIED.—At Braunston, the Rev. G. R. Gillett, to Elizabeth, only daughter of J. Woodall, Esq.—F. Tebbutt, Esq. to Eliza Sarah, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Davies, Vicar of St. Nicholas.—At Uppingham, the Rev. T. Cox, to Mary Ann, only daughter of L. Bell, Esq.

DIED.—At Broughton-Astley, aged 66, the Rev. T. Admitt, M.A. Rector of Croft, and one of the acting magistrates of the county.—Sophia, lady of J. Gamble, Esq. aged 74.—At Hunkley, J. Soden, Esq.—At Gosnell, the seat of Basil Howe, the Countess of Cardigan, aged 56.—Aged 60, A. Smith, better known by the appellation of King of the Gypsies, leaving a wife and thirteen children, (to whom he has left 100l. each) and fifty-four grand-children.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Norton, the lady of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor, of a daughter.—At Roughon Hall, the lady of H. Dymoke, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.—Miss Waldegrave, daughter of the late R. Waldegrave, Esq. of Newington Hall.—Aged 77, J. Shelton, Esq. of Grimby.—The lady of Sir T. Whitcombe, Bart. of Aswarby House.—At Potland, aged 72, occasioned by a fall on the ice, whilst sliding, S. Cherrington, Esq. He scarcely allowed himself the common necessities of life, and has left upwards of 100,000l.—J. J. Rowland, Esq. son of the late Rev. E. R. Hitchford, Rector of Southby Ragnell.—At Allington, near Grantham, aged 82, the Dowager Lady Wilby.

NORFOLK.

A serious riot took place at Norwich, on the 31st January. From 600 to 800 men followed a cart, containing goods

manufactured in the country, attacked it, took its contents, strewn them about, and threw the cart into the river. They then returned to the warehouse, whither the cart was proceeding, broke every pane of glass, and committed outrages on the premises of many other manufacturers.—Feb. 13, the riots recommenced by some weavers employed in Mr. Wright's factory. The riot act was read; after which the troops were called out, and the mob was dispersed three several times. Fifteen of the rioters have been committed to prison.

BIRTH.—At Norwich, the lady of A. Weddell, Esq. M.P. of a son.

MARRIED.—At Yarmouth, G. Deane, Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of J. Perkins, Esq. of Yarmouth.—J. Chapman, Esq. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rev. R. K. Keasley.—W. R. Hinckley, Esq. to Robert, third daughter of J. Hingley, Esq. of Mansford Hall.—At Norwich, R. Goodrich, Esq. to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of J. Sampson, of Ormsby, Esq.

DIED.—Aged 78, Elizabeth, wife of G. Borrell, Esq. of Haring.—At Thetford, R. Chambers, Esq.—The Rev. J. W. Newton, A.M.—At Yarmouth, aged 75, the relict of R. Costerton, Esq.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Dallington Vicarage, the lady of the Rev. F. S. Trotman, of a daughter.—The lady of W. Field, Esq. of Wootton Hall, of a daughter.—At Weldon, the lady of Col Carey, of a daughter.

DIED.—B. Jones, Esq. of Darvethy.—J. W. Wilks, Esq. of Astrol House.—Aged 23, at Standard Hill, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. B. Stuart.—At Northampton, Lieut. Col. W. Shaw.—At Watford, W. Gilbert, Esq.

NORTHUMBRIA.

A cow, belonging to Mr. King, of Heckley Fence, has produced five living calves in thirteen months.

BIRTH.—The lady of H. Ingledew, Esq. of a son.—In Lovaine Row, the lady of Capt. F. Jackson, 3rd Light Dragoons, of a son.

DIED.—At the Vicarage, Westgate-street, the Rev. J. Smith, M.A.—At Felton, aged 67, the Rev. A. Hutton, forty one years vicar of that parish.—At Headzell, Mrs. Bramwell.—At Gosforth House, C. J. Brandling, Esq. M.P. for the county.—At Hexham, aged 101, Mrs. Hannah Middleton.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Bulwell, the lady of the Rev. W. Herbert, of a son.

MARRIED.—R. W. Padley, Esq. to Catherine, daughter of the late T. Roberts, Esq. of Nottingham.

DIED.—At Sutton-in-Ashfield, aged 19, Sarah, second daughter of the late —Jenkins, Esq.—At Mansfield, aged 107, Elizabeth Green, from grief at the death of her son, who died four days preceding, aged 73.

OXFORDSHIRE.

BIRTH.—The lady of the Rev. —Worthington, of a son.

MARRIED.—The Rev. T. R. Ryder, of Pembroke College, to Anne, third daughter of H. P. Paine, Esq. of Crick Hall.

DIED.—Aged 86, Mary, relict of the late R. Appleton, Esq. of Henley upon Thames.—At Witney, Mrs. Hyde, mother of the Rev. the Rector of St. Martin's.

SHROPSHIRE.

MARRIAGE—W Proctor, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Danks—At Chilton, the Rev. A. H. Hadden jun to Miss Anne, only daughter of the late Rev. J. Hemphill, of Ashbury.
DEATH—Sarah daughter of the late Rev. D. I. Salway, L.L.D. Rector of Richards Castle.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A meeting at the Guildhall, Bath, Feb. 16, for the purpose of establishing a Bath Auxiliary Naval and Military Bible Society.

BIRTHS—At the Vicarage, Creech St. Michael, the lady of the Rev. H. Creswell, of a son—At Bath, the lady of P. George, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGE—T. Haggard, Esq. to Miss, youngest daughter of W. T. Kell, Esq.—At Hinton, T. Housley, Esq. to Miss, daughter of the late Rev. T. Strangways, of Brechemp.

DEATH—At Tannock, aged 74, Lieut. Col. J. Penison—At the Paragon, the Rev. J. S. Crosse, D.D. of Bath—At Bath, aged 63, the lady of Sir T. Wychote, Bart.—At Canington, R. Symes, Esq. aged 130—At Chapple Cleve, J. Halliday, Esq. a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the county—At Bath the Hon. Mrs. Langworth, sister to the late Lord Kilmalme, and to the Hon. Col. Bland.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

BIRTH—The lady of E. D. Scott, Esq. of Great Barr, of a son.

MARRIAGE—At Armitage, the Hon. T. Lister, only son of Lord Ribblesdale, to Adelaide, eldest daughter of T. T. Lister, Esq. of Armitage Church—At Uttoxeter, A. A. L. Williams, Esq. R.N. to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of J. Bell, Esq.—At Blomsgrove, J. Cromwell Esq. to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Rev. J. Lomas, of Druid Heath House.

DEATH—At Rollinton, Sarah Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.—At Silknot House, F. Mottershaw, Esq.—At Rugeley, aged 51 the Rev. J. Barker, master of the Free Grammar School—At Staffin, Caroline, youngest daughter of E. Knight, Esq. M.D.—At New Cross, Mary, relict of J. Eaton, Esq.

SUFFOLK.

Jan 31, Anti Slavery Meeting, held at the Guildhall, Bury St. Edmunds, T. Clay, Esq. in the chair.

BIRTHS—At Barking Hall, near Needham, the lady of W. R. James Esq. of a child still born—At Wetheringset the lady of the Rev. W. H. Wilkinson, of a daughter—At the Vicarage, Dungenham, the lady of the Rev. F. L. Fanshawe, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE—At Exmoor, the Rev. T. D'Eye Betts, of Wotham, to Harriet second daughter of the Rev. T. C. Doughty—The Rev. R. Carr, M.A. Rector of Eversden, and Curate of St. Mary Key, Ipswich, to Mrs. C. Burton, of Northend Hingston—At Framlingham, the Rev. F. Davies to Miss Bady, of Hollesley.

DEATH—At Buxham aged 24 Miss Rodwell only child of the late Rev. J. Rodwell, M.A.—Aged 9 J. Kindred, Esq. of Hoxton, Leamington—At Needham Market, F. Haysaid, Esq.—At Yoxford, aged 63, Elizabeth, relict of W. Hutt, Esq.

SURREY.

The Thirteenth Lambeth Anniversary Meeting of the Bible Society, was held at the Horse, Kennington, on the 1st of February.—Feb. 6 A Meeting of

the Surrey Society, for the Employment and Reformation of Offenders discharged from the County Gaol, held at the Seasons House, Newington.

BIRTH—At Reil Hill, the lady of the Rev. A. Ogilvy of a daughter.

DEATH—Frances, eldest daughter of Wm. Davis, Esq. of Heine Hill—At Roperhouse, Philadelphia, widow of the Rev. J. N. Lake—At East Sheen, aged 78, Mary Catherine, relict of Wm. Lake—Sir R. Baker, Bart. of Dunstable House, aged 58—At Carshalton, Mary, widow of R. Bacon, Esq. aged 77—Aged 58, J. Sanders, Esq. of Heringham—At Farpoint, Collyer, T. Cobb, Esq.

SUSSEX.

Feb. 31, Anti-Slavery Meeting at Chichester, the Duke of Richmond presiding.—Feb. 1, Anti-Slavery Meeting at Lewes.—Feb. 14, The Anniversary Meeting of the Chichester and West Sussex Auxiliary Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

BIRTH—The lady of A. M. Skeene, Esq. R.N. of a daughter—The lady of W. Domic, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGE—At Petworth, R. C. Willis, M.A. to Frances, youngest daughter of W. Hall, Esq. of Petworth.

DEATH—At Withelme, Robert Heddy, and Fielding, aged of Lieut. Col. Fielding Browne, C.B.—At Brighton, Elizabeth, widow of Major General J. Smith, and daughter of Sir B. Graham—At Castleham, aged 83, Mr. Wm. Farncomb—At Arundel, aged 80, the Hon. Miss Howard, relict of the late H. Howard, Esq. and mother of Lord Howard—At Petworth, the son of her brother, the Earl of Egmont, the Duke of Counties of Carnarvon.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Mr. Tomes has been elected M.P. in the room of the late C. Mills Esq.

DEATH—At Audley Hall, aged 70, Elizabeth, relict of J. N. Liddell, Esq. D.C.L.—At Icknield House, Elizabeth, wife of T. Smith, Esq.—At Warwick, C. G. Wade, Esq. many years magistrate for the county—Aged 79, the Rev. R. B. Balfour, Rector of Holford—At Windfall House, aged 72, Isabella, widow of the late J. Wyatt, Esq.

WILTSHIRE.

Fonthill Abbey is at length uninhabited. It has been stripped of its furniture, and most of the principal windows are taken.—February 1st, a very numerous meeting at Salisbury, to petition Parliament for the abolition of colonial slavery.

BIRTHS—At the Vicarage, Bradford, the lady of the Rev. H. Jones, of a daughter—At the Vicarage, Bishopstone, the lady of the Rev. H. Middleton, of a daughter—At Southey House, the lady of W. G. Langton, Jun. Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGE—The Rev. J. Grooby, Vicar of Swindon, to Catherine Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Klett of London.

DEATH—At Maddington, aged 76, Catherine, wife of the Rev. J. Leger—Aged 70, Jane, wife of Sir Esq. of Brinkworth.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

BIRTHS—At Spetchley, the lady of R. Reikley, Esq. of a daughter—At Whitcombe the lady of the Rev. T. Briggs, of a son.

MARRIAGE—R. J. Neal, Esq. to Mary, only daughter of J. Hadman, Esq. of Worcester.

DIED.]—At Worcester, aged 70, R. Jones, Esq. author of the "Builder's Year-Memum" At Worcester, Mr. Incedon, the celebrated vocalist.

YORKSHIRE.

January 23d, Herbert the pedestrian, accomplished his task of walking from Doncaster to London, in fifty-nine hours, for 200 sovereigns.—A plan has been formed for establishing a Yorkshire Banking Company at Leeds, on the model of the Scotch Banks, with a capital of two millions sterling, in 8,000 shares of 250l. each, the money to be actually paid into the bank.—February 2d, a meeting holden at Blackburn, to consider of the propriety of petitioning Parliament for a revision of the Corn Laws.—February 14th, annual meeting of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society.

BIRTHS.]—At Denton Hall, the lady of C. F. (Linton, Esq. of a son.—At Clumpall Park, the lady of Sir J. Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.—At the Vicarage, Bradford, the lady of the Rev. H. Heath, of a son.—At the Vicarage, Hull, the lady of the Rev. J. H. Bromley, of a daughter.—At Baughwells, near Doncaster, Lady Louisa Duncombe, of a son and heir.—The lady of Major Fraser, 7th Hussars, of a son.

MARRIAGES.]—At Bedale, the Rev. T. R. Ryder, Vicar of Eoclesfield, to Anna, third daughter of H. P. Pulline, Esq. of Crake Hall.—The Rev. O. R. Gillett, Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of J. Woodall, Esq. jun. of Scarborough.—At Gwewstry, P. Heywood, Esq. to Sarah Hattlette, eldest daughter of T. L. Longueville, Esq. of Gwewstry.

DIED.]—At Whitby Abbey, the Hon. Horatio Nelson Hood, youngest son of Samuel Lord Bridport.—At Haselwood, Sir T. Vavasour, Bart.—Aged 81, at his house, at Holdgate, Lindley Murray, Esq. the celebrated grammarian.—At Shubden Hall, J. Lister, Esq.

WALES.

That stupendous structure, the Menai suspension-bridge, was opened to the public, on the 30th of January, by the London and Holyhead mail passing over it, at two o'clock in the morning. The horses trotted over it in their regular pace; and, although a heavy gale of wind was blowing at the time, there was no perceptible difference in the motion of the coach, either on the suspension road-way, or on the masonry arches.—January 12th, Anti-slavery meeting at Haverfordwest, the Rt. Hon. Lord Cawdor in the chair.—Anti-slavery meeting at the great-hall, Carmarthen, January 25th.—Annual meeting of the Cambrian Literary Society, held at Llanfyllin, January 14th.

BIRTHS.]—At Bodleyyddan, St. Asaph, the son of Sir J. Williams, Bart. the lady of G. Lacey, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.]—At Swansea, the Rev. F. Thomas, of Briton Ferry, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late L. Thomas, Esq. of Bughan.—At Llanbedrog, Colonel Parry, of Madry, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Colonel Caldecot.

DIED.]—At St. Asaph, Monmouthshire, J. Earle, Esq.—At Cardiff, aged 69, R. Griffiths,

Esq. M.D.—At Dayn o k, D. Morgan, Esq.—At Skethroy House, J. Jones, Esq.—At Bwlch, aged 58, T. Reymon, Esq.—Elizabeth, wife of J. Williams, Esq. of Pant Lodge.

SCOTLAND.

On a piece of ice which was driven on the Fife shore, near Newport, four wild geese were found frozen by the feet to the ice, in the position they had adopted by sitting.—The seamen of Dundee have formed themselves into a society, to be called The Dundee Seamen's Provident Union, with the laudable purpose of providing against the consequences of shipwreck, and other disasters incident to a seafaring life.—Jan. 27, annual meeting at the Waterloo Hotel of the Celtic Patriotic Society.—The Society of Writers to the Signet have purchased for 12,000l. the splendid library room of the Faculty of Advocates, to be united to their own.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of Sir A. Don, Bart. of Newton Dun, M.P. of a daughter.—At Glasgow, the lady of Capt. Wheeler, of a daughter.—At Annfield, lady Bligh, of a son.—At Aberdeen, the lady of H. Lamden, Esq. of a daughter.—At Barrow House, the lady of J. Sinclair, Esq. of a son.—At Yester House, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a son.—At Edinburgh, the lady of A. Allison, of a son.

MARRIAGES.]—At Lauriston Place, D. Chalmers, Esq. M.D. to Barbara, daughter of T. Bell, Esq. of Nether Housburgh.—At Edinburgh, A. Graham, Esq. of Belmont Cottage, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late R. Thompson, Esq. of Bernick-upon-Tweed.—At Edinburgh, J. Fotheringham, Esq. to Marian, daughter of P. Scrymgeour, Esq.

DIED.]—At Edinburgh, T. Auchterlone, Esq.—At Mount Stuart, lady of Bute, aged 21, Gertrude Amelia Villiers Stuart, only daughter of the late Lord Henry and Lady Gertrude Stuart.—At Edinburgh, O. Norval, Esq. jun.—At Henderlyde Park, aged 70, G. Waldu, Esq.—Catherine, daughter of the late Sir A. Hope, of Craighall, Bart.

IRELAND.

Jan. 15, Portumna Castle, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Clanricarde, entirely consumed by fire. The loss, attributed to the negligence of the servants, is estimated at 50,000l.—The same week the Marquis of Sligo sustained a loss of nearly 4000l. by the destruction of a handsome and well selected library, the formation of which cost nearly 30,000l. The fire was occasioned by the carelessness of a female servant.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of V. Bennett, Esq. of Thomastown, of a son.—At Courtown, the lady of the Hon. Lord Viscount Stafford, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.]—At Belfast, J. Mackenzie, Esq. to Isabel, third daughter of C. M. Skinnell, Esq.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Clair, of Mannaghnessu, to Miss Russell, daughter of Lord and Lady Gwydyr.—At Tamiright, Sir H. Stewart, Bart. to Julia, daughter of the late M. Gage, of Ballareena, Esq.—J. Hitchcock, Esq. to Rosina, daughter of J. Peckin, Esq. (County Carlow)—At Castlewich, H. M. Tule, Esq. to Maria, second daughter of the late

M. N. O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant, King's County, Esq.
 DIED.—At Belle Vue, near Dublin, the Right Hon the Countess of Egmont.—At Dub-

lin, the Rev. T. Brownrigg, M.A.—At Carrickmacrop, County Monaghan, J. Daniel, Esq.—At Menagh, Tipperary, G. Dillon, Esq.—Mrs Gaher, relict of the late Rev. Dr. Usher.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 21 TO FEBRUARY 18.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Haker, T. Jun. Cannon-street, wholesale grocer
 Crook, J. C. Watling-street, cotton-yarn-manufacturer
 Gibbins, J. and Eaton, R. Swansea, bankers
 Haines, G. sen. and G. Jun. and W. W. Neath, bankers
 Jasper, J. and Garnett, T. Nantwich, cheese-factors
 Jonnston, E. sen., E. Jun. and Manley, T. Whitehaven, sugar-refiners
 Purser, J. Bowyer-lane, Canterbury, cycle
 Skelton, E. B., M. M. and E. Southampton, stationers
 Turner, R. Gerard's-hall Tavern, Basing-lane, wine-merchant
 Williams, E. Southampton, shoe-seller
BANKRUPTS.
 Abbott, J. Conduit-street, auctioneer. (Gatty and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
 Abbott, S. Old Kent-road, Surrey, coach-maker. (Whitehouse, Thavies-lane, Holborn
 Ainsworth, C. Church, Leicestershire, ironmonger (Milne and Co. Temple; Neville and Co. Blackburn
 Ainsworth, C., Holden, R., Catlow, J., Crawshaw, A. and Lundsall, T. Barrow, Lancashire, calico printers. (Milne and Co. Temple, Neville and Co. Blackburn
 Ambler, C. Preston, iron-keeper. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston
 Archer, W. Maidstone, corn-merchant. (Wildes, Maidstone; Wildes, Lincoln's-inn-fields
 Arnold, G. St. John-street, stationer. (Watson and Co. Falcon-square
 Aikinfall, H. Tunstall-mill, Salep, miller. (Warren and Son, Drayton-in-Hales; Rosser and Son, Gray's-lane
 Atkinson, J. and J. Jun. Stockton, Durham, worsted-spinners. (Perkins and Co. Gray's-lane; Ralsbeck and Co. Stockton
 Baker, G. F. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Grimsditch, and Co. Macclesfield; Bell and Co. Bow Church-yard
 Baker, J. West-street, Gloucester, grocer. (Biggs, Chancery-lane; Biggs, Bristol
 Ballow, J. Heaton Norris, cutrier. (Chetham, Stockport; John, Palegrave-places
 Ballow, J. and Doring, J. New-road, St. George's in the East, sugar-refiners. (Ashfield, Lawrence-lane
 Barnett, G. Piccadilly, book-keeper. (Fisher and Co. Bury-street
 Barney, R. Wolverhampton, rope-maker. (Hemming and Co. Gray's-lane; Bird, Birmingham
 Barter, W. Frome, Selwood, common-brewer. (Barton and Co. Frome, Selwood; Ellis and Co. Gray's-lane
 Bashforth, M. G. Huddersfield, ing-keeper. (Alhson, Huddersfield; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
 Baskerville, J. Lambeth-walk, victualler. (Wigley, Essex-street, Strand
 Bassett, J. Circus-street, New-road, glass and Staffordshire-warehouseman. (Price, St. John's-square
 Beaumont, T. Keighley, Yorkshire, spirit merchant. (Constable and Co. Chancery-lane; Dawson Keighley

Bendley, B. Bois-court, printer. (Boatcock, George-street, Mansion-house
 Barreford, W. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, roller-maker. (Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Lingard and Co. Heaton Norris
 Berry, J. Han's-place, wine-merchant. (Pearson and Co. John-street
 Billing, J. Oxford street, lively stable-keeper. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle
 Bingley, G. New York, merchant. (Norton and Co. Gray's-lane; Spenser and Co. Birmingham
 Bird, W. and W. Watling-street, merchants (Bonsfield, Chatham place, Blackfriars
 Bishop, J. Batham, tanner. (Adams and Co. Ludlow; Hammond, Furnival's-lane
 Blodell, T. J. Middle-row, perfumer. (Fraser, Symonds-lane
 Bolt, B. H. Manchester, merchant. (Hampton, Manchester; Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
 Bond, E. Wallingford, Berkshire, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane
 Bond, S. and Morabueckle, R. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, wine-merchants. (Monkhouse, Bedford-row
 Borthroyd, J. Almondsbury, Yorkshires, fancy-cloth-maker. (Batty and Co. Chancery-lane; Cloughs and Co. Huddersfield
 Boucher, R. George-street, Adelphi, diamond-merchant. (Williams and Co. Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury
 Boulton, J. Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, merchant. (Atkinson, Peterborough; Bremridge and Co. Chancery-lane
 Bourne, J. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, picture-dealer. (Hodgson and Co. Salisbury-street
 Bounfield, E. White-horse-yard, Drury-lane, woollen-draper. (Thomas and Co. New Basinghall-street
 Bowring, H. Minting-lanes, broker. (Fowell, Brighton; Fowell and Co. Nicholas-lane
 Boyd, M. Worcester, victualler. (Holdsworth and Co. Worcester; White, Lincoln's-inn
 Boys, T. R. Nicholas-lane, broker. (Young, Charlotte-row, Bloomsbury
 Braddon, H. Gray's-lane-square, bill-broker. (Ford, Great Queen-street
 Braithwaite, W. Russia-row, Milk-street, woollen-draper. (Jay and Co. Gray's-lane-place
 Bramwell, S. Peter-street, Southwark, leather-hat-manufacturer. (Shorrocks, Salisbury-street, Strand
 Bray, T. Queen-street, Chelsea, carpenter. (Smith, Lyon's-lane
 Breeds, W. and Trentback, W. H. Hastings, grocers. (Amory and Co. Throgmorton-street
 Brown, J. Godmanchester, corn-dealer. (Wells and Co. Huntingdon; Cresswell, Staple's-lane
 Brown, J. Loughborough, lace-manufacturer. (Rushbury, Cartman-street
 Brown, T. Hollington, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Sendon, Manchester
 Bruce, J. H. Cambridge, cabinet-maker. (Chevall, Cambridge; Farrow and Co. Pall-mall, East
 Bennet, P. Quadrant and Watling-street,

wine-merchant. (Clare and Co. Frederick's place, Old Jewry
 Bryan, W. L. Peterborough-street, Fleet-street, printer. Hodgson and Co. Salisbury-street, Strand
 Buck, G. Regent-street, tailor. (Blacklow and Co. Frith-street, Soho
 Bumpus, J. Newgate-street, bookseller. (Davies, King's-arms-yard
 Burden, T. and E. Stourbridge, Worcester-shire, drapers. (Still and Co. Lincoln's-inn, Roberts and Son, Stourbridge
 Bartlett, D. L. New-street, Blakeney-street, merchant. (Walton and Co. Girdler's-hall, Basinghall-street
 Burrows, J. Bird-street, Vauxhall, builder. (Croft and Co. Bedford-row, Holborn
 Butcherworth, J., J. H. and R. A. Glass, Leek-street, and Lawrence-lane, London, merchants. (Gatty and Co. Chancery-lane, Lee, Bradford
 Butler, J. M. and R. Austin-frars, merchants. (Blunt and Co. Liverpool-street, Broad-street-buildings
 Calver, R. Norwich, miller. (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn; Parkinson and Co. Norwich
 Campbell, C. Blakeney-street, merchant. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
 Clare, R. B. Harrington, Liverpool, tax and turpentine distiller. (Craup, Liverpool; Battye and Co. Chancery-lane
 Claridge, J. Great Bell-alley, Coleman-street, warehouseman. (Thomas and Co. 114 Basinghall-street
 Clarke, R. Manchester, grocer. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Seddon, Manchester
 Clarke, W. and Dimsdale, A. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, yarn-merchants. (Kearsey and Co. Lothbury
 Clay, T. K. Goleman-street, warehouseman. (Carlow High-street, Mary-le-bone
 Clenning, G. Stockport, chemist. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston
 Comfort, E. Hozier-lane, coffin-furniture-manufacturer. (Westlake, Chichester-inn
 Cooke, S. Sunderland, coal-merchant. (Edwards, Old Broad-street
 Cording, J. Strand, jeweller. (Webb, Strand-buildings
 Cordingley, E. Cheltenham, builder. King-Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Stratford and Co. Cheltenham
 Cox, R. Lambeth, Cheesemonger. (Selby, St. John-street
 Cox, W. and T. Playhouse-yard, Whitecross-street, paper-stainers. (Belton, Austin's-frars
 Crickmer, J. D. Bedford-place, Lower Deptford-road, flour-factor. (Parkinson and Co. Norwich; Poole and Co. Gray's-inn
 Cross, W. Birmingham, dealer in hides. (Mole, Birmingham; Edmunds, Exchange-alley, Lincoln's-inn
 Crowther, J. and Hellmell, J. Bolton, Chadderton, Lancashire, woollen-cloth-manufacturers. (Mills and Co. Temple; Stonehead, Oldham
 Crowther, J. Deighton, Yorkshire, Justice Allison, Huddersfield; Walker, Lincoln's-inn-berth
 Christopherson, E. Liverpool; Ironmonger (Finlow, Liverpool; Oglethorpe, Staple-inn
 Cundey, W. and J. Holyoake-side, Derbyshire, cotton-twist-manufacturers. (Lowe, Tanfield-court, Temple; Thomas, Chatterfield
 Dollman, T. Old Bond-street, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street
 Davis, G. Kennington, corn-dealer. (Rise, Jermy-street
 Davis, S. Gloucester, builder. (Winterbottom, Cheltenham; Bousfield and Co. Chatham-place
 Delafons, J. and H. Sackville-street, Piccadilly,

goldsmith. (Herbert, Northampton-street, Strand
 Devereux, P. Brabant-court, Fenchurch-street, provision-agent. (Downer and Co. Great James-street, Bedford-row
 Dickens, W. Coventry, chemist. (Kingsdale, Lincoln's-inn; Carter and Co. Coventry
 Dixon, A. Huddersfield, and Taylor, W. Great Winchester-street, newsmen. (Belton, Austin's-frars
 Dolan, R. Frith-street, Soho, tailor. (Pier, Beowell-court, Lincoln's-inn
 Dornford, T. Philpot-lane, wine-merchant. (Williams, Bond-court, Whitecross
 Dring, B. Oxford-street, Hammesmuth, tailor-staveller. (Lorain, Warwick-street, Finsbury
 Dugan, J. and Browne, T. Liverpool-merchants. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Thompson and Son, Liverpool
 Evans, H. Lamb-wood-street, Birmingham; Jones, Glass-lane
 Fether, T. High-street, Shadwell, also tailor. (Ruddell, Legman-street, Goodman's-fields
 Featherstone, F. W. and North, J. Aldgate, Broad-street, merchants. (Sweet and Co. Basinghall-street
 Fenwick, W. 114 Basinghall-street, Lincoln's-inn, fields, furniture-maker. (Miller, Gray's-inn
 Forster, S. Olney, leather and harness-maker. (Oster, Olney; Stocker and Co. Great Broad-street, Freeman, J. Bristol, millwright. (Hansell, Leamington-lane
 Frost, T. and E. Stamford, Rutland, shoemaker. (Hobbs, Finsbury, London
 Farver, R. Liverpool, oilman-merchant. (Broadhurst, Nantwich; Moore, Farnworth-inn
 Furley, F. Mincinghampstead, seoper. (Moghtain, Chichester; Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn
 Gale, J. Brunel-street, bookbinder. (Hobbs, York; Tople and Co. Finsbury
 Gale, T. Bradford, clothier. (Stann and Co. Tebbury, Dax and Co. Gray's-inn
 Garnett, J. J. and T. Newcastle, cheese-makers. (Reedleston, Nantwich
 Gathard, W. Chancery, tailor. (Hamphrey, Lambeth-hill
 Gedge, E. Lower Thames-street, hatter. (Harris and Co. Norfolk-street, Strand
 Gibbs, J. Wardour-street, Mess-draper. (Gibbs, Exeter-street
 Gibbs, T. Devonport, umbrella-maker. (Gibbs, Aldermanbury; Gilford, Devonport
 Gittos, G. R. Bristol, tobacconist. (Gittos, Bristol; Greenfield and Co. Gray's-inn-square
 Glover, J. Huddersfield, wool-dresser. (Lowe, Gray's-inn; Brown, Huddersfield
 Graves, J. and Edwards, W. Chiswell-street, auctioneers. (Hodges and Co. Salisbury-street
 Gray, E. Barbours, Stafford, meat-factor. (Hurd, Birmingham; Harding and Co. Gray's-inn-place
 Gray, J. inn, Birmingham, dealer. (Hodges and Co. Chancery-lane; Tyndal and Co. Birmingham
 Gresham, F. Maiden-lane, bookseller. (Hodges and Co. Temple
 Greaves, J. R. and Preston, T. M. Liverpool, brokers. (Grubber, Liverpool; Blackstone and Co. Temple
 Green, B. H. Bristol, haberdasher. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Grindon, Bristol
 Grigith, P. M. Birmingham, jeweller. (Lowe and Co. Gray's-inn; Arnold and Co. Birmingham
 Haddon, J. Castle-street, Finsbury, printer. (Wills, Finsbury-place
 Hadwan, J. Liverpool, banker. (Ruddell and Co. Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row

- Hamilton, J. Q. Fenchurch-street, cotton-merchant. (Pearce and Co. St Swithin's-lane)
- Harrison, G. Woburn-mills, Buckingham paper-manufacturer. (Watson and Co. Falcon-square)
- Harrison, J. and Green, J. Trenton, lace-manufacturer (Payne, Nottingham; Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Hart, J. Norwich, grocer. (Davensy, Norwich; Brown, Welbeck-street)
- Hart, S. Bradford, clothier. (Stans, Bradford; Day and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Haviland, A. Bucklersbury, and Stokesley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. (James, Bucklersbury)
- Haynes, G. and G., Day, G. and Lawrence, W. Swansea, Glamorgan, bankers. (Barrington and Co. Swansea; Holmes and Co. New Inn)
- Henda, T. Skinner-street, Clerkenwell, builder. (Selby, St. John-street-road)
- Heath, G. T. Seymour-place, Burton-square, engraver. (Bousfield, Chesham-place, Blackfriars)
- Hepper, W. and J. Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. (Foden, Leeds; Wilkinson, Middle Temple)
- Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, butcher. (Stevens, Hotten-garden)
- Higgins, E. H. and Thompson, R. Norwich, wool-stapler. (Lythgoe, Essex-street, Strand; Barker, Norwich)
- Hill, R. Norwich, manufacturer. (Brightwell, Norwich; Taylor and Co. Temple)
- Hillman, J. Bath, ironmonger. (Gaby, Bath; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Hills, R. Faversham, Kent, grocer. (Jeffery's and Co. Faversham; Bower, Chancery-lane)
- Hills, T. Bromley, chemist. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Hinchcliff, J. Holmforth, dyer-maker. (Jacobs, Muddersfield; Van Sanden and Co. Deerpark-hill)
- Hine, R. Sutton, Macclesfield, grocer. (Farrar, Macclesfield; Lucas and Co. Argyll-street, Oxford-street)
- Hird, R. Wakefield, Yorkshire, boys' confectioner. (Taylor, Wakefield; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Hobbs, P. Barking, corn and coal-dealer. (Wells, Duke-street, Portland-place)
- Hoddy, S. Ashton, Birmingham, snuff-maker. (Bird, Birmingham; Henning and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Holliday, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, victualler. (Hard and Co. Temple; Bakery, Rochdale)
- Hopkins, G. Ayles, Warwick, miller. (Belamy and Co. Supton-on-Stour; Dax and Co. Bedford-row)
- Horne, R. Holborn-hill, shoe-manufacturer. (Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard)
- Hos, W. F. Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker. (Brough, 54, Spiced-Rock)
- Hudson, R. and Corb, W. T. City-escal-rope-ground, Blackwall, rope-makers. (Davies and Co. Angel-vault, Thurgate-street)
- Hudson, T. Black-mare, St. Giles's, grocer. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn)
- Hughes, W. Liverpool, coal-merchant. (Becke, Hornchurch-street, Queen-square; Hill, Worcester)
- Hutchinson, J. Lime-street, wine and general-merchant. (Wilkinson and Co. Bucklersbury)
- Hyams, M. Regent-street, St. James's, Jeweller. (Roche, Chancery-street, Covent-garden)
- Jarvis, P. and Sly, T. and S. Aylsham, Norfolk, grocers. (Lythgoe, Essex-street, Strand; Barker, Norwich)
- Jarvis, T. Mangerford-street, Strand, wine-merchant. (Rushbury, Carthusian-street)
- Jebb, J. Woolwich, tailor. (Fisher and Co. Walbrook-buildings)
- Jenner, W. Bloomsbury-place, victualler. (Taylor, Clement's-inn)
- Jennings, R. Poultry, bookseller. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
- Johnson, R. Broad-street, merchant. (Pearce and Co. St Swithin's-lane)
- Jones, O. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Finlow, Liverpool; Chester, Maple-lane)
- Jones, W. R. and J. Potter's-fields, Southwark, wharfingers. (Noy and Co. Great Tower-street)
- Joseph, M. A. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, coal-merchant. (Isaacs, Bury-street)
- Joseph, M. J. Cheltenham, proprietor of the New Circus. (Dignam, Fewman-street)
- Kelly, J. and Dominice, J. Brighton, builders. (Brooker and Co. Brighton; Holmes and Co. New Inn)
- Kirkbide, J. Wood-street, Cheap-side, lace-merchant. (Hodgson and Co. St. Mildred's-court, Poultry)
- L'Ange, A. Shafborne-lane, merchant. (Bignold and Co. New Bridge-street)
- Lawrence, W. H. Bath, draper. (Daniel, Bristol; Pearson, Temple)
- Lawson, M. Spital-fields, currier. (Bostock, George-street, Mansion-house)
- Leach, J. L. Leeds, printer. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Carr and Barker, Wakefield)
- Lee, G. and Sutton, J. St. James's-street, tailors. (Tanmer, New Basinghall-street)
- Liele, Augustus de, Regent-street, bill-broker. (Hodgson and Co. Salisbury-street)
- Littlewood, J. P. Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side)
- Lloyd, D. and N. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothiers. (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Vizard and Co. Dursley, Gloucestershire)
- Lowe, J. L. York-place, Camberwell, stock-broker. (Scott, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Luce, C. Bristol, corn-factor. (Gregory, Bristol; Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Luff, O. Bristol, timber-factor. (Hicks, and Co. Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn; Minton, Bristol)
- Lyse, G. Cecil-street, Strand, tailor. (Richardson, Walbrook)
- Lyons, L. Goswell-street, tailor. (Fawcett, Jewin-street)
- Maiten, J. Hanover-square, gun-maker. (Cooksey, Holborn)
- Mardon, R. Tooley-street, baker. (Chater, Water-lane, Blackfriars)
- Marshall, J. Foster-lane, Cheap-side, warehouseman. (Fisher and Co. Walbrook-buildings)
- Martin, J. sen. Crescent-mews, North Burton-crescent, riding-master. (Dye, 'Look-a-court)
- Martin, J. and D. York-street, Borough, mustard-manufacturer. (Sheppard and Co. Olton-lane)
- Mead, T. Bury St. Edmunds, linen-draper. (Jones, Silver-lane)
- Meredith, A. U. Portsmouth, tailor. (Clowes and Co. King's Bench-walk, Temple)
- Mitchell, J. B. Aldgate, feather-bed-manufacturer. (Godard, Basinghall-street)
- Miles, H. H. and E. P. Rock-mill, Falmouth, Gloucestershire, clothiers. (Nethesoles, and Co. Essex-street, Strand; Tilly, Devon, Wilts)
- Miles, J. High Holborn, victualler. (Harris and Co. Norfolk-street, Strand)
- Miles, T. Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, corn-merchant. (Bell and Co. Bow Church-yard; Garbutt, Yarm, Yorkshire)
- Nisbet, T. New-street, New-road, Mary-lebone, cheese-monger. (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand)
- Norris, R. J. Manchester, warehouseman. (Beverley, Garden-court, Temple)
- Norton, J. High-street, Southwark, cheese-monger. (Hatchinson, Crown-court, Thend-

- Ogle, R. L. Clement's lane, brick-maker. (Clare and Co. Frederick's place, Old Jewry)
- Oliver, T. Manchester, paper-maker. (Hampson, Manchester, Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane)
- Oshorne, J. Leigh, Essex, mailer. (Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Bathurst, Rochford, Essex)
- Page, T. Hoxton, grocer. (Ashley and Co. Tokenhouse-yard)
- Palmer, W. Goudge-street, Tottenham-court-road, wine-merchant. (Barton, Queen-square, Bloomsbury)
- Paul, C. Standford-mews, Manchester-square, cabinet-maker. (Pasmore, Ironmonger-lane, Chesham)
- Payn, W. Northleach, Gloucestershire, inn-keeper. (King, Sergeant's-lane, Fleet-street; Croud, Cheltenham)
- Pearce, J. and Perry, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturers. (Pearhead, Nottingham; Hurd and Co. Temple)
- Pearson, R. Rotherham, grocer. (Rogers, Sheffield; Rogers, Bucklebury)
- Peimou, T. Great Shire-lane, Temple-bar, victualler. (Taylor, Clement's-lane)
- Peppin, R. Greville-street, Hatton-garden, silversmith. (Allingham, Hatton-garden)
- Peikins, J. Upper Thames street, wholesale-stationer. (Carter, Royal Exchange)
- Pell, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Fennhead, Nottingham; Hurd and Co. Temple)
- Peters, G. Regency-place, Great Surrey-street, baker. (Smith, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square)
- Phillips, N. Haverford west, banker. (Slade and Co. St John-street, Mathias, Haverford west)
- Phinkett, W. and Batkin, J. Old-street-road, St. Luke's, timber-merchants. (Keeling and Co. Tokenhouse-yard)
- Pollitt, J. Manchester and Stockport, grocer. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Co. Marsden-street, Manchester)
- Pomroy, J. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, insurance-broker. (Oliver and Co. Frederick's place, Old Jewry)
- Porter, W. jun. Great Dromfield, Yorkshire, merchant. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane, Jennings and Scotchburn, Great Dromfield)
- Powell, J. Windsor, tailor. (M. Duff, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Prince, D. Basinghall-street, merchant. (Korrey and Co. Lothbury)
- Pritchard, F. Portwood, Cheshire, and Heaton Norris, Lancashire, plumber. (Norris, John-street, Bedford row; Rymer and Co. Manchester)
- Pinden, J. Birmingham, merchant. (Swain and Co. Frederick's place, Old Jewry; Whiteley, Birmingham)
- Rangleley, A. Glossop, Derby, cotton-spinner. (Chailton and Co. Stockport; Tyler, Temple)
- Rivalls, M. Bilton, inn-keeper. (Smith, Walsall; Wheeler, John street, Bedford-row)
- Reynolds, W. Shad Thames, rope-maker. (Paton and Co. Old Broad street)
- Riant, J. Gracechurch-street, cheesemonger. (Rogers, King's-arms-yard)
- Ridgill, J. Warwick-court, furrier. (Pontilux St Andrew's court, Holborn)
- Ridgill, F. Thavies-inn, silversmith. (Peachey, Salisbury-court Fleet street)
- Ridgill, J. and Lewis, J. Manchester, machine-makers. (Willis and Co. London, Radford, Manchester)
- Ridgill, J., Marriner, J. and Wright, T. Liverpool, hide-merchants. (Brooke, Liverpool; Slade and Co. Bedford-row)
- Ridgill, W. Shoe lane, printer. (Rhodes and Co. New-inn)
- Robinson, P. Claypole, Lancashire, maltster. (Capon, Newark-upon-Trent; Capes, Rother-court)
- Rogers, D. Upper North-place, Gray's-lane-road, grocer. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate)
- Ryland, S. H. and Knight, J. Hoxley-down, lighterman. (Drugs and Sons, Billiter-square)
- Sadler, W. Walworth, grocer. (Osbaldeston and Co. London-street, Fenchurch street)
- Sage, W. jun. Bristol, grocer. (Barnton and Co. Bristol, Dax and Co. Holborn-court)
- Salt, J. Birmingham, cutler. (Lee and Co. Birmingham; Alexander and Co. Chancery-street)
- Scott, J. and Bragg, H. Walbrook, dealers. (Richardson, Walbrook)
- Sharp, A. S. and J. Birkenhead-Bottoms, Leeds, cotton-spinners. (Lawler, Manchester; Hurd and Co. Temple)
- Shepherd, T. and Haworth, J. Hurst, Lancashire, machine-makers. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row, Thornley, Manchester)
- Shapley, W. Basing-lane, wholesale-stationer. (Watson and Co. Fenchurch square)
- Sherley, E. Great Portland-street, Marylebone, butcher. (Abraham, Great Marlborough-street)
- Smith, T. A. Ross, wine and spirit-merchant. (Chadborn, Gloucester; King, Sergeant's-lane)
- Sloman, W. Wessendine, Rutland-shire, cattle-salesman. (Harrison, Oakham, Taylor, Featherstone-buildings)
- Slack, R. High Holborn, woollen-draper. (Kearney and Co. Lothbury)
- Smith, W. Uxbridge, mealman. (Dimes, Bread-street)
- Spooner, W. Chiswell-street, linen-draper. (James, Bucklebury)
- Sprang, J. Borough-road, victualler. (Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Stauley, G. Upper Ground-street, ironmonger. (Jessepp and Co. Thavies-inn)
- Staveley, C. jun. Leicester, strationer. (Briggs and Co. Lincoln's inn, Adcock, Leicester)
- Steed, W. R. Caroline-street, surgeon. (Minchin Gray's-inn)
- Still, S. Bond street, Lambeth, and Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street, lighterman. (Gatty and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street)
- Sullivan, J. Bath, ironmonger. (Gaby, Bath; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Stinton, J. Coleman-street, boot-maker. (Wigley, Essex street, Strand)
- Stockley, M. Wolverhampton, grocer. (Wood, Wolverhampton, Williams and Co. Lamolin-inn)
- Stroud, T. Bath, linen-draper. (Fisher, Featherstone-buildings, Cook, Bath)
- Stragnell, R. B. Threadneedle-street, bonemaker. (Hodgson and Co. Salisbury-street, Strand)
- Such, J. Blackman-street, boot and shoe-maker. (Bean, York's court)
- Sutcliffe, B. Manchester, commission agent. (Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn, Whitehead, Manchester)
- Taberner, W. Ashton Juxta, Birmingham, miller. (Dicken and Co. Birmingham; Chilton, Chancery-lane)
- Taylor, J. Gomersal, merchant and banker. (Carr, Gomersal, Evans and Co. Hatton-garden)
- Tenden, J. H. and Bright, E. Finch-lane, merchants. (Lane, Lawrence, Fountain-places)
- Thompson, M. Minster, wine-merchant. (Pope and Co. Blomfield-street, London-wall)
- Thornley, R. and Rylaborough, J. Yate and Philp's Bank, Lancashire, the printer. (Neville and Co. Blackburn, Milne and Co. Temple)

- Thornton, M. Upper Russell-street, Beaumontsey, tannar. (Sutcliffe, New Bridge-street)
- Todd, H. Commercial-road, builder. (Gattie and Co. Angel court, Throgmorton-street)
- Torr, J. Nottingham, victualler. (Swann, Nottingham, Holme and Co New-inn)
- Townley, W. High-street, Southwark, woolen-draper. (Froeman and Co. Coleman-street)
- Tuck, W. Elsing, miller. (Keith, Norwich; Tibbury, Falcon-street)
- Tuckett, W. Bath, grocer. (Makinson, Middle Temple; Hollins, Bath)
- Turner, F. Liverpool, merchant. (Orled and Co Liverpool, Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane)
- Tyrrill, W. East Isley, Berks, tailor. (Ford, Great Queen-street; Franklin, Abingdon)
- Walduck R. and W., and Hancock, W. Russell-street, Beaumontsey, furriers. (Green and Co. Samsbrook-court, Baslinghall-street)
- Wallack, J. W. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent, boarding and lodging-house-keeper. (Young, Poland-street)
- Walton, R. Wood-street, hosier. (Pearce and Co. St Swithin's-lane)
- Ward, M. Warren-street, coach-builder. (Hawdon, Gray's-inn)
- Warren, J. Clippstone-street, Mary-le bone, chandler-shop keeper. (Rice, Jermy-street)
- Watson, T. Bristol, inn-holder. (Dix, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane; Franks, Hiltol)
- Watts, J. Cheltenham, painter. (Visard and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruett and Co. Cheltenham)
- Wayman, F. Amelia-row, Beaumontsey, leather-seller (Watts, Dean-street, Canterbury-square)
- Weatherald, H. and T. Kirby Malsead, York, flax spinners. (Hirst, Northallerton; Hall, Sergeant's-inn)
- Webb, W. Cooper's bridge, Yorkshires, victualler. (Wollam and Co. Wakefield; Heming, and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Wells, J. Kenningshall, general shop-keeper. (Calver, Long Stratton; Nettlesford, Clement's-inn)
- Wesson, J. Birmingham, currier. (Male, Birmingham; Edmunds, Lincoln's-inn)
- West, W. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier. (Bush, Trowbridge, Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn)
- Wetman, J. Great Surrey street, hat-manufacturer. (Williams, Bognor-court, Walbrook)
- Wharton, J. Manchester, factor. (Morris and Co. Manchester; Adington, and Co. Bedford-row)
- Whiston, F. Clutched-friars, merchant. (Constable and Co. Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane)
- White, J. Fleet-street, flour-factor. (Baddeley, Lemna-street, Goodman's-fields)
- White, W. King-street, Soho, baker. (Tomes, Lincoln's-inn)
- Whitehall, J. Q. Nottingham, plumber. (Swann, Nottingham; Holme and Co. New-inn)
- Whittle, C. Hastings, draper. (Gregson, and Co. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street)
- Widgen, W. Whitmore road, Hoxton, coal-merchant. (Robinson and Co. Austin-friars)
- Wilkinson, J. Castle-street, Holborn, working-jeweller. (Henson, Bouverie-street)
- Wilkinson, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. (Still, and Co. Lincoln's-inn New-square; Netherwood, Keighley)
- Williamson, T. W. and Jones, E. Packer's-court, Coleman-street, merchants. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Williamson, S. T. Southampton, wine-merchant. (Smith, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square)
- Wilson, E. Lymington, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Windeor, J. and J. and Hyde, M. Manchester, machine-makers. (Whitehead, Manchester, Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn)
- Wittich, J. F. W. Manchester, grocer. (Dougan, Clifford's-inn)
- Wood, J. Montague-close, Southwark, carman. (Hayward, Essex-court, Temple)
- Wood, T. New Church-court, Strand, printer. (Hurd and Co. King's-bench-walk, Temple)
- Woolf, B. Princes-street, tailor. (Atkinson, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Workman, T. W. Rodborough, Gloucester, clothier. (Fisher and Spence, Walbrook-buildings)
- Wright, J. Henley, dyer. (Jacomb, Huddersfield; Van Sandan and Co. Dowgate-hill)
- Wroote, R. Great Titchfield-street, draper. (Cook and Co. Furnival's-inn)
- Wroote, R. and Goldie, J. Great Titchfield-street, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Wryght, G. White Lion-street, Norton Falgate, Leghorn-hat-manufacturer. (Alexander, Clement's-inn)
- Wyatt, T. Oxford, stone-mason. (Evans, Gray's-inn; Parsons, R. Clement's, Oxford)
- Yeldam, T. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. (Robins, Queen-square)

DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.

- Airdge, J. W. Penton-street, Pentonville, druggist
- Andriews, G. Durham, stationer
- Archer, W. Madstone, Kent, corn merchant
- Arscott, S. Buckfastleigh, Devon, wool-dealer
- Auston, J. Brighton, builder
- Bassett, G. Judd-place, New-road, cabinet-maker
- Blaber, H. Brighton, Sussex, merchant
- Bowley, J. Brydges street, Covent garden, and Kensington, broker
- Barlett, D. L. New-street, Bishopsgate, merchant
- Burnows, J. Bond-street, Vauxhall, builder
- Carter, J. Oxford street, furrier
- Castal, J. Brighton, coal-merchant
- Chmiste, J. and C. Waterloo-road, timber-merchants
- Cook, J. Sheffield, victualler
- Connah, W. Chester, wine and spirit merchant
- Crothwaite, J. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant
- Cundy, W. and J. Holmwood side, Brampton, Derby, cotton-twist manufacturers
- Dodsworth, T. Knaresborough, flax-dresser
- Falburn, J. F. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, auctioneer
- Frear, R. Leicester, hosier
- Fricke, C. Kingston-upon-Thames, broker
- Fulton, T. Change-alley, insurance-broker
- Graham, J. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, tailor
- Hamilton, J. Q. Fenchurch-street, cotton-merchant
- Hills, E. Faversham, grocer
- Hood, M. Trafalgar-place, Walworth-road, baker
- Horns, R. Holborn-hill, and Bristol, shoemaker
- Hudson, T. Jun. High-street, St. Giles's, tea-seller
- Jeffery, J. Edward-street, Woolwich, tailor
- Johnson, G. King Stanley, wool-broker
- Johnson, W. Dudley, Worcestershire, boot-maker
- Joseph, M. A. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, coal-merchant
- Jeyner, J. and J. S. and Luttridge, R. Romford, bankers

Palmer, W., Goodge-street, wine and spirit merchant
Richings, T. Thavies'-inn, scrivener
Scott, J. Birmingham, Ironmonger
Thompson, O. Wells-row, Islington, plumber

Tomalin, O. Size-lane, Bucklersbury, hatter
Whayman, F. Spa-road, Bermondsey, currier
Williams, T. W. Northwich, Chester, banker
Woolcombe, H. Duke-street, Aldgate, stock-broker

DIVIDENDS.

Baile, R. and E. Lombard-street, Feb. 25
Baker, F. Cannon-street, Feb. 28
Ball, P. Mervagiassey, Cornwall, March 4
Bate, T. Hastings, Feb. 18.
Bennell, J. B. Quadrant, Feb. 24, and 25.
Binns, A. E. Bath, March 4.
Bird, J. and H. Poultry, and Bartlett's-buildings March 4
Bishop, G. Great, hatchesnap, Feb. 18
Blenkinsop, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Feb. 20
Bromfield, C. Liverpool, Feb. 16
Brooks, J. Liverpool, Feb. 16
Broughall, R. Little Ness, Salop, Feb. 27
Bryan, W. Camberwell, Feb. 14
Buge, J. Bristol, March 4
Cadogan, J. Water-street, Arundel-street, Feb. 24
Calbeck, T. and Co. York, March 11
Collins, J. and F. Nicholas-lane, Feb. 25
Compton, P. A. Beckington and Lee, Kent, Feb. 25
Cotter, W. C. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, March 9
Cuthbert, A. and G. R. and Brooks, T. Gutter-lane, March 4
Diet F. and Mannet, J. Southampton, March 4
Dyck, P. D. V. Leuzen, A. J. G. and Wink, W. A. de G. Circus, Minorles, Feb. 21
East, S. Green-man, Stratford, Feb. 25
Eler, P. Woburn, Beds. Feb. 25
Evans, G. Hastings, Sussex, Feb. 21
Farmer, S. Birmingham, March 11
Favans, D. Bath, Feb. 21
Fauntleroy, H. Berners-street, Jan. 28
Fen, J. Little-Downham, Ely, Feb. 24
Fidkin, T. Teddington, Feb. 18
Firth, G. Boston, Lincoln, Feb. 20
Flanders, J. Atherstone, March 15
Foulerton, J. Upper Bedford-place, Feb. 18
Freelove, V. Brighton, Feb. 23
Frost, L. Liverpool, March 7
Fuller, J. Bedford-place, Feb. 18
Fuller, R. Reigate, Surrey, Feb. 11
Gardiner, G. St John-street, Feb. 21
Gascogne, R. Richmond, March 4
Gilbert, J. A. George-lane Botolph-lane, Jan. 31

Goodwin, J. Holt, Feb. 19
Grange, J. Piccadilly, snaller, March 11
Gians, J. Hutton-garden, Feb. 23
Greig, W. City-road, Feb. 14
Griffin, P. R. Doncaster, York, Feb. 27
Hamlyn, R. and Chanter, J. Bliford, Devon, March 9
Hart, O. and Co. Church-street, Deptford, Feb. 18
Harvey, M. B. Witham, Essex, and J. W. Hadleigh-hall, Essex, Feb. 25
Hatfield, R. Abington-row, Goswell-street, Feb. 25
Henley, G. Strand, March 4
Herbert, W. J. Chesham, and Coventry, Feb. 21
Heywood, W. and R. S. Manchester, March 5
Holmes, J. Ardwick, Manchester, March 20
Howard, J. T. and N. Houghton, March 23
Hudson, J. Balstrode-street, Feb. 25
Hunters, Rainey and Co. Shesham, March 21
Javot, R. Birmingham, Feb. 21
Jefferys, W. Quadrant, Regent-street, March 4
Jones, A. W. New Brompton, Feb. 23
Jones J. and D. Maccynleth, Merioneth, Feb. 23
Kensington, C. Glamford Briggs, Feb. 21
Lawton, J. Delph, Yorkshire, Feb. 18
Levet, M. Cheltenham, Gloucester, March 17
Lloyd, R. Great Surrey-street, Feb. 25
Loah, J. and W. High Holborn, March 4
MacLeod, J. Cornhill, Feb. 7
Marsh, W., Stacey, J. H., and Graham, G. E. Berners-street, March 11
Mathews, E. College-hill, March 11
Millhouse, C. Henford, Lincolnshire, Feb. 25
Milne, A. G. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street, Feb. 25
Mirret, J. Finsbury-square, Feb. 25
Morris, J. Manchester, March 8
Nichols, J. Hunter-street, Runswick-square, March 14
Norton, D. S. Uxbridge, Feb. 14
O'Shaugnessy, H. P. and Shetbott, G. Pall-Mall, Feb. 21
Owen, J. and J. D. Bishopsgate-street, March 7
Pain, R. G. Lloyd's Coffee-house, March 11
Parker, T. Fenchurch-street, Feb. 25
Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Southwark, Feb. 18

Pavey, J. St. James, March 16
Phillips, W. R. Bicham-wood, Epsom, March 14
Pools, S. R. Leeds, March 9
Poster, H. Taunton, March 18
Ward, J. Hutton wall, March 11
Prestice, A. and Shelley, J. Manchester, Feb. 24
Racham, J. Strand, Feb. 18
Rahmy, R. Size-lane, March 21
J. Love-lane, Lower Reg-street, March 4
Reynolds, C. Glamford Briggs, Lincoln, Feb. 21
W. Liverpool, Feb. 11
W. and Wilson, D. W. March 6
J. Manchester, March 7
R. Mary-lane, Tower-street, Feb. 25
Sanderson, W. W. and J. Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, Feb. 18
Sandwell, J. Pittfield-street, Hoxton, March 11
Shaw, W. The obell Lees, Yorkshire, Feb. 23
Shield, J. Merthyr Tydfil, Feb. 14
Smith, J. Bradwell, Devon, Feb. 27
Smith, E. Mervagiassey, Cornwall, March 5
Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, Feb. 24
Stevens, J. Norwich, Feb. 24
Summerfield, T. B. Wapping, Feb. 25
Thompson, T. and Walker W. Wolverhampton, Feb. 25
Tidy, M. Southampton, Feb. 25
Tomney, J. Beaumont-street, Feb. 24
Townsend, D. and T. Wilton, Wilt, March 4
Tuck, J. L. Haymarket, March 7
Turnbull, J., Forbes, J., Crawford R. A. and Skeene, D., Broad-street, Feb. 25
Walker, W. and Baker, T. Cannon-street, March 11
Weston, M. Wellington, Feb. 14
Whitaker, J. St. Paul's Church yard, March 4
Wildman, J. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, Feb. 25
Wilson, P. Gibson-street, Lambeth, Feb. 25
Wilson, T. Edgeware-road, Feb. 25
Wood, T. Birch-lane, Feb. 15
Woods, J. and Williams, H. Hastings, March 11
Worthington, J. Manchester, March 4
Wylie, H. and Richardson, W. J. Abchurch lane, Feb. 25

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1826.

THE refusal of Government to lend Exchequer Bills on property occasions the Markets to continue in a very depressed state. On the subject of the convention of Commerce with this country and France great alarm is excited, as the French are our best customers for Indigo, Cotton, and Coffee; of all these articles the most dangerous, and at no time could this measure be more severely felt than at the present.

COTTON WOOL.—The last sales consisted of 100 Bales, 1s per lb. in bond, 200 Perangs, 10s. to 10s per lb. in bond, 900 Satins, 5s. to 5s per lb. ordinary to good, 80 Bengal fair to good, 5s. to 5s, and 300 Surats. By Public Sale, middling to good, 4s. to 5s per lb. Markets very dull, and prices declining.

SUGAR.—Brown Sugar, 50s, have been sold at 5s. 6d. per cwt. London, 50s, good do. and middling, 5s. to 5s. per cwt. On Tuesday last, 68 lbs. Packets of brown paper (bankrupts' estates) sold at 70s. 6d.; also 50 lbs. Crushed Sugar, 7s. to 7s. 6d.; inferior, 7s. per cwt. The above were sold with all faults, and which cannot be considered as a criterion of the Market price. In the market little was done last week; 74s. 6d. to 75s. 6d. have been paid for Packaged Lumps, and Crushed Sugar has been sold as low as 21s. per cwt.—Of East India Sugar, 700 bags Bengal Sugar sold, fine white, 37s. 6d., middling and good do 29s. to 31s 6d., damp, 27s. to 28s. 6d.—Foreign Sugars, 94 chests Bahia's offered on Friday, of yellow and brown quality, sold at 24s. to 28s. 6d. per cwt. By Private Contract nothing done; prices nominal.

CORNS.—The sales on Tuesday last, of 1426 bags, went off very heavily at 50s, only a part sold; Brazil, at 49s. to 50s per cwt. Markets very dull, and no Public Sale brought forward since.

PIMENTO.—By auction, 239 bags sold briskly at 9d. to 9s per lb.; ordinary, 8s. to 8s. per lb. Pepper, 3000 bags offered unsifted, all taken in 3s. per lb.; damaged, 2s. per lb.

RICE.—60 casks Caroline, part sold at 35s. per cwt.

CANFAIRE in demand and higher.

SALTSTICK declined 1s. per cwt, viz, 2400 were sold by Public Sale at 21s. to 24s per cwt.

SPICES steady but little doing.

BUTTER.—Irish, 80s. to 9s.; Dutch and Flemish, 80s. to 110s; Dorset and Cambridge, 45s. to 58s.

TEA.—The East India Company have issued a Notice to the buyers of Tea, that the prompt for the Company's own Tea, which stood for the 3d March next, is postponed to Thursday the 23d. of March (the 24th being Good Friday), upon a further deposit of 10 per cent. being paid on or before the 3d of March, together with interest on the amount postponed from the 3d of March until the day of payment; and without fees, if the full payment be made on or before the said 23d day of March next.

The last Liverpool Report represents the Market for all sorts of Colonial Produce as in a very dull state.

The Glasgow Report states that there have been of late very few, if any, sales of Wool; and that it would be difficult to effect sales without submitting to a sacrifice.

SPRITS.—Arrack, Brandy, Geneva, and all Spirits and Strong Waters, are required to be imported in casks of not less than 100 gallons, and not exceeding 6 per cent. overproof, and not less than 190 tons burthen, and pay the following duties, viz Arrack, 2s. 1d per gallon.—Customs. Brandy and Geneva, 1s. 10d. per ditto, in a British ship, and 2s. per ditto in a Foreign ship, and the whole, as well as all other Spirits, 17s. 6d. per cent, excise for hydrometer proof.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	60	0	Peas	43	4
Rye	41	3	Beans	39	10
Barley	36	7	Oats	21	11

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

A Amsterdam	12	8	Gibraltar	31	0
Rotterdam	12	9	Leghorn	44	0
Antwerp	12	9	Genoa	44	0
Hamburg	37	4	Naples	39	0
Paris	25	40	Lisbon	51	0
Bordeaux	25	65	Oporto	51	0
Vienna	16	17	Rio Janeiro	45	0
Madrid	36	0	Dublin	91	0
Cadiz	36	0	Coik	91	0

PRICES OF SHARES

At the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, Stock and Share Brokers, No. 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.

FEBRUARY. 25, 1826.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.	
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.	
<i>Canals.</i>						
Brimley	280	14	Atlas	7 2 1/2	9	
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	320	12 10	Eagle	34	5	
Coventry	1150	4s and 6s.	Globe	139 1/2	7	
Croydon	4 6s	—	Guardian	17 1/2	—	
Dudley	96	4	Hope	4 15	6	
Killemore and Chester	120	3 13	Imperial Fire	102	6	
Grand Junction	265	10 & 3 6s.	Ditto Life	11 10	8	
Grand Surrey	50	2	Law Life	11 1/2	—	
Grand Union	38	—	Norwich Union	50	1 10	
Grand Western	12	—	Rock Life	3 17 0	2	
Huddersfield	24 1/2	1	<i>Mines.</i>			
Kennet and Avon	25	1	Anglo Mexican	15 dis	—	
Lancaster	40	1 10	Bolton	25 pm	—	
Leeds and Liverpool	420	10	Brasilian (iss. at 5 pm)	8 dis	—	
Leicester	—	16	British Iron	13 1/2 dis	—	
Leicester and Northampton	94	4	Chilian	—	—	
Loughborough	—	200	Colombian (iss. at 5 pm)	6	—	
Mouthmouth	210	10	General	1 1/2 dis	—	
North Walsham and Dilham	25	—	Hibernian	3 1/2 dis	—	
North	360	15	Pasco Peruvian	5 dis	—	
Notford	750	32 & 6s.	Potosi	3 1/2 dis	—	
Peak Forest	150	5	Real Del Monte	par	—	
Regent's	37	—	Rio de la Plata	5 dis	—	
Rochdale	94	4	Thalpuahua	25 pm	—	
Sturford and Worcester	800	40	United Mexican	par	—	
Stourbridge	320	17	Ditto Now	5 pm	—	
Stratford on Avon	42	1	Welch Iron and Coal	9 1/2 dis	—	
Swansea	275	14	<i>Gas Lights.</i>			
Severn and Wye	40	2 2	Westminster Chartered	52	3 10	
Thames and Medway	14	—	Do. New	—	14 1	
Thames and Berwin, Red	30	1 10	City	153	0 0	
Ditto, Black	—	1	Ditto New	87	5 0	
Trent and Mersey	2000	75 & 6s.	Imperial	10 1/2 dis	6 per ct.	
Warwick and Birmingham	270	11	Phoenix	1 dis	1 7	
Warwick and Napton	235	11	General United	8 dis	—	
Wills and Beils	—	—	British	12 dis	—	
Worcester & Birmingham	51	1 10	Batu	16	10	
<i>Docks.</i>						
London	32 1/2	4 10 do	Birmingham	60	4	
West India	100	10 do	Birmingham and Stafford	par	—	
East India	90	8 do	Brighton	10	1 4	
Commercial	67	3 1/2 do	Bristol	23 1/2	1 6	
<i>Bridges.</i>						
Southwark	7	—	Isle of Thanet	4 dis	—	
Ditto New 7 1/2 per cent.	50	1 10	Lewes	par	1 5	
Vauxhall	23	1 5	Waidstone	80	3	
Widened	—	—	Portable	3 dis	—	
Ditto Annuities of £8	40	1 5 4	Ratcliff	5 pm	7 1/2 pr ct.	
Ditto Annuities of £7	36	1 2 2	Yarmouth	par	18	
<i>Railways.</i>						
Manchester and Liverpool	11 pm	11 pm	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>			
<i>Water-works.</i>						
East London	120	5 10	Australian (Agricultural)	6 pm	—	
Grand Junction	77 1/2	3	Auction Mart	7 dis	6 pr ct.	
Kent	37	—	Annulty, British	5 dis	—	
Manchester and Salford	41 1/2	—	Bank, Irish Provincial	11 pm	—	
South London	100	3	London Com. Sale Rooms	20	1	
West Middlesex	69	2 15	Pearl, Colomb. (iss. at 10 p)	4 dis	—	
<i>Insurances.</i>						
Alliance	1 1/2 pm	—	— and Coral	5 1/2 dis	—	
Albion	58	2 10	Revers. Interest Society	4 dis	—	
			Salt, British Rock & Patent	1 1/2 pm	—	
			Steam, General	2 1/2 dis	16	

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, From the 25th of January, to the 25th of February, 1826

Days	Bank Stock.	3 Pr Red	3 Pr Cons	3 Pr C Con 1818	3 Pr C Red	N4 Pr C	Long Annuities	India Stock.	India Bds	Ex Bills	Consols for acct
25	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		3 9 pm	1 d 4 p	90 1
26	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		10 9 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
27	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		9 5 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
28	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		8 9 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
29	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		7 6 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
30	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 5 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
31	215	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
1	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
2	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
3	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
4	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
5	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
6	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
7	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
8	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
9	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
10	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
11	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
12	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
13	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
14	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
15	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
16	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
17	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
18	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
19	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
20	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
21	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
22	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
23	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
24	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1
25	214	31	80	80	80	80	3-16		6 7 pm	1 d 4 p	80 1

JAMES WATSON, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 25th of January to the 19th of February, 1826,

By William Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

Month	Morn.	Rain Gauge			Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmo Variations		
		9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		37	40	30	17	30	18	60	60	NNW	NNW	Fine	Fine	Fine	
21		40	41	34	30	06	30	01	83	83	SW	W			Foggy
22		35	40	31	30	09	30	06	83	83	WSW	W	Foggy		
23		36	40	34	30	06	30	10	86	86	W	NNW			
24		35	37	34	30	28	30	30	86	86	NE	SW	Fair		
25		36	37	34	30	30	30	16	83	83	SE	E	Fine		St Fog
26		36	37	29	30	10	30	17	83	83	ESE	E	Fine		Fine
27		31	35	32	30	14	30	14	82	82	E	SE	Foggy		Foggy
28		36	37	35	30	01	30	04	85	85	SW	ESE	Fine		
29		39	40	37	29	06	30	01	85	85	ESE	S			Fine
30		42	47	42	29	07	29	06	86	86	ESE	SW			SRain
31		45	47	40	29	04	30	06	86	86	SW	SW			Fine
1		46	47	43	29	73	29	73	86	86	E	SW	Foggy		Foggy
2		47	50	40	29	73	29	73	86	86	SW	SW	Fair		Fine
3		50	52	47	29	55	30	54	74	84	SW	SW	Fine		SRain
4		45	47	40	29	76	29	76	80	81	SW	SW			Cloud
5		46	50	45	29	70	29	65	73	76	SW	SW			SRain
6		50	54	43	29	43	30	66	83	77	SW	SW	Rain		Fine
7		45	48	36	29	83	30	14	78	70	W	WSW	Fine		
8		39	48	36	30	32	30	19	82	74	SSW	SSW			Fine
9		39	43	30	30	14	30	11	84	86	S	SE			
10		31	36	4	30	09	30	06	80	81	E	SE	Foggy		
11		36	48	36	30	01	29	93	76	86	S	SE	Fine		
12		43	47	40	29	92	30	08	76	87	SSW	SW			
13		41	47	41	30	08	30	84	80	76	SW	S	Foggy		
14		44	48	44	29	80	29	81	85	86	SSW	SSW	Rain		Rain
15		45	51	46	29	81	29	67	86	73	S	S	Fair		Fine
16		46	49	43	29	60	29	47	83	80	SSW	SSW			
17		46	47	45	30	57	29	44	80	78	SSW	SW			
18		37	47	37	29	64	29	70	80	80	SW	SSW	Rain		Fair
19		45	52	43	29	41	29	41	85	87	SW	WSW	Rain		Rain

Shoebell, Arrowsmith, and Hodges, Johnson & Co., Fleet street

THE

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LONDON:

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A V I S.

To Mr. J. M. REID, our answer is—we must try before we buy :—

"In the year 1822," he says, "reading the Novel of *Kenilworth*, by the Author of *Waverley*, and observing several oversights or inaccuracies through the work, I was induced to take up the pen to point them out, with a small attempt at humour: and enclosed my effort to the reputed author, Sir WALTER SCOTT. A few days after, I received a letter from him, dated *Edinburgh, July, 1822*, wherein the point is completely set at rest, that he is NOT the Author of the *Waverley Novels*."

Now, we should first like to see how this is done; holding at the same time an opinion that there are some facts, which, however true they may be, a man cannot safely venture to broach them in society.

We thank Mr. CARRINGTON, of Devouport, for a copy of his topographical work, entitled *Dartmoor*. It does great credit to the researches of the learned and ingenious Author.

J. M.'s "*Historical Researches*" are very profound, but we want room to do them justice. As a specimen, we give his reason for preferring *Queen Mary* to *Queen Elizabeth*—"The former was a good woman, for she had her head cut off."

Catherine, who tells us she has "entered *l'état de mariage*," and having been so egg'd on we hope she will find the yoke easy, is very moderate in her request. We have spoken to the Publisher, and her messenger shall not be disappointed.

The Stanzas on *Mlle. Bonini* will not do.

Mr A. C. DE VILLEY's "*two Tales*, one of 150 lines, and the other of 250," are too much for us—we have no room for such *Bashaws*. We should prefer the prose Essays, if not too "melancholy."

In treating of the *New University*, we merely printed the articles of contributors, except in the instance of extracts from *Mandeville*; therefore we take none of *Civis's* censure to ourselves. When occasion suits we shall indulge in a little pleasantry on the character of one of the projectors, towards whom fame in her hurry has by no means dealt fairly and honestly, either in literature or morals. *Civis*, in his homely phrase, calls this little worthy "*a good soul*." Now, this is difficult to understand without a commentary in the same style. Knowing no medium between prostrate sycophancy and vulgar tyranny, the Scotch are considered excellent servants, but horrible masters—hence this saying, more expressive than polite—"they make very *good soles*, but cursed bad upper leathers."

The Gentleman who uses the expression "*Sketch on hand*" is always acceptable, but he is not justified in using names. No such person can reply to our Correspondents.

We are exceedingly concerned to hear that *Miss Agnes STRICKLAND* has "formed a new connection," and wishes to have her property returned. We certainly have no right to detain it from him, who has taken her "for better and worse." The better, that is, "*The Maniac, &c.*" we have used, and grieve to say that we cannot just now put our hand on her other article.

"*The Dead Priest*" and "*A-missing! Zachariah Richmond*" next month.

We ought to apologize to Y. Y. Z.

Louisa M—e must excuse us. It is not in our power to direct her studies in the *Circulating Library*, though we feel the hardship of her case, "having paid her subscription and not knowing what to send for." This hard-to-be-pleased state is we believe the cause of mutual distress both to the subscribers and subscribers, the Ladies and the Librarians. All we can do at present, if we are not too late, is to recommend HORACE SMITH's *Brambletye House*, a work replete with genius, interest, and amusement. Nothing in it is to be regretted, but that one so able to lead, should have condescended to follow.

Junio, in her listle to us, seems to have been in the mood of the Italian Lady, who writing to her husband expressed herself thus: "*Non avendo nulla da fare vi scrivo*"—It was due to truth, and would have been a great saving of time and paper, to have adopted the remainder of the letter—"Non avendo nulla da dire, finisco."

The wishes of "A FRIEND," respecting *Military Promotions*, shall be complied with.

Errata.—In No. VII. p. 284, for "*moral*" read *mural*; and at p. 285, for "*pregnant*" read *piquant*.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.

Ir, Mr. Editor, the subjects upon which I address you are grave, they are yet of advantage to consider—of importance to understand. You are potent in communications that compel us to *laugh*; it is more seemly to a grave calling, and advanced years, that I should attempt inducing your readers to *think*.

I have been long since taught to feel, that vanity and enthusiasm are erected upon frail foundations; and it is, therefore, only that I laboured in a good cause, that I feel glad of my inquiry into Mechanics' Institutions having found favour in the public eye. It is from knowing this that I am encouraged to throw out a few hints upon another important question, one that will, I fear, lead to much parliamentary discussion—the emancipation of the blacks in our colonial possessions.

There are innumerable subjects, in which the propriety of a particular principle may be admitted by *all*, but in the discussion of perfecting which, much variety of opinion may conscientiously arise. The inquiry hinging upon West India slavery is one of these. *Every* Christian feels that it is sad to contemplate fellow-men doomed to a perpetuity of galling servitude, but *all* do not agree upon the time and style of working their amelioration; and it is because I deem the arguments of those who contend for instant emancipation, and unrestricted freedom, unjust to individuals, and to life and property fatal, that I throw what weight of words I possess into the opponent scale.

“To do a great right,” it has been argued, that we may do “a little wrong;” but in a hasty plucking away of those restrictions which compel the negro to our service, the latter would so far overbalance the former as to make planter and servant alike suffer, to reduce colonial property to an almost valueless point—to annihilate capital, to endanger the interest of our merchants, and

the security of our islands—to create rebellion and the spilling of blood !

If those gentlemen who have assumed to themselves an exclusive privilege of philanthropy, in advocating the rights of the slave, had been less sparing in the arraignment of others motives, and more explicit in detailing their own, they might have been listened to with some complacency ; and had they, further than this, in the place of loose accusations and untenable allegations, have come forward with some specific, and openly adventured a plan for the attainment of their object, and the consideration of legislature and people, we should, at least, have had the satisfaction of deeming them possessed of sincerity ; even had we been slow to concede to them the attainment of wisdom. But, no—they either will not, or *cannot* point out a system, or the shadow of a system—a remedy, or the vision of one. Upon the Government—the men of all work—the Ministers, or upon the colonists themselves, must fall the whole *onus* of the experiment. It is *they* that must probe out the disease, and heal it—they that must dare the danger, and allay it ;—it is they alone that must, like the prophet, stand in the gap of the plague, and—no matter its ravages, no matter its infection—bid it be stayed ; and yet, during the enacting of this fearful thing, those who, by their vituperations have caused it to be played, are to creep out from the burthen and the consequences of the catastrophe, because, forsooth ! the plan was not exclusively their's—the means used not of their concocting. They only pointed out the necessity of a something being done, but not what—the holiness of emancipation, but not at what hour—the obligation of effecting it, but not how. This, to say the least of it, is illiberal—is intemperate, inconsiderate, at all events ; and to use the sensible remarks of a contemporary, it may well induce the colonists to “ require some guarantee before they deliver themselves and their properties to the wild and visionary schemes of speculative individuals.”

But do these philanthropists believe that when the storm is up they can lush it asleep again ? Do they fancy they can perform what Cæsar could not, and that the overwhelming and sullen wave will bend back its course at their bidding ? That the sun which shall light the rebellious slave to riven colonies and depopulated plantations—those very scenes he was wont to till in comfort and content, will stand still, as they were very *Joshuas* at their word ? Do they consider that a spark can light the war beacon, but that seas cannot quench its blaze ; that a child may slip the dogs of war—a giant not restrain them ?

But I am sinking into those faults which I deprecate—passion and enthusiasm. Let me be pardoned for the examples that are before me. More soberly, therefore, I would conclude, by urging the wisdom of restraining from harassing our legislators, and exciting the passions of our colonists and our people, by speeches

vociferated at market crosses, and petitions, wherein the framers assume a monopoly of humanity, got up at town-halls and council-chambers.

In the language of the resolutions passed in the Commons House of Parliament in 1823, I would say, *wait* "till it might be compatible *with the well being of the slaves themselves, the safety of the colonies, and the interests of all parties concerned,*" before you press the full measure of that we seek. If this be not sufficient, again I would say *wait*—because, our national character is already rescued from the infamy of that cruel system, the perpetuity of which all oppose. and because there is a rational hope that the time may not be distant when all civilized governments shall concur in one resolution to suppress that "of which you complain." Should yet further reasons be required, I would say *wait*, because of the many and great difficulties which lie in the way of the rapid consummation of this most important result; because a moral and religious course of instruction is *first requisite* to qualify our negroes to discharge the active duties of free men, and because indiscretions in legislating might excite the blacks to tumult, and thereby *protract* the great object all of us have in view, and be productive, as they have before been, of great and terrible calamity, *even to the very objects of our humane regard.*

These are a few of the arguments which I hope may be fairly used, against injudicious and intemperate discussions of the subjects they embrace. May they have the effect, at least, of leading *some* to consider whether the immediate manumission of our negroes might not be the signal for the instant destruction of our planters, and the consequent endangerment of our colonies; for "the dominion of Great Britain would fall with the *annihilation of the whites*;" and the possession of our West India Islands are now become of *paramount importance.*

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient Servant,

JOHN PLAINWAY.

Feb. 1826.

* See some very sensible resolutions lately moved as *counter* to others proposed by the *anti-slavery* folks, as they call themselves, at Salisbury. They were moved and written by Mr. Tinney, (brother to the Chancery barrister of that name,) who in his very admirable speech, opposing the enthusiastic assertions of some of his townsmen, told them that the "charges of cruelty" levelled against the planters "were incredible in themselves, and impossible in fact;" and that "such were contradicted by everything that could claim the character of regular evidence." These assertions, by none of the flowery orators that succeeded him were disproved, and they remain to this moment proofs of the speaker's good sense, and the weakness of those who refused to admit their force.

POETRY AND PAINTING, ANALOGY BETWEEN.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE opinion has been more than once expressed, both by writers and artists, and appears to us still to maintain its ground, that painting is entitled to higher honours than its sister art of poetry; and that, however men may deceive themselves, or be led astray by false associations, a fine painting will affect more, and appeal more universally to the sensibilities of the mind, than a fine poem.* That the associations awakened in the imagination, and the impressions made upon the heart by the exhibitions of the canvass, are of a less vivid and affecting kind than those which are brought into play by the pages of the poet, is a position which, after all, it will be difficult to confute. For the difference in the degree and nature of these emotions, we shall attempt thus to account. Painting, from being, in the strictest sense of the word, an *art*, necessarily adheres to rule; while poetry, which may as strictly be said to be a *feeling*, yields to the guidance of natural impulses. The former presents an optical fairy land to delight the sense, the latter portrays a living image, upon whose lineaments the heart dwells with an intense, and never-to-be-exhausted feeling. The eye of the genius of painting may be radiant with the light of "thoughts that breathe," but the lips of the muse of poetry glow with the utterance of "words that burn." The pencil deals in contrasts of light and shade, the magic of hues, and the grace of repose; the pen speaks a language whose direct appeal is to the heart—its breath is passion, and its words are fire. The operations of painting, like those of medicine, are predicated, in a great measure, alike upon hypothesis and precedent—with this difference, which is an advantage, that they have more of positive rule to guide themselves by than the latter. The painter may have an eye for the beauties of nature, the poet must have a mind for the mysteries of man. When compared, the former may be said to be all eye—the latter all mind. The one embodies observation, the experience of the senses—the other draws from internal re-

* For an elaborate argument in support of this opinion, see "Rhymes on Art," by M. A. Shee. Not only painting has been ranked above poetry, but music is considered, by a late writer, (Edinburgh Review on Alison's Essay on Taste,) as exercising a far more powerful effect upon the mind, from the circumstance of its being more vague and indeterminate than poetry. It is instrumental music of which the writer speaks, w. ich, he says, is *distinguished* from poetry by its "vagueness and uncertainty." This, however, is claiming no superiority for instrumental music over poetry. It is this very circumstance of poetry being more "fixed, limited and precise," which establishes its superiority over music of all kinds. The most beautiful air, in vocal music, taken apart from the words, is calculated to make about as lasting an impression as a beautiful face devoid of expression.

sources the experience of the intellect. GARRICK studied the faces, SHAKESPEARE the hearts of men. The one was a physical, the other a moral painter. There is, perhaps, a closer affinity, or consanguinity, between the histrionic art and that of painting, than there is between poetry and the latter. The actor and the painter affect us alike through the medium of the senses, whereas the poet addresses his high and impassioned language to the immediate affections of the soul. Admitting, for a moment, that the object of the poet and the painter be the same, yet if it be made to appear that the means employed by the latter in the attainment of this end, are different from those made use of by the former, the question then follows, which of the two kinds of agency requires the most *positive* talent, or do they both demand the same degree and species of intellectual power? The means made use of by the poet and the painter are different, supposing their end to be one and the same. Like the operative surgeon, described by Celsus, the painter "must not be too old, his hand must not shake, he must be ambidexter, and his sight must be clear and penetrating." Many are the extrinsic graces of the painter's canvass, while those of the poet's page are exclusively reflected from the mind. Versification, which may be termed the colouring of poetry, and is one of its *criteria*, is yet but a tone of the complicated harmony of the poet's soul; his more genuine contrast of light and shade, consists in the beauty of his thoughts—his illustrations, which frequently exhaust both nature and art—and his associations, which are usually blended with those presentiments of the future, and that "longing after immortality," which impart to poetry a peculiar influence over "one of our most prevalent dispositions," as Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS remarks, "anxiety for the future."* The appeals of the painter are, perhaps, more universal than those of the poet—that is, there are ten capable of relishing the excellencies of an execution in painting, to one who is qualified to judge of the merits, or susceptible to the beauties of a fine poem. The charms of the latter may be said to be latent, and require, therefore, to be elicited, while the glaring adornments of the former obtrude themselves, as it were, upon the senses. The rose, which may be regarded as one of the inspirations of the muse, is, at the same time, the emblem of secrecy—and the veins of the modest violet are far more exquisitely wrought than the broad and waving outlines of the unblushing sun-flower.

* This wise and enlightened artist, in his Eighth Discourse, delivered at the Royal Academy, himself admits, that "poetry having a more extensive power than painting, exerts its influence over *all* the passions; and among those may be reckoned one of our most prevalent dispositions—anxiety for the future." The superiority of poetry over painting is proved from this very power "of leading the mind by degrees to take an interest in any subject."

The tints of the rainbow are glorious to the eyes of all, while there are few, perhaps, who could relish a description of them in poetry; and the canvass is but a reflection of the features and the colouring of nature. The "winged words" of the poet place an image more vividly before the fancy, and appeal more immediately and forcibly to the feelings, than the silent eloquence of the canvass. In the latter, more is left to be *understood* than is necessary to aid the ardent operations of the imagination; and the fact, that even the most masterly executions of the pencil do not strike home to the sympathies with that force and intensity with which they are wrung by the inspirations of the pen—this fact proves, we think, that the operations of the latter are the energies of a principle more deeply seated in the soul of the poet than the painter, more gloriously wrought, and forcibly constituted *a priori*; and, consequently, that the agencies of this *primum mobile* are of a corresponding vigour—as a powerful cause is usually followed by a powerful effect. If then the means made use of by the painter be of a less energetic kind, and, indeed, almost the reverse of those employed by the poet, the second question naturally arises, in the wielding of which of these two agencies is most intellectual power required? To this it may be answered, that, inasmuch as the poet addresses himself to the might and majesty, the beauty and tenderness of powers and affections totally independent, for their gratification, upon any external stimulating impulses, and imperiously requiring the nicest, and, at the same time, the most effective ministration, powers and affections which disdain the fostering of common nutrition, and which, unlike other existences, thrive and expand best either beneath the eternal lava of the heart's summer, or the avalanche of its winter solstice; inasmuch as the spirit of the poet is compelled, like the dervise in the Arabian Tale, to undergo a human metempsychosis, infusing, like the all-animating principle of nature, his own essence into his own creations—inasmuch as he is required to be a proficient in the moral anatomy of the human frame, and, by a new and more subtle alchymy than philosophy can boast of, to transfuse his very being into the elements around him, until he become a portion of that from which he gathers his sunshine and his storm—inasmuch, in short, as he is left no medium between the highest attainments and the most deplorable failures, inasmuch, we apprehend, is the task devolving upon his powers one which demands the most consummate energy, and inasmuch, perhaps, does the star of his genius claim the ascendant in the world of intellect. Now what, let us ask, are the responsibilities devolving upon the painter? Is he not held answerable, almost exclusively, to the senses; and is he not usually indebted, for his resources, to the pages of the poet, the historian, or of nature? In either of these cases, organic perception and retention seem alone to be required;

whereas the operations of the poet have no account to settle with the senses—at least, comparatively none. It cannot be said of the latter, as literally as of the musical composer,—a Handel, a Purcell, or a Rizzio,—that he has “an ear” for music, not even in reference to the rhythmus or measure of his verse—his melody flows from a source within himself.

And here we would distinguish between the mind of the poet and the painter, by adopting BLAKE'S very just discrimination between the powers of different minds, which will be found to coincide with that drawn by PRYNOLDS, in speaking of the powers of the poet and the painter. The excellence of the latter he terms “the genius of mechanical performance,” as distinguished from that talent, or those powers which belong to general education; and which seem properly to constitute that faculty which, abstractedly, we call genius. Those energies which are strictly generalised under this term, are, perhaps, of a naturally more enlarged and vigorous nature, than those powers which are particular, and “appropriated,” as the artist above quoted remarks, “to a particular trade, distinguished from all other trades.” This definition of the term genius, abstractedly considered, agrees with that given by JOHNSON, who explains it to mean, “a mind of enlarged general powers, accidentally turned to some particular pursuit.” Now, painting, music, statuary, and architecture (eloquence we omit, as being more allied to poetry than any of the arts; eloquence, like poetry, being altogether intellectual), are, we think, decided *callings*—departments in which, by unremitting assiduity, a man may excel, while not all the study in the world—of a whole life—can ever form a poet. Poetry is not a calling, but an inspiration; and here we say, however paradoxical it may sound, that although painting may be considered as an original vocation, yet, at the same time, it cannot be said of him who may excel in this province of art, that he was “*nascitur pictor*,” as it is said of the poet “*nascitur poeta*.” We explain ourselves thus: There are many instances on record to prove that a man's mind has been determined to some particular pursuit by some particular accident, but not by any of those *impassive* accidents, if we may be allowed the expression, which we understand Johnson to allude to. The reading of a poem never yet made a poet, but the sight of a painting has made painters, as the exhibitions of the stage have formed actors. These latter causes may be termed accidental, it is true, but they are, at the same time, fraught with the most active agency; and when Johnson speaks of genius, “turning its powers accidentally to some particular pursuit,” the accident, in every such case, has been given birth to in the freedom of *choice*—but, at the same time, the *natural impulse* of the mind has preponderated, and led its faculties, almost imperceptibly, into that channel through which the

streams of intellect were designed to flow. So nearly allied to poetry has painting been considered, by almost every writer who has touched upon the subject, that the author of *The Literary Hours*, among others, goes so far as to assert, that the critic who is susceptible to the beauties of the one, never fails of evincing a taste for the other—and in this opinion Dr. HAYLEY appears to coincide. "He," says DRAKE, "who can point out the beauties of *Shakspeare*, will seldom (he might as well have said never) be found wanting when called upon to ascertain the merits of *Michael Angelo*." This is a most unlucky assumption. Certain it is, that the position will not admit of being reversed—that he who is capable of judging of the merits of *Angelo*, will be found qualified to pass sentence upon *Shakspeare*. The above writers appear to shelter themselves under the authority of the Venucian poet, who says, in the 9th line of his *Art of Poetry*, (which Scaliger truly remarks, is "*ars sine arte*")—"Pictoribus atque poetis, quilibet audendi semper fecit æqua potestas." Experience and observation, however, both contradict the assertion of the poet and essayists; and we do not think it will be controverted that, where there are ten who will admire the *Shakspeare Gallery*, there are scarce two who will relish the *Shakspeare Library*. Facts are, truly, stubborn things, and outweigh a thousand gratuitous assumptions. The third and last question, whether the *end* proposed by the poet and the painter be the same, may be answered, we think, as briefly in the negative as the first—the stale abstraction, that the end of the Fine Arts is to please, is unworthy of comment. The painter, by presenting an assemblage of colours, variously contrasted, to the eye, will attract and fascinate that organ, which delights in the magic of hues; but the object of the poet is one which cannot be attained through the instrumentality of any thing external—his aim is, by warming and animating our human sympathies, to awaken the energies of thought and feeling—the whole moral and intellectual being. This is what the painter, with all his art, cannot effect; for, a mere dumb show, a mere grouping of motionless images—a mere index of thought, pointing to the general text of the human mind—in a word, a work "done at *one blow*, where curiosity receives *at once* all the satisfaction it can ever have;"* a performance of this kind, we do contend, can achieve but little of that positive effect, which may be said to characterise poetry. Even in epic painting, the most dignified department of the art, what more is achieved beyond a strict conformity to fact, as it may be related, a happy grouping of the images of the canvass, the felicities of manual execution, and a tasteful blending of the colours of the prism? True, it may be retorted upon us, but all this requires talent;

* Reynolds, Dis. VII.

we think we have shown, however, that this talent is, neither in kind nor degree, correspondent or commensurate with those powers which are necessary to the production of a fine poem. The world of the painter is but a reflection or transfusion of that of the poet, or of universal nature, as presented alike in the pages of the historian, and as copied from her own fresh and living lineaments. If the painter succeed in giving a true transcript from the tablet before him, or from actual observation; if he hit that happy effect in his representations, which is immediately felt and acknowledged, and without which the canvass cannot be said to *breathe*; if he give a finish to manual execution, and if he preserve those "traits of truth" in expression, which constitute the magic of his creations, and the secret spell which binds the heart in momentary fascination, if he succeed in the attainment of these ends, he has done all that is required or expected of him—all of which he is capable. We admit the talent, but the excitement of the first moment soon dies away, and the heart which was held in transient bondage, upon regaining its freedom, forgets the memory of its chains. The very reverse of all this, with regard both to original design and after-effect, is produced by the inspirations of the pen. It is not unworthy of remark, that the powers necessary to excellence in the several departments of painting, sculpture, and architecture, have been found united in one and the same mind. This was the case in the instance of *Michael Angelo*, who was a more than tolerable poet.* *RAFFAEL†* was likewise an excellent architect; his genius is as conspicuously displayed in the church of St. Peter's as in *the Cartoons*; but we are not presented with any name, in the literary annals of any country, of distinguished repute in the different provinces of poetry (epic) novel writing, and the drama. The sonnets of Shakspeare, with one or two exceptions, are very insipid, not comparable to those of *PETRARCH*, who did not possess one-half, or barely one-half of his genius. *MILTON* was deficient in that *practical* fire necessary to success in the drama; while *OTWAY*, who is only second to Shakspeare himself as a dramatic writer, failed in attempting one or two kinds of poetry, in which *MILTON* succeeded. To come down to the present day, we have an illustrious instance in the person of the late Lord Byron, of what we imagine to be the original adaptation of certain themes to the literary mind, and the original bias of the imaginative faculty in favour of a particular species of poetical composition. Lord Byron was, and *is*, the first poet of his age, in the general acceptance of the term—but he was no dramatic writer. There is a great deal of fine

* Of this, at least, we feel certain—that the painter would have given us a better *Tale of Paraguay* than we have been favoured with by Dr. Southey; and nothing half so bad as the *Theodric* of Mr. Campbell.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds spells the name as above.

poetry in his tragedies—how could it have been otherwise? But so there is in the *Masque of Comus*, and *Sampson Agonistes*; yet these productions are anything but what they purport to be—dramatic. Mr. MATURIN, whose dramatic works have acquired much celebrity, was any thing but a poet, in the usual acceptance of the word. There is about as much poetry to be met with in his late publication, entitled the “*Universe*,” as you will find in the *Night Thoughts*; there is much fine declamation, some sentiment, and more philosophy—but no poetry

[Part II. in our next.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PRINTER'S READER.

“Why hath not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.”

POPE.

I AM an unworthy member of a body of men, of the greatest use to the public, who spend their time and lose their temper in its service, for little pay; and yet that so obliged public is ignorant even of their existence. It is full time they did know them, and it is to that end principally I now set down these my Confessions.

I am, then, a PRINTER'S READER.

The public will please to be informed, that journeymen compositors, in putting the copy of authors into type, are often very careless, and hence arise innumerable errors and misprints; inso-much, that were some works to meet the general eye in their earlier stage, towards publication, no mortal could tell what the author was driving at. Here our labours commence: we suggest, and, if need be, enforce the requisite alterations. These are marked on the margin of each page, and in that state the impressions are technically called *proofs*, or, to speak more quaintly, *foul sheets*, of which foul sheets we are, as a body may say, the washermen. The examination of the proof sheets is paid for by the master; but the *corrections* are done by the men, at their own proper cost.

As an unreasonable dislike to *correction* is, somehow or other, planted in us all by nature, we thus become obnoxious to these compositors, who hold us in rigid anathema; and even our mutual employers, for reasons too many to state, distrust us exceedingly. Being thus hated by one party, and suspected by the other, between the two stools the catastrophe of the proverb is not unfrequently brought about. But, it may reasonably be asked, how can any man expect to be beloved, whose whole bent and calling it is to find faults? Giving up, then, as desperate all hope of conciliating either of these parties, my present intention is, (besides ridding my mind of the load of various matters that at pre-

sent press heavily upon it,) to appeal against the injustice of a third party—namely, authors; from whom our wrongs are great and manifold; at the same time respectfully begging mankind to sit as umpire in this great cause.

What, although we are the *drudges* of the press? (being as closely attached slaves thereto as were the fabled genii to the ring of Aladdin,) we are also, in some sort, its guardians; and authors should be grateful to us therefore; but never do they acknowledge the great things we do for them, or make any the least mention of us in their work:—excepting, indeed, when we are called up for reprehension, and certain blunders of their own they find it convenient to denominate “errors of the press;” the which assertions we are furthermore obliged to print as true, well knowing them to be false.

The same men, who treat us with galling and undeserved contempt in public, oppress us with a grinding tyranny in private. Many and many are the mistakes I have amended in their copy myself, and I have guided their correcting pens to myriads of others by shrewd and judicious *queries*: yea, often have I supplied members to crippled sentences, and made verses to run smooth and easy, which whilom could not even crawl.

What Dr. Johnson said of the lexicographer suits our hard case to a title—“He can have no rational expectation of gaining the applause of mankind—he must be content if he escape their censure.” But do we enjoy even this negative blessing? No, verily. We are poor “word catchers, who live on syllables,” and should be mercifully intreated; but so far is that from being the case, that whenever authors discover in their proof-sheet, any, even the smallest slip of our harassed eyes, they write the bitterest notes possible to our masters, abusing us out of all measure; and the latter, ever ready to join in putting a foot upon our necks, come in upon us scowlingly, document in hand, and threatening, like Banquo’s ghost, “to push us from our stools.”

We are a sort of candle-snuffers in the great theatre of literature; and as careful candle-snuffing (it is allowed) very much promotes the success of a new dramatic piece, especially if the author’s plot be a dark one, even so do our patient and laudable (though minute) labours illustrate and enhance the value of every book.

Nevertheless, as we are all matter-of-fact men, and great only in little things, there grows upon us in time an opaqueness of intellect—a nearness of mental vision, very unfavourable to the understanding of microform objects, or multiplicate matters, and very possibly we may sometimes pester authors with unnecessary doubts and scruples. A man who holds spangles continually to his eyes, may come to consider them as so many millstones; and your entomologist, or insect-hunter, looks upon a flea as an animal no ways inferior to an elephant. I have here shadowed forth

our nature; but what I was going to say was this—It happened the other day, that in the discharge of the duty of mine office, I had to send to an author some pages of a learned treatise of his, now printing at our house. A passage or two therein struck me as being obscure, (although, as I have since been informed, they were plain enough,) and I honestly told him, that I did not “understand” them; at the same time, recommending some nonsense—creating substitutions. But he spurned at my good intent; as all men who read his testy note in reply may see: “If heaven, for reasons best known to itself, deny any man common *understanding*, am I obliged to supply the defect?” Here was a cruel cut.

But let not the enemy triumph. Their contempt of us is returned upon them fourfold. No reader of any standing admires any living writer whatsoever. We consider ourselves as being as far superior to them as cobblers are to shoe-makers; inasmuch, as, though they indeed *make*, we *mend*. As no man ever appeared great to his valet-de-chambre, so even the most successful authors are of no account in the eyes of their printer's readers. We see them in undress—we spy the nakedness of the land. We mark where they fix the rotten planks of their building—we note the pilfered materials. We cannot help observing the beggarly patch-work—the man-of-Thessaly-like scratching out, and their scratching in again—the weighing of words and phrases in mental scales—the doubt, the hesitation, the rejection. Hence our contempt. “Fools and children should never see half-finished work,” says the adage; and our natural narrowness of perception, it may be, is much increased by having to do with literature in small morsels only. A chemical drop of good wine tickles the palate no more than the same amount of pure spring water.

Dr. Johnson once remarked at table, “There are some men with souls as narrow as the neck of *that* vinegar-cruet.” An ill-natured comrade of mine once observed, “I think he had *us* in his mind when he said so; for, whilst a general reader is scrutinizing the arguments and style of an author, pointing out here a defective syllogism, and there a bad metaphor, all this while we are deploring the hapless fate of a decapitated letter *i*, or fretting ourselves to death on the subject of an inverted *s*.” Alas! I fear there was, mixed with this man's spite, some truth in the splenetic remark; for I have myself, many a time, waxed red-hot in argumentation with my fellow-readers, the point at issue being the preference or rejection of a comma for a semicolon; and have passed more than one sleepless night, delirious and distracted, on a question of capital letters. Moliere's Aristotelian Philosopher, who almost lost his wits because some one said “*skape* of the hat” instead of “*form* of the hat,” was but a type of us. While the minds of men of taste are carried away by the

tide of an author's eloquence, or are drawn in by the current of his style, we pursue our little task unmoved, which is to see that the points (the stepping-stones in this figurative stream,) are placed *secundem artem*. Poetry we know by the lines having ragged endings; and wit we have no idea of, unless its presence be indicated by a use of the italic character. We observe, with feelings of anguish, a universal degeneracy in the mode of spelling a word, as *enquire* for *inquire*, and we ardently wish to reform the *monstrous* abuse; but we shrink from the undertaking with a sigh, as not thinking the minds of men fully ripe for *so great* a change.*

When any one becomes to us an enemy declared, we exclaim, "Confound the villain! I could almost misspell his name for him!" We imagine treason against a great poet in our hearts, and by the overt act of writing his respected name thus, "john milton," without the adornment of capitals—imagine we have drawn upon him the utter contempt of mankind, and hurled him for ever from his literary throne.

It often falls out that in our official capacity we do business of a very contradictory kind in one and the same day. I shall take the liberty to verify the general remark by a particular instance. In a neighbouring printing-house, not long ago, there were going on peaceably together a couple of books, from the pen of as many eminent men, the nature of each being as much opposed to the other as day is to night: yet the operative part was done by the same hands, with the same types. One was by the Rev. Mr. BELSHAM, the celebrated Unitarian, and crying up St. Paul to the utmost, making him out to be the greatest of all the apostles;† the other, by Mr. BENTHAM; the purport of his work, on the other hand, being to show that that saint was in reality no saint, but, on the contrary, an arrant pickpocket.‡

It sometimes happens, too, that in the forenoon we shall be

* There is a cruel tradition in our business, that there was once a reader—hanged! but I do not believe in it myself. In the first and last place, we are remarkable for poverty of spirit, and have none of us, the requisite vigour—not to say vice—that impels men to gallows-worthy actions. But, to continue, it seems to have been an ancient practice in Newgate for the ordinaries there to cause felons to get by heart certain parts of our Prayer Book, by way of entitling them to salvation; which custom is no doubt founded on the consideration that Heaven is a great academy, and the Deity a rigid schoolmaster. They say, then, that this unfortunate reader, being on his way to Tyburn, cart-exalted, with neck-ropes beart, and poring over his lesson, he unluckily fell upon a misprint in one of the prayers. The reverend gentleman had thought him to be, from his continued attention, profitably employed; judge, then, his discomposure, when the absurd culprit called out triumphantly, "Wonderful, an error, by —!"

Not thinking a story, so scandalous, and so unlikely to be true, worthy a place in my text, I have degraded it into the form of a note.—C. C.

† Epistles of Paul, translated. 8vo. 1822.

‡ Not Paul, but Jesus. 8vo. 1822.

correcting and forwarding for press the light sheets of a warm novel, an heretical discourse, or even a loose poem; while, in the afternoon, we are all hands to work on the substantial and edifying pages of a grave Bible Commentary. Here there is a just equipoise preserved; but what have we to reconcile us to our fate, when there is put into our hands a severe review of some dull friend's first production, (our brother's, or even our father's, it may be,) with orders to use great expedition in getting the said critique forward? Is this "backing a friend, or any ways aiding him to unbushel his farthing candle? So far from that, it is, in a sense, preparing a wet blanket for the express purpose of damping the fire of his honest ambition, and helping the ruthless reviewer to put it on.

"But worse remains behind." We are, not seldom, so far degraded as to have to correct the vile trash of some notorious impostor, who writes and prints, and prints and writes, yet cannot even spell, anything near the mark.

This is, indeed, a deep abasement; not to mention that it goes so against one's conscience to become a partner (however unwilling) in the guilt of a man who robs the public of the labour of his hands—one who fattens by the community, while he depraves its taste.

I have as yet confined myself to an exposition of our minds; but in personals we are altogether exemplary, and do indeed come up to the paradoxical pattern of the newspapers, being at once both "steady and active."* I was ever in my own habits regular, and punctual to a second in my movements; insomuch, that there was once a facetious author of our street who denominated me his *Clepsydru*, or water-clock. He even (not having the fear of God before his eyes,) went so far as to say that the parish clock regulated itself by my outgoings and incomings; and that the two giants of Saint Dunstan's would never by any means strike the hour till they were sure I had passed them on my way to dinner. But I did even let him jibe on—"they laugh who win." The regularity of these diurnal visits of mine, which attracted the attention of this taunting wit were noticed by my master, while I was yet only a journeyman; and this (men having very curious and not-to-be anticipated reasons for their partialities sometimes,) was the first occasion of my exaltation to my present high dignity.

* A word or two on the advertisements of our daily prints. Being, like all my brethren, a matter-of-fact man, I die of anxiety to have a clear explanation of the true meaning of those advertisers who describe themselves as folks of "undeniable character." Jack Sheppard was an *undeniable* character; so was Jack Thurtell; so is the devil; but what prudent man would like to have it said of him that he ever had anything to do with characters so truly undeniable.—C. C.

I stated, at the outset, that we were liked neither by master nor man; as a natural consequence, it follows that we are shunned by both. This is mortifying enough, certainly, but we only cling the closer to each other; and a very strict intimacy, for example, subsists between myself and the plodding, pains-taking, owl faced gentleman who sits on the other side of my desk. We are seen so much together that some have therefrom taken occasion to compare us to Castor and Pollux; others, again, to Py-lades and Orestes; but the flouting comedians, not so complimentary, being *men of (single) letters*, have likened us to the *q and u*, seeing that, if you meet with the former, the latter cannot be far off. And I must honestly admit, that we two do together form a kind of living diphthong.

I had intended to give some account of the appearance and gait of us readers, (for we are, like the Jews, a peculiar people), that we might be recognized, if met with in the public ways, and receive those tokens of general respect which (no doubt) every one will (after this) be anxious to pay us: but when I look back on the amount already written I am frightened, positively never having strung together so many sentences before; and I think I had better wait for further instructions from my brethren, before going deeper into the matter. I should not wonder, even, that some of their number will be angry with me on account of the great candour I have shown in these my confessions; but really there is no pleasing every body, and all will surely admit that I have done good service in a righteous cause, by placing in a strong light the particulars of our quarrel with the common enemy, *the scornful authors*. As for the public generally, it cannot choose but feel obliged to me for turning up to its inspection a hidden page of human nature, and showing plainly that THERE REALLY ARE such people in the world as Printers' Readers.

The British people's obedient and very humble Servant,
CHARLES COMMA.

House of Correction,
London, Feb. 1826.

THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.

I DREAMED the world was dead—the giant world!
And all the elements that had composed
Its mighty being, were decayed and gone.
The sun, bright herald of the morning's smile,
Had lost his fires for ever—and the moon,
That, horn of silentness, would gently steal
Into night's placid bosom, and yet speak

With her pale light, had wept herself to death:
 The stars had perished, and the sky itself
 Was nothing now—the mountains, which the winds
 Had made the partners of their boisterous mirth—
 The vales, to which the shepherd's rustic pipe
 Had given a tongue—the trees and flowing stream,
 And ocean with his billows—all were still.
 There seemed no heaven—no earth—but boundless space—
 A lone, monotonous vacuity,
 That palled the eye and sickened on the heart.
 No insect lived, and every bird had passed
 With its sweet song away; and morn, and noon,
 And eve, and dewy night, and odorous Spring,
 Who used to come with flower-wreathed diadem,
 And smile upon the earth: and Summer bright,
 Who gazed serenely thro' her sunny hair,
 And marked her own loved roses wake to life—
 And Autumn, with his chaplet of brown leaves—
 And Winter, with his snowy coronet,
 Had faded into chaos. I alone
 Was living there, if life it can be called,
 To feel the dearth of all we love—yet breathe.
 The friends whom I had known—the one I loved
 Better than earth's best treasures—were no more.
 The heart that beat in unison with mine—
 The eye that wept or brightened with my own:
 The tongue that never yet had learnt to blame;
 The lips, sweet dwelling of the ruby kiss;
 And cheeks that blushed at their own loveliness,
 Were lost to me for ever. Then a voice,
 As if the thunder spake with its cloud-tongue,
 Burst on my ear, and chaos was no more.
 The shadows past away, and varied light
 Was streaming o'er a melancholy plain,
 That seemed as boundless as the boundless sea,
 Who bares his willing bosom to the storm,
 Or draws down roses from the parting sun,
 And thou wert there, my Isabel—my love,
 And made an Eden of the wilderness.
 There came a band of revellers, who seem'd
 Returning from some distant carnival,
 For all were masqued:

They clustering gathered round,
 And danced before us as we wander'd on,
 To the mixed voice of timbrel and of lute;
 When suddenly they stopt, and wilc'y sang
 The words that still are sounding in my ear,
 And waking terror in my spell-bound soul.

“ We are come—we are come from the carnival of death!
 We have struck to earth the mighty, and feasted on their breath!
 The peasant strove to shun us, but we hurl'd the rebel down,
 Then tore the monarch from his throne, and trampled on his crown.

"We have been in the dwellings of the haughty and the great,
We found them in their majesty—we left them desolate;
We saw around the sculptur'd forms that stood thro' Time's decay,
And made the limbs of living men as stony-cold as they.

"We have been upon the battle-field to the warrior in his pride;
We have torn the mother from her child, the lover from his bride;
We have track'd the seaman on the deep towards his native shore,
But the hills and valleys of his youth were seen by him no more.

"The tyrant and the slave now share one common bed,
And the grave-worm holds its revels in the chambers of the dead;
The loveliest all are mouldering low—the noblest bosoms chill,
The temples are deserted now—the breath of life is still.

"Ye are the only victims left—the last that we may crave,
And we'll bear ye along, with ghostly song, to the regions of the grave;
A circle we'll trace, above the place where ye sleep with your kindred
clay,
That no grass may grow, and no flowers may blow, where ye coldly waste
away."

They ceas'd: the masks dropped off, and all were then
Pallid and fleshless, as if earth's lone tombs
Had open'd wide their portals to the day,
And sent their bloodless tenants to the world
As scourges for the living.

"Ye are ours,"

They said, and rush'd to tear thee from my arms;
And then I struggled as if all my soul—
My hopes of heaven—eternity of life—
And presage of a paradise above
Were wrapt in thy possession—and awoke.
Awoke, and thou wert sleeping at my side
Serenely as a little twilight cloud
Upon the naked bosom of the sky.
Thy lips were slightly parted, and appeared
To blush at thy dream-thoughts: whilst love sat throned
Upon thy snow-white forehead, and composed
My troubled heart to gentleness again.

PASTIME IN PASSION WEEK.

"An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With hook hid in an insect, are
Engines of sport—"

I AM an humble comedian, whose sole dependance is upon engagements, which last all the year round, at the metropolitan theatres; therefore, I have no certainty of a holiday to get out of town, excepting once in the year, and that is during Passion week. I always look forward to that week with a mixture of

anxiety and delight, for 'tis then, and only then, I roam at will, leaving wife and chicks at home, whilst I catch fish.

I do not know what first made me so fond of fishing, unless it were that my vanity was gratified by the applause once bestowed on my performance of Major Sturgeon; but I well remember sixteen successive Good Fridays have found me by the water's-side on a bank, some miles from town, with a rod and line—a worm at one end and a fool at the other, as Johnson has it.

My tackle has been prepared this fortnight past, and everything is in readiness for my approaching holiday, but my clean shirt, (which my wife says I cannot yet have,) and I live only in the eager hope that I may enjoy my coming week's sport, and the renewal of my *six* nights' salary on my return.

It was on the Sunday before Easter, last year, that I, with Nibble, Bob Baitem, and Isaac Walton, who, by the bye, travelled in my great-coat pocket, started all together on the top of the coach for Hampshire. During our journey there was a perpetual drizzle, which reached our skins before we got to Houlslow. A fine day for fishing, we observed to each other. "Ay, but a bad one for travelling," quoth a musty old fellow; but what was it to us how hard it rained upon our bodies, whilst our minds were in the water?

We arrived at our destination, which was a small public house, near the stream, without an accident or adventure, excepting the top of the tin box coming off in Rob Baitem's pocket, and the gentles getting mixed with some sandwiches he had brought for his luncheon—but what of that?

Monday morning found us at the water's side, eager, anxious, and determined—yet doomed to be disappointed—for the sun, which yesterday hid his golden face, now beamed upon us with a double splendour.

The Spanish writer Valdesso says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate," and it was fortunate it was so, as contemplation was our only amusement, for not a bite could we get; yet still our faith and hope were strong, and our patience unexhausted by break-fast time. A brace of trout, caught by a little boy before we were out of bed, and brought in nicely fried, proved a great treat, and an additional inducement for us to resume our *sport*, which we did with better success. I tried a fly I had made on purpose—it was a *stone fly*—the body of black wool, made yellow under the wings and tail, and so made with the feathers of the drake—such a fly as no sensible fish could resist, and the very one which was to bring to our eyesight a trout of two pounds weight at least. I had a rise, hooked my fish, and was happy. I played him with skill not to be surpassed, and roared lustily for Will Nibble to bring the landing-net; but he, the chub-headed fellow, had left it in the coach. What was to be done—how

bring my fish to land? Will volunteered his services, so laying down flat on the bank he endeavoured to reach the prey; but owing to some mismanagement, or being too eager, he was over-balanced, and fell headlong into the stream, which was just there about six feet in depth. Will is a little man, who cannot swim; my friendship called upon me to assist him, yet I liked not to lose my fish—how to accomplish both required a moment's consideration, during which time poor Will stood a chance of being drowned; but at length humanity overcame all selfish feeling, and I let my fish have the opportunity to escape, whilst I tendered my friend the but-end of my rod, which he grasped convulsively, and was dragged to dry ground, much exhausted and nearly insensible.

A little rolling on the grass, and a dram of brandy, had the wished-for effect; but he would have been under the necessity of laying in bed until his clothes were dried, had not our host at the public-house accommodated him with an ostler's fustian jacket and continuations.

Having caught a brace of trout, Will and I returned about three to dinner, intending to take advantage of the evening and the favourable change in the wind, for as Isaac Walton used to say,—

“When the wind is south
It blows your bait in a fish's mouth.”

We waited an hour for our friend Bob, who did not appear; so we finished a hasty meal, and were about to set forth to renew our deadly recreation, when to our surprise in he came, puffing, blowing, and covered with mud—his rod was broken and his line was gone. As Bob was choleric, and this was enough to vex the most patient angler that ever existed, we forbore touching upon the point until he had finished his dinner, when a glass of warm punch restored him to his good humour, and he told us as follows:—

“I was walking,” (said he,) “along the bank, throwing my fly with that skill in which you know I am unrivalled, when I perceived a small boat fastened, as I supposed, to the shore. I went into her, and had a cast, then a second, when despairing of success, I determined to quit her, but judge my astonishment, on finding myself in the middle of the stream, travelling downwards at the rate of three or four miles an hour, without a pole, oars, or any one necessary appendage for regaining the bank. I halloed until I was hoarse, but could get no assistance, so set myself down quietly, and with that characteristic firmness you know I possess, awaited my fate, committed as I was to the mercy of the wind and current. I travelled in this unenviable situation about two hours, as near as I could guess, when the boat took the ground about seven feet from the river's side. As I had no means of moving her, I resolved upon a desperate jump, and for

that purpose employed the thick part of my rod ; but it was too weak to bear my weight—it snapped in the middle, as you perceive, and plump I fell in the mud. After much scrambling I got to shore, and wiping my clothes with some grass, made the best of my way home in the pickle you see.” “ Why, Bob,” quoth I, “ did you not make use of your fishing-rod to push the boat to the bank at first.” “ Gad, that’s true,” replied he, “ but I never thought of that ”

After a morning of so much misfortune, I endeavoured to prevail on my two friends to join me in taking advantage of the fine evening to make a good finish of the day ; but they were satisfied for once, and would not move. Bob swore that it rained as hard as it could pour, although he would not get up to look ; whilst Will, pretending to shiver with cold, crept close to the fire, and proposed a game at cribbage. There was no alternative, so to cribbage we went for a couple of hours, when some hot fish for supper, and a second tumbler of punch sent us in peace to our beds. I had made an inward resolution to be at my post, and try for a jack at morning dawn ; and wished to be thus early as I should be ashamed to be seen after such a fish in the month of March ; and for that purpose I had bribed a country-fellow to bring me some minnows over night, and feasted my eyes upon them until I fancied every one would produce a magnificent fish. Leaving my brother anglers in bed, I stole forth, and arrived in the garden just in time to see a large tom cat making an end of his breakfast and my minnows, which he had invaded and destroyed by oversetting the kettle. To such luke-warm fishermen as my companions this would have been an excellent excuse for returning to bed, and laying there until breakfast time, through sheer vexation—but to me, a once-a-year man, who had known the use of a rod almost before I went to school, it merely proved a double inducement to make up for my want of care in not properly securing my bait. I continued to fish and grumble, without any success, until I was joined by my friends.

Affairs went on more smoothly and pleasantly after this, for the trouts took it into their heads to bite, which was the very best way to put us all three in good humour with ourselves. It would tire the patience of even an angler to have to read a detail of each day’s occupation, therefore I shall only say, we remained happy and contented, and returned to town on the Saturday, accompanied by the fish of Good Friday’s catching, packed up in a basket, to the great joy of our wives and families, who, not knowing our skill in the art of angling, or being ignorant of the different species, always call the product of the sport gold and silver fish. By the curl of the lip and the trick of the eye, I have often been inclined to think that this mistake is not altogether the effect of ignorance.

SEMINARIES AND ACADEMIES ; OR, MODERN EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG all your tragic-comic histories of private adventurers, and the numerous speculations of your coteremporaries, although I have observed almost every employment ransacked for the purpose of eliciting merriment, I never remember to have seen in those attempts any satisfactory representations of the state of those miserable labourers in the vineyard of literature of whom I have the sorry honour to be part and parcel—videlicet, School-teachers ! Poor Goldsmith, who, to the immortal credit of the community of *brushers* be it spoken, was once cajoled, abused, starved and ridiculed, even with the general grace of school-mastery, has given us some short rules and a few hints appertaining to the “ *delightful task* ;” but as an experienced hand, and as one of still more diversified fate, I propose, with your assistance, Mr. Editor, to give the world some information that may serve to throw a little genuine light on the systems of private and genteel education.

The first introduction to an office of this honourable and important nature is through the recommendation of some discarded clerk, who thinks proper, *with secrecy and confidence*, to denounce himself *academical agent*, and to win his patronizing influence it is absolutely indispensable “ to put ducats in the purse,” after which agreeable ceremony, the ambitious candidate is transmitted to some village where the waving trees before the door of the Academic Establishment somewhat obscure the blaze of the gold-lettered intimation which ornaments the exterior. In my first application, directed after this manner, I had vainly imagined some degree of literary knowledge was necessary ; but experience, as it removed many of my other youthful prejudices, removed this also. Summoning, however, to my aid all the little stock of classical lore that was to shape my fortune, I boldly advanced to the door, and with some degree of confidence in myself, and some degree of anxiety as to the *high qualifications* that might be required in a classical tutor, awaited the approach of the conductor, in a small apartment, denominated the *parlour*. At the age of seventeen imagination is busy—a picture of the venerable sage breathing in Demosthenian eloquence, maxims of probity and wisdom was immediately present. I thought I distinctly beheld the silvery locks, which long and deep research had thinned—the orthodox gravity of the single-breasted coat, and the shining buckle, indicative of antiquity—I was awed by this incorporeal figure, and was stammering to myself some elegant phrase of introductory circumlocution, when open flew the door, and in strutted a thick rotund personage, of about four feet high ;

an apron round his waist, and a knife and fork of huge dimensions, gave a finish to his martial appearance. I bowed with awkwardness, and utterly forgot my complimentary address; I waited some moments, in hope that he would open my commission himself—but he was otherwise employed—in surveying me with the most earnest attention, and piercing through the very texture of my dress by two grey and blinking holes of vision. “Well, you are the young man—can’t stop to speak—back presently—sit down.” He did not wait for any acknowledgment of this piece of politeness, but with puffing haste slammed the door, and left me to meditate on the probable success of my mission. After mentally revolving all the objections, I feared this gracious reception foreboded, till I was tired, I at last hit upon a plan of arrangement—that of examining the paintings with which the room was adorned. These consisted of the productions of young ladies, in gilt frames; and as every body, I suppose, has some time or other, been bored with similar efforts of surprising genius, it will not be necessary to describe the merits of these.

After some time the learned *conductor* of this Academical Establishment returned, divested, however, of his apron, and without the sharp indicatory of carnivoresity; seating himself with much pomp, he commenced by remarking on the great advantages the tutors in his school enjoyed. He represented himself as liberal in the highest possible degree in remunerating their labours, but he always required a good deal of “*high bred learning*.” This latter qualification I expressed my doubts of possessing. I observed that I made no great pretensions to profound lore, and that a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek was the utmost of my literary talent. “Latin and Greek—yes, they are very good things, young man, in their way; but there are requisites beyond trumpery of this kind that every body knows: in short, Latin and Greek have been taught till people are tired of learning, and it may be picked up, now-a-days, for nothing.” I expressed my surprise at this intimation, which he checked by observing, that nothing was of any service in education but shew. “In short, Sir,” exclaimed he, “shew is the grand point; do you think I should have raised a noble establishment here by teaching the old-fashioned stuff, the classics? No such thing. I raised myself by astonishing the parents—by mending the quadrille dancing, and going to church on Sundays—by the parades of my scholars—by making all the world believe that my scholars learned everything that was new: thus I have writing on a new system—dancing à la Française—elocution after the Ciceronian manner, and walking *en militaire*. If you can declare that you teach something *new*, or something old on a new system, that will give me an opportunity of advertising in the papers; be it what it may, you’ll find me liberal. I like to do genteely by the tutors, as I said before;

and if you can get up at six, and attend upon me and the boys till night, here's bed, board, and ten pounds per year for you at once - so say the word—Greek in twelve lessons, that's the newest hit."

Finling this was the only way to obtain the domiciliary advantages my rotund benefactor offered, I assented to his liberal proposal, and accepted for better and worse the proffered asylum, and consented to teach Greek on the new and expeditious plan of twelve lessons.

I now considered my fortune made, and was introduced into the academic laboratory with all the pomp and circumstance of an inventor of philosophical wonders. I was somewhat afraid, however, that I might be actually called on to perform the promise of the Greek business, and I trembled when the twelfth lesson should arrive. I had some ground for apprehension, likewise, that I might be called on to teach that of which I was myself ignorant; but this I discovered was of no moment, the master himself being, in everything in which he interfered, precisely in that predicament. My first day's duty consisted of rising at six in a snowy morning, and keeping the wretched little urchins quiet; notwithstanding the utter frigidity of their limbs, fire being no part of the accommodation, until nine, when the *conductor* announced the breakfast. This was by no means "*out of the frying-pan*," but a translocation from a cold room to an absolute ice house. Here, however, we devoured in common whatever was edible, and that portion constituted about half the provision, the other half being of a quality and kind that bade utter defiance to the most laborious efforts of mastication.

I had always an antipathy to mistresses, housekeepers, and sharp-nosed old women; and the appearance of a lank female figure, at the termination of the morning repast, tended greatly to increase the sense of frigidity which oppressed me: but her voice if, reader, thou hast ever heard the creaking of a fender—a carpenter sharpening a saw—or a blacksmith filing a sharp instrument, thou may'st have some faint idea of the music of her notes, whilst she chid the shivering boarders and pulled their blue-cold ears. This was the mistress of whom all stood in dread—this was the identical personage who might have eaten the very apple itself, although universal destruction followed—for no sooner had we retreated from the miserable cellar to the snow-covered yard, than we had the mortification of beholding her seated by the side of an enlivening fire, and making deep potations of a certain warm and comfortable fluid, yelet tea; to which luxuries none but herself and the conductor were admitted. I had still the satisfaction of being announced and considered by the pupils as the wonderful Greek master, and had the greater gratification of being introduced as such to sundry grocers' wives, who intended their highly gifted offspring for the future guar-

dianship of souls; yet I was somewhat puzzled at the manner in which I should escape the preposterous impudence of my employer's assertion—the twelve-lesson business. I proceeded, however, with all imaginable defiance—mended pens—ruled books—taught δ η $\tau\theta$, and wrought from six till nine at night with all the meritorious conscientiousness of an inexperienced school-teacher; and if, as we have frequently been taught, fasting and abstinence be good for the immortal soul, I may safely aver that no one could have been in a fairer way to salvation: but, ah! Mr. Editor, "*gaudia non semper manent*," and an accident quite put an end to my comforts temporal, and increased the chance of my comforts eternal—scilicet, by fasting and abstinence.

Amidst my labours I was frequently surprised to observe the conductor (for so I must continue to call him.) opening and shutting very ponderous volumes, and on opening each to adorn his obtuse proboscis with spectacles. The circumstance often awakened my interest, although I feared to ask any solution of the mystery. The twelfth lesson approached, and no further, alas! had my pupils advanced than $\iota\eta\mu$, mitto, and on this I was sent about my business—but of that anon. What was to be the result I knew not. Continued and frequent inquiries were made of the progress of the young Grecians by the sanguine parents; they were drilled to walk well, and did at certain periods, after various brushings, scrubblings, scoldings, and vilifications, cut somewhat of a respectable appearance—yet the Greek still puzzled me. One evening in the school-room, while I was ruminating on the probable result of this undertaking, according to custom the learned conductor opened and shut, and slammed and turned over divers folio volumes; at last, putting his finger to his forehead, which was bare and greasy, indicatively of deep cogitation, he uttered, with some gesture, a kind of gibberish to which I was an utter stranger; the scholars were mute with attention, which the mental abstraction of the conductor seemed not to perceive, and proceeding in his outrè harangue to some extent, I inquired of one who was near me what was the nature of the learned gentleman's extemporaneous eloquence. The boy, with the utmost innocence, assured me it was Greek, in which language he was reputed to be deeply skilled. This intimation utterly overset my caution, and I burst forth into an involuntary fit of laughter; this brought the abstracted conductor to his senses: indeed, if it had not, the general roar that followed my risible ebullition from the boys, whether Grecians or not, was sufficient to have awakened the deepest philosopher to a contemplation of terrestrial things. Rage shot from the little eyes of the rotund and fat faced superior; he denominated me an ignorant pretender, who had, by false promises, imposed on him, and that he had discovered my utter ignorance of Greek alto-

gether. I endeavoured to defend myself, but in vain; and having adjourned the controversy to the parlour, I had the pleasure of hearing the conglomerated abuse of the mistress, her daughters, the master, the maid-servants, the knife-cleaner—in which, indeed, the very house-dog joined, as much as in him lay. The mistress declared that all the world knew her husband's merit in Greek—it had done her heart good to hear him read it; the young ladies vociferated vehemently against my ugliness, and the maid-servants declared they never believed I could be a scholar. The master insisted on my ignorance, in which the knife-cleaner joined, and the dog barked assent, while the young ladies added to the hue and cry by observations on my dress. Irritated and maddened by these accumulated horrors, and feeling my own lungs utterly incapable of sustaining the conflict, I gave them all my fervent blessing, with immediate reference to the wind—received 10s. 6d. wages, and escaped from the only opportunity that ever occurred to me of teaching Greek in twelve lessons.

Nothing can be more false than the conclusion of that ratiocination which ascribes safety and independence alone to the possessors of wealth. Every practical philosopher must have experienced the great and manifold advantages that result from poverty—a noble indifference to all sublunary changes, since no alteration can to him be for the worse—an elevated estimation of man's intrinsic dignity, and an utter fearlessness of all malversations of property; he has no anxiety, lest his lawyers should cheat, and no cares lest his servants should rob him; he looks on the world as a great garden, which others guard for his accommodation; he surveys the labours of the statesman and the manufacturer with an equality of calmness, and whether the one is turned out, or the other a bankrupt, forms no part of his consideration or regard: in short, poverty renders a man cool, courageous, and independent, and alone gives birth to that equanimity which rich philosophers of all ages have belauded, and none in any age possessed.

With sentiments nobly consoling as these, I deposited my 10s. 6d. in my purse, and stuffing my hands into my breeches-pocket with an air of self-satisfaction, I once more strutted into the world. Amidst all the benefits, however, that arise from poverty, it must be admitted that some few inconveniences will, as in all other states, thrust themselves in; and, however delightful to the heart, an irrepressible independence of soul may in itself be, there are sometimes certain calls of the corporal infirmities to which we are all subject, that tend to interrupt the philosophical and dignified contemplation of our natural and intrinsic importance: in short, 10s. 6d. will not, in this best of all possible worlds, prove inexhaustible; and it is among the assurances of our fall from a state of perfect bliss, that, however elevated our

sentiments, or however sublime our contemplations, we must inevitably eat. Assured, therefore, of this fact, by a demonstration evident to my sensual perceptions, I gladly embraced an opportunity of saving myself from falling a sacrifice to the saints, and became the assistant-tutor of a gentleman, whose manners were all suavity, and whose appearance was all polish. This was, in every respect, a glorious change; here I became the inmate of an establishment newly formed; here I was made immediately acquainted with a system of tuition entirely new, and here I revelled in joyousness and plenty, which state was equally new to me. The projector of this concern could not, indeed, have been accused of any very deep erudition himself, and his system was received with the greater approbation by all classes of the public, as he effectually showed that erudition might be entirely dispensed with. In fact, this gentleman was the inventor of that model of acquiring the most difficult languages, the most abstruse sciences, and *all* the arts, which is entirely in vogue in the education of English ladies.

As you may not have been initiated, Mr. Editor, into the mysteries of this facile acquisition, I shall endeavour to give some account of it. You have, no doubt, met with divers young ladies of the present day who have, by their indulgent papas, been saturated with lore—who have enjoyed high reputation for classical, critical, lingual, pictorial, musical proficiency, when, for anything you see or hear, you might not have suspected the existence of any extraordinary degree of precocious erudition. If so injurious a want of perception should have arisen, it must be alone attributed to an ignorance of the system to which I allude. I admit, that in the ages of darkness and Gothism, some degree of absolute labour, capacity, and perseverance was necessary in the student of the sciences—modern tutors, modern fashions, and modern papers have effectually dissolved this mist of error; nor can it be laid to the charge of professors of instruction, that while mechanism and the arts have advanced, they have remained stationary. It is enough in these days that a master is employed; he attends the young lady twice per week for the noble purpose of classical tuition; she receives these lessons for a stated time; her papa pays handsomely for them until he becomes tired, (and this, speaking feelingly, is somewhat too often the case,) whenever that occurs the lady is decidedly a classical scholar; with great justice demands the tribute due to so high an accomplishment, and her claim is undoubted, since she had a master to attend her; and her erudition unquestionable, since it is her papa's continual employment to assure all persons of the fact. Thus the difficulties of education are utterly removed, and the acquirement of science, in the present high polish of things, requires nothing more than the engagement of the most fashionable teacher at the highest possible remuneration.

On this improved and still improvable principle, was my present employer's fortune raised; attention from the pupils was neither requisite nor demanded; every arrangement that could promote their amusement and immediate comfort was made, and my situation was beyond my expectation felicitous. The public esteemed our system incomparable, as they were possessed of demonstration incontrovertible that the most wonderful progress attended our instructions; pupils, who could scarcely read, became, in a few months, accomplished Greek, Latin, French, and Hebrew scholars; and all this, Mr. Editor, without attention on the part of the pupil, or labour on that of the master; in fact, it was of all systems the most noble system, and the only misfortune attached to it (and I am sorry to admit the circumstance,) was, that no wishes of mine could render it immortal.

Perhaps, however, the wonderful effect ascribed to our exertions, may to yourself, Mr. Editor, and to some orthodox antiquarians of literature, be surprising. I will expound the secret, although it is even now the most prosperous and successful of all mystifications, human or divine; it requires no learning to adopt, and no quality save that for which new lights are celebrated—impudence—to put into practice; in truth, if you are desirous of attaining high reputation in this literate world for giving birth to precocious excellence, select some dozen pupils, stuff them with admired speeches from Virgil, Lucan, Homer, &c.; pay particular attention to their neatness of dress; invite all the ladies of your acquaintance; the sisters and mamas of the young gentlemen; let them pronounce but trippingly on the tongue what they have learned only by the tongue; give an excellent supper and a ball, and you are in the indubitable road to the highest tutorial reputation. The mamas pronounce it wonderful, and the young ladies giggle applause, your establishment will be filled with scholars, and your pockets with money; and all this, Mr. Editor, without your ever being subject to the accusation of one glimpse of knowledge on the very learned subjects from which you draw your revenue. Thus, then, we proceeded. My employer gave parties, and parties brought pupils. I fared well, and was subject to no labour until the day of reckoning arrived; and then, with sorrowing heart I relate, instead of salary, vacation, and amusement, came bailiffs, writs, and executions; my patron was gone, no man knew whither, and had, by some kind of aberration, totally forgotten my minor demand; but as the gentleman to whom I stood indebted did not seem to act under the influence of the same philosophical abstraction, I deemed it best to follow the steps of my master, and to decline with a dignified modesty, the numerous applications that were made for a more intimate acquaintance with my movements.

Without any great accession to my fortunes, driven on the wide ocean of human ingenuity to steer my fragile bark through

the infernal rocks of poverty, and a good taste for pleasure; without a dot for my future provision, or even a distinct view of my navigation, behold me once more arrived in the metropolis—where authors seem to agree in settling the empire of wealth and liberality, but where I never yet found an opportunity of making any part in those important qualities. Let all little authors and little scholars keep out of London; they have not only the mortification of finding their labours lost, but are ordinarily obliged to retreat into the country from whence they had emigrated, burdened with the insolence of booksellers, the sneers of the wealthy, and the laughter of their fellow-miserables.

While, therefore, as a skilful general, I was meditating on an honourable retirement, accident threw me into the company of a gentleman who had that day resolved to start a new system; he was neither impeded in his resolutions by any presentiment of loss, since he had nothing to lose; nor restrained by his modesty, of which he could boast but a small stock. He communicated his revolutionary intentions to me, accompanying his information with assurances of complete success: in short, it was nothing less than an immense fortune by anticipation. This incomparable system was founded on an entire conviction of the utter inefficiency of all modes of instruction hitherto adopted, and proposed entirely to remove every difficulty that usually attended the acquirement of the abstruse sciences—not by the labour, attention, or ability of the student, but, Mr. Editor, by *transfusion alone*. I saw the excellence of the plan, and joined my fortunes to those of the projector—there was no great inequality in them; so far all was fair—he knew nothing of Hebrew, which it was our intention to *transfuse*—his stock, in a word, consisted of enterprise and irrepressible impudence, and mine in the laudable desire of continuing in existence as long as nature had appointed. Animated by these incentives, we put forth the following annunciation:—

LITERARY MIRACLE.

Messrs. R. and T. gentlemen of high literary eminence, have, by the most laborious investigation, at length arrived at a discovery, the effects of which must spread universal benefits over the kingdom. It has long and deservedly been a cause of regret to the literary world that difficulties of a serious nature have impeded the general acquisition of knowledge, and that much valuable time is expended in the acquirement of languages and science. Duly impressed with this fact, Messrs. R. and T. have at last succeeded in discovering a system of instruction replete with advantage—a system that requires no labour or attention on the part of the student, no application of the memory, (the burdening of which indeed has a most injurious tendency,) and implies in its adoption no natural talent, ability, or taste. The

whole is effected by *transfusion*, the wonderful properties of which discovery will, in the shortest possible time, put the student in possession of complete knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, German, Arabic, Mathematics, &c. &c. &c.

It would not become the inventors of this astonishing system to obtrude their own commendations of it on the notice of the public, but as real and intrinsic merit must ultimately meet the patronage of a liberal and enlightened community, they content themselves with observing that, amidst all the discoveries that have shed their beneficial influence on society, none can for a moment compete with the grand system of *Transfusion*, a system that must immortalize its founders, render knowledge universal, and raise literature and science to their utmost possible elevation. To say more would be unworthy the public—to say less would be unworthy the projectors.

N.B. All *remuneration* in advance.

Of the success of this project I must hereafter inform you ; and remain, Mr. Editor, &c.

R. A.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL is said, but something more
Affection claims, nor will forego—
Some charm to add to memory's store,
Although it prove but treasur'd woe.

Farewell—it is a hackney'd word,
Which many a one hath said to thee ;
Unheeding if his wish were heard,
And what are such 'twixt thee and me ?

A word is cold, I linger yet ;
Then kiss me, sweet—Time swiftly steals :
Looks, sighs, and words we may forget,
But kisses are love's lasting seals.

A PLAGUE IN BOTH YOUR HOUSES.

EPISTLE TO MESSRS. ELLISTON, KEMBLE, WILLET, AND FORBES.

ΔΑΝΑΟΣ.—Μηδ' οἷσχος ἡμιν, ἡδὸν δ' ἐχθροῖς ἡμῶς
Πραξαίμεν. ÆSCHYL.

ΧΗΡΟΣ.—Φευ, Φευ, τὸ σωθῆναι ὡς ἀπανταχοῦ καλὸν,
Καὶ εἶδέναι ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς κομίζεται. —EURIP.

THE drama is moral in the way that nature is moral ; it does not set up a moral lesson, dry, orthodox, and "squared in form." It shows men and women as they are, "letting contemplation have its fill." In nature you may find sermons in stones, in gaiety, or gravity, or wisdom, or folly ; and the simple exhibition of virtue or vice—awaking in the mind a spontaneous emotion of moral approbation or disapprobation, that calls goodness to be beautiful and ill deformed without a prospective thought at their consequences—is itself a moral lesson, prolonged and deepened by the view of their physical sequences, and of the influence of opinion—the confirmed form of the moral approbation or disapprobation. In the drama, which differs from nature in this view, by concentrating in a narrow space the shows of gaiety, or gravity, or folly, or wisdom, or passion, or virtue, or crime—spread in nature over a large surface—the moral effect is wrought precisely in the same way.

The drama is moral, too, in a way in which nature is not. There are often vulgarities or darkening ills about virtue, and touches of elegance or goodness on crime, which lessen the effect of the moral lesson that nature gives us ; and though the Supreme Ruler has showed his approbation of virtue, and disapprobation of vice, by the moral principle he has set within us, and by their general consequences, yet happiness does not always follow goodness, or misery crime ; contrarieties at once the sequence and the proof of the theological doctrine, that our world is a state of preparation for a higher mode of existence. The dramatist can give ideal touches to his reflections of nature, or draw ideal characters and scenes ; and, as there is no necessity that the poetical justice dealt out in that less mirrored world, over which he reigns with absolute sway, should be prospective, he can give resistless potency to portraitures of vice, unbrightened, and of virtue, not merely updarkened, but set off in imaginative beauty.

I could show the moral influence of the ancient and modern drama. I shall keep now to our own theatre, taking one of Shakspeare's plays, *Macbeth*—*instar omnium*.

The exhibition of an ideal character, embellished by intellectual and external graces, without any controlling moral principle, and any dread of spiritual agencies, has been popular, first in

Spain, under the title of *Atheista Fulminato*, afterwards under that of *Don Juan, The Libertine*, &c. in all the countries of Europe. I cannot help quoting some passages, from the exposition of its moral tendency, in the *Biographia Literaria*, very characteristic of Mr. Coleridge's metaphysical eloquence:—

“The character is throughout imaginative. Rank, fortune, &c. have combined in *Don Juan*, so as to give him the means of carrying into all its practical consequences the doctrine of a godless nature, as the sole ground and efficient cause, not only of all things, events, and appearances, but likewise of all our thoughts, sensations, impulses, and actions. Obedience to nature is the only virtue: the gratification of the passions and appetites her only dictate. We see clearly how the character is formed; and the very extravagance of the incidents, and the superhuman *entireness* of *Don Juan's* agency, prevents the wickedness from shocking our minds into any painful degree. (We do not believe it enough for this effect.) Meantime the qualities of his character are too desirable, too flattering to our pride and wishes, not to make up on this side as much additional faith as was lost on the other. There is no danger (thinks the spectator or reader) of my (me) becoming such a monster of iniquity as *Don Juan*! I never shall be an atheist! I shall never disallow all distinction between right and wrong! I have not the least inclination to be so outrageous a drawcansir in my love affairs! But to possess such a power of captivating and enchanting the affections of the other sex! to be capable of inspiring in a charming and even a virtuous woman a love so deep, and so entirely personal to me (personal)! that even my worst vices, (if I were vicious), even my cruelty and perfidy (if I were cruel and perfidious) could not eradicate the passion. To be so loved for my *own self* (self), that even with a distinct knowledge of my character, she yet died to save me! This, sir, takes hold of two sides of our nature, the better and the worse. For the heroic disinterestedness, to which love can transport a woman, cannot be contemplated without an honourable emotion of reverence towards womanhood: and on the other hand, it is among the miseries, and abides in the dark ground-work of our nature, to crave an outward confirmation of that *something* within us, which is our *very self*, that something, not made up of our qualities and relations, but itself the supporter and substantial basis of all these. Love me, and not my qualities, may be a vicious and an insane wish, but it is not a wish wholly without a meaning.”

* * * * *

“The play is susceptible of a sound moral; of a moral that has more than common claims on the notice of a too numerous class, who are ready to receive the qualities of gentlemanly courage and scrupulous honour (in all the recognized laws of honour), as the *substitutes* of virtue, instead of its ornaments. This, indeed, is the moral value of the play at large, and that which places it at a world's distance from the spirit of modern jacobinism. The latter introduces to us clumsy copies of these showy instrumental qualities, in order to reconcile us to vice and want of principle; while the *Atheista Fulminato* presents an exquisite portraiture of the same qualities, in all their gloss and glow, but presents them for the sole purpose of displaying their hollowness, and in order to put us on our guard, by demonstrating their utter indifference to vice and

virtue, whenever these and the like accomplishments are contemplated for themselves alone."

Richard and *Iago* are ideal ill characters; for we do not think there was ever a villain without a touch of goodness. They are moral by repellency. We detest *Iago*. Though *Richard's* intellectual grandeur, like a horrent physical marvel, raises wonder, we hate him at the bottom. *Lady Macbeth* is a bad woman idealized; she tries to

"Stop up the access and passage to remorse;"

but "compunctious visitings of nature" break out at last. In her "unsexed" cruelty, she, too, is moral by repellency. And in the last act, the gazing and whispering of the sleeping horrors of remorse—more horrent because whispered, as if the shadows of all the ill thoughts were floating and burning in that murky mind, is a proof that though conscience may slumber long, no "sweet oblivious antidote" can

"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart,"—

immeasurably more vivid than any other to the innocent, and, except the very awaking of that remorse, even to the guilty. The description of the mode of representation is not imaginary. It is taken from Mrs. Siddons' imaginative portraiture.

Macbeth is a character, naturally good, wrought on to do murder, first by a revelation from the world of spirits, and then by the inciting of a grand bad woman. The air-drawn dagger, which leads him to *Duncan*, is an imaginative embodying of the mental terrors of a good mind growing ill. When he does the deed—but let the poet speak—

"One cried, 'God bless us,'—and 'Amen,' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us."

It is genius giving expression in words* of superhuman potency to the internal warnings from murder. The spectral horrors of the banquet are the vivified shadows that haunt the soul of the murderer, unveiling, while they are portraying the marrowless bones, and the cold blood, and the eyes without speculation that glare on him, and by association, his reminiscences of guiltless joy, and his prospects of misery opening into a dark vista—away—and away—for ever—and raising in the spectator afterward an intenser love of that moral beauty which even the

* I do not recollect to have seen the frequent spirituous expressiveness of Shakespeare's language, simply as a succession of vocal sounds, noticed by his commentators. The passage quoted is an example. I have been often struck by another in the same play:—

Macb.—She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, &c.

guilty loves—but loves without hope. The hollowness of the shows of respect paid to the tyrant is drawn by himself with the same power of moral effect—

Macb.—I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fallen into the scar, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have : but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

Augustus William Schlegel has observed that poetical justice is exactly observed. Lady Macbeth dies in disgraceful mental tortures ; Macbeth, in the field of battle.

The purpose of playing is moral. Plays have a moral effect.

Bad plays are from the purpose of playing. They cannot be brought out now. Mr. George Colman looks to that.

But it is just as bad if there are immoral exhibitions in the theatre. That there are such exhibitions in the saloons, I need not set about proving.

There is one thing, Gentlemen, which strikes me as very ridiculous about the affair. No playwright, with a grain of sense, would let a piece with a licentious hint meet the eye of the deputy licenser. The obstetric curator of the drama, indeed, takes cognizance of stray oaths, and expressions that should by possibility be construed into ill. Yet the shows of vulgar vice in the saloons—the thing is too ridiculous.

The exhibitions are peculiar. There is nothing in any of the continental theatres that can raise a blush on a virtuous woman. You are the only theatrical patrons of licentiousness.

Let me set the matter in one strong light. The drama is poetry, with a moral purpose, set off by impressive visible and vocal aids. You make the poetry and the aids promote licentiousness. A young man from the country goes to the theatre to hear Shakspeare. He sees vice painted and flaunting, or seeming to flaunt, for the show of gaiety is often but an attempt to laugh away the wretchedness within, in the stimulating atmosphere of a gorgeous structure. He is lost. The poetry and the moral lesson do not reach him at all ; or the poetry and the dramatic aids, by stimulating his mind, set it in a state dreadfully open to the ill influence of the nearer shows, while the moral lessons of the stage seem ludicrous in the contrast with the licentiousness in the boxes. You make poetry the pander to licentiousness.

You may say, vice would be somewhere. Yes ; but it would attract simply as vice. It would not be half so potent. It would lack poetry, and Shakspeare and the poetry of his pourtrayers to set it off.

The shows in the saloons lessen the reputation of the theatre, and consequently of the actors. The fact that the rites of *Kuiperis* are celebrated nightly in the national theatres is a full and

sufficient proof of the immeasurable badness of every theatre in the kingdom, not merely with the Methodists, but with those who lay much stress on moral purity. What does it matter, Mr. Charles Kemble, that Shakspeare said and showed that the purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,—to shew virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image;—that your brother, that “noble Roman,”—that your sister, who drew Shakspeare’s creations, as if the imaginative soul of the most imaginative of poets had been breathed into an ideal sculpture—were enshrined, as much by their moral as their dramatic excellence, in the hearts of the people and of the aristocracy of the land; or that you, Mr. Charles Kemble, that Mr. Young, Mr. Macready, &c. are players, whose private characters would embellish any profession? Not a jot. People point to the damning fact.

I have heard it whispered, Gentlemen, that you drive hard bargains with the impure women. I cannot believe it. That would be too bad. The system must have grown by degrees. It must be winked at from mistaken notions of profit.

I beg you, however, to look to the loaves and the fishes. Our trade is, or is growing, free. Our literature is free. You are the sole monopolists. You tag your monopoly with licentiousness. Do you think people will let this last? No, Gentlemen, they will have their intellectual pleasures set free from exhibitions of vice.

You would gain more pounds and shillings if you excluded the bad women. I quote a part of a letter published in *The Times*:

“A party of fourteen of us dined together yesterday; we were seven old friends and our wives; our united ages were 759 years, and the number of our children amounted to 43. Among the various topics of conversation we at length fell upon theatricals; and what proved a memorable coincidence, all of us have taken our families but once in a season for sixteen years, and each from the same cause (without any previous understanding), namely, the disgraceful scenes which our wives and children must inevitably witness by the prostitutes in the boxes: to see the artifices, or to hear the wanton conversation of women of the town, and a set of fellows, whom I denominate men of the town, more base, but not so degraded—base, because they have not the plea of distress which the former may possibly have, and not so degraded, because society overlooks the debauchery of a man, which it will not, on any account, in a woman.”

“Shut up the saloon altogether, or separate them; for a palliative system would be better than the present. For instance, let the entrance on the right in Drury Lane be only for the dress circle, into which none are to be admitted unless they take tickets and give their address; let the lower saloon be appropriated to them, where they may obtain refreshments at reasonable prices, and be attended upon by respectable women; and not let us be penned up, as we now are, for five or six hours. Let the other entrance be for the upper circles; and let a street and strong police look after the abandoned. Let women plying be ordered to move on—let them on the slightest disturbance, be moved off.”

Reform it altogether, Gentlemen. Nothing less will do. You will find your profit lie in it. C.

THE HORRORS OF SENSIBILITY.

PART II.

—THANK you, Madam:—that cambric handkerchief so kindly displayed for the occasion, almost induces me to say,—

“Ye who have tears, prepare to shed them now.”

—And you, Miss—I thank you for the sympathy evinced by the production of your essence-bottle: and to you, Sir—what shall I say for your mute attention:—

“Beggars that I am—I am poor in thanks.”

And now, Madam, with your permission, I will take my seat beside you, and proceed.—

I sometimes fear my worthy father went to his grave, without ever entirely forgiving me for having incurred the fatal displeasure of my aunt, although for many years after that unfortunate occurrence, I experienced repeated instances of his paternal regard. Until the age of fifteen I was educated at home, under the eye of my parents, when I was sent to a private school, where a “limited number” of young gentlemen were boarded and prepared, for an entry to the great stage of life. The number was limited, and I soon discovered the reason to be, that my master’s talents and influence were both so. Oh, how deep is the cup of human misery!—In this situation I met with a variety of afflictions too tedious for detail, while I endeavoured with all the philosophy of the *teens*, to sit as the poet says, “like patience on a monument.” I could never bear to witness the sufferings of others, and my excessive sympathy always made them my own. Many times have I made a false confession of crime, when I have been as innocent as a robin, in order to take the punishment on my own shoulders, when it truly belonged to another boy, who was always a crony of mine, that he, poor soul, might not suffer even justly.

On one occasion, I found the cook-maid and her lover whispering their endearments in the china-closet, and having at that early age conceived a wondrous idea of the sanctity and necessary privacy of such interviews, I quietly turned the key on them, forgetting that the meat would be burnt to a cinder for want of attention, while its fair guardian, good soul, was burning with affection for her lover, as well as with a desire to get out. My good intentions were defeated, and the unhappy pair, without a loop-hole left for escape, were soon discovered by the mistress, and the music of expostulation rung through the house. The meat truly required basting, but I, whose wants were by no means so urgent, had the precedence of the meat, and received a sufficient one at the hands of the sooty damsel, till I was moist to the skin, and the meat went to table as dry as a chip. Never shall I forget the look which she gave me as she passed the dining-room door—her eyes shot through me like the spit, and

'all because from a motive of pure and refined sympathy I had sought to add to the happiness of her and her swain. Unable to appreciate the delicacy of my motives, the ungrateful girl always took the opportunity of calling me a meddling booby, and from that unfortunate day I bore the ominous name of "sly boots," which clung to me like a curse wherever I went. I imagined every one who looked me in the face intended to assail me with that epithet, until after long usage I began to feel myself identified with it so completely that I became miserable and unhappy, and scarcely knew whether I was deserving the hateful distinction or not. This circumstance, added to many others, at length roused my spirit, and I resolved, contrary to the admonitions of prudence and propriety, abruptly to flee from a place which had become so distressing to me. Did I seek refuge under the paternal roof?—No—that was no place for me: my presence there, under such circumstances, would have rendered still stronger the bitter feeling my father entertained towards the "vagaries" (as he called acts of sensibility) of such an addle-headed boy.

After wandering to as great a distance from these scenes as my narrow finances would allow of, I mixed among the motley group assembled at a village market, where I saw a brute of a drover belabouring an ox with a knotted stick, until the creature was almost wild with torture: my sensibility was roused, and in the fervour of my sensations, I stripped off my coat, and offered my own back as a propitiation for the sins of the poor beast, (I mean the ox, not the drover), and cried quarter for him. The merciless fellow laughed loudly, and took me at my word, and I soon experienced practically what must have been the sufferings of the afflicted animal. The surrounding boors set up a wild shout, and the ox, alarmed at the fear of being obliged to resume his part in the suffering duet, made a dash forward, and by a forcible butt of his short horns, laid me senseless amongst the mob.

When I regained my erect posture and my senses, I imagined I heard a distant cry of "sly boots," and scarcely knew whether I was covered most with mud or shame; certain it is I was thickly bespattered with both; and when an unfortunate cur with a tin kettle tied to his tail ran howling by me, I fancied I was as miserable as he was, and even in the face of the requital I received from the ill-bred ox, I almost wished I could have exchanged situations with the dog, thinking I could have borne with true philosophy the running accompaniment which supported and relieved his vocal performance. A little reflection soon brought me to my senses, and taught my sensibility to feel, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless" ox; and after a long mental struggle, I brought myself to believe that the dog might have proved as thankless as the ox.

While I was standing in this condition, "the observed of all observers," a sedate looking gentleman, who was passing by, commiserated my appearance, and in a kind tone of voice inquired the cause of my misfortunes; seeing of course by the gentility of my dress that I was not acting in my proper sphere. After listening to the recital of my present adventure, he beckoned me to follow him, which I did without hesitation, to his residence, where after affording me the means of a sufficient ablution, he kindly took me by the hand and led me to the drawing-room, where his wife and daughter were sitting.

After making a slight apology for bringing a perfect stranger into their presence, the worthy man presented me to them, and for the first time in my life, I felt by the blushes on my cheek, and other agitating sensations, that I was man enough to be sensibly touched with the beauty of the daughter, as well as by the frank mode in which she acknowledged the introduction of her papa's protégé. She was then—(oh how vivid is the impression on my memory even now)—she was then just in the exquisite bloom of sixteen, lovely, gentle; what attribute did not my young fancy deck her with!

I was treated with a great degree of kindness by the whole circle; and without the imputation of vanity, I may say I believe I had some claims towards being what is called attractive, possessing a very comely person, and an easy unembarrassed address, except when my peculiar feelings were called into play. In the midst of this family party, the old gentleman asked me a variety of questions as to my connections, family, and other matters: the story was painful—I could not tell part without telling all. Was I ashamed of my feelings or my conduct?—No:—still I could not readily explain a set of peculiar feelings, and relate their consequences, without the dread of incurring perhaps censure—but more certainly ridicule. I could not bear ridicule even single handed in a tête à tête, much less could I bear it in the presence of, and perhaps administered by three at once, one of whom seemed all on a sudden to be of three times more importance to me than any other person I had ever met. If I had remained silent, would not that have created suspicions that I was no better than I should be, and therefore unworthy of the kindness I had experienced. Which is the severest, ridicule or silent reprobation, which might grow up into contempt? All these reflections, and many more, crowded over and agitated my mind, till I could scarcely breathe: and after some further deliberation, I yielded myself up to the chance of ridicule, for the sake of indulging my love of truth and frankness. I told my whole story, from the turkey, downwards, including a variety of incidents with which I have not thought fit to fatigue my reader, and concluded with the adventure of the amorous cook maid, and my consequent flight. The result of all this was that I grew

in favour, my feelings were duly appreciated: and the only thing which called down censure, was the circumstance of my quitting my school, and omitting to return to my father's home.

I soon learnt that my worthy host was the village lawyer, and after having remained under his hospitable roof for several weeks, he proposed to communicate my situation to my father, and actually proposed to take me under his care, and educate me in his profession. My father came, and we were soon reconciled; all went on as I could wish, and my father seemed to congratulate himself on the occurrence of an accident which seemed to bid fair to be of use to me.

But to what trials was I exposed—not at the bar of justice—but at the bar of my peculiar gift of sensibility. I soon discovered that my every-day duty was completely at variance with my character. Day after day exhibited to my aching heart the situations of many whose miseries and afflictions I felt as acutely as they themselves—but how could I alleviate them? I could not pursue my present course without seeing these things, and I could not see them without being cut to the quick; and on one occasion I sold my coat to buy bread for a starving family who had been turned out of house and home, on account of their inability to pay their rent. I was always poor, always overwhelmed with sympathetic suffering, and my chief happiness seemed to consist in rendering myself unhappy. Years passed on in this way, and how I endured them I know not.

But there was a load-star that bound me fast to my situation. That kind creature from the first seemed to understand my character. Time had made us familiar; we read together, sang together, talked together, and walked together, and no one ever dreamt of mischief any more than we did. My heart and soul were overcharged with deep emotions, I could scarcely comprehend the extent of what I felt, and she was equally ignorant of the nature of her own condition:—'twas passing strange:—and thus we proceeded, till on one bright summer's evening, we were sitting under a spreading acacia tree in the garden, reading Shakspeare's "Tempest," dividing the characters between us. At length we came to the scene between *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*, and as she proceeded with the part of *Miranda*, I saw her countenance change, the blood mantled in her cheek, and her voice grew tremulously soft. She paused where the poet did not contemplate a pause—she faltered where the poet was eloquent—and when she uttered the words

"I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of—"

her very heart seemed to be on her lips; she endeavoured to proceed, but the channel of utterance failed for a moment; at length she pursued the text,

"But I prattle
Something too wildly."

and then abruptly closed the book, and by her sudden motion dashed my cheek with a warm, eloquent tear, which from my cheek soon trickled down to my heart; she turned down one avenue, and I another; we read no more that day, nor the next, nor the next; we never asked each other why; we never read again in that book.

Time passed on, and the string which had discoursed such "eloquent music" was not touched again; each seemed afraid to wake the spell that had wrought so strongly, and each suspected the full chord with which that string would vibrate if touched again. I could not, dared not touch it: she ought not—delicacy forbade. Here my excessive sensibility cut my heart-strings.

If a boor glanced at her as she walked through the village, I felt disposed to cudgel him for his impudence. If an equal claimed her attention and whispered his pleasantry in her ears, my spirit was up in arms: yet why? I had laid no claim to her—I had not the courage to secure my prize—I had not the fortitude to lose it. I was jealous where I had no right, I was confident where I had not the resolution to muse the dreams of hope into reality. Oh how bitter—how sweetly bitter was all this—the work of that sensibility—overflowing sensibility, source of all my woe, past, present and future!

Oh Isabel—Isabel! bright, bright vision;

"No more, no more, oh never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

Perished—perished for ever: the vision and the heart, its freshness and its fervor!

And shall I linger over the sad story, which clings to me like a vampire, and drinks up my life-blood! Did she fade like a summer-flower, pining in silent love, letting "concealment like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her damask cheek"—did she sadly number the hours gone by when hope made her heart beat quickly, and imagination winged its way on fairy pinions—did she sink into her grave, the victim of unrequited love, blessing with her dying breath the name of him who feared to say he loved her? Oh my heart! Did she all this for thee? No!—she eloped with her music master.

Shortly after this event my father died, and I became in my turn the possessor of the small patrimony on which I reside. I fled from the world and from society, wearing out myself in the living death or dying life which I described at the commencement of this sketch. I am a broken-hearted recluse—my Isabel, a widow with fifteen children.

G. F.

SCANDAL !—SATIRICAL.

HAIL, Scandal ! whether thou wert born
In fairy realms, or realms forlorn ;
Whether where Hecate weaves her woof,
Of impudence ; and virtue proof,
I cannot say—I cannot tell,
But know thou art a child of hell !

Creature sincere—divinest maid !
Of all that's acted, sung, or said,
Of all that ever has been done
Since rose or set the glorious sun—
Life were joyless, thou not in it ;
Virtue's favourite every minute !

When *Julia* beautiful and young
As morn's first radiance bursts among
The festive crowd, delighted dwelling
On her, all others far excelling ;
Dear darling *Scandal* slyly taints
Admiring thoughts—" sweet *Julia* paints !"

Although the crimson on her face
Is nature's own delicious grace ;
The *Scandal* with the breath of praise
Just hints, as kindly she surveys ;
" That *Julia*'s glance that pensive glows
" Is heightened by her pencill'd brows !

" Yes, yes, I own her mouth is small,
" Her eyes are bright—what veil can screen 'em
" All, all, is beautiful, all, all,
" Except th' unhappy nose between 'em ;"
So *Scandal* hints, tho' every feature
Is the most beautiful in nature !

And *Julia* loves, is lov'd, and wed,
And like all others put to bed,
With him whom she loves more each hour,
As bees the honey-teeming flower ;
Yet ere the first bright moon is gone,
" *Julia* has got more loves than one !"

Who says so ?—Who ! why *Scandal* sure,
Scandal the shadow so demure !
Who is she ?—Who ! why any body,
Lord or lady—fool or noddy !
An echo every where that's hurl'd
From that huge bully brat the world !

After due season *Julia* presses
Her offspring with her lips' caresses—

Surely amidst such ecstasies
 The breath of scandal heedless dies,
 Ah no !—Scandal exclaims, "I rather
 "Do think the brat's not like its father!"

"But that blue eye and that bright brow—
 "Those lips that with each other blend—
 "Rather belie the marriage vow—
 "They are so like a *certain* friend!
 "Not that I am to scandal given,
 "For Julia is as pure as heaven!"

So gentle Scandal, hints and looks,
 Like hypocrites on holy books;
 On all that's good, and all that's fair,
 They breathe a pestilential air;
 And like a false and honied friend,
 With praises artful censures blend!

And yet, dear Scandal, without thee
 The world would die of apathy—
 Small talk, small hints, and smaller glances,
 And "nods and becks," all that enhances
 Live, love and laughter, fun, and frolic,
 Would die of ennui or the colic!

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PERCY VYVIAN.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FROM the high encomiums passed by many of the daily journals on the present exhibition, we anticipated an obvious superiority over any for several years past; and to perceive a decided improvement in our national school with regard to the higher walks of art. So far, however, are the expectations thus excited from having been realized, that with a very few exceptions, we have found little peculiarly striking; but, on the contrary, a large proportion of the pictures are of a very common-place inferior stamp; there are more than one, too, that, however they might do for some of the dark corners at Somerset House, are absolutely disgraceful to the walls of the British Gallery, where something like selection ought to be maintained. In fact, no small proportion of the principal subjects are already well known to the public, having been already exhibited. We do not notice this from any objection to see works of merit and old favourites a second time, but as corroborating our assertion, when we say that with regard to numbers there is, this year, but a very small accession of superior productions. Take away HILTON's magnifi-

cent picture of *Christ crowned with Thorns*, ETTY's *Combat*, and HAYTER's *Algernon Sidney*, and MULREADY's *Convalescent*, and we shall find the works of this stamp shrink to a very small number indeed. HAYDON's *Submission of Pharaoh* is unquestionably a noble composition in many respects, yet not an historical painting of first-rate excellence, nor equal to some of this artist's former productions. It is superior, we grant, to his *Bacchus and Ariadne*, exhibited at the Suffolk Street Gallery; yet certainly can add but little to the fame of the painter of *Lazarus*. Many parts of this picture are ably treated, some of the draperies are fine, but the general arrangement is not very pleasing, nor do we think that the artist has here shewn any great powers of invention or imagination. The figure of *Moses* is certainly not deficient in grandeur; it must, nevertheless, be confessed that it does not exactly satisfy our conceptions of the character. Mr. HAYDON is, however, more meritoriously, we wish we could with certainty add profitably, employed in producing such pictures as this, than in attempting portrait, a walk of art for which he possesses neither taste nor talent. It is easier for him to paint the sublime than the graceful—the poetical than the familiar.

Among the *Lions* of the exhibition, MARTIN's *Deluge* holds a foremost place. With considerable defects this picture possesses extraordinary beauties. It is evidently painted *con amore*, and is the emanation of a mind that delights to vision to itself, and embody forth, the most awful and impressive scenes—the conflict of the elements—and the most stupendous phenomena of nature. It is not surprising that this artist should be accused of extravagance, for his subjects are the productions of a mind that delights in the supernatural and terrific. His performances, therefore, are better adapted to excite wonder than obtain popularity. Few persons either comprehend or relish them. There is, however, a certain *bonne foi* and enthusiasm on the part of the artist that stamps a real value on his works. If there is in them some trick, there is also an intensity of feeling, and a genuine enthusiasm that shew us he is at least in earnest, and this is assuredly no small, we may add no common, merit. We here behold the mighty waters of the deep poured forth at the word of Omnipotence to destroy a guilty world; their collected mass heaves with an impetuosity that threatens to overwhelm even those primeval granite rocks that stand like giants to receive the assault. All is murkiness and gloom, save where the angry lightning flashes with intolerable blaze on the abyss of waters. The whole scene is indescribably fine, but the figures with which it is peopled are wretchedly executed: well, no matter; it is still a most masterly effort of the imagination—easier to censure than to rival. Considered too merely with regard to execution, it is an astonishing

production; but there is also a degree of feeling and sentiment pervading the whole, that calls forth higher praise.

DANBY, who may not undeservedly be deemed the compeer of the artist we have just noticed, exhibits a poetical landscape, where the moon is seen rising over the ruins and fragments of a deserted city, just as the last rays of the setting sun gleam on the tops of the trees. Although certainly above mediocrity, this piece is inferior to former ones by the same pencil, the colouring is neither pleasing, nor, we apprehend, natural. A monotonous green hue pervades the landscape; the outline of the trees, whose forms are very stiff and uncouth, is marked too decidedly against the sky; and in the latter the red tint of the clouds approaches too nearly to the brick. In our opinion, too, the general site is not so romantic or picturesque as such a subject demands. It is certainly not a striking piece, and may probably require to be studied for a longer time than we bestowed upon it, in order to be relished. But we must remark that it is by no means very favourably hung, being placed too high on the wall.

In that popular and interesting department of the art, comprehending generally those subjects designated by the French *tableaux de genre*, which aims at little more than an accurate imitation of nature in domestic scenes and familiar objects, LANDSEER has several truly delightful pieces, in which exceedingly great beauty of colouring, truth, and nature, are united to peculiar taste and feeling, and to admirable execution. His *Dog and Shadow* is a most exquisite gem of this description,—a mere fable, but told with the simple grace and naïveté of La Fontaine himself; and we will venture to assert that there is more of true poetry in this fascinating little bit, than in half of what passes under the name of historical painting. Without being elaborately finished, it is a most perfect imitation of nature; and there is a spirit in the execution, and in the manner with which every object is characteristically touched, that leaves nothing to wish for. If we object to anything, it is that the piece of flesh the dog holds in his mouth is of somewhat too crimson a colour. The animal itself is most beautifully painted, and the reflection in the water is perfectly natural. *The Interior of a Highland Cottage* by the same artist, is likewise a production that does honour to the English School. Nothing can be more picturesque than the scene itself, and the various accessories: the local colouring is good, as is likewise the effect of light and shade, and there is a masterly breadth and vigour in the execution that one rarely meets with in such subjects. As to the figure of the old woman, who is the inhabitant of this hut, nothing can be more admirable in its way. Unlike the Dutch and Flemish masters, who seldom represented more than common-place, uninteresting figures, the painter has here, without in the least overstepping the bounds of verisimilitude, imparted a superior degree of mind and character to this aged female. He has very happily hit the

due medium, and has preserved nature, while he has steered clear of vulgarity. He has here shewn us how such subjects ought to be treated, so as to become highly interesting; whereas, on the contrary, too many of our English painters, who employ their pencils on domestic and familiar scenes, seem to think it quite sufficient if they produce a tolerably faithful copy of nature as it strikes the eye of a common observer, without attempting any higher interest. Hence the great number of trivial, unmeaning, and common-place productions of this description that abound in all our exhibitions. MULREADY'S *Convalescent* is another delightful specimen of this class, which amply corroborates our remarks. To a subject apparently little more than a mere conversation-piece—we cannot find a better term, unsatisfactory as it is—he has imparted a high degree of mind and sentiment. In Morland's pieces, and those of most of the same school, the figures have hardly more pretensions to character or expression than those introduced into landscapes; in fact, they may very probably be designated as landscape figures *magnified*—drawn on a larger scale. But here everything contributes to heighten the principal sentiment. Nothing can be more characteristic than the principal figure: the poor invalid, notwithstanding his air of languor, seems re-invigorated by the breath of heaven, and gazes with an affectionate interest on the contest of the two healthy boys before him. The fine open scene, and the genial air of a mild day playing through the whole landscape, render this picture quite refreshing to look at; and the spectator sympathizes strongly with the enjoyment of him who has just escaped from the confinement of a sick room, to taste the freshness of nature. There is a moral beauty in this piece that cannot be too highly commended, and a touching gracefulness that does as much honour to the artist's feeling, as the execution does to his pencil. We wish that we could say the same of some other productions in the gallery. MR. SHARPE seems latterly to have conceived a great affection for subjects which have certainly obtained some popularity. But we fear they will not add greatly to his reputation; and would sincerely advise him to quit them, for others of a more refined and agreeable cast: for he has really genius and talents that ought not to be thus wasted. He ought not to descend to *the Cellar*, who has proved himself so qualified to adorn *the Cabinet*. There are many other scenes of familiar life in the present exhibition, yet very few rising above mediocrity. In some of them there is a strange and misplaced affectation of antiquated habiliments, or a no less singular contrast of modern dresses and old fashioned apartments. NEWTON'S *Deep Study* is conspicuous for the former defect—so we must consider it: a girl, habited in a costume that seems to have come from the wardrobe of a company of strollers, has fallen into a slumber, with a book in her hand,—we are not aware that the painter has pointed out on the back of the volume, the author to whom

she is indebted for her somnolency—and reclines in an attitude as little graceful as her attire. We cannot account for Mr. Newton's penchant for a style of dress for his figures, which gives his pictures a second-hand air, as if copies from old paintings. Unless in scenes avowedly historical, we think the painter of domestic life should copy the age in which he lives; but forcedly to introduce into his pictures a more barbarous costume, does not, in our opinion, shew much either of judgment or taste; on the contrary, it should seem that despair of rendering what is familiar picturesque, he has recourse to the grotesque and fanciful. There is hardly such beauty in stiff stays, stomachers, and high heels, as should induce an artist to affect them: but if his admiration of them be irresistible, he would at least do well to select subjects where any other costume would be out of place. We would, therefore, recommend Mr. Newton to look into Grammont's and Rabutin's Memoirs, and similar works, where he would meet with many scenes in which he would find himself quite at home.

Mr. Good has this year too very clever pictures, but has certainly produced nothing new; for the effect in both is identically the same as in those he exhibited last year,—a strong gleam of sunshine catching obliquely on his figures. Nothing can be more deceptive; yet admirable as the effect must be acknowledged to be, there is nothing beyond this particularity of execution to recommend his pieces: no merit of thought or expression, no character, and in short no other interest whatever. Ingenious, therefore, as the mechanical part of his productions are, there is in them too much of trick, and the trick itself will shortly become stale. He is like a singer who can sing admirably, but can sing only one song. If he proceeds in this manner, one of his pictures will be as good as one hundred, for in the one we shall possess just as much interest and as much excellence as we could in them all.

We have said that there are few works of this class of superior merit in the present exhibition; but there are some even far below mediocrity; and one piece, in particular, is so detestably bad, that we wonder how it obtained admission at all. This is the *Stupid Apprentice*, which, besides being a very queer, ill-designed, and unmeaning composition, is the vilest specimen of colouring we ever beheld—*monstrum a vitiiis nulla virtute redemptum*. It bears at first sight no small resemblance to a paltry print smeared over with colours. If it admits such productions as this, and one or two others, we must say that the Institution shews much more good-nature than taste. Yet we think that it would be better not only to draw a line, but that line should be tolerably high, so as to exclude all performances that did not possess some positive merit. The walls might then, probably, be not so well covered; but this would hardly be an evil, for, in fact, although this gallery is not so crowded as *Somerset House*, there are still more paintings hung up than can well be viewed: and it would be

quite as well were there some little spaces between the frames, instead of their being wedged in as they are at present. The walls want *weeding*, and there would still remain enough to satisfy a lover of art. Indeed it is the besetting sin and error of all our exhibitions of pictures to be over-crammed, so as to fatigue and weary the eye. Were all the rubbish that annually finds its way into Somerset House, fairly excluded, neither the public nor the art would be any losers; or rather both would be gainers. And to say the truth, one half of the things admitted at the latter place might as well be rejected at once, as they are put where no one can see them, unless the Academy would provide ladders and telescopes, that the company might examine the loftier ones,* and cushions that they might kneel down to inspect such as are on a level with the floor: not forgetting also a few lamps for the obscure corners. Till they do this, or obtain more spacious apartments, or come to a resolution of admitting no more than can be conveniently disposed, a vast number of pictures might as well be hung with their faces towards the wall.

To return from this digression, not, we hope, an impertinent one—we must remark that there are very few striking landscapes in the gallery this year. LINTON exhibits an *Italian View*, a composition of his own, that is not without merit, particularly in the distance and general effect; but the colouring wants transparency, and the buildings, which are very numerous, will not bear a very critical examination. If he aspires to paint architecture, we would advise him not only to study it more, but also to look at Canaletti, and some other painters of that class. Besides that his execution of such objects is laboured, his detail is very incorrect, and his outline wants spirit and firmness. Roberts has a very fine architectural subject, one of the Chapels in the Church of St. Jacques at Dieppe; a most splendid scene, and well touched, although it must be confessed that a little more transparency in the shadows would have improved it. Stanley also exhibits two very clever and interesting French views; and there is one of Orleans, by Jones, which possesses great merit. If there is nothing very particularly striking or original in the way of landscapes, there are one or two remarkably well executed water and marine pieces, particularly WILSON'S *Light Breeze*, of which the aerial effect and freshness are truly charming. The sky and water are admirably painted, and there is a character of nature pervading this picture, that renders it one of the most pleasing of the class we have ever seen. STANFIELD'S *Market Boat on the Scheldt* might serve as a companion to the preceding, it being an excellent picture of the same description. *Mary Stuart's Farewell to France*, by LEAHY; FRADELLE'S scene from *Ivan-*

* We have actually seen bird's-eye views placed just below the cornice of some of the rooms!

hœ; Raphael's Dream, by BROCKENDEN, and one or two others belonging to a subordinate rank between historical and fancy composition, may be mentioned with approbation; there are too many works of this kind that have very little to recommend them at all. BONE's picture of the *Œdipus* indicates nothing of the talent requisite for painting—neither thought nor sentiment, while there is a flatness and insipidity in the colouring and in the execution generally, that unluckily reminds us more than we could wish of 'tea-tray' painting.

There are many other pictures that deserve some notice, but which we cannot now particularise either favourably or otherwise. We must, however, before we conclude these strictures, say a word or two of GEORGE HAYTER's *Coronation of Charles X.*, and of JOHN HAYTER's *Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's Chief Baker*. The former of these, although slight and sketchy, is an interesting representation of a most gorgeous scene, and considering the extreme difficulties the artist had to contend with in such a subject, and the multiplicity of dazzling objects, is very well managed. We like to see some record of such a pageant achieved by the pencil to rescue the splendour of an hour from utter oblivion, and furnish some idea of the spectacle to those who had no opportunity of witnessing it; even those who did will not on that account behold it with less interest. The other piece is one of no ordinary promise, there being an energy both in the conception and execution that indicates very superior talent. The character of the prisoner is admirable, and both the drawing and colouring are vigorous.

Although taking this exhibition altogether the number of good productions bears no proportion to that of the common-place and inferior ones, and although several of the best have been already exhibited to the public elsewhere, and cannot therefore be said to add to the specimens of British talent we already possessed; there is still enough to satisfy us that art is not retrograding in this country, even if we confess that we are yet very far from having attained the eminence necessary to confer upon us the title of a first-rate school.

A FASHIONABLE VOCABULARY.

—"Some pieces on human life and manners, such as, (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to men's business and bosoms."—*Pope's Preface to the Essay on Man.*

Aldermen. A society into which none are admitted till they have privately sworn an unappeasable war against the race of the turtles.

Anatomy. A parallel case with that of the child who breaks up his toys "to see what they are made of."

Apothecary. A dreadful animal hired to terrify errant nature into her proper course.

Bar. The emporium of *counsellors* and *bar-maids*.

Bailiff. A lineal descendant of Cerberus; whose occupation is to watch at the turnpike gate of Parnassus.

Beau. An ephemeral insect, very pretty to look at,—carried about, chiefly, in a painted coach, lest its fragile form should be crushed by collision with mankind.

Box, Christmas. A tax importunately levied on the rich by their poorest dependents.

Brandy (Gin, Rum, &c.) "Tir'd Nature's sweet restorers!"

Breeze. Among poetasters, the only word rhyming to "trees."

Beauty. The ruin of mankind and womankind.

Cannon. A tremendous creature, whose breath is fire, voice thunder, and whose deeds are death.

Coachman. The popular and intelligent patron of noblemen and gentlemen of independent fortunes.

Choler. (syn. Rage) The exuberance of fine animal spirits.

Commentator. One who has the happy knack of twisting an unfortunate author's meaning, so as to suit his own purpose.

Conscience. An article extremely suitable for cottages and retired life; but at court, and in public life, too expensive to be thought of.

Charity. An apology for the want of liberality.

Coronet. A circular metal bandage, possessing as much weight as is compatible with its structure, and used for the purpose of steadying the light-headed: an appendage whose attainment has been the labour of a long life of ambitious misery.

Counsellor. A sable clad, white-wigged creature, chiefly remarkable for the singular conformation of its tongue, which is set on springs, immoveable, except on the application of a golden key.

Cupid. The bane of unhappy editors, but best friend of the pen, ink, and paper-merchants.

D.D. Cabalistic letters, intimating that he to whose name they are appended, has safely emerged from the mire of polemics, after many years immersion.

Death. A celebrated old gentleman, whose presence is most urgently and frequently implored by those who are least prepared for him.

Door, slamming of the. An energetic rhetorical method of signifying dignified fury, on leaving a chamber in which one supposes one's self to have been insulted.

Dun. An unerring test of genius.

Fame. The privilege of having your foibles and eccentricities

trumpetted, with customary exaggeration, to the uttermost parts of England, in order that the public may be even with you for its involuntary homage extorted by your genius.

Faux-pas. (*syn. Adultery*) Trifling inconveniences occasioned by too large a developement of the organs of amateness and philoprogenitiveness.

Forgery. The most certain and fashionable method of committing suicide.

Fudge-fiddle-de-dec, &c. The summing up of your opponent's arguments.

Gout. An epicurean malady: because, too nice and delicate in its notions of 'fitness,' to bestow its favours on the poor and miserable, it reserves its higher and more peculiar blessings for the rich and great.

Gimcracks. The origin and support of the learned Society of Antiquaries.

Highwaymen. Gentlemen, or (see Shakespeare) *minions of the moon*, whose admiration of Shakespeare is so ardent as to induce them to make his writings the rule of their conduct: *e. g.* "who steals my purse—*steals trash*"—and surely one performs a kindness to one's fellow-creatures in kindly relieving them of unnecessary incumbrances.

Honour. Is a physician, whose lancet is a pistol.

Impudence. The most successful pioneer in the way to high life and fortune.

Infidelity. An evidence of remarkable sagacity in men of literature and philosophy; who, because their *finite* capacities cannot comprehend *infinite*, wisely "believe in all unbelief:" *e. g.* because the blessed sun cannot be crammed into a tea-pot *they deny its existence*.

Ketch, Jack. *Ultima ratio Regum.*

Law. See Debtor's Door on execution morning, and hear a melancholy sound daily proceeding from Fleet Prison for an illustration thereof.

London, Life in. Precisely according to what the good sense or folly of the liver prompts him to pursue.

Mayor, Lord. An indefatigably industrious citizen, who after a long probation, and having scraped together wealth out of every commercial puddle, is at length qualified to creep into a circular gold chain, to be buckled to a huge mace and sword, and carried about in a cumbrous gilt box, for the encouragement of sober 'prentices, and to be an "awe and terror to evil doers."

Morality. An apology for the want of christianity.

Militia. The common receptacle of all the pitiful rascals in the kingdom, who are good for nothing else, from which, however, you may get *yourself* excluded by paying five pounds.

Moon. The cloud-fringed eye of midnight; which has the

Anatomy. A parallel case with that of the child who breaks up his toys "to see what they are made of."

Apothecary. A dreadful animal hired to terrify errant nature into her proper course.

Bar. The emporium of *counsellors* and *bar-maids*.

Bailiff. A lineal descendant of Cerberus; whose occupation is to watch at the turnpike gate of Parnassus.

Beau. An ephemeral insect, very pretty to look at,—carried about, chiefly, in a painted coach, lest its fragile form should be crushed by collision with mankind.

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Militia. The common receptacle of all the pitiful rascals in the kingdom, who are good for nothing else, from which, however, you may get *yourself* excluded by paying five pounds.

Moon. The cloud-fringed eye of midnight; which has the

strange property of maddening all the addleheaded sonnetteers who gaze on it.

Novelist. A professed and largely patronized liar.

Nerves. Those (which give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Oysters. From their being almost invariably devoured alive by the most delicate personages—fit objects for sentimental soliloquy and reflection.

Physic. The abettors of disease: some personify it as the ferryman from imaginary to real illness.

Philanthropy. In our day, the most conspicuous finger-post to notoriety.

Pillory. The legitimate scene of *affaires d'honneur*.

Poets. The lofty, blazing beacons of a nation; their light shall shine brightest when the pall of oblivion envelopes most of their contemporaries.

Politics. The art and mystery of prudently pronouncing the two monosyllables—"aye" and "no;"—and of knowing when to be dumb or magniloquent, blind, or quick-sighted.

Prison. An observatory from whence the sons of genius and science, can make the best and most uninterrupted use of their telescopes, since all but ethereal prospects are excluded under lock and key by their kind creditors.

Pugilism. Practical logic: argumenta *ad hominem*.

Riches. Money transferred, by skilful manœuvring, from the pockets of thousands into the purse of one

Romance. A lie so painted, as most closely to resemble truth.

Scoundrel. One above affecting to be an honest man.

Sentimentality. A compound of sighs, tears, and twaddle.

Satisfaction. Among fashionables an utter paradox: *e. g.* if a gentleman gets his brains blown out of his head, or is whipped through the lungs—he has had *satisfaction*.

Sleep. The drowsy mimic of death!

Speculating. The art of cheating others, for the more convenient ruin of yourself.

Spirit, man of. Manifested in the extrusion of a sleepy asthmatic watchman from his box, and bilking hackney coachmen of their fares.

Statesmen. Royal engineers.

Snuff. A sharpener of wit.

Surgeon. A man, who, with his gentle scalpel, kindly prunes the redundancies of Madam Nature. *N.B.* A *Literary Surgeon* would find no lack of employment, though necessarily the ruin of hundreds of small publishers.

Scum. An obstinate argument of your opponent.

Swindle. The *dernier resort* of cowardice.

Talisman. Among women a potent crystal talisman, wherewith

they operate on us unfortunate men as they choose; for beauty *smiling*, is charming; but *in tears*—we are told she is *irresistible*.

Time. That which is often wasted in its own pursuit.

Tragedian. One perfect in the art of groaning and looking awry.

Unknown, Great, Scottish. See articles *Smoke* and *Bladder*.

Vinegar. By the learned *Sieur Dunderheadenhause* considered a fluid condensation of the vapours arising from spleen, ill-humour, &c.

Water, Thames. A concentration of all the liquid filthiness of London, which is hourly filtrated in the stomachs of its epicurean inhabitants.

Wine. The thief of the brain, according to Shakespeare.

Warren. See *wall-whitener* and *shoe-blacker*.

Q. Q. Q.

February 6th, 1826.

THE NEW JOE MILLER.

“Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.”

HORACE.

EVERY one has heard of old Joe Miller, the disseminator of many bad jokes, the father of every would-be punster, and that is the very reason why we shall say no more about him, more than that we wish the manes of the old rogue at rest. Our business is with the *new*, and not the old Joe—*Jocose* as they say he was. But who wears his motley mantle? “Your banker is your man,” according to Mr. George Croly. Aye, but which banker? In the west they are all for SAM ROGERS—in the east for SIR WILLIAM; and as it is a question of punning, I am decidedly for the Baronet; and if any unprejudiced person will but look in their respective faces, I am clear that he will admit I have *countenance* for my choice. Indeed I imagine myself enabled to prove his jokes to be better than those of his rival the poet, and hope thereby to cause Sam to *cut* jokes as he would a blackguard acquaintance. The worth of the Baronet has not as yet been half appreciated by his fellow-citizens, as we shall show by the following jokes ascribed to him, which, we have no doubt, will cause his brother banker to hide his diminished head. I am not aware that Sir W. is conscious of these jokes being his property, because he is ignorant of his own capacity; but, as I am fully satisfied, I think it my duty to give them their due, by appropriating them to the fountain head; and, as every wag has

his Boswell, I opine some future biographer will insert them as sprightly morceaux of the once genius, wag, banker, and baronet of the City.

At a City dinner, for our joker is particularly facetious upon those occasions, a brother alderman, who had been travelling, remarked that a certain emperor had the most extensive collection of *plate* he had ever seen. "Ah!" says our wag, "I have heard that his menagerie alone contains the greatest *spoonbill* in the world."

We most of us know, and those who do not may learn from this, that at large dinner parties they frequently use forms instead of chairs. Well, then, at one of these merry meetings, Sir W. had taken his place, and the gentleman who was to sit next to him being a thorough stranger, upon hearing that it was the *great* man of the City hesitated somewhat as to the propriety of his sitting next to so renowned a character. But our worthy, perceiving his confusion, good humouredly rapped the *form*, exclaiming, "No ceremony, Sir, but as much *form* as you please."

Upon another occasion he told one of his friends, whose horse had been hurt in leaping some spikes, to apply *spikenard* to the afflicted parts.

A relative of the worthy Baronet, who is either *now* in the church, or bringing up to what people call one of the learned professions, asked him "if the *Hebrews* were not the oldest people?" To which he is *said* to have answered, "Aye, boy, are not *Jewno* and *Jewpeter* the highest celestials your Latins and Greeks mention." But we know him to have contradicted himself upon a former occasion, for, when speaking of *bull making*, he called it honourable, and said, "Jupiter himself *made a bull*." If so, he must have been Pope of Rome. Thus did our worthy commit himself, making the prime god of the ancients both a Catholic and a Jew. But he is much more classical and learned than the world is willing to believe. The following will serve as a specimen of his critical capacity. Being once asked, "How he liked Little's Poems?" he answered, "O, very well; but, like most of the Irish, he makes horrid blunders." Enquirer asked him to point out one. "O, willingly; why, Sir, in one of his songs he writes, 'Come, then, *bid* Gany-mede.' Now, we all know he was a *boy*, then how ridiculous to style him *Biddy*, as if he was an *Irishwoman*."

But, perhaps, the two last will be the most estimable, seeing that they shew up Sir W. as a punster in French, a language of which the world thought him a complete ignoramus; but, I assure you, he is as conversant in French, as in his mother tongue. A young man complained to Sir W. that he waited every evening to see his sweetheart, but that she, instead of coming to him, seemed to relish his walking in the cold. "Ah!" said the

Baronet, "*she is teaching you to walk with sang froid.*" One of the coaches of a large proprietor had been robbed; he talked to Sir W. on the occasion, and saying that suspicion fell on the coachman and *guard*, asked which he should first apprehend. Sir W. grunted, and then answered, "*prenez garde, by all means.*"

Now, this is all, for the present, of our good alderman and baronet; but we promise occasionally, as we have a large share of jokes on hand, to furnish further portions, to the great annoyance of Sam Rogers, who, we predict, will speedily be driven from the field, and necessitated to give up his place of principal buffo to the world at large.

P. T.

FOPS AND FOPLINGS.

MAY I be rammed into the barrel of a pocket-pistol if I do not think that the gallants of our day are a woefully ill-used and suffering race! Fops!—puppies!—dandies! forsooth—why, the most complete and elaborate "exquisite" that the combined achievements of Stultze, Lake, and Nugee, after a year's previous deliberation and labour, could turn out of a band-box, when compared with the neck-quilted and well-plumed "bloods" of earlier times, would be little better than an unfledged ass. Lookye at his accoutrements, which horrify so much the good folks of the nineteenth century—what are they? A little round tub of a hat, not unlike a chimney-pot; a tight coat, and short waistcoat; a loose pair of trowsers, and a plain pair of boots. This is all! And yet they say, (the *theys*, by the bye, are a confounded large and mystical family,) that the tailor makes the man. *Then*, I say, if our tailors can't turn out more marvellous looking men than they do, they deserve, every fractional and integral part of them, a "Tyburn-tippet" to be made out of their own measures. *Then*, I say, that the whole generation, Stultze, Lake, Nugee, Pulford, Willis, Anstey and Nettleton, Hudson, and Storey,

"Cum multis aliis quos punc describere longum est,"

from Hyde-park Corner to Whitechapel turnpike, are a set of stupid, blundering, useless, ungracious, and intolerable idiots. But the truth is, that the grey-beards are wrong for once in a way; the tailor does not, now-a-days *make* the man, but, as the old chaunt goes, and old sayings are always true, deny it who may,—

"God *makes*, man *shapes*."

Here, then, is a little difference. A century or two back the

professors of the gentle art of cutting and “cabbaging” really did make the man, as I shall presently fully demonstrate; or, to speak more correctly, when they got hold of a man they made him into a popinjay. But we of the cycle 19, taking a less elevated flight, and not daring to covet a spark of the Promethean fire, (I speak of man, not woman-kind, therefore I have nothing to do with the inclination which Mrs. Shelley or Mad. Victorine may have to burn their fingers in that same fire,) we, I repeat, content ourselves with merely putting into shape for the rest; we leave the animal, in other respects, much as his father made him. Now, I esteem this a very praiseworthy talent, and in no wise deserving to be sneered at. “A filthy knave, a deformed quean, a crooked carcass, a manikin, a witch, a rotten post, a hedg stake,” an anatomie vivante, is thus, by the mortal skill of a single pair of shears shaped into a fair and goodly shew, each being enabled to walk, talk, and bustle in their respective circles, without any of those feelings of insignificance and isolation which constitute the torments of unconcealed deformity.

This, then, is an advantage gained by the *shaping* of our age over the *making* of other days, and which cannot but be appreciated by those whom Dame Nature has formed to experience the benefits resulting therefrom. For my own part I am no madman, therefore do I not call things by ugly names, or scoff at that which I know to be beneficial. If I had lived two hundred years ago I should not have dared to show myself out of a pig-stye—in 1826 I am one of the best figures in a ball-room. I am, by nature as tall as a hand-pike, and as thin as a whipping-post; rather hump-backed, narrow-shouldered, and pigeon-breasted; hips like a buttock of beef, thighs like a conduit-pipe, knees like a dray-horse, and feet like the bill of an albatross. And yet, with all this—thanks to the judgment of my tailor!—I am noted for a remarkable fine figure. This I call the perfection of the art—to smooth down deformities and excrescences—to fill up gaps, chinks, caverns, and hollows—to round off an angular point—to make the crooked straight, and the deformed transformed: in short, to mould a monster into a man, and that, too, by pure skill and taste, without any external finery and frippery, gewgaw or gimcrack; this I say again and again, and that without the slightest inclination to jest, quiz, or banter, is an admirable combination of tact and judgment, which merits far other guerdon than that of ridicule or censure.

I love not to be long-winded, or to break promises, so I shall ~~now~~ to appoint an exquisite of the sixteenth century, which will shew the distinction I wish to establish. They were cause they sought to deform the human shape; we seek to preserve a good figure, or to improve a bad one.

The only difficulty is how to begin. Well, we'll pursue our task legitimately, commencing with the head and ending with

the heel. The mirror and pink of dandyism in the sixteenth century, surmounted his knowledge-box with a spiral crowned hat, perking upwards, like the shaft of a steeple, and standing out "above a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of his head." Around the base of this conical coverlid twined a silken band of various hues, black, white, russet, red, green, or yellow, as suited the "plantasie of their inconstante mindes." The materials whereof these "tiles" were made were as various as the ribbands which encircled them; or the plumes which nodded over them; silk, velvet, taffeta, sarcenet, wool, and some of a "certaine kinde of fine haire, which they call beaver hattes, fetched from beyond seas," pinked and cunningly carved in a strange fashion; and "the longer you wear them the fewer holes they have." This, indeed, is a quality which we seek in vain in our days.

Next to this sublime ornature came the ruff, that dreadful abomination to all zealous antifashionists. They were made of cambric, holland, lawn, or the finest cloth that love or money could procure, standing out a full quarter of a yard from the neck, and hanging down over the shoulder-points. They were strongly starched to preserve their "set," and to keep them from flapping to and fro in the open air, they were propped underneath by a "supportasse," a cunning device, made of wire, twisted for this purpose, and whipped over with gold or silver. This was placed round the neck under the ruff, upon the outside of the hand, so as to support the whole frame of the ruff from hanging flimsily down.

Next comes the doublet, or inner garment, answering to our waistcoat—"quantum mutatus ab illo!" When made in the height of fashion they hung down to the middle of the thighs, stuffed with "four, five, or six pounds of bombast at the least." The length, puffiness, and stiffness of these doublets prevented the wearer from stooping, so that he could not tie the ribbands of his hose without assistance, or, as it was then called, truss his points; a misfortune which, it will be remembered, befel *Sir Percie Shafton*, whilst lying perdu in the halidome of St. Mary's. The texture of the doublet was various, "satin, taffette, silke, gro-graine, chamet, gold, silver, and what not—slashed, jagged, cut, carved, pinked, and laced, with all kinde of costly lace, of diverse and sundrie colours." Not even the embroidered satin waistcoats of our grandfathers, with their long flaps and huge pockets—not the cut Genoa of the present day, with all its glitter of steel buttons, can vie with the outrageous finery of the doublet.

The coat or jerkin is not so easily described. It was, like the fair sex, "*varium et mutabile semper*," as different in "cut" as in colour, each buck choosing to lead instead of follow the fashion. Not to be niggardly, however, in dispensing my information, I will quote a specimen of each sort from my old friend

Philip Stubbes. "Their coats and jerkins, as they be diverse in colours, so be they diverse in fashions; for some be made with collars, some without; some close to the bodie, some loose, covering the whole bodie down to the thighe, like bagges or sakes that were drawn over them, hidying the dimensions and lineaments of the bodie; some are buttoned doune the breast, some under the arm, and some doune the backe; some with flappes over the breast, and some without; some with great sleeves, some with small, and some with none at all; some pleated and crested behinde, and curiouslie gathered; some not." Good Heavens! here's a description, enough to make the mouth water of every buck in Christendom!

The hose or hosen, which comes next in our list, was of three sorts, French, Gallic, and Venetian, the latter of which seem to have been most dashing. They were of silk, velvet, or satin; about a yard in breadth; slashed and interlaced with different colours, and terminating below the knee, fringed with rows of lace or gold trimming, and tied with silken points. These were sometimes called "paned hose."

"My spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork."

Mass. Gr. Duke of Fl.

Below the hosen were the "nether stockes," synonymous to our stockings, made of the purest "Granada silk," and "so curiously knit with open seames downe the legge, with quirks and clocks about the ancles, and sometime (haplie) interlaced with golde or silver threds, as is wonderful to beholde."

I have been a long time equipping my gallant, but the end—if there be any end to writing heavy articles—is fast approaching. The gayest and most "correct" of all foot gear was the "pantoffle," a cork-heeled slipper, which was deemed of such importance that great men had pages expressly attached to the pantoffle, whose only duty was to bring and take charge of them. They had high heels, "a finger or two from the ground," and were made of coloured leather or velvet, carved and laced with silk, and inlaid with gold or silver. It was with the utmost difficulty that men could walk in them, slipping and sliding at every step, the heel "hanging an inch or two over the slipper from the ground," whilst the tortured gallant was fain to "spurn at" every stone or post in his way, to keep them on his feet. "Handsome, indeed, should they be," says Philip, "when as with their flipping and flapping up and downe in the dirte, they exaggerate a mountaine of mire, and gather a heape of clae and baggage together, loading the wearer with importable burthen,"

Over all this brave apparel hung the cloak; not indeed such a sackcloth looking garment as our Gothic coverings of camlet and broad cloth, but of silk, velvet, and taffetie; of all the colours of

the rainbow, white, red, tawny black, green, yellow, russet, purple, violet, &c. &c. &c. decorated with tassels and points of gold, silver, or twisted silk, and lined with such splendour and costliness that "the inner side standeth almost in as much as the outside."

Add to all this the rapier, with its velvet scabbard; the dagger gilt, or interlaid with "good angell golde; pistols, with their stocks richly inwrought and inlayed, and you will have the exquisite complete.

Now, what a shell of a puppy! what an epitome of a dandy! what an atomy of foppery! is our modern exquisite, compared with my hero, with his spherical hat bedizened with plumes and ribbands, his *palisade* of ruff, with its supportasse or underprop-
per; his quilted doublet of slashed damask, his jagged hosen, and well-trussed points, his nether-stocks, with their curious clocks and quirkes, his cork-heeled pantoffles, his velvet cloak, with hems and tassels of gold, his rapier and its velvet scabbard, his dudgeon dagger, with its hilt studded with precious stones, and pistol handles of cunning workmanship, carved and chased in pure "angell golde," by Benvenuto Cellini? Why, the finest prig of the present day can no more compete with a real full-fledged exquisite than a gled with a falcon, or my lady's palfrey with the noble war-horse, housed and caparisoned for the tournament.

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SAGES have said, and bards have sung,
That lovely woman, when she's young,
In potent charms is most alarming;
But every day points out a case,
In which, in spite of youthful grace,
She is not always quite so charming.

When *Mother* FORTUNE, tho' she's old,
Smiles and your coffers fills with gold,
Your friends are true, your wife is civil;
But when *her daughter* shews her face
A very different scene takes place—
Your friends are off—your wife's—the devil!

THE NATIONAL (LATE MR. ANGERSTEIN'S) GALLERY.

WE really know of nothing more delightful, in the commonplace world we live in, pent up on every side as we are with bricks and mortar, hearing of nothing but bread companies, and water companies, fish, tea, meat, sugar, gold, dirty linen, flour and milk joint-stock investments—one ever continued ringing of the changes of pounds, shillings and pence, as if all the business of life, the sole purpose of our coming into the world, was to eat, drink, and make money; nor of any thing better calculated to send those low degrading thoughts out of our heads and hearts, than to enter into a fine collection of pictures; to take a spring back of a few centuries, when joint-stock companies and the King's Bench were unknown; to breathe the same air as Titian, Guido, Carlo Dolce; to look upon nature with the same eyes as Claude, Julio Romano, and Hobbima; to shake hands, as it were, with the master-spirits of the olden time, and allow the refreshing flood of by-gone ages to freshen, soften, and purify our hearts. O Art! lovely Art! thou best and loveliest creation of man's better genius! Twin-sister of Nature, her only rival, yet never so dangerous as when thou resemblest her! But it is not for a Cicerone to fall into raptures, they are exclusively the property of the protégé. "Courteous reader," do you take the hint, and will you take our arm, and walk with us into the National Gallery in Pall-Mall?

No—not to the room on the right; that must be left for the *bonne bouche*. Up stairs; keep your eyes shut, you are entering into an enchanted castle, where the spirits of the olden time are flitting around you. The picture before you, (No. 11) in the first room above stairs,

The Woman taken in Adultery, by REMBRANDT, is as fine a specimen of the master, nay, of the art, as any existing. Behold the Saviour of the world! Does not the figure fill up the void in your mind of his mortal semblance, or realize the *beau-ideal* of your imagination! What a dignified simplicity! What majesty, beauty, grace, meek yet commanding, stern yet how affectionate, condemning yet still forgiving. He stands as if the ground received not his weight—as if he trod on a cloud. The artist who conceived and gave birth to such a high thoughted creation could have been no unbeliever. And then the woman shrinking back with the consciousness of her error, crushed to death with the presence of an immortal, and living again at the sounds of his merciful forgiveness. We can almost fancy we see her trembling. The greedy look of the Rabbi, bending over and pointing out the wretched object of shame, has a kind of mean and dishonourable triumph, quite characteristic, and is

beautifully contrasted with the lofty sorrow of our Saviour, which seems not of this earth, nor to be quenched by aught on it—which seems to reprobate while it pities and pardons. The light falling on the chequered floor is really dazzling; we look around to see where it comes from. 'Tis but the colouring of the canvass. This amazing characteristic of Rembrandt, his command of *chiar oscuro*, is enough to make us believe it was him who stole fire from heaven, so unearthly is the effect his magical pencil produces; as if a ray of omniscience had darted through his brain and lived on his canvass. The power of light and shade is more surprisingly exhibited in

The Adoration of the Shepherds, (No. 15.) Here the dim obscurity of the scene is astonishing; we see the objects in that vague distinctness as if we beheld them in a dream. Nothing absolute, all a faint, undetermined mystery. The spot where the infant Saviour is reposing has a something around it awfully sacred. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, and the objects immediately about the infant, are visible through the glory of his presence, and yet no halo is about his head. The light is merely stronger as it approaches the holy babe, and diminishes imperceptibly till it is lost in the back-ground. The other objects of the pictures are seen in a "darkness visible" through the dull light of a lanthorn. The two lights are astonishingly contrasted. The one we feel assured is altogether unearthly; the nature of the other does not admit of a doubt. The real and the ideal are united in this picture. Its component parts seem formed both of earth and heaven.

Christ praying in the Garden, by CORREGIO, on pannel (No. 13). What a subject, and Corregio: but we are to be disappointed. There wants the soul, the sublimity, the inspiration of the subject, that the pencil of Corregio alone could have produced, but in which he has failed. There is energy and passionate feeling finely depicted; and there is elaborate finishing in those seemingly rough outlines, but it is not so fine a picture as we have in "our mind's eye," when we read that portion of the Scriptures which it illustrates.

A Landscape, by CUIP, *with Cattle and Figure*; has all the mellowness of tone, and, if we may use the expression, for we are no artists, and unable to express ourselves in the "terms of the craft," cleanliness of drawing of this great artist. Every outline appears distinct, in beautiful distance from the air, as if severed from the canvass. The figures seem actually in motion; and it is not, until we have looked a second time, that we discover that they are really stationary. *

Portrait of Pope Julius the Second, from the *Lancilotti Palace*. On wood; by RAPHAEL. A magnificent head. The colouring of the face is rich and of subdued brilliancy; there

is a fullness, a capacity in the forehead and eyes which only requires motion to give the head life. The finishing of this picture is in the very height of the art. We are amazed that the man who painted the cartoons could have produced a head like this, over which the labours of a life appear to be consumed, and not in vain.

VANDYCK's *Portrait of Govarthius* (No. 19). This is the finest portrait, in our opinion, we ever saw; there is everything in it that can make a picture valuable. Fidelity to nature in the striking intellectual countenance, eminence of art in the rich and beautiful colouring, and grandeur of effect in the whole. The eyes appear not only to see but to pierce your innermost thoughts; you turn from their gaze. The mouth absolutely thinks. We look to see if there's breath issuing from it.

Pan teaching Apollo the use of the Pipe. ANNIBAL CARACCIO (No. 20). This is a superb picture, and we are half-ashamed of ourselves that we cannot admire it. There is a laughing voluptuousness in the Falstaff-like figure of Silenus; he is all jollity, humour, and self-satisfaction, not unaccompanied with grossness or sensuality, which, however faithful to nature, can never be viewed with pleasant feelings. The expression of the eyes has something particularly disagreeable. The young Apollo certainly makes amends for the coarseness of his companion; the one is all brutish insensibility, the other the embodiment of intellectuality; he breathes of poetry, sentiment, and incipient passion. A pleasant surprise is visible in his countenance, and an easy air of grace appears to govern his limbs. Undoubtedly this is a delightful picture, but there is something in it which we wish away.

A Sea port at Sunset, in which is represented the Legend of the Embarkation of St. Ursula. Formerly in the Barberini Palace. CLAUDE. Here is Claude with all his sparkling magnificence, his deep, melting beauty. His sun-beams and Nature's are only sun-beams; look how beautifully they sparkle on the waves! how crisply the waters seem to dance! What a glowing richness, what floods of light fall from that sun. And the sails, and the flags, and the graceful female forms, all shining and glittering in the air like so many scintillations. This picture is a Lord Mayor's feast for the eyes.

Erminia discovering the Shepherds (No. 22), from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." A fine specimen of the master, and a really poetical picture.

The Holy Family, by CORREGGIO (No. 39). The virgin is as lovely as imagination can conceive; the colouring of the flesh surpasses any enamel, but the hand of the virgin is not in keeping with the general beauty of the picture. The soul of Correggio is here, a union of grace, tenderness, and beauty.

Venus and Adonis. From the Colonna Palace. **TITIAN.** This appears to us as nothing more than a copy of the Venus and Adonis, really of Titian, in the Dulwich Gallery. The one before us seems to be deficient of the glowing passion which distinguishes Titian's pencil, without the ripeness of his tints, and the melting voluptuousness of the flesh, which characterize the other.

The Raising of Lazarus. **SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.** This is a splendid creation of genius, and it is not surprising that Buonaparte should have offered twenty thousand, and we have given sixteen thousand pounds for it. The figure of Lazarus is a wonderful conception; half awakened from the dead, he seems hardly conscious of existence, as if suspended between the two worlds. All is exceedingly poetical and highly imaginative. The figure of Christ is finely drawn, and has considerable dignity of aspect, but it is not the form which we love to associate with the Saviour of the world. It seems astonishing, in so large a picture, that so elaborate and minute an execution should be displayed; every inch of it is equal and perfect. A picture like this should not be viewed with the mere admiration of a masterly production of art, but as the action of a man of powerful genius, which occupied him the best part, and which he lived to consider as the proudest exploit of his life.

A Concert. By **TITIAN** (28). Here is Titian indeed. All radiant with intellect, sentiment, and passion—the soul illuminating the countenance. The listening boy in the corner, whose pale face seems the index of a deeply breathing and passionate soul, the silent record of many a high-born thought and tender emotion. You may gaze upon the face until you feel the soft swimming languor that seems to melt within him. “The mind, the music, breathing on his face,” is personified. All is harmony, tenderness, and lulled intensity of feeling.

Nos. 26, 27, 31 and 36, are four exquisite **CLAUDES**. This is looking at Nature through the eyes of art. Waters reflecting, the beauty of skies, which seem alone worthy of concealing the heavens. Temples, grottoes, trees, shrubs, columns shooting their spiry heads into the silvery clouds. Sunsets all deep, melting, and glowing. In short, the liveliest scenes of nature with the liveliest combinations of art.

The Rape of the Sabine Women, by **RUBENS**. This is an extraordinary fine picture as a work of art, but it does not appeal so directly to the feeling as the subject seems to require. There is something ludicrous in the contrast of the costume of the soldiers and the females; the first are of a severely simple classical style, while a jump of a dozen centuries seem observable in the flounces and petticoats of the Sabines. However, we cannot find fault with the execution of the picture, the colouring is extremely

beautiful, all the hues of the rainbow are harmoniously blended ; the action and grouping of the figures are amazingly bold.

Susannah and the two Elders, from the Orleans collection.

LUDOV. CARRACCI. *Susannah* is most beautiful ; we very much question the power of nature or art to produce a lovelier face and arm ; shrinking with the consciousness of her own excessive beauty, in its unveiled state, the expression of her countenance seems at war with her action. It is more inviting than repelling, as if the artist would rather destroy the sentiment of the picture, than suffer a frown to diminish its beauty.

A Bacchanalian Scene. By *POUSSIN*. Is a most highly finished painting, and a characteristic specimen of the master's genius, but of an unpleasing and repulsive subject. Wood-nymphs, satyrs, fawns, Pans, and half-formed monsters, are dancing, reeling, and drinking with forms in human shape. There is no standard to judge of its worth, for it has no parallel in the existing, or the world of art.

[We have yet the lower room to look over. Here is the whole of Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, an encyclopedia of human life and character, of which every man, woman and child, is a critic.—WILKIE's deservedly celebrated *Village Ale-House* ; the rustic gaiety and simplicity of which forms a fine contrast to the sickening and heartless dissipation of fashionable life, as depicted with such painful fidelity by Hogarth.]

In parting with these monuments of human genius, a proud gratification is left on the mind. Here, within the space of a few square yards, are gathered together the choicest fruits of ages, that have been handed down by father to son, by ancestor to ancestor, as relics of religious veneration, have received the admiration of centuries, and yet remain the objects of our wonder, and as such will be regarded by our children's children. Kingdoms have fallen to nothingness, cities have crumbled with the dust, empires have passed away like exhalations from the earth—but art ! immortal art ! survives them all ; and these her choicest specimens are still as blooming and as fresh as when the painter's heart first glowed with the beautiful creations of his hand, and started at beholding “ the yeasty working of his brain,”

“ A thing of form and substance.”

Y.

CHARACTERS FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

A GROUP OF GLOBIES.

No. V.

"*Rogue*. Do you not, signor, remember this countenance?

Octavian. No—Providence has slubber'd it in haste,
 'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
 She manufactures, when she makes a gross;
She forms a million such—and all alik;
Then sends them forth, ashamed of her own work,
And sets no mark upon them."

COLMAN.

WELL, we have brought ourselves to a pretty pass! and sorely do we feel tempted to exclaim, with the gentleman of the Dunciad, "Ye gods annihilate both Place and time!" Place, that we have dared to meddle with him at all; and time, because we have spent it to our own discomfiture. Heartily do we now wish that we had not, Phaëton like, attempted to drive the dray of the moon—that we had left to the solace of his own song, "THE MAN of Westminster," the manufacturer of Burdett and Hobhouse, the ready-reckoner of Hume, the purveyor of population, the trombone of eloquence, the owl of wisdom, the wind-mill of politics, the very dirt-hole of philosophy, the most sublime of two-legged existences. Heartily do we wish that he had not been a tailor, but a tailor's goose—a goodly lump of cast-iron from the Arigna mines; because then we could, *more (Sir) Richardi*, have whipt our last month's article out of "Thomson's Chemistry," and thus had about us this month those wits which the super-human effort that we then made, has left panting, exhausted, and useless.

Oh! then, gentle reader, do be gentler still! There *was* a little personal vanity in it; but, in the main, we did it for your delectation; and as for you we dared that airy height, do give us your smiles and good wishes, while we try to get down again. You will perceive by glancing your eye downwards a little that we have taken the chosen ones of society, and pressed the very elements into service; and if after all, we have been able to produce nothing worthy of coming after our gem of portraiture, that has been merely because the world does not contain a *second* Place, any more than it contains a second sun or a second Westminster, but do us the justice to look at the bill of fare:

THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

{ PEEDE, the *fire* doctor;
 BUSBY, the *air* doctor;
 MACADAM, the *earth* doctor; and
 CAMERON, the *water* doctor.

M. P.'s PRESUMPTIVE.	{	MAC WILLIAM, the <i>dry rot</i> , for Woodstock; and
		ROBERTSON, the <i>wet rot</i> , for Queen- borough.
ORATORS <i>per se</i>	{	WAITHMAN, the <i>civic</i> Demosthenes; and
		GALLOWAY, the <i>ditto</i> Cicero; and, WOOLEY, the radical extinguisher.

'There, gentle reader! there's a syllogism for you—"major, minor, and conclusion quick!"—

"Three to thine, and three to mine,
And three again to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up."

FIRE.

Of this element we can say, and need say, little. The learned person is the most modest of puffers; and dates his *affiches* from Liquorpond-street, a most appropriate locality, as the whole cisterns, vats, backs, tuns, and coolers, of Reid's admirable and extensive brewery can, if ever it should be found to be necessary, be brought to bear upon the raging element. Herein we feel safety for the public; and thus we may pass on to the more light and pleasant subject of

AIR.

Dr. Busby is, perhaps, the most extraordinary character of the present day; and the dagger of Hudibras was not more versatile in its utilities than the doctor.

"It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It could scrape trenchers or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon—though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, twould not care;
'Twould make clean shoes; and in the earth
Set leeks and onions;—and so forth."

So says Butler; and long and circumstantial as is the enumeration, he is forced to give it up in despair, and close by that most convenient of all conclusions, "and so forth." Now mark the difference between this little serviceable dagger, and the "puissant sword" of the same warrior. While the dagger could do all these things, with others "too tedious to mention," the sword could do nothing but get rusty with spleen, and eat first the scabbard, and then itself. How beautiful the similitude here? The "swaggering blades" of society can only do one thing: Campbell can do nothing but write poetry, and not always that. He has become rusty; and whether he has eaten the scabbard we cannot tell, but we are sure that the "edge and sheen" of the blade are gone. Sir Thomas Lawrence can do nothing but

paint; and that he does not get rusty, is probably owing to his always painting *in oil*. Bishop can do nothing but compose music. Mathews can do nothing, but make all the world laugh at their own oddities. Braham can do nothing but sing—"and so forth." But Dr. Busby, who, in corporeal dimensions is not a larger fraction of any one of these, than the brains of Joseph Hume are of his whole substantial head, can "box" the universal compass like a commodore's boatswain. Take the whole of human knowledge from Lucretius, on the *nature of things*, to (whom shall we say but himself?) on the *art of nothings*; and Doctor Busby is everywhere at home. He is the admirable Crichton of the nineteenth century; and like his prototype he can do all things equally well. If you want a poem, be it epic, ode, elegy, madrigal, or that camelion kind of modern times, which, like an actor, can be a hero without a spark of virtue, or a king without a penny in the treasury; and "presto! be gone!" you have it before your own dull brains could find a rhyme to the short and simple monosyllable, "month." Do you want prose: then history, philosophy, politics, political economy, biography, geography, astronomy, magic, description, reasoning, criticism, any one kind of writing, or that universal kind which fits all titles, are all the same to the doctor. Just say the number of lines, and he will hit the quantity to an n quadrat. Then, as to music, only name your movement and your number of bars, and away he goes *allegretto*, though the thing itself be the most slow that ever was drawled out *larghettissimo*. The whole matter will not, however, come within any *Magazine*, be its size and fitness what you will; and, therefore, if you wish to form even a guess upon it, take Rees' Encyclopædia, commit the whole of it to memory, and you will have a brief index answering to Dr. Busby. Further upon this element we dilate not, unless it be to say that as "air" is known to be the very life of fire, we beg leave to recommend a hearty puff of Dr. Busby to Dr. Peede.

EARTH.

We regret very much that Macadam is not a doctor. We are sure that his cures have been of great service both to man and beast; and in the matter of dissection, Brookes and Morgan, ay, and Sir Astley Cooper, are nothing to him: they can merely cut flesh and saw bone, but he can operate upon flint and granite. Considering the quantity of his works that, especially during the March and April winds, must feed and clothe the whole people of this metropolis, we really wish that some distinction, more honorary than the mere gold of the public, which, like his own doings, is only a little more dirt at best, had been bestowed upon him. We have doctors of all sorts of things; and why should we not have a Doctor of Roads? The letters R. D. would look as handsome, and sound as well, as any other family compact of

D. that could be named. It avails nothing to say, that the same method of road-making has been practiced in the north for nearly a century; and that, therefore, Macadam is not the inventor; for he has been paid for the invention, and that is the best part of the business. Besides the other "doctors of the day," are not inventors more than he is—your D.D. does not invent divinity, your M.D. does not invent medicine, your L.L. D. does not invent laws, and Mus. D. does not invent music; wherefore then should you demand of your R.D. a harder test? Macadam has "kept all his terms;" and the very feet of the horses and wheels of the carriages can vouch for the ability with which he maintains his thesis. We could, were we so inclined, point out a whole drove of doctors in each of the other classes, who might with advantage to society take Macadam's place on the roads, till he should go to one or other of the founts of graduation. What pity he did not go to Aberdeen during the Lord Rectorate of Hume. Hume is a great Macadamizer himself, both of the propositions of ministers and of the king's English; and therefore, he would surely not have refused the honour to a fellow labourer.

WATER.

We know nothing about Dr. Cameron; and as we have a sort of belief that we know about every thing and person that is of any celebrity, we conclude that the said Cameron is a very obscure sort of personage. We would advise him to shun Peede and Busby, because the one would convert him into steam, and the other would dry him up. In the matter of the "earth," too, or rather, we should say of the "mud," he is just as well out of the way; because that portion which in fine dry weather "feeds and clothes" the lieges, as we have said, merely converts their stockings into boots when the water comes to it. In short, we do not wish for "too much of water."

Having thus paid our court to the four elements, come we now to the

M. P.'s PRESUMPTIVE.

But before we examine them singly, we must be allowed to admire the pair together. In some respects they are so perfectly alike, that one might well pass for the other; while in other respects they are so totally dissimilar that you could never dream of the least kindred or sympathy between them. Both, it is true, are architects; but then while Dry Rot builds houses, Wet Rot builds books, and while the one calculates only on a term of years, the other makes sure of immortality. Another thing; both rest their merits upon their mechanical celebrity: but the one does it as vice-president of the Mechanics' Institution, and the other as vice-author of the "Mechanics' Magazine." Both

shave; but while Queenborough shaves his face only at the nether end, Woodstock does tonsuration upon his at the upper end also—making “all face that will be face,” as the Aberdeen barber said when he shaved off his customer's ears. Both are persons of very great genius; but while that of the one is all from the superior endowments of nature, that of the other is rather to be attributed to the superior exercise of the razor. Herein the power and honour of Money and Hippolyte, or Ross of Bishopsgate-street, or whoever else may lift up the tool upon the sapient block, are set forth in a novel and admirable light. People had long been aware that their labours had given the finishing and elegance to those heads (and they are very many) the merits of which are all on the outside; but never till the case of the learned and eloquent vice-president of the London Mechanics' Institution had it been so much as hinted at that the *arvres* of those matchless artists could give expression to the brow, or furnishing to the inside of the cranium. So it has turned out, however; for nobody that looks upon the razor-clongated visage of the vice-president, can avoid seeing the wisdom and capacity which have been added to him by this depilatory change. When you look upon him, as his head comes up like a fine and buoyant balloon above the common *plebs* of “the Operatives,” the emblem of the heavens and the earth is before you. The under part of the globosity has all the firmness and substance of the solid earth, while that above, not only exhibits the unbroken rotundity, but, by reason of the dark roots of the excised hair, the very azure tint of the sky; while those locks which have escaped the sweep of the razor, appear as so many clouds floating in the ambient space. In this we think that the vice-president has evinced as much courage as he did in resting his claim to the preference of the glove men of Woodstock, upon that eloquence which he had displayed to the London workmen in the Monkwell-street chapel; because, now that men, and women also, are all adepts in the bump system, we think that he who shaves his brow and temples, puts the wisdom of his phrenal organization to a fearful test. We profess no skill in that way ourselves; but, setting aside the old theory, “that nature never made a fine forehead for the purpose of planting it with hair,” we rather think that the whole bumps of this person's cranium run so into each other, that the head is brought very near to that perfect sphericity which at once shows the greatest beauty, and indicates the greatest capacity. Bumps, however, are the fashion, the thing wanted; and, therefore, after Mr. Mac William gets into parliament, we would humbly suggest to him that, just for the sake of appearances, he should, in supplement to the shaving, cause the barber to give him a few punches on the head, to bring out the latent indications of genius. Were this to be done effectually, we know of no head in the

House that could match the Woodstock one; and then, though there were, it would have the advantage of being the plan and production of the owner.

We have continued so long with this matchless pair together, that we think it would be cruel to separate them—the more so that they will come into parliament at one and the same time. We know not what part of the house they may occupy, or upon which side of any particular question they may speak or vote; but of this we are sure, that, wherever they may sit, the rest of the house may look to itself; and if the side which they take do not happen to triumph—through the shaven face of the one, and the unshaven eloquence of the other—we are quite sure that it ought to triumph, and that comes nearly to the same thing.

Before Dry Rot comes into the House, we would advise Sir Isaac Coffin, to creep into himself; for he will never be able to keep afloat; and though there may be points of resemblance between the new member and Mr. Fysshe Palmer, we would by all means advise the latter to sing small. It is far worse to be beaten by a brother, than to be beaten by an antagonist. Much do we regret that this gifted and tasteful person was not in the House previous to the passing of the bills for building the churches and palaces; for had he been there, every church would indeed have been a church, and every palace a palace.

The other is, however, in all respects, except the cranial display, the more wonderful character; and though we never heard that, like Dr. Busby, he is an Apollo both in wind and in gut—in lay and in lyre, we are very sure, that, in all the remainder of the Encyclopædia he would floor the Doctor himself. Great as are Dr. Busby's powers, we should infer from the *modus operandi* that they are more acquired than innate; and that, if the Doctor had not had the advantage of education, and a turn for study, he might possibly have been but an ordinary and every-day sort of personage. Not so with the other, for he is one of the greatest marvels of intuition that the world ever was blessed with; and with the exception of the poetry and music as aforesaid, it would not be easy to point out any one thing which, without previous knowledge or study, he could not do at once, and to the purpose. Up to the very day at which the "Mechanics' Magazine" made its appearance, we never heard any thing about his knowledge either of the practice of the mechanical arts, or of the principles upon which that practice is founded. But, the moment that bright idea struck him, Emerson and Muschenbroek, and all that, the writers upon mechanics opened their stores to him as if by magic; and in one day he could rattle you off the whole story about levers, and inclined planes, and wedges, and wheels and axles, and pulleys, and screws, and funicular machines, with the

same accuracy and the same understanding that a schoolboy rattles you off the catechism.

From this we should argue that his avatar in St. Stephen's, will form as memorable an epoch there as the tenth avatar of Bramah is expected to do in India. Wallace will not be a mouthful to him—Baring, tough as he is, will be chewed to oakum—Canning will be constrained to sit, sad and silent, like an owl in the desert—Huskiisson will know knowledge—Brougham will accept the Chiltern Hundreds—and Hume will give up the cudgels *for a bad job*. But we must not, for fear of disappointments, raise the public expectation too high. We do not mean to insinuate that, if they did once get into the House, there would be disappointment either from the Wet or the Dry; but there are so many difficulties in the way to St. Stephen's, that the persons who are the most admirably qualified, are not always the most certain of getting there. If, however, the Woodstockians and Qucenburghians be fools enough to neglect their own interest, and not return these two very promising members, why the fault will be in them; and though a portion of the loss will fall upon us, in common with everybody in the country, yet we feel some satisfaction at having given due warning to those who have the power of preventing the mischief ere it shall be too late.

Proceed we now to let loose the orators.

WAITHMAN.

To attempt rendering this great man more familiar to any person in the metropolis would be like showing them the way to St. Paul's, or giving them a lecture upon fog; but as "country gentlemen" do not know quite so well the portion of the world's economy that hinges upon him, we may, for their sakes, just mention a point or two: *Imprimis*, (and we had it from his own lips,) he is the Quintilian—the very Longinus of the Common Council; he has discovered eloquence for them, and taught them how to use it. Convinced that it is an ore too precious for being obtained anywhere but from the rock of Nature, he, balancing himself upon a stool by his bed-side, in order that he might learn to keep his poise in all positions, worked it, by heat and by hammering out of his own carcass; and the moment that he got into the sage assembly at Guildhall, he became its tutor. *Item*. Mr. Waithman is the greatest and most consistent advocate for liberty that the world ever saw. Others, even the best of them, have still had the root of tyranny and the love of rule in them; and while they have contended for all sorts of freedom, to all sorts of men, they have never once hinted at the unshackling of the other sex; that has remained for Mr. Alderman Waithman; and the "ladies" who perambulate the Ward of Farringdon Without will continue to bless him while they live. Without such a patron

their very love of liberty might have got a few of them doomed to the academy at Brixton—that antipathy of Matchless Hunt : but because his powerful voice has been raised in their behalf, they now range the ward free as air upon the mountains. *Apropos* to Matchless Hunt, (for we never keep up our wisdom for the purpose of effect,) we have just this moment found out why he has so much hostility to the tread-mill. He sells blacking, a thing which is superfluous there, but quite indispensable in Fleet-street ; and thus every Brixtonian may be reckoned two-pence per week, at the least, out of the orator's pocket. Speaking of pockets, again, the worthy Alderman's love of liberty may have a chance, if you take not all the better care, of making you lose your pocket handkerchief. Never mind, liberty is so precious a thing that he who would barter it for a Bandana deserves to lose both. But we must not overcharge the picture.

GALLOWAY AND WOOLER.

The first of these is said to make the best screws and the worst speeches of any man in the City ; and the second is to be valued in the same way that you value a wet blanket—from his power of extinguishing combustion. When an inflammatory journal threatens mischief, clap Wooler upon it and out it goes to a certainty. “The Black Dwarf,” he extinguished that ; ditto his own “Gazette ;” ditto “The Statesman ;” ditto “The Nation.” What pity that he can't get to the bar, for if he did, he would, to a dead certainty, extinguish the whole courts of law, and we should then snap our fingers at Messrs. Doe and Roe.

THE MONTH.

“Showering and shining is good March weather.”—OLD PROVERB.

If those embarrassments, difficulties, and distresses, which have, during several of our last Numbers, formed the deepest notes of our Monthly “Recorder,” have not absolutely given place to gayer strains, our ears have become more accustomed to them ;—if that darkness which thickened upon us when we were enjoying light, and prophecying its continuance, has not substantially cleared away, we have become so habituated to it that we begin to see our way. In this there is consolation ; and the consolation is the greater that the cure of the evil must be left to the constitutional strength of the patient itself, and not to any quackery. England owes much to the present administration, on many accounts ; but on no account does it owe more to them than for the honest manliness with which they have all along declared that the difficulties of the commercial world were not of a kind which any act of the legislature could remove ; for this declaration has thrown the people upon their own resources, while a false and flattering hope of parliamentary relief, would certainly have paralyzed their powers, upon the exertion of which recovery alone depends.

ROYAL VICISSITUDES.—These, to have any very intense interest to the people of this country, must regard our own Sovereign, or some branch of his illustrious family; and, sorry we are to say it, that in the course of the month our liberal and truly British Monarch has been visited by severe indisposition. The personal character of the King of England has no doubt less influence upon the events of his reign than that of a Monarch who is at once the maker and administrator of the laws; but still there is, perhaps, no country of which the inhabitants take so deep an interest in whatever concerns their king. Others may obtain or force obedience, and be respected or hated according to circumstances; but we are not sure that there is a country in which the king is really loved—excepting our own country.* He is one of us; and, however we may quarrel with each other about him, in times of political animosity, there can be no question that we all sympathize with him in his joys and his sorrows; and that, could our best possessions and exertions contribute to his comfort, we should be votive of them, even in the heat of our growling. Upon the present occasion, the indisposition of the King, though severe, was not, fortunately, of long duration; and his usual health has been, to the great joy of all who know anything of him, completely re-established.

The Month has, however, been one of royal mortality. One sovereign having paid the last debt of nature, and another, according to the latest accounts, being near the same audit. John of Portugal, who has for some time been dead to internal politics, whose natural powers appear to have been of the most ordinary description, and whose whole life has been passive rather than active, sleeps with the older and more energetic members of the house of Braganza, leaving his throne, such as it is, to be upheld by a regency,—at least until the successor shall have made his election between the two dignities of Emperor and King. Our readers do not need to be told, that of the two Princes of Portugal, the one is nearly out of the question as to reigning, and the other has established for himself a sort of empire on the other side of the Atlantic. Now the question with him will be—whether he is to remain where he is, and be Emperor of Brazil, as long as the vicissitudes to which South America seems exposed will allow him, or whether he shall return to Europe, ascend the vacant throne, and content himself with the European dignity, or abandon the empire of Brazil to that to which it must have an obvious tendency—republicanism. This being a question of fact, and not of philanthropy, no reasoning could forward the solution of it. The other case of royal indisposition is the severe illness of the Emperor of Austria; but, however that may terminate, we do not think it likely to have a very powerful influence upon the peace, or even upon the politics of Europe.

FOREIGN INDICATIONS.—Excepting the mission of the Duke of Wellington to St. Petersburg, there is nothing of any consequence. That mission appears to have been both wise in its plan, and successful in its execution. It has been conducted with that unobtrusive secrecy and order, which have given both beauty and effect to the whole of Mr. Canning's foreign policy; and both the propositions with which the Duke was intrusted, and the assurances which he has received respecting them, are what every sensible man would have wished. It is stipulated, in the first place, that the Greeks and the Turks shall be left to fight their

own battles; and, in the second place, that Russia shall not make war upon the latter power. This, in our opinion, is putting the matter upon the best footing. If the Greeks are to become free, they must become so of their own exertions; they must, in fact, acquire the habits and wishes of freemen; of which, in the meantime, they appear to be woefully deficient; and the very first step toward this is, that they should learn to forget their party feuds and jealousies, and bear and forbear with each other. This they may do in time; but, till they have done it, it would be folly were we to assist them, for though they had independence bought for them to-day, they might, and would, lose it to-morrow. With regard to the other part of the mission, all the interests of Europe require that Russia should not obtain possession of Turkey. We had almost forgotten to mention, that that poor and unhappy country, Spain, is still the sport of a wretched government, and of a people not much better. Her treasury is empty; her nobles are degraded; her priests and inquisitors are superstitious, ignorant, rapacious, and cruel; her people are poor and degraded; and the guerilla brandishes his steel and charges his pistol at the very threshold of her palaces. From such a country it is pleasant to turn our view any where, there being nothing existing that we can love, and as little promise in the future, to which we can look forward with hope.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.—These have been characterized by calmness rather than by energy; and, since the regular routine business of the country (which is probably the most important, after all), there has not been much done. The budget has been brought forward; and notwithstanding the defalcation that must have taken place in some departments of the revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer still anticipates a small surplus. This surplus has been applied to the repeal of that duty on tobacco which was allowed to drop last session, and a farther reduction of the duties on that commodity to a trifling amount. The only new measure accruing out of the budget was a proposal to convert about ten millions of the floating debt of the country into permanent stock, and to render the sinking fund available for the liquidation of unfunded as well as of funded debt. Both parts of this measure are calculated to give stability to the money market; exchequer bills being, from their nature, not so fixed in their value as the funds. One measure, and that a very important one, has been brought forward by Mr. Peel, in the shape of a bill to amend and simplify the laws relating to crimes, and especially to the crime of theft. Never was there a measure more urgently called for than this, or one which, if it should be as efficient in practice as it is sound in theory, will be of more use. Our criminal laws, enacted at different times, and proceeding upon theories of justice often at variance with each other, have long been confused and contradictory; and there have been many instances in which that which was really a crime in the eye of reason could not be brought within the statute; while in other cases, where the moral guilt was comparatively little, the severest punishment was inevitable. Another measure which, though not originating like this one in an official quarter, may not be so successful as it would be of considerable advantage, is that brought in by Mr. Bright, of Bristol, for regulating the law of debtor and creditor. As the law now stands, the very attempt of a person, whose circumstances have become embarrassed, to assign over his estate to trustees, for the benefit of his creditors, is an act of bankruptcy, and one persecuting creditor to whom

the party owes a hundred pounds, may thereupon sue out a commission of bankruptcy, and render almost unavailing those funds which, without the expense of such commission, might have produced a considerable dividend. The object of Mr. Bright's bill is to protect those attempts at arrangement, without application to the Court of Chancery, and to render a trust deed which has been signed by seven-eighths of the creditors, binding upon the whole of them. Up to the committee there has been no opposition to the measure; and inasmuch as it would be a measure of unmixed advantage both to debtors and to creditors, it is not easy to discover upon what foundation an opposition to it would be grounded. Another matter connected with the administration of justice, or rather with the distribution of equity, is the Report of the Chancery Commission. It is very long; but the evidence upon which it proceeds, and the remedies which it proposes, are not of the most inviting or intelligible aspect. To a Chancery lawyer they may have meaning; but to an ordinary reader they might as well have been printed in the Chinese character. In architectural improvement or decoration, the parliamentary announcements are favourable. The great square at Charing Cross is to be completed; the Strand is to be widened and improved, as far as Bedford-street; and, probably, next year the ample and beautiful area of the Regent's Park is to be thrown open to the public.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.—The number of these does not appear to have either exceeded or diminished; though at the different assizes there appear to be more than the average number of murderers;—and several persons have been sentenced to death for the forging of bank-notes, a crime which, till the re-issuing of small notes by the Bank of England, had almost disappeared. One species of crime, which, though common enough in the sister kingdom, is but little known in England, made a good deal of noise towards the close of the month, that was—the forcible abduction of a very young lady, of great fortune, but apparently simple mind, from her parents, by Wakefield, a man of about three times her age. This is a crime so utterly at variance with all the more manly feelings of human nature, that the wretch who can be mean enough to perpetrate it, very properly loses his caste in this country. A common thief may be ingenious, and a common highwayman may be brave; but we know not how either the one or the other can be predicated of the miserable reptile who, for the sake of that wealth which he has not industry to work for, cunning to steal, or daring to plunder, carries away a young and thoughtless female, without regard to any one feeling of her nature. The miserable wretch, Wakefield, was successfully pursued to France, and the young lady expressed great joy at being restored to her friends.

LITERATURE.—In that there is still little done, and the little that is done is of very inferior value. The failure and embarrassment of so many of the booksellers must have forced all those who could do any thing else, to turn their hopes and their attentions toward other pursuits; and, as he who can do nothing but write, or, according to the more legitimate phrase, *make a book*, is not likely to be the best even at that, the fact justifies the theory—that it is with books as with every other work, when the quantity is deficient the quality is bad.

WONDERS.—Two wonderful wonders have occurred in the course of the month—the murder of Chunee, the great elephant at Exeter Change;

and the establishment, at least the proposed establishment, of a gymnastic society, for the purpose of teaching tailors and cobblers to run, to jump, and to ride upon hobby-horses. Chuneé, the elephant, got but very scanty justice. For years he had been the chief boast and attraction of that collection of animals, which, though a great annoyance at all times, and a perfect nuisance in warm weather, still remains at Exeter 'Change. But Chuneé's passions had latterly got the better of him; and the owner chose that the harmless and pence-producing brute should pay with his life the faults of nature. A file of musqueteers was procured, and after as many shots as would have beaten a detachment, or carried a redoubt, the elephant fell, and was dispatched by stabbing. For some days he lay in state—such state as his latticed and blood-stained den afforded. Then his body was in due form given for dissection; his head was sent to the phrenologists, and his skeleton, instead of adorning our Museum of Natural History, is reported as being parcelled out—here one bone, and there another.

The gymnastic school, if not a matter of more sensible, is one of less offensive contemplation. Dr. John Borthwick Gilchrist, a man far better skilled in Sanscrit and Telinga, than in the language and manners of this country, and Robert McWilliam, Esq., who wrote most appropriately about the dry-rot, and who shaves his forehead, in order that he may look like Mr. Canning, were the leading men upon the memorable occasion. Dr. Hume, the ex-rector of Aberdeen College, and Dr. George Birkbeck, who lectures equally well upon all subjects at the London Mechanics' Institution, begged to be excused; and so the man of Eastern languages walked the course, and got it carried that all the working people, and, as we should suppose, (for they were alluded to) all their wives and daughters, were to pay two shillings and sixpence a month for instruction in leaping, running, climbing, throwing the javelin, and riding the wooden horse. If implicit reliance could be put upon the word of the learned Doctor, the results of these exercises would be very wonderful; for he asserts, with the greatest confidence, that if he had been allowed to jump and throw the javelin, and ride the wooden horse when he was a little urchin, his stature would have been eight inches, which is nearly half a cubit more than it is. This will be of great advantage, as we shall, next age, if we live as long, have our hair trimmed by men of six feet, and our small-clothes stitched by giants of seven. We do not like the javelin part of the business quite so well, more especially as the ladies are to be admitted students in the academy. By presumption they have a right to the poker, an instrument which any one may, by consulting the Greek gems, see has a wonderful similarity to the javelin; and thus we are afraid, that as a man of six feet offers a better mark than a minikin of five, the pokers which may be sent whistling about the ears of our giant offspring, will make them sigh for the small and pigmy shapes of us their fathers. In plain English, the theory is a piece of the most unalloyed and unconnected foolery.

DRAMA.

WE are with our players just like the man in the fable with his jackass—there is no pleasing everybody. Last month His-

TRIO was angry with us on account of our censure, though it was as honest as ever fell from the pen of critic; but we have too much experience not to know, that if we had dealt in fulsome and unmeasured praise, we should have been equally carped at. They will not let us pat or cudgel, walk by his side, or sit on our ass. Even the very actor, who shall be puffed into notice, with the blast of a furnace, for little less can accomplish it in some cases, will cancel the obligation of many years hard lying, if you but drop a single truth against him, or move his ready bile by a word of praise in favour of one in his own line. What is to be done with such people? Whistle then down the wind—let them pass—and trot on in your own way. It is part of the amusement of our journey, however, to laugh at their antics, and now, we have DRAMATICUS buzzing about our ears

Our criticism on certain new plays are not just, because—aye, it would puzzle a wiser man than you to tell why—because one or two of “the *Newspapers* have given a contrary account.” This is staggering—for we recollect an old aunt who used to say, “I know it is true, for I read it myself in print;” but under favour and with all due reverence for a faith worthy of a better cause, we presume to think it possible that a thing may not be quite true, though it is in the newspaper. If ever man understood these matters, it was Major TOPHAM, and we cannot walk over this course in a better way, than by letting him, a newspaper man, a leading spirit in his time, a master of devils himself, explain and comment on these secrets of the prison-house. In his Epilogue to CUMBERLAND’S *Natural Son*, he made Miss FARREN address the House, as follows:—

“ Say, then—as humble copyists—shall we borrow
A sketch of what some pen may say to-morrow?
‘ *The Comedy*, where laughter knows no pause—
Went off with most astonishing applause!
The *dress*, *scenery*—and *situation*,
Exceeded all the bounds of commendation!
The great demand for side boxes, from Monday
Will know no intermission—but on Sunday!
The eighth, tenth, twentieth nights—each place is chosen,
About the fiftieth you may pop your nose in.
The ACTORS *all*—were *wonderfully clever*;
The like was never seen, nor heard—no more!”

Again,—

“ Honest John Bull—before a sturdy elf—
Now claims no right of judging for himself;
To PUFFS from Theatres gives up his vote,
And kindly thinks *all true*—because ‘tis wrote;
For when no plaudits strike our duller ear,
The PAPERS hear a voice we cannot hear;
And when for seats no beauties disagree,
They see a crowd, alas! we cannot see;
And while you clamber o’er the empty rows,
In *sweet* ADVERTISEMENT—the house o’erflows.

Puff is the word ; where fame ~~is~~ not a breath,
 How many an actress *puff* has sav'd from death !
 And actors, for whom *mutes* were full enough,
 Have risen Alexanders—from a *puff*,
 While generous paragraphs all-lavish give
 Sums total, which our treasurers ne'er receive !"

We shall make no other defence—if the newspapers differed from us, DRAMATICUS can perhaps tell us *why*.

To question the accuracy of these oracles may seem presumption in us, and we ought at least to shew some ground for our infidelity. A nice little bit is at hand, and may suffice. On Friday the 10th, *The Representative* indulged us with a criticism on the performance of Mrs. DAVISON in the *Belle's Stratagem* the night before, and the town certainly ought to have been very grateful, for if it had not come forward in this liberal way, they could have known nothing about the matter, as it happened that Mrs. DAVISON (ill-natured thing) did not act that night ! If this be a fair specimen of our *Representatives*, we shall feel inclined to relax a little in our sentiments touching reform.

DRURY LANE.

A farce entitled *John Brown*, by Mr. BEAZLEY, has been presented to, and what is more singular, represented at, this theatre. This is "snowing *Brown*" with a witness to it. We shall say no more of it, than that it is indecent, vulgar, and too absurd and improbable even for farce. Mr. BEAZLEY has in this instance descended from the architect to the hodman. In Paris, they have brought out a *petite piece* called the *Suicides*, in ridicule of the English. There they make a farce of suicide—here we have farce itself committing suicide.

A new operatic play, called *Benyowsky, or the Exiles of Kamschatka*, was produced on the 16th at this house.

As we passed through the lobby on leaving the theatre, we stumbled on "*Ver æternum*," that trusty old servant, Mr. SPRING, and observed, "This won't do much, Mr. Spring." "Oh ! pretty fair, Sir," said he.

Not of the *Raising of the Wind* sort," we rejoined ; "nor with the merit of former pieces." "Men can't be always the same, Sir," said Spring, "they must wear out." "All, except you and me," rejoined we, the critic. "Men of heads, Sir," said Spring—"I mean *heads*." This complimentary remark being of the exclusive kind, we thought it as well to retire, considering ourselves happy in not being so subject to decay.

It has been given out that this play is by Mr. KENNY ; but it is not in his line ; and as there is very little internal evidence of the fact, we are tempted to doubt it. He has been a very deservedly successful dramatist, both in farce and in something approaching to good comedy ; and if he has strayed out of his path, we hope he will soon find his way back to the old road. Neither he, nor his genius, were ever intended to figure to advantage in Kamschatka or Lapland.

Benyowsky, or the Exiles, was dramatized to his hand, and in the undertaking he had something "*German to the matter*" in consideration ready concocted ; and he may say in his own character of *Tridram*

Stark, "poet and man of letters"—"that is my misery—I did not make it—I borrowed it;" and would have done wisely not to have meddled with such property, which as in the case of *Stark*, exiled for borrowing an English lampoon, has caused him to be transported out of his latitude. We say all this reluctantly, for we entertain a high opinion of Mr. KENNY's talents, and only complain of their misdirection. He ought to leave melo-drame to inferior wits. *Benyowsky* is very little better, and certainly, in point of striking incident and powerful effect, by no means equal to many melo-dramas. Mr. K. will take our honest sentiments in perfect good part—he has too much sound sense to be angry—besides the thing is not new to him—"I have," says he, "been blown up in a Magazine before."

The plot is very simple, and, though cut and trimmed to the author's taste, is at this time of the day known to every body, that is, supposing every body to have either read *Benyowsky's* Memoirs, or to have heard people talk of KOTZEBUE's Plays "done into English," by THOMPSON. The *Exiles* at Kamschatka are *Benyowsky*, (Mr. BENNETT,) *Korasto*, (Mr. HORN,) *Rowski*, (Mr. PENLEY,) *Stephanoff*, (Mr. WALLACK,) *Tristram Stark*, (Mr. HARLEY,) and an ignoble mob of others, who form a conspiracy to regain their liberty. The chiefs, *Benyowsky* and *Stephanoff*, are excellent friends, when in steps Miss FOOTE, (*Athanasia*, the Governor's daughter,) and, as she is very clever at it, throws the whole camp into confusion. She coquettes with both, sending each a present—both fall in love with her, and fall out with each other. *Stephanoff* prowls about cursing and swearing at the success of his rival, and at last turns open traitor to the cause, tells the secret to the Governor, (a secret by the bye, which though a sworn one, seems all along to have been none to anybody else,) and when too late this vigilant Governor is put in action. By apparently very inadequate means, the Exiles triumph, *Benyowsky* gets the girl, and *Stephanoff*, repentant, comes in between Ben and the Governor, and gets the ball intended by the latter on the occasion for his son-in-law. This scene presents a very good melo-dramatic situation, and we must say, that Mr. WALLACK in *Stephanoff*, exerted himself throughout with great ability. It was precisely in his province. It may not be amiss in Mr. BENNETT, as Governor of Kamschatka, or Tilbury Fort, to give as much of Mr. MACREADY as he can manage, but we are satisfied that Mr. WALLACK can get a very reputable livelihood without stealing from KEAN. If the ridiculous has ever cured any one of a silly ambition, let him look at the *Hetman*, Mr. W. BENNETT—only think of a man imitating such an original as BLANCHARD.

The scenery by STANFIELD, MARINARI, &c. was excellent, though from its nature not very interesting, with the exception of the rocky landscape and snow storm by ROBERTS. The music by LIVIUS, Sir J. STEVENSON, Mr. T. COOKE, Mr. HORN, and Mr. KELLY, by no means proved that two heads, or any other number, are better than one. The audience bore it with patience, but expressed not the slightest wish in any single instance to hear it again. If any one piece deserved the compliment of an encore, it was Sir J. Stevenson's *Pallad* by Miss POVEY, but it passed. The "*Russian air*," as it is called, but which in Scotch is "*Scots wha ha'*," was sung by Mr. HORN, and with some force, but his voice is of a very unimpressive and inferior character. We think

that on the whole the amusement of the piece, and certainly the action of it, would be benefited by the omission of nearly all the music.

We have little more to say of the acting, which was well enough—as good as was required—they did their best, and there was nothing distinguished in it. We must save from this remark the acting of Miss FOOTZ in the second act, where she imparts to *Benyowsky* what she has heard of the conspiracy; and from inactivity we must always except quicksilver, Mr. HARLEY defying any author, joke or no joke, new pun or old, to keep him still, or make him utterly dull. We would not part with *Tristram Stark*—having seen him, we should miss him, though the play would not—but had such a character never been made to figure in the drama, we should have marvelled exceedingly how it was possible to bring him and *Benyowsky* acquainted—as much as we did to hear “*the liberty of the Press*” given as a toast in these genial regions. Several of the characters might be spared as prolonging what they do not promote, even in this unsubstantial degree. We certainly would not add a *Cubit* to its stature.

It could not but excite admiration to witness the taste and judgment in the dress of ladies, wandering and warbling with open necks and uncovered heads, about Kamschatkian mountains and caverns, amidst the thick-ribbed ice and everlasting snows: these scenes never before beheld such butterflies, or heard such nightingales. Nightingales, we believe, never sing in parts or concert; if they do, we retract; for, in two or three attempts, they acquitted themselves to use the author’s words, “in a very sad way.”

There is a great deal of stage skill and tact exhibited in putting these materials together, and we quarrel less with the author’s manner than with his matter—the materials did not deserve the labour of so good a workman.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have nothing to record of this theatre, except the alternations of the season. *Jour maigre, jour gras*, feasting with Lord BLESINTON, and fasting with Sir J. STEVENSON.

The eleventh festival of the Covent Garden Theatrical fund, took place on the 3d, at the Freemason’s tavern. The Earl of BLESINTON, chairman, instead of his R. H. the DUKE of YORK, indisposed, was a damper. His Lordship has not sufficiently studied the part—he wants practice as a Chairman, but is perfect at Vice. Surely his Lordship was most ungracious and ungrateful, when in giving the *Theatrical Performers*, he added, “without including the elephants, horses, monkeys, dogs, &c.” Neither with a view to the success of the stage, (in the treasury) nor with an eye to the spirit of the meeting—charity—should this have been done—indeed looking at the thing straight forward, it could not have happened. If as his Lordship said, “it must be highly gratifying to enable those who had amused us in their youth to live comfortably in their old age,” why is an elephant or a monkey worn out in the service to be excluded? Mr. CANNING speaking on a late occasion of public servants, shewed more feeling, and a juster sense of what was due to such objects. “It was impossible,” observed the Right Hon. Gentleman, “to say to a

meritorious servant of the public—"You must go, and we will allow you nothing." Some allowance must be made, for they must not be dismissed to starve."—March 17. Why then this uncharitable distinction? Put it to the vote, and if those that most "amused us in their youth" and *ours*, be the criterion, we fancy, and so do the managers, that the four legs will have it two to one against the bipeds, whose salaries they have so often furnished the means of paying. What imprudence do they commit to bring them to want? Even the chairman admitted that "they played their parts well," and as no apologies are ever made for them, no apology can excuse the lack of charity and brotherly love in leaving their fellow labourers out in the division of the spoil. Far indeed is this from following the recommendation of Mr. FAWCETT, and being

——— "to their virtues very kind."

Notwithstanding this blot, we are happy to say, that Mr. F. announced the subscription to have very considerably exceeded £1000. We wish it may continue to increase at every meeting, and that a little prudence in prosperity may every year render it less necessary.

Sir JOHN STEVENSON does not know his own strength, and in attempting to produce an *Oratorio* to take its turn with the mighty HANDEL or the delightful HAYDN, has met with what he should have guessed, and any one might have foretold—a failure.

After the *Deluge* with which we were afflicted some time ago, there was clearly no necessity for *Thanksgiving*, and Sir J. STEVENSON, a fellow-sufferer with the rest of the musical world, should have abstained from the proposition. His *Thanksgiving* is a bald unconnected series of texts from the sacred writings, which form nothing like a whole, and though very beautiful in their proper places, are here brought together to lull with themes of praise without story or variety of object to interest, or passion or animation to relieve the tedium of matter thrown into this shape, "if shape it could be called, which shape had none."

Sir JOHN has certainly considerable talent, without much genius, as a composer. His forte appears conspicuously in the airs, and the last chorus rose above what we thought him capable of, but constitutionally weak, all the powers of Miss STEVENS, Miss PATON, PHILLIPS, BRAHAM, and a Mr. HORNCastle, a singer from whose excellent qualities much may be expected, could not redeem it. It was a flat affair. Great in little things, he is little in great. Like Lord BLESINGTON, he gets to the head of the table only to prove how much more qualified he is to shine at the bottom.

KING'S THEATRE.

Having pretty nearly exhausted our patience at this house, having much more satisfactory amusement to occupy our leisure, we missed the new opera, which is now itself missing. We are, therefore, obliged to an excellent critic in these matters for the following account of it.

It is now nearly two months since the present season commenced, and nothing but *Il Crociato in Egitto*, very unsatisfactorily filled, has been

performed, with the exception of *La Donna del Lago*, which occupied two nights, and was then laid aside. The public, therefore, pleased to learn that some change was actually to take place, assembled in considerable numbers on Saturday, the 27th February, to hear *Teobaldo e Isolina*, by MORLACCHI, an Opera and Composer both new to this stage. The following are the characters:—

<i>Boemando d' Altembergo</i> ,	.	.	Signor CURIONI.
<i>Teobaldo</i> (his Son),	.	.	Signor VELLUTI.
<i>Ermanno di Tromberga</i> ,	.	.	Signor PORTO.
<i>Isolina</i> (his Daughter),	.	.	Signora BONINI.
<i>Geroldo</i>	Signor DEVILLE.
<i>Clomenza</i>	Signora CASTELLI.

The story is of the feudal times. *Teobaldo* and *Isolina* are unalterably attached, though their fathers are mortal enemies. *Teobaldo* saves the life of *Ermanno* in battle. The two fathers afterwards engage with their forces in the field: *Boemando* is routed, and he and his son are made prisoners. They are, of course, condemned to death; but when the victor discovers that one of the parties is his preserver, he grants life and liberty both to him and his parent, embraces each with ardour, and unites the youthful couple. This *Melodrama eroica*, as it is denominated, was composed for the Venice Theatre at Venice, in 1822, and has been set up, by a party of anti-Rossinists, in opposition to the popular works of the native of Pesaro, but most fruitlessly, for it has no pretence to originality, and instead of the sparkling passages that so much abound in ROSSINI'S music, and animated even those who consider them as frothy and ephemeral, we have only a tame imitation of him and other composers of the last forty years, in which some of their peculiarities may easily be traced, but very little of their spirit will be recognised; not unlike a cold, dull translation from a poet all fire; or brisk wine diluted, that has remained four and twenty hours without the advantage of a cork.

The Overture is far, very far, below mediocrity; the Introduction, a part so important in the modern opera, is insipid even to weariness. *Isolina's* first air is made up of the commonest ingredients; and the *finale* has been so mutilated and changed here, that the author would hardly venture to assert his right of ownership. A trio in the first Act, less dull than the last, obtained an encore. The duet in the second Act, between VELLUTI and CURIONI, which is held out as the grandest effort of the composer, produced little effect; the *Soprano* is so capricious in his time, that the other voice cannot keep with him, nor is the orchestra able to do justice to the accompaniment. The *Romanza* "*Caro suono lusinghier*"—which will remind every body of MOZART'S "*Batti, batti*"—is very pretty; and was sung by Signor VELLUTI with great feeling, and less out of tune than most other things that fell to his lot: but an attempt to encore this failed entirely, though the SIGNOR twice, if not thrice, made his appearance on the stage for the purpose of repeating it. Madame BONINI executed her bravura with more force than we have yet heard her exert; but she should avoid all divisions, and deviate as little as possible from simple holding notes. A slow movement in the second act, beautifully sung by CURIONI, obtained an unanimous and deserved encore; it is rich,

melodious, and expressive. The choruses are poor in harmony, and devoid of grandeur: we did not hear in the whole of them one great effect, or discover a single new thought.

The scenery is excellent; a cave and an illuminated palace, shew the great superiority of Signor Zarra as a theatrical artist. The dresses, too, are rich, and in tolerably good, but not quite perfect, costume.

We understand that this *Opera* did not conclude till the clock had struck twelve, therefore the *Divertissement*—Ballet there was none—began with great propriety on *Sunday morning*!

The 12th of March introduced to this stage Signor PELLEGRINI in the character of *Figaro* in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. He is an accomplished singer, with a voice between a tenor and a bass, but not powerful. He executed the *Largo al factotum* so as to command an universal encore. Short and slight in his person, he is a very lively actor, and having a lisp, he will clearly shew to the best advantage in the *Opera buffa*. We shall be glad to see him in some other comic parts, for to speak the truth, we are almost tired of the *Barber*—and the promised *Piccolo L'Eremita*, and *La Naissance de Venus*, or any other *naissance*, will be welcome to occupy the station of the dead-born, or to displace the superannuated.

MR. MATHEWS' IMITATIONS.

In vino veritas, as *Lingo* says, and we were not deceived in our cups. What we foretold last month, from what we heard at Mr. M.'s when he was really *at Home*, has come to pass, and Bacchus did not put an enemy into our mouths to steal away our brains. His success was complete.

In the 7th year of office as prime minister to "*Laughter* holding both his sides" he brought forward his Annual Budget at the Lyceum on the 11th, and if we may judge from his ways, and all his ways are ways of pleasantry, he will find no difficulty in raising the means. The true remark that "you may go further and fare worse," is not true in application to him, for though it might have been very reasonably apprehended that in *such* a progress, the 7th effort would exhibit some degree of weakness and deterioration, we perceive none here, but that

—"quite *au contraire*,
The further we go, still the better we fare."

He seems to have taken Horace's advice,

Vivas in jociis

and considering that "life is a farce," he appears resolved that "all things" appertaining to him "shall show it."

The title of this piece, *Invitations*, signifies the cards he receives for the week, which form a vehicle of introduction to a display of the whims, follies, and absurdities of character and life. All those who have ever been present at one of his performances will readily admit the utter impossibility of giving any clear account of it. *A chaos* of confits, bon bons, and sugar-plums *is come again*—a tempest of provocation to laughter,—and that is almost the only way in which we can describe it. Were we in-

duced to particularize, we should point out in the 1st and 2nd act, as objects of singular brilliancy, the song and patter, as it is called, in which he gives us an imitation of Opera Singers; and one describing the humours of an Election, with the speeches in favour of the rival candidates. A single touch of the grave and pathetic is the sole shade to relieve the mass of light, and that is as powerful a bit of low Tragedy as ever stormed and subdued the feelings of an audience. It is the progress, ruin, and distraction, of a youth at the gaming-table. The skill and tact exhibited in the invention of the story, and the mode of telling it, combined too probably with many heart-rending recollections, extracted tears from eyes but little given to the melting mood. The whole is in all other respects an ever-shifting scene of mirth and mimicry, old pun and new, till laughter is almost inclined to cry out "hold, enough." We have no wish to cite any of the numerous *jeux d'esprit*, for we scarcely think it fair, either as it regards Mr. M. or his hearers to anticipate, and as it were, spoil sport. The joke alone too is very much like, though not quite so bad as, the flute without the player.

The machinery and contrivance of the concluding act are we think ill imagined, and this act is therefore more flat in its effect than several of his former afterpieces. Though Mr. M. enacts the whole crew on board *The City Barge*, in such an extraordinary manner, and so "lies like truth," as to make one doubt whether there is any deception, the vessel lacking bustle and animation, appears deficient in its complement.

We apporportioned the labour of the composition improperly in our last. The songs, full of point and excellently well turned, were written by the younger MATHEWS; the patter to these songs, and all the remainder, is the production of PEAKE. His merit is fully equal to that of any of his predecessors, and while Mr. M. can have his "flashes of merriment," he has no reason to regret the "chap-fallen."

At the conclusion of this season Mr. M. will be *out of his time*, and we have a word to say on that subject. It will be remembered perhaps, that at the outset of this undertaking, Mr. M. entered into a contract with Mr. ARNOLD to place his talents at Mr. A.'s disposal for 1000*l.* a year. As the scheme was doubtful, and the annuity was to be paid without regard to failure or success, the agreement bore the face of a fair speculation. The extraordinary success however that followed the attempt, led Mr. M. into the vale of repentance and he insisted on fresh terms. This bore the face of rather an unfair proceeding. But let us see how the matter stood. While Mr. M. filled the Lyceum, and furnished the means, the 1000*l.* per annum was forthcoming, but had he played to empty benches, where was this annuity? Could Mr. A. have paid it? Some people were impertinent enough to doubt the fact. Under these circumstances, the equity of the case justified the cancelling of the bond. Now, for the seven years elapsed, during the Mezantian partnership, this junction of the dead to be dragged along by the living, they have we understand netted 8000*l.* each season. Four thousand a year to Mr. A. for looking on! Such a preposterous union as this, always for the worse and never for the better, was never before heard of; and however pleasant, fascinating, and convenient it may have been in its progress, cannot with any decency be expected to continue, and if proposed is too ridiculous to be rejected with any thing but a broad laugh. No,

Quem vero arripuit, tenet—

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruore, hirudo.

— he is full—let him drop off.

PEAKE is worth taking with him, but Mr. M. can do without the Lyceum, and if he can't, let him hire it—pay the landlord his rent, but for the sake of his character for sanity, let it not be in the shape of half his income. To use Lord KING's figures of speech, let him as speedily as possible do away with "*the job of jobs*," and shake off "*the dead weight*."

MINOR MATTERS.

Mrs. BARTLEY is not dead. Ay, no doubt, many people knew this before, but we did not. We thought she was gone to some part of the other world, (which had probably driven her husband to consult the stars,) till some days ago, when we saw her at PHILLIPS's Auction Room, and were very angry to see her look so well. What does she mean by concealing her talent in a napkin in this way, without even the decent excuse of being dead or bed-ridden? What are our precious stupid Managers at with all their puffs about catering for the public, while they have not a single Actress in Tragedy with a tithe of her merit in this department? She is no blazing meteor or flaming comet it is true, but in this evening of our Tragedy, she would dispense a grateful light.

MUNDEN has been invited to play a few nights in Ireland, and then take leave of his Irish friends. The lure is a *Benefit*, but they do not know their man. Nothing he so detests as Benefits, and always did. With what contempt does he look down on money, who is content with a crust, a hollow oak, and liberty!

CARLO MARIA VON WEBER made his public appearance at Covent Garden on the 8th, when the first Act of *the Oratorio* was selected from his *Der Freischütz*, and he was received with marked distinction by the lovers of sacred music. BRAHAM's execution quite won Maria's heart, and well it might, for he had never before heard so much justice done to his composition, though he could not help signifying an opinion that the singing would have flourished more, or at any rate in a better style, if it had flourished less.

The Journals, whose Editors let us into every thing deeply momentous and important, and can never keep a secret, state that "After performing one more season in London, Mr. KEAN intends to retire to his little *Castle in Scotland*" (in *Ayr* we imagine,) "and quit the bustle of the world for the enjoyment of a still life." We don't very well comprehend this.—Why a *STILL* life? Isn't the duty on Scotch Whisky taken off? Where is the necessity of his going into Scotland to play these *small still* tricks in private?

The Musical Infant Sisters at the Egyptian Hall, we can now say are well worthy the attention of all those who delight in infant prodigies.

A *Convivial Club* has been formed at Drury, with Mr. CALCRAFT perpetual Chairman. We should have thought a School of Industry or instruction a more desirable institution—but we are happy to hear that it is in contemplation to devote a wing of the Stinkomalee-College to the moral and literary education of the green-room.

Mr. WALKER at the Italian, and Mr. BARTLEY at the English Opera

House, have during Lent been two stars moving amicably and profitably in the same sphere. The public have liberally partaken of these 'Heavenly musings,' which for the sake of enlightening our youth in the grand mysteries of creation, deserve the warmest patronage. We shall not stop to inquire which is, or which looks like the greater *Philosopher*, that "despised word" according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Mr. BARTLEY has an excellent delivery—and Philosophy may be bought "good cheap" in this Town.

At the *Hull Theatre*, the two Managers chose, during the performance, to have a set-to at fisty-cuffs, to the great scandal of the Theatre, and the serious injury of one of the combatants, but which we cannot say, as the papers only inform us that "the night was for the Benefit of one of the Managers." So far the original report; but then comes more, that is Mr. I. C. MOORE, *Solicitor, Hull*, by letter, March 4, and he says that he knows all about it, as if the parties had, and very prudently too, fought by attorney. He declares that there was "no pugilistic contest—what was done was confined to their own private room"—a sort of chamber practice—and that "a cordial reconciliation" has taken place,—we doubt not that "when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." All this he states as "authorized and directed by the Managers of the Hull Theatre"—the Manager DOWNE, and the Manager UP, or whatever his name may be, for envy has hitherto concealed it. The anxiety that prevailed throughout all classes in *London*, till the receipt of Mr. MOORE'S explanatory letter, "may be more easily conceived than described"—At *Hull* however, the affair does not seem to have made any great impression, as we do not hear that the company, like the Managers, struck, broke up, and left the town with bills unpaid.

Mr. REEVE from the *Adelphi* is engaged at the Haymarket. Why not WRENCH? There must be some private reason—none public, that's clear.

Why this sober and religious town is indulged in the *Passion Week* with Mr. HENRY'S *Odd Sayings and Queer Doings*, we are at a loss to understand. Surely Mr. MATHEWS is as great a dealer in odd sayings and queer doings as any man, and he is compelled to shut up. How is this?

AMBROGETTI has turned *Monk*.—Several of the opera dancers intend to turn *Nuns*, but they don't know very well how to set about it. Under such a Monk, we should think there could be no great difficulty or inconsistency. Madame PASTA is in negotiation with Mr. EBERS—her terms are 1000*l.* down, 1000*l.* at the end of the season, a free benefit, and the selection of six operas.—She *must* have taken the veil, whatever people may say of bare-faced impudence. The sooner Mr. EBERS qualifies himself for giving and receiving absolution the better.

YATES commences his new Entertainment at the *Adelphi* on the 3d of April. It will be impossible to attend his performances without being reminded of MATHEWS, at the Lyceum, but we cannot consider them in the light of opponents—indeed they are both on the same side. Such "small Dier" may move harmoniously together, like those heavenly bodies WALKER and PARTILLY, and each may say to the other, as Uncle Toby said to the fly, "Go thy ways—there's room enough in the world for us both."

By the Police Reports, we perceive that there have not only been thieves in Drury-lane Theatre, but that they actually found and carried off some property. Times are very much altered—Thieves never thought of making any such attempt in SHERIDAN's day—no, not even on the Treasury. If they ever went there, it was for the reason given in the Greek Epigram by the Mouse to the Miser for visiting his larder,—“I thought no Cat would ever think of finding me here.” Mrs. ORGER, Mrs. HARLOWE, Mrs. TENANT, and Mrs. WEBSTER, who lost their things, set so little value on them, that they wished no further investigation to take place. The Magistrate however considered the matter as a *public concern*. Mr. WINSTON was exceedingly active, not being able to conceive how a single pin could be missing while he was in the house.

THE EVENING HOUR.

THIS is the tranquil evening hour,
 When daylight wanes, and sounds are still;
 When mem'ry wakes with busy pow'r,
 And thoughts will start “without the will.”

THIS is that sweet and placid calm,
 When each tumultuous noise should cease;
 When twilight sheds her hallow'd balm,
 And all is solitude and peace.

Oh! as I mark yon fading light
 That lingers on the purple west,
 How many a vision, once as bright,
 Comes rushing to my aching breast.

Yon Evening Sun shall tint again
 The bright sky with his parting rays;
 And morn shall wake—but when, oh! when
 Shall smile the peace of—youthful days.

CATHERINE.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

As first in importance, though not first in chronological order, amongst the proceedings in Parliament, we turn to the budget for the year, produced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, on the 13th of March. Desirous, as we are, that the European Magazine should constitute, not only a picture of the present, but a work of historical reference for the future, we must be allowed to be somewhat more diffuse upon this point, than otherwise we could wish. Not, indeed, that we intend to follow Mr. Robinson through his multitudinous and interesting details, but merely to indicate a few of the more prominent features of the country with reference to its taxation. Mr. Robinson, in perhaps one of the most luminous speeches ever delivered by a Chancellor of the Exchequer—we could have spared, by the bye, some of his poetico-philosophical quotations—incontrovertibly shewed that the country was not to be

considered in a state of decadence, because something had occurred to interrupt the course of her prosperity, and for a moment to throw her back. On the contrary, he shewed, by reference to documents, applicable to the years 1823, 1824, and 1825, not only that the expectations which he held out had been completely realised, but that they had been exceeded, in a degree which the most sanguine man in the country had never had the confidence to anticipate. Amongst other satisfactory elucidations, he shewed that the total reduction of taxation, since the year 1816, had been 30,712,000l.; from which sum was to be deducted the additional amount imposed in 1819, of 3,190,000l.; leaving 27,522,000l. as the actual relief afforded to the public. The essence of this statement is preserved in the following summary, which, of itself, constitutes an invaluable historical view of the taxes, in their respective amounts, repealed since the termination of the war:—

1816.—Property Tax	-	-	£14,320,000	
War Malt	-	-	2,790,000	
War Customs, Tonnage, Coastings, &c.	-	-	828,000	
Hearths and Windows, Ireland	-	-	35,000	
Malt and Spirits, ditto	-	-	215,000	
				—£18,288,000
1817.—Assessed Taxes, England—partial relief under the heads of Shops, Windows, Husbandry Horses, &c.	-	-		280,000
1818.—Assessed Taxes, Ireland, various	-	-		236,000
1821.—Agricultural Horses	-	-		480,000
1822.—Malt	-	-	1,400,000	
Hides	-	-	300,000	
Salt	-	-	1,995,000	
Tonnage Duty	-	-	160,000	
Hearths and Windows, Ireland	-	-	200,000	
				3,555,000
1823.—Assessed Taxes, England, various	-	-	2,250,000	
Ditto Ireland, the whole	-	-	100,000	
Spirits, Ireland and Scotland	-	-	800,000	
Customs, reductions in several minor branches	-	-	50,000	
				3,200,000
1824.—Rum	-	-	150,000	
Coals	-	-	200,000	
Law Stamps	-	-	200,000	
Wool	-	-	420,000	
Deduct produce of Export Duty	-	-	70,000	
				—360,000

Silk	827,000	
Union Duties, from 1822	300,000	
		1,727,000
1825.—Salt, remainder, about	900,000	
Hemp	100,000	
Coffee, &c.	150,000	
Wine	900,000	
British Spirits and Rum	1,250,000	
Cider	20,000	
Assessed Taxes	276,000	
Customs, minor branches	250,000	
		3,146,000,
		*30,712,000
Deduct Taxes imposed in 1819		3,196,000
		27,522,000

* Remission of Direct Taxes	18,177,000	
Taxes upon articles of Consumption	7,620,000	
Taxes for the relief of Trade, &c.	4,915,000	
		30,712,000

Notwithstanding this reduction of more than 27,000,000*l.* the revenue had been diminished only 6,000,000*l.* beyond its produce when those reductions were commenced. In 1816, the revenue produced 58,000,000*l.*; and the present revenue, after the reduction of the 27,000,000*l.* of taxes, amounted to 52,000,000*l.* instead of only 31,000,000*l.* Thus, the remaining taxes had advanced in amount 21,000,000*l.*; a result which could be imputed only to the circumstance of the people having greater means of consumption. That the people have those greater means of consumption—a consumption indispensable to the greatness of the country, in forming the most convincing proof of that inherent vigour which enables her to meet and overcome difficulties the most formidable—was evident from another of Mr. Robinson's statements, that from the year 1816, to the year 1825 inclusive, the demand for beer had increased by one-fifth of its former quantity; bricks, 188 per cent.; candles, 166; paper, 181; printed goods, 110; soap, 112; tea, 31; flint-glass, 104; leather, 29; cotton, 198; wool, 443, &c.

The narrowness of our limits utterly precludes us from the possibility of entering into any of the details respecting the national debt, or the expenditure, and ways and means proposed for the year 1826. With reference to the former, however, it is satisfactory to know, that, from the 5th of January, 1823, to the 5th of January, 1826, a re-

duction of 1,340,000*l.* has been effected. In the total expenditure of the present year, without a single additional tax, and notwithstanding the alleged distress of the country, a surplus of upwards of 700,000*l.* is anticipated. With this satisfactory statement, want of room compels us to dismiss the important subject.

On the recommendation of Government, urged by repeated applications of the mercantile interest, the Bank of England agreed to advance, under specific regulations, by way of loan, upon the deposit of goods, for the period of three or four months, as circumstances might require, the sum of 3,000,000*l.* sterling, on the express understanding, however, that no relief was to be afforded to such merchants, or others, as had involved themselves in pecuniary distress by over-trading, or visionary speculations. The result is curious. At a meeting of the proprietors of the Bank, on the 23rd of March, the governor stated, that the amount of advances, up to that period, had been upon the whole very inconsiderable;—if he named a quarter of a million sterling, that sum would, he was sure, very much exceed those advances. This statement is, we conceive, of the utmost importance in proof of the actual sound prosperity of the country.

To return to the proceedings in Parliament: the promissory note bill, upon the principle described in our last, has received the royal assent; and committees have been appointed in

both houses, to consider of the expediency of extending its provisions to Scotland and Ireland.

The ministers have expressed their willingness to continue the Assessed Taxes' Composition Act, the expiration of which will be in April, 1827.

Mr. Peel, on the 9th of March, brought in a bill to consolidate and simplify the statute laws with respect to theft, embezzlement, the receiving of stolen goods, &c. By this measure, the whole of the statutes relating to theft, ninety-two in number, will be consolidated; and the preserved essence, embracing every material enactment, will be comprised in thirty-two pages;—a consummation devoutly to be wished by common sense, whatever the lawyers may say upon the subject. This bill, with another to amend the practical part of the administration of criminal justice, was read a first and second time on the 23rd of March, committed, reported, and ordered to be taken into further consideration on the 17th of April.

Many petitions have been presented, and much discussion has ensued relative to the abolition of the Slave Trade. Mr. Canning, on the 1st of March, strongly recommended a system of gradual abolition, as the only one which could be adopted with justice towards the West India proprietor, or safety to the colonies. It was the intention of Government to direct that a bill should be introduced into each colonial legislature, at their next session, embodying the resolutions of parliament, agreed to in the year 1823. This was all that his Majesty's government intended to do in the present session. Mr. Brougham intimated that he might probably bring the subject again before the house after the Easter recess.

On the 23rd of March, both houses adjourned for the holidays, till the 5th of April.

His Majesty has experienced an unusually severe attack of gout, succeeded by fever; but on the 20th of March the physicians' bulletins were discontinued, in consequence of the royal patient's recovery.

Count Lieven, the Russian ambassador, has been suddenly recalled from this country, *pro tempore*; having left M. de Potemkin, first Secretary to the Embassy, as Chargé d'Affaires, during his absence. The best proof that can be given of the amicable intercourse

which continues to subsist between the courts of London and St. Petersburg, is to be found in the high consideration with which his Grace the Duke of Wellington has been uniformly treated by his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Nicholas, since his arrival in Russia.

THE COLONIES.

Official intelligence has been received, of the armistice between the British and Burmese forces. It was signed at Meaday, on the 17th of September, and was to continue thirty days.

EUROPEAN STATES.

Great commercial pressure and difficulty have been experienced throughout Germany and France, as well as in England; but, in those countries also, the cloud appears to be passing away. The latest accounts from Frankfort were particularly favourable.

The proposed law for restoring the rights of primogeniture in France, continues to agitate that country in no slight degree. The Marshal Duke of Ragusa has been appointed ambassador extraordinary from the French court, to be present at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, at Moscow.

Spain appears to be in a very alarming state, although no actual insurrection of importance has yet shewn itself.

Portugal too, is very likely to become a scene of commotion. His Majesty, John VI. is understood to have been in a declining state for some time; on the 4th of March he was seized with nervous, apoplectic, or epileptic attacks; and on the evening of the 10th he expired. This event having been contemplated, a counsel of regency was appointed on the 7th, placing the government of the kingdom in the hands of the Infanta Donna Isabella Maria, the king's daughter, and of the principal ministers of state, attached to the existing order of things. This council excludes the queen from all participation in the government; and, her younger son, Don Miguel, has been some time in a state of banishment at Vienna, for the rebellious spirit which he had evinced. Whether the statement that, by a secret article of the treaty which was entered into last year, between Brazil and Portugal, Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, the king's eldest son, had relinquished his right of succession to the throne of Portugal, in favour of his brother Miguel, has not been ascertained; but, at all events, a serious opposition to the

views of the young prince and his mother is anticipated. It is believed that, in consideration of the delicate circumstances in which the kingdom and royal family of Portugal are placed by the demise of the crown, the regency will be supported by the influence of the British and French governments. A strong squadron of English men of war has been some time gradually collecting, in the Tagus, to overawe, it is said, if requisite, the queen's faction.

At Vienna, on the 9th of March, the Emperor of Austria was suddenly seized with an inflammatory fever. Which, notwithstanding the check which it experienced by copious bleeding, &c.

returned with increased violence on the 11th, and excited the most serious alarm. However, on the 14th, the crisis had passed favourably, and his majesty was considered to be in a state of recovery.

Tranquillity exists in the chief cities of the Russian empire; but, in consequence of the late conspiracy, the police regulations are exceedingly severe, and numerous arrests are, from time to time, taking place.

Intelligence from Batavia to the latter end of October, is of a character favourable to the safety of the Dutch government.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

OCTOBER 6. Lord Combermere landed at Calcutta.

JANUARY 1. Opening of the Congress of the United Mexican States.

— 16. Two attempts made to burn the City of Charlestown, in North America.

— 25. A fire at Barbados, which consumed from 80 to 100 houses.

FEBRUARY 15. An Aggregate Meeting of the Catholic Association in Clarendon Street Chapel, Dublin, Lord Hillier presiding: a petition to Parliament agreed to, and confided to the Marquess of Lansdowne and Sir F. Burdett.

— 18. The Duke of York presented with an Address from the Mayor and Corporation of Londonderry, thanking him for his conduct on the Catholic Question.

— 17. Destructive fire in the Portuguese Navy Arsenal, at Belem.

— 20. The Duke of Wellington arrived at Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg.

— 23. A Meeting at the Mansion House for the purpose of drawing up a Petition to the Lords of the Treasury, to relieve the mercantile distress by a loan of Exchequer Bills. Petition subsequently referred by Lord Liverpool to the Bank of England: the Bank agreed to advance 3,000,000l.

— 26. Blumenbach, the great Naturalist, and two other professors of the University of Gottingen, celebrated their jubilee or fiftieth year of public service.

— Explosion of the Gasometer

at the Gas Works, Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge

— 27. Loss of the Delight, a Leith Packet, with 16,000 sovereigns on board, on the Harbrough sand—crew saved.

MARCH 1. Destruction, by musquetry, of an elephant, in consequence of his having evinced symptoms of madness, at the Menagerie in Exeter Change.

— 3. Covent Garden Theatrical Fund dinner. The Earl of Bessington, in the absence of the Duke of York, presiding.

— Count Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, left London on his return to St. Petersburg.

— 4. Adjourned meeting of the Surgeons of the Metropolis, at the Freemasons' Tavern, to take into further consideration, the abuses existing in the Royal College of Surgeons, and to devise means for amending the Charter of the said College; Mr. Lawrence in the Chair.

— 8. At an interview of a deputation of the silk trade with the President and Vice President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Huskisson stated that foreign silks would not be admitted upon the new duties till the 5th of July next.

— Meeting of the General Committee of the National Society for the education of the children of the poor in the principles of the Established Church, at St. Martin's Vestry Room.

— Weber, the German com-

power, presided, for the first time, at the Covent Garden Theatre Quatorio.

10. Launch, at Fletcher's yard, Limehouse, of the Shannon, steam vessel, the largest yet built in this country—burthen, 512 tons.

— The Thermometer in the shade stood at seventy degrees, and in the sun at ninety.

— Death of the King of Portugal.

11. Commencement of Matthews's season at the Lyceum Theatre.

13. Production of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget.

15. Arrival at Portsmouth of his Majesty's Ship Blonde, commanded by Lord Byron, from the Sandwich Islands, whither she conveyed the bodies of the king and queen of those islands.

16. Announcement of the serious illness of His Majesty. Bulletins discontinued, in consequence of his recovery, on the 20th.

20. First despatches received at the Foreign Office from the Duke of Wellington, on his arrival at St. Petersburg.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Voyages of Discovery.—Capt. King, who not long since returned from a survey of the coasts of New Holland, &c. is about to sail on another expedition, which is calculated to last five years. His first operation will be to proceed along the South American Coast, from the Rio de la Plata to Cape Horn, and to endeavour to open an intercourse with the natives of this vast Peninsula, of whom so little is known. Captain King, in his late Survey found the eastern and northern shores of New Holland to be extremely desert, and the inhabitants in the most savage state. He failed to discover any great river flowing into the sea, as it was supposed might be the case, and only one great inlet was left unexplored, where it was possible such a river could exist. All hopes, therefore, of this coast being sought but barren and inhospitable, seems to have vanished.

British Museum.—The collection of marbles at the British Museum has received a beautiful representation of Myhras, rather less than life. It is in perfect preservation; and in a fine style of art, finished with much care, and exceedingly well drawn. The composition is similar to the group of Victorias sacrificing Bulls, of which there are two in this museum. A dog, a serpent, and a scorpion have been introduced in a very curious manner. The head of Myhras is particularly beautiful. It was purchased at Rome for the trustees of the Museum, and has been lying at Liverpool for some time. The

Museum has also received a curious Burmese Goddess, considerably larger than life, sitting, like most of the Indian deities. It is resplendent with gold, the whole figure apparently being plated over with that metal. It is hollow, and the nostrils are perforated, probably to enunciate predictions or commands. It has much Egyptian character about it.

Rain Gauge.—A rain gauge, which registers its indications, has been recently invented by Mr. Donovan. It performs the following duties:—

1. It will show the number of cubical and perpendicular inches of rain that fell during a given period; the precise hours to the minute, the day, and the day of the month when they fell, and the intervals of time between each; also, whether it was day or night.

2. In cases of heavy rains it will note down the times of their commencement and cessation; and the descent of rain so light as not to collect into drops, and scarcely to wet, will be marked.

3. It keeps the aggregate and separate account of rain for every hour, day, week, month, or year. It spontaneously separates the weekly accounts from each other every Saturday night at twelve o'clock; and at the same hour on the termination of every month, of whatever number of days it may consist.

4. While it is raining a bell rings by distinct strokes; the intervals between which are shorter in proportion as the rain is quicker: this is for night service.

5. It registers to the 1-25th of a cubic inch.

6. It tells the day of the month, the day of the week, and the hour of the day.

7. It will register the intensity of the rain during the whole year; that is, by looking at the papers of the instrument, it will show whether it was raining fast or slow at any required time of any day, and how much so.

FRANCE.

Phantasmagoria.—In the optical deception called phantasmagoria the object increases in brightness as it diminishes in size, or as it seems to retire, till it finally merges into a luminous point—a mode of disappearance so unexpected as to destroy the illusion it is designed to produce. This defect Mr. Ritchie proposes to avoid by the following method, by which the disappearance of the objects may be rendered more in accordance with what is supposed to take place under the circumstances intended to be represented. He proposes to supply the light by a portable gas lamp, with an apparatus for increasing or diminishing the supply of gas to the burners at pleasure, which, by a particular stop-cock, might very easily be accomplished. Then, by diminishing the light gradually, the brilliancy of the figure might be reduced as it retires, its lineaments would become shadowy and obscure, and at length vanish into thin air, as it is expected a phantom would vanish.

New Theory of Medicine.—Dr. Prus, of Paris, has just published a new doctrine of medicine, in which he maintains that the study of the healthy man can never lead to the knowledge of the diseased man; that the state of health and the state of disease offer distinct phenomena; that the symptoms, seat, signs, and proper treatment of morbid affections are not disclosed by physiology, and, therefore, that physiology can never be the foundation of medicine. He subsequently examines the real utility of physiology; points out the inevitable evils which it has caused since its forced introduction into pathology, and places physiological doctrine by the side of those physical, mechanical, and chemical doctrines, the fatal influence of which is nearly universal. The art of healing, according to Dr. Prus, is founded solely on the examination and appreciation of the phenomena which attend a sick person; and

he traces them up to their primitive causes, that is, to the changes which the vital properties sustain. These properties he states to be four, viz. assimilability, contractibility, expansibility, and vital affinity.

Longevity.—M. Fourier, of the Academy of Sciences, has written an essay on the changes which have taken place in the laws of mortality in France during the last half-century. Formerly, out of 100 infants who were born, 50 died within the first two years, now only about 38 $\frac{1}{10}$ die out of the same number in that period. This striking difference in the mortality of infants is attributable to vaccination and to the improvement in the condition of the poor. In all the other stages of life the comparison is invariably in favour of the present day. Thus, formerly, of 100 children 55 $\frac{1}{10}$ died before they reached ten years of age; now only 43 $\frac{1}{10}$ die within that time: formerly, only 21 $\frac{1}{10}$ men of 100 arrived at the age of 50; now 32 $\frac{1}{10}$ arrive at that age: formerly only 15 out of 100 attained the age of 60; now it is computed that 24 attain that age. Formerly, one individual died annually out of 30; now only one dies annually out of 39. At present only one birth takes place annually in 31 persons, while formerly one took place in 25. A similar diminution occurs in marriages. Formerly the calculation was one in 111 persons; now it is only one in 135. The fertility of marriages has not, however, altered; the average product of each union is nearly four children. Although there are, in proportion to the population, fewer marriages, and fewer children born than formerly, the population rapidly increases; because a greater number of the children become men, and because a greater number of men live to old age. The greater the mortality in any country the greater the number of marriages to supply the void. In a country in which the mortality is small, the inhabitants are not so rich; they marry less frequently, because the means of obtaining employment or an establishment are fewer. If a more perfect civilization increases the population by diminishing the causes of mortality, this increase of population occasions a deprivation of morals, by being an obstacle to marriage. Thus the number of foundlings in France has been tripled since 1789.

Population.—The following is the

movement of the population in this country at the two periods; the first being calculated at an average of ten years, and the second at an average of eight:—

	In 1780.	In 1825
Population	24,800,000	30,400,000
Deaths	818,490	761,230
Births	963,200	957,970
Marriages	213,770	224,570
Natural Children	20,480	75,730

Mortality of Different Ages

	In 1780.	In 1825.
From birth to 10 yrs.	55 in 100	43 in 100
----- 50 —	78 in 100	67 in 100
----- 60 —	85 in 100	76 in 100
Proportion of Deaths	1 to 30	1 to 39
----- Births	1 to 23	1 to 55
----- Marriages	1 to 111	1 to 135

Average fertility of marriages 4 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Meridians.—The suggestion of M. de la Place on this subject is well worthy of attention. "It is very desirable," he observes, "that all the nations of Europe, instead of referring their calculations of longitude to the meridian of their principal observatory, should have some common meridian, which nature seems to have pointed out for that purpose. That agreement would introduce into the geography of the world the same uniformity that exists in its almanacks and in its arithmetic, a uniformity which, extending to the numerous objects of their mutual relations, forms various countries into an immense family." M. de la Place recommends the Peak of Teneriffe or Mont Blanc as the point through which this common meridian should pass.

Alpine Vegetation.—It has been frequently asserted that from the base of a mountain to its summit, vegetation presents in succession the same modifications which it exhibits from the equatorial base towards the polar regions; in other words, that vegetation at certain heights changes its character precisely as it does at different degrees of latitude. M. Ramond lately read to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a paper containing the result of his observations on vegetation at the summit of the Pyrenees, by which it appeared, that although Alpine and Polar vegetation possess some striking analogies, those analogies do not constitute perfect identity.

RUSSIA.

Spartacus.—M. Koler, the keeper of

the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities at St. Petersburg, has lately published a description of a number of very curious ancient medals and coins, collected by Count Romazoff during his residence in the Crimea. Among them is a remarkably fine one of Spartacus, the King of Cimmerian Bosphorus.

PALESTINE.

Geology.—Palestine is described as a country consisting chiefly of limestone, intermingled with trap rocks, according to the observations of Professor Hall, Dr. Clarke, and other naturalists. The country between Jerusalem and Jaffa is of compact limestone; and the hill on which Nazareth is built is of a grey-coloured compact limestone. The Field of Blood, mentioned in the Gospel of St. Matthew, is on a friable limestone, and David's Cave (1 Samuel xxiv) appears to be in a limestone rock. The limestone composing the Mount of Olives is in part granular; and a beautiful granular foliated limestone or marble occurs at the *grace* of Lazarus. The rocks of Mount Zion are of grey conchoidal silicious limestone. Mount Lebanon appears also to be composed of limestone, and Mount Carmel is interesting to the geologist, account of the large balls of quartz contained in the limestone; these balls have been described as petrified melons, but are merely quartz in a state of hornstone, and including layers of calcareous and crystals of quartz. The rocks about Jerusalem are all of limestone, and the numerous tombs in the neighbourhood of that city have been hewn out of hard compact limestone.

EGYPT.

Phœnician Language.—A recent letter from Turin states as follows:—"Among the numerous valuable papyri brought from Egypt by M. Demetrio Passandriuolo, are two fragments in the Phœnician language and characters. These have been examined by Abbé Michael Angelo Lanci. We learn from him that these two fragments contain 32 lines divided into two (*dimezzare linee*;) that the letters are like those of the inscription of Cirpentina, which the Professor has also illustrated; and that they confirm his corrections of the alphabet of Barthelémy. Among them are the *Gimel*, the *Teeth*, the *Phé*, and the *Koph*, which are wanting in the other, so that we have now a complete alphabet of this second kind of Phœnician.

cian writing. With respect to the contents of these fragments, it seems, though they are broken and disjointed, that they relate to the history of some kings of Egypt. They mention the city of Hanes spoken of by Isaiah, and some other places in those countries. Perhaps these fragments may be a part of the lost works of Sanconiathe. The Abbe Lanci intends to publish them."

INDIA.

Hindoo Skulls.—Mr. Paterson, of Calcutta, has examined the skulls of a great many Hindoos, and has ascertained that the head of that race of men bears the proportion of two to three to the head of a European; or, in other words, that the head of a young European, 15 years of age, is as large as that of an East Indian of 30.

NORTH AMERICA.

Wool-spinning Frame.—This frame, when put in motion by an adequate moving power, is capable of performing all the operations on wool that are usually performed by hand on the single domestic wheel, the attendant having only to join the threads as they occasionally break. It draws out the yarn, twists it, and winds it into cops; and as it draws out the yarn in a vertical direction, it is stated that it does not occupy more than one-sixth of the space required for the jenny-frame to

do the same quantity of work. The frame is provided with adjustments, so that the attendant can easily set it to spin fine or coarse, or hard, or slack-twisted yarn, according as may be desired. When once adjusted the frame produces yarn of an uniform quality, till it be thought proper to alter it. The expense of keeping the frame in repair, and the power required to work it are about the same as for jenny-frames doing the same quantity of work. A frame of 300 spindles will spin 100 lbs. of four run yarn in twelve hours, and will require two girls to attend it.

Yellow Fever.—By calculations of the effect which the yellow fever, at various periods, has produced at Charlestown, it appears that it is not equally fatal to all classes of the inhabitants. The deaths of the blacks, (who form a third part of the population,) have been only at the rate of a half per cent. while the French have lost at the rate of one, the Germans one and a half, the Dutch two, the Americans three, and the English four per cent. Generally speaking, persons of a sanguine temperament have been most in danger, for the mortality among them has amounted to a tenth, while among bilious people it has been only a fiftieth. Females have suffered much less than males.

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MARRIED.

At Calcutta, Roger Winter, Esq. to Mary Anne, third daughter of the late Dr. Bathie—At Paris, R. S. Springeour, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of

the late J. Wilson, Esq.—At Calcutta, A. D. Rice, Esq. to Jane Harriet, third daughter of the late R. Bleebynden, Esq.—At Paris, General de Kuyff, to Miss Clavering, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas J. Clavering, Bart. of Axwell-park, Durham.

DEATHS.

At Calais, aged 64, J. Petrie, Esq.—At Bremen, C. Papendick, Esq. of

Kew-green, 48 years in the service of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte—On his passage from Rangoon to Madras, aged 26, Lieut. G. B. Greene—At Prome, aged 19, W. A. Hardy, Midshipman, youngest son of the late Capt. J. Hardy, R. N.—At Penang, aged 23, J. R. Cuppage, Esq. youngest son of Lieut. General Cuppage—At Rome, the Archbishop of Ravenna—At Poonar, in the East Indies, aged 57, Col. G. B. Belasia, of the Bombay Artillery—At the Isle of France, J. Fairlie, Esq. brother

of W. Fairlie, Esq. of Winchester-street—At Deenajpore, Bengal, Norman M'Leod, Esq.—At Boulogne, H. Russell, Esq. of Hemel Hempstead Hets—At Paris, aged 67, Mr. Pinkerton, the well known author of many literary works—At Toulouse, aged 80, Madame La Perouse, widow of the celebrated naturalist—At Lishon, Senor Sebastian Jose de Carvalho, aged 49, Minister Secretary of State, and President of the Royal Treasury.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

WITH BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

February 27, a great part of the village of Kempton was destroyed by fire. No lives lost, but the destruction of property immense.

BIRTH.—At Howbury House, the lady of Capt. Polhill, of a son.

DIED.—At Bedford, the Rev. G. Kendal.

BERKSHIRE.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Abingdon, Feb. 22, to petition Parliament for the abolition of the assessed taxes.—March 3, a windmill removed from Watlington to Nettlebed, excepting the stones and wings, with the assistance of a timber carriage and 18 horses.—Feb. 25, a pullet at Datchet laid an egg weighing 5½ oz. and measuring 9 inches in length, and 7½ round. On being blown it was found to contain another egg, perfect and of the usual size.

BIRTH.—The lady of A. P. Bevan, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—At Windsor Park, Lord Strathaven, to lady Elizabeth Conyngham—W. Rowland, Esq. E. I. C.'s Medical Establishment, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late J. Taylor, Esq. of Wargrave.

DIED.—At Maidenhead, P. Lee, Esq.—At Longworth, aged 77, Alice, relict of B. Smith, Esq.—At Castle Hill Lodge, the Rev. W. Romaine, D.D.—At Reading, J. R. Dreweatt, Esq., aged 61—At Wallingford, Mrs. Moore, relict of the Rev. Dr. Moore, and sister to the Bishop of Exeter.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

DIED.—At Dorton House, aged 86, Sir John Aubrey, Bart. D.C.L. and M.P. He was the father of the House of Commons, and had sat, without intermission, in eleven successive parliaments—Mrs. Roberts, wife of Lieut. Gen. Roberts, of Wrexham Lodge—At Tingewick, Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. J. Risley, upwards of sixty years rector of the parish.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

March 7, a meeting at the Shire Hall, Cambridge, to petition Parlia-

ment for the abolition of colonial slavery.—March 15, a riot at Cambridge, between "the town and gown." With considerable difficulty the proctors, assisted by Mr. Serjeant Firth (one of the Commissioners of Assize), and Mr. Storks (the Recorder), persuaded the students to retire to their colleges.

BIRTHS.—At the Observatory, the lady of Professor Woodhouse, of twins, who lived only a few hours—At the Rectory, Soham, the lady of the Rev. W. Wilson, of a daughter.

CHESHIRE.

Feb. 27, a riot among the Macclesfield weavers, and an express dispatched to Manchester for military assistance, when a detachment of the Enniskillen Dragoons were sent to preserve the peace.—March 6, meeting of the silk weavers at Macclesfield, to petition Parliament for the repeal of the corn laws.

BIRTHS.—The lady of Sir John Colgreave, of Netherleigh House, of a son—At Plus-heaton, the Hon. Mrs. Heaton, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—E. G. Wakefield, Esq. to Ellen, only daughter of W. Turner, Esq. of Shrigley Park.

DIED.—The Rev. R. Jackson, rector of Bebbington, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county.

CORNWALL.

March 6, a numerous anti-slavery meeting at Truro, G. Thomas, Esq. the Mayor in the chair.—Feb. 17, the powder mills near Ponsnooth destroyed through the negligence of an old woman, who had been roasting potatoes in the vicinity of the works, and who had unconsciously carried a spark of fire on her clothes to the mill. Four persons were seriously injured, two of whom have since lost their lives.

BIRTHS.—At Lavinot Parsonage, the lady of the Rev. W. Clarke, of a daughter—At Penzance, the lady of the Rev. W. P. Burgess, of

a daughter.—At Bodmyn, the lady of the Rev. J. L. Buor, of a son.—The lady of G. W. F. Gregor, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.—At Penzance, Mrs. Carthew, relict of D. Carthew, Esq.—At Lustwithiel, aged 70, T. Bennett, Esq.—At Halston, the relict of J. Plomer, Esq.—At Helston, W. Trevenen, Esq. Town Clerk of the borough.

CUMBERLAND.

Feb. 26, the town of Whitehaven was visited by a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a shower of hail-stones of extraordinary dimensions. In the Castle gardens upwards of 600 panes of glass were destroyed; and at Rose Hill, the seat of M. Harley, Esq. 720 squares were demolished in the green-house.

DIED.—At Lavenby, aged 93, the Rev. T. Myers.

DERBYSHIRE.

March 14, alarming fire in the south buildings of the Corporation Silk Mills, erected in the year 1718, by Mr. John Lombe.

BIRTHS.—At Sydnope, the lady of Sir F. Darwin, of a daughter.—At Matlock, the lady of the Rev. J. Hunt, of a son.—At Tapton Grove, the lady of C. Wake, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—J. Guest, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of C. Hill, Esq.—J. Clarke, Esq. of Haigh, to Jane, only daughter of the late R. Wainwright, Esq. of Everton.

DIED.—At Green Hill, Lieut. G. Castle, R.N. He served under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, and on board the Royal Sovereign, under Lord Collingwood.—At Aldeton, the lady of G. Hall, Esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

Thomas Leddra, the Devonport calculating boy, has been appointed to the office of assistant computer to the Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain, lately filled by the celebrated George Biddar.

BIRTH.—At Oaklands, the lady of A. Saville, Esq. of a daughter.—At Rockbeare House, the lady of T. Potter, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—The Rev. R. Greenwood, Vicar of Colaton Rawleigh, to Matilda Sophia, eldest daughter of the late T. Vincent, Esq. of Calne, Wilts.

DIED.—At Exeter, aged 75, the relict of W. Sandford, Esq.—At Tiverton, aged 83, the Rev. J. Follett.—At Netherton Hall, Sir J. W. Prideaux, Bart. aged 79.

DORSETSHIRE.

Feb. 23, Henry Bankes, Esq. elected member for the county of Dorset, in the room of W. M. Pitt, Esq. who has accepted the office of steward of his Majesty's Manor of Great Hendered, Berks.

MARRIED.—The Rev. G. A. Seymour, Rector of Straton, to Susannah Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. Birch, Rector of Cheshelbourn.

DIED.—At Portland Castle, aged 65, the Rev. J. Manning.—At Lyme, aged 18, Henry, eldest surviving son of E. Long, Esq.—At Weymouth, Frances, wife of Capt. W. Beales.

DURHAM.

BIRTH.—The lady of T. Salmon, Esq. of South Shields, of a son.

DIED.—At Bishop Wearmouth, Mrs. Mary Satterton, aged 95. The offspring of which she was the mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, amount to 170; she got two new teeth three years ago.

ESSEX.

In widening the road from Colchester to London at Lexton Hill, the workmen dug up a great variety of Roman urns, containing burnt bones and ashes. In two of the urns were found two small but curious gold rings, each bearing a very minute and irregular device.

BIRTHS.—At Great Bardfield Vicarage, the lady of the Rev. J. W. Esdaile, of a son.—At Chelmsford, the lady of W. Gibson, Esq. of a son.

DIED.—Aged 72, Elizabeth, relict of Dr. G. Gregory, Vicar of Westham.—At Waltham, R. Tutnell, Esq.—At Colchester, aged 42, W. Cobbold, Esq.—At Leyton, J. Innes, Esq. aged 70.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Feb. 21, a meeting holden at Tewkesbury, when it was resolved to petition Parliament for leave to bring in a bill for the improvement of the river Avon, in its course through the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, and Warwick. — March 1, the Vatch Mills at Stroud nearly destroyed by fire.

BIRTHS.—At Sandhurst, the lady of the Rev. W. F. Mansel, of a daughter.—At Sandywell Park, the lady of W. L. Lawrence, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Clifton, W. K. Wait, Esq. to Frances, youngest daughter of R. N. Newman, Esq. M.D. of Thornbury Park.

DIED.—At Clibthorpe, Capt. W. J. Hamilton.—At Coln St. Dennis, aged 74, W. H. Price, Esq.—At Tewkesbury, Mary, wife of the Rev. R. Hepworth, B.A.—At Sambury, the Rev. J. J. Roberts.

HAMPSHIRE.

Feb. 23, a successful trial made at Portsmouth, of an invention of Lieut. Halahan, R. N. for running guns out, whereby considerable labour is avoided. The machinery is on the principle of a watch-spring, or the spring of a weighing machine.—The tradesmen of Southampton have come to the resolution to take no country bank-notes.

BIRTH.—At Winchester, the lady of the Rev. J. Story, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Newchurch, T. Jacques, Esq. to Susan Prestwood, daughter of the late Capt. Clayton, R.N. and grand daughter of Rear Admiral Clayton.

DIED.—At Newport, F. Worsley, Esq.—At Whitechurch, the Rev. T. Bingham, aged 70.—At Farnham, Mrs. Howe, relict of Capt. P. Howe, Royal Marines.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

March 10, four ewes, belonging to Mr. Jones, of Hereford, produced

twelve lambs; they are all alive and healthy.

BIRTHS.—At Longworth, the lady of Sir E. P. Stanhope, Bart. of a son—At Narbeth, the lady of G. Phillips, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—At Pembridge, E. Culsha, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of T. Jeffries, Esq. of the Grove.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At Hemel Hempstead, the lady of Ashley Cooper, Esq. of a son—At Barham Wood, the lady of the Hon. T. Knox, M.P. of a son.

MARRIED.—At St. Alban's, Lewin Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Dr. V. Kilby, of Watford.

DIED.—At Hemel Hempstead, Margaret, wife of E. J. Collett, Esq. M.P.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

DIED.—The Rev. J. Thompson, M.A. forty years vicar of Euston—At Hilton, aged 62, T. Withnall, Esq.

KENT.

In digging a trench in the park of Lord Sondes, at Les Court, the remains of two human skeletons and two urns were dug up.—March 5, a numerous meeting of the lauded proprietors of Kent, held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, for the purpose of declaring their hostility to the proposed Kentish Railway, and to oppose the passing of the bill about to be brought before Parliament.—March 9, the tower of Leybourn Church fell to the ground, the foundation having been incautiously undermined by some workmen employed in enlarging the vault of the Hawley family.

BIRTH.—At Chatham, the lady of Lieut. Col. Pasley, R.E. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Rochester, G. Borradaile, Esq. to Laura, daughter of G. Herbert, Esq.—B. Coleman, Esq. of Canterbury, to Ellen Catherine, youngest daughter of J. C. Disney, Esq. of the Herald's College, London.

DIED.—At Westgate, Canterbury, aged 80, the Rev. W. Chafy, Vicar of Sturry, and Rector of Swalecliffe—At Woolwich, Lieut. L. B. Wilford, of the Madras Native Infantry.

LANCASHIRE.

Feb. 20, a meeting at Liverpool, by the Associated Mercantile Bodies, decided that a deputation should proceed to London to represent to ministers the distressed state of the manufacturing districts, and to urge the propriety of affording relief by the issue of Exchequer bills.—The Deputy Lieutenants of Lancashire have voted the Earl of Derby a piece of plate, in testimony of fifty year's zealous and faithful services as Lord Lieutenant of the county.—Feb. 26, at Dimple Bar, near Bolton, the lightning nearly destroyed a barn, and struck two fine cows dead.—The estimated expense of the projected Rail-road between Liverpool and Manchester, amounts to 502,942l., the distance being 30 miles.—There are no

less than 17 mills totally stopped at Aston, on account of the workmen having turned out, in consequence of an attempted reduction of wages.

MARRIED.—The Rev. J. Radcliffe, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. King, Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and niece to the Bishop of Rochester.

DIED.—At Bolton Rectory, aged 82, the Rev. R. Dawson, L.L.B. Rector of Bolton-by-Bowland.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

March 1, the first stone of the Mausoleum, in memory of the late Duchess of Rutland, laid on Blackbury Hill, by the Duke of York.—A herring has been taken in Boston Deep, the girth of which exceeded nine inches.—There is now at Louth a female infant, six weeks of age, which weighs only 4lb. 8½ oz. The child is healthy and lively, and has a fine head of hair.

DIED.—At Allington House, aged 83, the Dowager Lady Welby, relict of Sir W. E. Welby, Bart. of Denton Hall—At Thonock Grove, Frances, only surviving daughter of the late Sir N. G. Hickman, Bart.

NORFOLK.

The measure of widening the Eau Brink Cut has been commenced.

BIRTH.—At Watlington Rectory, the lady of the Rev. E. Cobbold, of a daughter—At Yarmouth, Mrs. F. War-on, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Quiddenden, H. F. Stephenson, Esq. to Lady Mary Keppel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle.

DIED.—At Norwich, Mr. Seaman, aged 100.—The Rev. H. Hunter, Vicar of Dereham and Honing-cum-Horsey—At Lakenham, Alicia Harriet, daughter of Capt C. W. Hillier, R.N.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Feb. 21, a public meeting at the Ram Inn, to petition Parliament for an alteration of the corn laws.—The second anniversary of the Northampton Church Missionary Society, held at the County Hall, March 16.

BIRTH.—At Thornby Rectory, the lady of the Rev. N. Cotton, of a daughter.

DIED.—The Rev. D. Wauchope, Rector of Warkton and of Slipton—Henry, third son of R. Ramsden, jun. Esq. of How Hall.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

March 6; the election for M. P. closed in favour of Mr. Bell, after a warm contest of thirteen days. At the close of the poll the numbers were, for Mr. Bell, 1186; for the Hon. H. T. Liddell, 1150.

BIRTHS.—The lady of T. Walker, Esq. of a son—At Summerhill Terrace, the lady of F. Newby, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.—The Rev. W. B. Morris, M.A. Vicar of Felton, and of Cawthorne, Yorkshire.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Wellford Lodge, Lady Lucy Smith, of a son.

DIED.—At Kelham Hall, aged 74, J. M. Sutton, Esq. elder brother of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury—At Westhorpe, Juliana Elizabeth Emma, wife of the Rev. W. Claye—At East Retford, aged 48, Lieut.-Col.

Thirke, many years Magistrate for the County, and an Alderman of the Borough.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Eleventh Anniversary of the Leicester Church Missionary Association, held at the Town Hall, March 15.

BIRTH.—At Aston Vicarage, the lady of the Rev. G. Banke, of a daughter.

DIED.—At Leicester, Mr. J. Cooke; his father-in-law, who is in the 105th year of his age, walked from his residence at Co'eorton, a distance of nearly 17 miles, to be present at his funeral.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Feb. 22, Mr. Estcourt elected M. P. for the University of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Heber.

BIRTH.—The lady of the Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. Dr. Rowley, Master of University College, of a son.—At Cottisford House, the lady of W. Turner, Esq. of a daughter.

SHROPSHIRE.

MARRIED.—At Wrothen, John Donne, Esq. to Letitia, only child of J. Edwards, Esq. of Hampton Hall.—At Chetton, the Rev. A. B. Haden, jun. of Astbury, to Miss Hepinstall, daughter of the late Rev. J. Hepinstall.

DIED.—Aged 89, Mr. R. Lucas, Parish Clerk of Wolstanston for 72 years.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

March 7, a meeting of the electors of Taunton, for securing Mr. Baring's re-election.—Mr. Baily's exquisite statue of "Eve at the Fountain," has been purchased for the Bristol Museum.

BIRTH.—The lady of R. Coles, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—Colonel De La Salle, to Miss Gloun, late of Taunton.—At Bath, Sir R. Harding, Bart. to Caroline, daughter of Major-General Wulff.

BIRTH.—At Bath, J. H. Pakenham, Esq. nephew of T. Pakenham, first Lord Longford.—At Charnot Lodge, Harriet, wife of H. H. Lethbridge, Esq.—At Spring Grove, J. Andland, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County.—At Bath, Anne, wife of Major-General Dicken, of St. Tywhitt, Esq. brother of Sir T. Tywhitt, Knt.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

March 2, Anti-slavery Meeting held at Stafford.

MARRIED.—W. D. Webb, Esq. of Hageton, to Mary Anne, second daughter of H. Webb, Esq. of Forebri'de.—At Hetley, G. Foudrinier, Esq. to Jane, daughter of the late W. Harding, Esq.

DIED.—At Wolverhampton, Mrs. White, relict of the late Dr. White.—At Penny Well, Mr. W. Astbury, in the 104th year of his age.

SUFFOLK.

Feb. 27, a Meeting of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution, held at the Town Hall, G. Vaux, Esq. in the chair.—March 11, at the Dog and Partridge, Bury, a man devoured the whole of an earthen pint mug, except the handle, and would have swallowed that also, had not the person with whom he had betted a trifling wager, expressed himself perfectly satisfied!

BIRTH.—At Holbrook Hall, the lady of Capt. Job Hamner, R.N. of a daughter.—At Ipswich, the lady of W. Rodwell, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—N. Clarke, Esq. of Rye's Lodge, to Sophia, youngest daughter of G. R. Byres, Esq. of Carenham Lodge.—T. Chitty, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Eliza, fourth daughter of A. Cawston, Esq. of Shimpling Hall.

DIED.—At Regrave Hall, G. Wilson, Esq. Admiral of the Red.—At Jeklingham, E. Guilt, Esq. aged 79.—At Ipswich, aged 68, W. Colchester, Esq.

SURREY.

March 6, an Anti-slavery Meeting of the freeholders of the county, at the Spread Eagle Epom.

MARRIED.—H. J. Spurling, Esq. to Maria, fourth daughter of H. P. Spurling, Esq. of Noibury Park.—W. C. Loraine, Esq. to Eliza Mary, daughter of Sharon Turner, Esq.

BIRTH.—At Englefield Green, aged 66, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Harriet, Viscountess Warren Bulkeley.—J. Pitter, Esq. of Kenley Lodge, Coulsdon.—Aged 26, Harriet, eldest daughter of J. Morris, Esq. of East Hill, Wandsworth.—Aged 24, W. Leader, Esq. eldest son of W. Leader, Esq. M.P. of Putney Hill.—At West Horsley Place, R. P. Weston, Esq. aged 177.—At Clapham Rise, L. Wilk, Esq. aged 81.—At Croydon, W. Toulmin, Esq. many years Magistrate for the county.—At Clapham, Miss Lyon, widow of the late Dr. B. Lyon.

SUSSEX.

The bones of a species of turtle have been discovered in the chalk at Lewes; the only instance, it is believed, of the remains of this tribe of animals having been found in any of the chalk formations of England.—A new chapel is erecting in Upper Bedford-street, by Lady Huntingdon's connexion.—March 16, the foundation stone of the County Hospital was laid at Brighton by the Earl of Egremont.

BIRTH.—At Brighton, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Inglis, K.C.B. of a son.

MARRIED.—At Lewes, R. Fletcher, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late T. Dieker, Esq.

DIED.—At Brighton, Jane Catherine, wife of R. Hawkins, Esq.—Aged 74, W. Roe, Esq. of Withdean.—At Brighton, Col. W. Bulkeley.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Dr. Jenkinson, Bishop of St. David's, has consented to become Vice-President of the Welsh Society at Birmingham.

BIRTH.—At the Vicarage, Stoneleigh, the lady of the Rev. A. C. H. Morrison, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Uppingham, the Rev. T. Cox, to Mary Anne, only daughter of L. Bell, Esq.

DIED.—At Leamington, Catherine, wife of E. Graham, Esq. and eldest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Williams.—At Radway, Edmund, son of Lieut.-Col. F. S. Miller.—At Redworth, W. Page, Esq.—At Coventry, Capt. J. Ross.

WILTSHIRE.

March 2, Watson Taylor, Esq. elected M. P. for Devizes, vice B. Estcourt, Esq.

BIRTH.—At Foyat, the lady of the Rev. F. Fox, of a son.—At Donhead Rectory, the lady of the Rev. W. Donsey, of a son.

MARRIED.—N. J. Fuller, Esq. of Neston Park, to Anne Margaret, eldest daughter of the Hon. J. Brown.—At Mere, J. Newman, Esq. to Mary Jane, second daughter of J. Medlar.

Esq.—The Rev. R. Greenwood, to Matilda, eldest daughter of the late T. Vincent, Esq. of Galne.

DIED.]—At Westbury, Sarah, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Hooper—At Salisbury, the Rev. N. Berrin, thirty years pastor to the Catholic congregation.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

BIRTH.]—At Fotherthampton, the lady of the Rev. R. B. Plumple, of a son—At Avonbank, the lady of Major Genl. Marriott, of a son—At Kempsey, the lady of R. Temple, Esq. of a son.

DIED.]—At Farfield House, the relict of R. Parker, Esq.—Aged 21. Mary, only daughter of the late W. Acton, Esq. of Wolverton—At Waresley, the infant son of R. J. Peel, Esq.

YORKSHIRE.

Feb. 24, nearly 200 persons assembled in Glimshaw Park, Blackburn, whence they proceeded to the residence of W. Cart, Esq. where they destroyed the iron palisading, pulled up the shrubs, broke the windows, &c. Three of the ringleaders have been apprehended.—March 22, from the negligence of some workmen employed to repair some part of the lead-work on the roof, Rotherthain church caught fire. Owing to the prompt arrival of engines the damage has not been considerable. The church is a fine gothic structure, erected in the reign of Edward IV.

BIRTH.]—At Mount Pleasant, the lady of T. Beckett, Esq. of a daughter—At Houghton, the lady of the Hon. E. Stonston, of a son.

DIED.]—At Market Weighton, Mrs. Ann Holmes, aged 117; she had a perfect recollection of the "dark day," as she used to term the great eclipse of 1715—Aged 21. Ann, youngest daughter of J. Moorson, Esq. of Whitley.

WALES.

March 2, Fourth Anniversary Meeting of the Carmarthen Cymreigyddion Society, at the Guildhall, Carmarthen, the venerable Archdeacon Brynon in the chair.—A "Patent Slip," for the reception of vessels that require repair, has been erected by subscription at Swansea. A brig of 100 tons being placed on a cradle, may, by the present invention, by the assistance of 12 men, be raised from her situation, and conveyed inward a considerable distance.

BIRTH.]—At the Parsonage, Cardiff, the lady of the Rev. T. Stacey, M. A. of a daughter—At Llansamfrede, Monmouth, Lady Harriest Jones, of a son—At the late Vale of Clwyd, the lady of J. Bevan, Esq. of a daughter—At Narworth, the lady of G. Phillips, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Brecon, G. M. Powell, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late W. Wynter, Esq.—At St. Edm.'s, the Rev. T. Griffiths, of Treffgam, to Jane, second daughter of T. Jenkins, Esq. of Ugmaston, in the county of Pembroke—At Mothersley, M. Walter, Esq. to Miss Jennet Harries.

DIED.]—At Buckland, J. H. Gwynne, Esq. aged 73, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Brecon—Aged 26. E. Williams, Esq. of Carmarthen—At Peterstone Court, Brecon,

Eliza Maria, daughter of the Rev. T. J. Powel—Aged 18, Louisa Sophia, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Barnes, vicar of Monmouth—At Glandrogan, J. Evans, Esq.—Aged 67, at Abercarr, J. Thomas, Esq. Coroner for the county of Cardigan.

SCOTLAND.

The Town Council of Perth have resolved to petition parliament against the proposed exclusion of the small notes from Scotland.—The smack Delight, on the 27th of February, struck on a sunken vessel, off Harbrough, on her passage from London to Leith. The crew and passengers were saved, but specie to the amount of 4000l. and a valuable cargo was lost.—An Anti-Slavery Meeting holden at Bamff.—March 13, Sir James McGregor was elected Lord Rector of the College of Aberdeen, in the room of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.

BIRTH.]—At Stricken House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser of a daughter—At Dunnoter House, Lady Kennedy, of a son—At Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Glasgow, G. S. Bruce, Esq. to Christina, daughter of W. Shortridge, Esq.—At Edinburgh, C. C. Stewart, Esq. to Mary Henrietta, daughter of the late A. Wood, Esq.—At Coulton, G. Young, Esq. of Youngfield, to Patricia, eldest daughter of the Hon. W. Maule, of Panmure, M. P.

DIED.]—At Hope Park, Edinburgh, Miss Rebecca Shells—At Broughton Place, Margaret Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. D. Ritchie—At Monkwood Hill, aged 100, Mrs. Marson Curry—At Douglas, Genl. Stapleton, son of the late Sir T. Stapleton, Bart. and brother Lord Le Despencer—At Dumfries, J. Kerr, Esq. Provost of the town—At Pittenweem, Katherine, daughter of the late Sir P. Anstruther, of Balcaskie, Bart.

IRELAND.

White mulberry trees have been imported into Ireland from the south of France and Italy, to encourage the growth of the silk-worm. They are to be planted in the neighbourhood of Mallow, near Cork, and at Kenmore, in the county of Kerry.—The extensive cotton mills of Mr. Grimsbaw, at Whitehouse, near Belfast, have been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at 14,000l.

BIRTH.]—At Shippool, the lady of W. H. Harrick, Esq. of a son—At Ashborough, the lady of Major O'Dell, of a son—At the Grand Parade, Cork, the lady of Capt. Holmes, of a son—At Clonmel, the lady of Capt. D. Smith, R.E. of a daughter—At Kilkenny, the lady of the Hon. H. Butler of a son.

MARRIED.]—A. Nicholson, Esq. of Balrath, county of Meath, to Anna, daughter of the late G. L. Conyngham, Esq. of Springhill, county Derry—R. S. Ward, Esq. of Castle Ward, county Down, to Harriet Margaret, second daughter of the Rev. H. Maxwell—Lieut.-Col. F. H. Phillips, to Margaret, third daughter of J. Pallister, Esq. of Danyluogan, county of Tipperary—At Galway, the Very Rev. J. Daly, Protestant Warden of the town, to Jemima, eldest daughter of the late W. Brown, Esq.

DIND]—At Dublin, Viscount Ardee—T. M'Donnell, of Merrion-square, Dublin, aged 33—At Merville, aged 74, Lord Downes—At Whitfield, Mary Powers, aged 112: she had been a widow 70 years, enjoyed perfect health

to the day of her death, and generally assisted in milking her cows—At Ryan, the relict of the late Right Hon. R. Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry—At Dublin, Lord Viscount Netherville.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 21.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bayliss, J. and Thompson, T. Piccadilly, iron-mongers
 Childrens, C. C. Brighton, builder.
 Constantine, A. Bolton, Lancaster, shop-keeper
 Hipplesey, H. Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, brewer
 Mott, B. Liverpool, corn-dealer
 Nicholas, J. sen. and J. jun. otherwise Ranget, J. Leatherhead, Surrey, brewer.
 Skelton, C. B., M. A., and E. Southampton, stationers
 Waller, M. Gutter-lane, warehouseman
 Wood, J. Manchester, warehouseman

BANKRUPTS.

Adcock, W. and T., Birmingham, grocers
 Addis, Y. Abingdon, tailor
 Addison, G. W. Kirkleston, worsted-spinner
 Airey, J. and Aspinale, N. Liverpool, wax-boilers
 Albany, J. Ware, barge-master
 Angelley, A. Devonport, victualler
 Ariowsmith, J. Salford, carrier
 Arscott, S. Rickfastleigh, Devon, wool-dealer
 Arthington, R. N. and Birkett, R. Lancaster, bankers
 Ash-volt, J. Altringham, Chester, grocer
 Ashton, E. Ashill, Somersetshire, button-factor
 Askey, T. Hackney-road, dealer
 Austen, J. Brightelmston, Sussex, builder
 Ballin, S. Wotton under-Edge, silversmith
 Bankard, C. and Benson, W. Bradford, worsted-spinners
 Barber, J. and E. Cowper's-st., stock-broker
 Bardon, W. York, draper
 Barfoot, W. sen. and W. jun. Wimbome, Minster, timber and coal-merchants
 Barnard, T. Strand, silversmith
 Barnes, C. F. C. Brighton, Sussex, stable-keeper
 Barry, W. Bruton, banker
 Bassano, C. Jermy-street, oilman
 Bates, H. Halifax, tanner
 Bates, W. Halifax, York, woollapler
 Baxter, J. Darlington, Durham, banker
 Baxter, R. Houghton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Beale, W. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer
 Beaumont, H. Liverpool, merchant
 Beeley, J. E. and Yeomans, J. Birmingham, druggist
 Bentam, W. and Spanier, P. Old Trinity House, Water-lane, commission agents
 Bennett, B. Brighton, builder
 Benson, J. York, wine-merchant
 Bentley, D. and Hogg, J. Eccles, Lancashire, bleachers
 Birch, J. jun. Manchester, merchant
 Blogg, E. Yarmouth, grocer
 Blyth, M. Usk, shop-keeper
 Boncher, W. Birmingham, jeweller

Bonsall, R. Liverpool, timber-merchant
 Braddock, J. and Jackson, J. Moulshfield, silk-manufacturers
 Bradley, J. Liverpool, bookseller
 Benchley, J. and J. Milton, near Gravesend, distillers
 Briddon, T. Manchester, corn and provision-broker
 Brindley, J. and T. Frinsbury, Kent, and Commercial rooms Mincing-lane, ship-builders
 Brine, T. and Cheesman, W. Portsea, Southampton, brewers
 Bristow, J. and W. Worcester, curriers
 Brooksbank, W. Bradford, corn-dealer
 Broughton, C. D. and Gannett, J. J. Nantwich, bankers
 Brown, J. Liverpool, cabinet-maker
 Brown, W. and Douglas, J. Liverpool, merchants
 Browne, T. Mile-end-rd., picture-frame-maker
 Calvert, M. and Millner, G. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax spinners
 Cannon, D. Lothbury, merchant
 Capel, W. Mark-lane, merchant
 Capp, R. T. St. Dunstan's-hill, ship and insurance-broker
 Carter, J. Oxford-street, furrier
 Challenger, J. Stonehead, Newington, grocer
 Chesney, E. Liverpool, tailor
 Chesterton, J. Warwick-street, Charing cross, tailor
 Clay, T. Maclesfield, silk-throwster
 Cockle, Y. Deritend, Birmingham, leather-dresser
 Cokey, J. and P. and Fletcher, S. corn-millers
 Cook, J. Sheffield, victualler
 Cooper, E. Kingsland-road, cheesemonger
 Cooper, J. sen. and J. jun. Trowbridge, Wilts, grocer
 Cooper, S. jun. Bury St. Edmunds, hatter
 Copeland, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, grocer
 Corbett, J. Birmingham, carrier
 Connah, W. Chester, wine-merchant
 Coward, W. Southampton, dyer
 Cowper, J. Mooreside, Lancaster, cotton-spinner
 Craig, G. Allerton-st., Hoxton New Town, oil and colourman
 Crook, W. Liverpool, bleacher
 Crossley, J. Union-st., Old Broad-st., merchant
 Crosthwaite, J. F. Church-st., wine-merchant
 Cullingford, J. Parliament-street, Westminster, wine-merchant
 Curtis, S. Adde-street, warehouseman
 Curtis, T. Barne, maltster
 Curtioys, C. L. Broxbourne-mills, Hertfordshire, miller
 Cusson, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner
 Dandy, C. and M. A. Hackney-road, dealers
 Dawson, A. Huddersfield, fancy-cloth-manufacturer
 Dawson, R. Norwich, linen-draper
 Day, H. Speldhurst-st., Burton-crescent, linen-draper
 Day, W. F. Hammersmith, saddler

Dealey, C. Dursley, Gloucester, paper-maker
 Deudney, J. Grove-place, Camberwell, cheese-monger
 Dilworth, J., Arthington, R. M., and Burkett, R. Lancaster, bankers
 Dilworth, J. Lancaster, banker
 Dimock, J. Stonehouse, Gloucester, clothier
 Dix S. Cheltenham, grocer
 Dodson, N. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
 Dodsworth, T. Knaresborough, linen-manufacturer
 Donkin, Dockhead, tanner
 Drake, J. Richmond-terrace, Walworth, hop-merchant
 Eaton, R. Swansea, Glamorgan, banker
 Edmunds, J. Worcester, leather-cutter
 Elvidge, W. Nottingham, hat-manufacturer
 Evans, W. Dowgate-hill, general agent
 Fairbairn, J. F. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, auctioneer
 Fielden, J. and B. Manchester, victualler
 Fisher, T. High-street, Deptford, tailor
 Fisher, T. Leeds, factor
 Fleming, H. Fleet-street, printer
 Forbes, J. Oxford-street, druggist
 Forster, S. Manchester, tailor
 Fountain, J. Norwich, manufacturer
 Freese, P. C. Gt. Winchester-street, insurance-broker
 Fricker, C. Kingston-upon-Thames, broker
 Fulton, T. Change-alley, insurance-broker
 Gammon, J. Elder-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer
 Garnett, T. Nantwich, cheese-factor
 Gentile, H. Waleot, Somersetshire, mason
 George, S. sen. and S. jun. Bristol, sugar-refiners
 Gelling, J. Wellington, tailor
 Gleadhill, J. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Goddard, J. S. Bristol, Norfolk, inn keeper
 Gold, I. Brunswick-row, Hackney-road, tea and coffee-dealer
 Goudney, J. M. Liverpool, cabinet-maker
 Graham, J. Gloucester-st., Queen-sq., tailor
 Graham, J. Waterloo-road, upholder
 Granger, C. Sedgley, coal-master
 Green, J. Leicester street, printer
 Greener, W. Newcastle upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker
 Greenlow, W. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer
 Greenshield, T. W. Clement, Oxford, builder
 Greenwell, J. and R. Sherburn-mill, Durham, millers
 Greenwood, R. Dewsbury, and Hamerton, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, linen-draper
 Gregory, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner
 Grisdale, T. Whitehaven, Cumberland, timber-merchant
 Grueber, S. and H. Hope-mills, Wrexham, dealers
 Hall, T. and Hallows, W. P. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall factors
 Hargrave, J. Miffield, Yorkshire, corn-miller
 Harrison, J. Woodchester, Gloucester, clothier
 Hatt, W. Aldgate, jeweller
 Harvey, W. Launceston, Cornwall, banker
 Harvey, W. Belper, Derbyshire, rope-maker
 Hastings, R. Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, silver-smith
 Haynes, W. W. Neath, Glamorgan, banker
 Haywood, M. Wood-street, warehouseman
 Heaton M. Bradford, worsted-spinner
 Henesey, R. Drury-lane, timber-merchant
 Heron, J. and T. Manchester, cabinet makers
 Hewitt, N. R. Buckingham-place, engraver
 Higginbotham, T. Macclesfield, silkman
 Hill, H. and Tickell, T. Watling-street, iron-merchants
 Hill, W. Worcester, boot-maker
 Hill, W. Bow, miller

Hodson, W. Ingrow Bridge, York, worsted-stuff manufacturer
 Hoey, M. Liverpool, victualler
 Hogsdon, T. Tottenham-court-road, grocer
 Holland, E. Cheltenham, grocer
 Hood, B. Trafalgar-street, baker
 Hooper, S. Le gh, Worcester-shire, carpenter
 Horne, E. and Willan, C. Jermyn-st. milliners
 Howell, R. Ditchat, Somerset, miller
 Howes, G. H. City road, linen-draper
 Hudson, T. York, cabinet maker
 Hunt, J. and W. jun. and Winch, R. Battersea-fields, engineers and press-makers
 Hurt, G. King-street, Cheap-side, furrier
 Husband, J. Great Pulteney-st., cabinet-maker
 Hutchinson, G. Aston, Birmingham, dealer
 Isaac, J. and Roberts, J. Gray's-inn-lane, carpenters and builders
 Jackson, J. Nottingham, machine-maker
 Jackson, M. Cheltenham, grocer
 Jackson, T. Hornechurch, horse-dealer
 Jenkins, T. Cirencester, Gloucester, cheese-monger
 Johnson, A. and G. York, merchants
 Johnson, G. King Stanley, Gloucestershire, wool-broker
 Johnson, J. Smithfield-market, victualler
 Jones, J. Liverpool, hatter
 Jones, J. L. Foley-place, medicine-vender
 Jones, R. Cateaton-street, warehouseman
 Joyner, J., J. S., and Surridge, R. Romford, bankers
 Kay, R. Bury, cotton-spinner
 Keel, T. Bristol, grocer
 King, S. Poplar, boat builder
 King, S. W. and Bonnor, J. Maiden-lane, Wood-street, lacemen
 King, W. J. Battersea, turpentine-merchant
 Kinas, R. Ledbury, innkeeper
 Kingsford, J. and G. Portsea, slopsellers
 Kingsford, J. Fenchurch-street, corn and flour factor
 Lalore, S. Walton-on-the-hill, Liverpool, tanner
 Land, T. Leeds, flax-spinner
 Langdon, J. H. Commercial road, grocer
 Large, J. Cheltenham, builder
 Leach, J. Hurstbourne Priors, Southampton, corn-dealer
 Leach, S. F. and Gutteridge, W. Charles-street, Soho-square, music-sellers
 Leadley, J. Felt-r-lane, wholesale-stationer
 Lee, J. Leeds, ale-brewer
 Leech, J. Saltford, Lancashire, dyer
 Lloyd, J. Commercial road, linen-draper
 Lovekin, P. Kennington Gravel Pits, builder
 Lowe, G. Manchester, sizer
 Lowe, W. Aylsham, Norfolk, builder
 Lucas, C. London, merchant
 Luff, J. Tintern, timber-merchant
 Lunt, J. B. and R. Liverpool, soap-boilers
 McCoskey, B. Manchester, diaper
 Maine, W. Clifton-street, Finsbury, currier
 Manger, J. Great Surrey-st. cheesemonger
 Mare, J. Shelton, china-manufacturer
 Marshall, W. St. Mary-at-hill, coffee-house-keeper
 Martin, T. Liverpool, merchant
 Maynard, J. Great George-street, Westminster, wine-merchant
 Mead, W. and Maccomb, C. E. Battersea, col-lour-makers
 Mears, W. Bickenhead, hotel-keeper
 Mercer, J. and J. Eccleston, paper-makers
 Merryweather, S. Lougham, Dorsetshire, miller
 Merryweather, W. Long-acre, coach-maker
 Michell, R. Birmingham, jeweller
 Milner, G. Derby, silk-manufacturer
 Moore, J. Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, boot-maker
 Moreton, R. Derby, builder

Mott, B. Liverpool, corn-dealer
 Murton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shoemaker
 Newton, S. Manchester, plumber
 Newmach, J. Manchester, warehouseman
 Norwood, J. Swincliffe, linen-draper
 Noves, R. Great St. Andrew-street, Seven
 Dial, tallow-landlady
 Over, W. sen. Manchester, dyer
 O'Neill, A. F. and Martin, T. Liverpool, mer-
 chants
 Ormoud, J. Bradford, calico-manufacturer
 Palmer, R. Colehill, Warwickshire, maltster
 Partridge, T. Forebridge, maltster
 Pearce, S. Bighthelmsstone, stone-mason
 Penny, W. Foreham, Southampton, common-
 brewer
 Perring, R. Modbury, banker
 Petty, A. Manchester, merchant
 Petty, G. Bawtry, maltster
 Phelps, West Wycombe, Bucks, paper-manu-
 facturer
 Pigott, Norwich, grocer
 Pollard, J. Guiseley, Yorkshire, cloth-maker
 Pool, J. Brent Eleigh, Suffolk, brewer
 Pott, P. White-street, B. rough, dealer
 Potts, J. Denton hall, Cumberland, drover
 Powell, R. Bristol, mason
 Powell, T. Mary-le-bone, Piccadilly, tailor
 Pratt, H. Bombroff, J. and Goodwin, G. B.
 Leicester, dealers
 Prin, W. Spangle-place, Kent-road, carpenter
 Radley, J. Liverpool, tacein keeper
 Reynolds, J. Bread-street hill, dysalter
 Rice, J. and Harris, T. machine makers
 Riches, J. East-street, Manchester-square, boot-
 and shoe-makers
 Robinson, M. and Partridge, W. Birmingham,
 wharfingers
 Rodgers, J. and Parker, T. Oldham, iron-
 founders
 Rolls, S. P. Old Fish-street, ironmonger
 Roscow, R. Liverpool, broker
 Rowlinson, H. and McCulloch, J. jun. Liver-
 pool, merchants
 Russell, W. Lyndhurst, Southampton, maltster
 Rutherford, R. P. Shadwell High-street, drug-
 gist
 Rutland, J. Oxford-street, silversmith
 Sadler, H. and T. Oxford, grocers
 Samuel, C. White Horse-lane, Mile-end, corn-
 dealer
 Samuels, E. I. Great Prescott-street, Good-
 man's-fields, jeweller
 Sarron, H. J. St. Swinlan's-lane, dyesther
 Scholfield, Rochdale, Lancashire, brick-maker
 Schwieger, C. E. F. Modelord-court, Fen-
 church street, merchant
 Scott, G. Ratchliffe-highway, eating-house-
 keeper
 Scott, J. Birmingham, ironmonger
 Selt, J. Norwich, grocer
 Shaw, J. T., and S. Aldinondbury, York, fancy
 cloth-manufacturers
 Shillito, M. jun. Featherstone, York, corn-
 merchant
 Shute, F. and E. Crediton, woollen-manufac-
 turers
 Shuttleworth, T. and Warren, S. Stockport,
 coach-proprietors
 Simkin, C. and T. Leek, Staffordshire, mercers
 Sison, H. Carlton, Nottingham, miller
 Slater, J. and J. and Wyde, R. B. Bradshaw,
 Bolton-le-Moors, bleachers
 Smith, D. King-street, Golden-square, coach-
 manufacturer
 Smith, J. G. High-street, Southwark, cheese-
 monger
 Smith, T. Pennington, cotton-manufacturer
 Smith, T. Salford, leather-dealer
 Solomon, H. Brighton, dealer

Soper, W. Buckfastleigh, Devon, serge-maker
 Splatt, F. T. Exeter, cabinet-maker
 Stammers, J. Jermyn-street, upholsterer
 Sweetman, S. B. Camden-street, Islington,
 stock-broker
 Swindell's, J. Hyde, Cheshire, grocer
 Taylor, J. and Collinge, T. Castleton, Lanca-
 shire, roller-makers
 Thomas, J. Huddersfield, grocer
 Thomas, T. Osnaburgh-street, New-road,
 builder
 Thompson, O. Wells-row, Islington, plumber
 Tonge, T. Man. Gaster, malt and hop-dealer
 Twemlow, J. Oldham, cotton-spinner
 Volaher, H. Brighton, merchant
 Wainhouse, J. Halifax, dyer
 Wakeloid, J., W., and R. Andover, bankers
 Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer
 Walker, T. North Shields, butcher
 Warland, H. Lad-lane, silk-warehouseman
 Watson, R. Birmingham, chandler
 Webb, J. P. msey, Southampton, tanner
 Wells, J. Reading, mealman
 Whitehead, R. Norwich, dyer
 Whitehead, W. Saddleworth, woollen-manu-
 facturer
 Whiteley, R. Salford, Lancashire, grocer
 Wilkinson, W. and Mitchell, J. Keighley, York,
 worsted-spinners
 Wilkinson, W. Halifax, merchant
 Wilds, J. Husted's Mills, Yorkshire, woollen-
 cloth manufacturers
 Williams, J. Rouge-place, coffee-broker
 Williams, L. W. Globe Tavern, Fleet-street,
 tavern-keeper
 Williams, O. jun. Brooms-grove, Worcester,
 tanner
 Williams, W. Fenchurch-street, merchant
 Wilson, T. E. Frith-street, auctioneer
 Wingfield, T. Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-spinner
 Winsor, W. Ivy-Bridge, Devon, victualler
 Wood, D. H. Dean-street, Soho, coach-maker
 Wood, W. Gray's-buildings, Mary-le-bone, car-
 penter
 Woolcombe, H. Duke street, Aldgate, stock-
 broker
 Woods, J. and C. Winchester, linen-draper
 Wride, S. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Wingley, J. and Newlyn, W. Brick-lane, Spi-
 talfields, brewers
 Young, E. Wakefield, woolstapler
 Young, J. Manchester, warehouseman
 Youngman, P. Witham, bookseller

DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.

Black, J. Sligo, merchant
 Brown, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Caffall, T. Rickmansworth, mealman
 Cliffe, J. Nantwich-Willaston, cheese factor
 Corne, P. Welbeck-street, apothecary
 Evans, W. Basinghall-street, factor
 Faddy, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, unkeeper
 Gladhill, J. Oldham, cotton spinner
 Henry, A. Haydon-square, Minories, merchant
 Horne, E. and Willan, C. Jernyn-st. millners
 Kemp, C. Stoke Newington, builder
 Kent, J. K. Stepney, surveyor
 McKoskerv, B. Manchester, draper
 Macomb, C. E. Battersea, colour-maker
 Milner, J. Derby, silk-manufacturer
 Moisey, T. Easton, Northampton, baker
 Pateman, W. Arlington-street, Clerkenwell,
 plumber
 Ratchliffe, S. Mellor, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner
 Rigby, T. Church-street, Stoke Newington,
 market-gardener
 Roy, A. Newman-street, lodging-house-keeper
 Smith, T. Birmingham, silversmith

Thomas, J. Huddersfield, grocer
Turner, M. J. Clonmel, Ireland, merchant
Watson, E. Hatton, Middlesex, grocer

Wilson, T. E. Frith-street, Soho, auctioneer
Wright, W. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.

DIVIDENDS.

- Adams, J. Bristol, April 14
Adams, W. Wallingford, April 3
Ansley, J. Star-court, Bread-street, March 21
Ashton, J. and J. Liverpool, April 7
Bales, W. Newmarket, April 14
Barker, J. Sedgley, Stafford, April 8
Batger, W. New-road, St. George's East, March 4
Bignold, T. sen. Norwich, March 19
Bird, D. P. Bristol, March 22
Boardman, R. Liverpool, March 22
Bowles, W. Ogden, T. and Wyndham, G. New Sarum, and Barrow, J. Shaftesbury, April 10
Bradfield, J. London-wall, April 8
Brettell, T. Summer-hill, Staffordshire, April 12
Brewster, T. Wade's Mill, Hertford, March 25
Bridgman, J. Spicer-street, Bethnal-green, March 21
Buchanan, C. Woolwich, April 1
Burkington, T. Worcester, April 11
Bunnett, J. St. Mary Hill, April 8
Cather, W. Liverpool, March 29
Chapman, T. Stratford Mills, Essex, March 4
Clarke, S. Castle-street, April 4
Coates, S. Sunderland, March 28
Conway, J. and Davison, T. Liverpool, April 19
Cooke, C. and Booth, J. Manchester, April 4
Coulthard, J. Old City Chambers, March 18
Croose, J. Cheltenham, April 4 and 6
Crowder, T. and Perfect, H. T. March 31 and April 3
Cramp, J. Birmingham, March 14
Daves, J. Oxford-street, April 15
Dent, F. and Mannett, J. Southampton, March 14
Dicken, J. St. Stephen's-hill, Staffordshire, April 13
Dickenson, W. W. jun. and Goodall, T. Poultry, May 27
Douglas, J. and Russell, D. and W. Fleet-street, April 1
Dowding, T. Paternoster-row, April 8
Dubois, C. King-street, March 25
Dubois, J. F. and J. Alderman's-walk, March 28
Elmore, R. Birmingham, April 17
Etwell, E. Westbromwich, Staffordshire, April 8
Evans, J. Jones, J. and Davies, W. Aberystwith, Glamorganshire, March 30
Evill, L. Walcot, Somerset, April 10
Few, J. Little Downham, Cambridgeshire, April 4
Fidkin, T. Teddington, March 14
Franklin, R. Willmot-street, March 28
Freame, T. Worcester, March 29
Frost, G. Sheffield, April 10
Frost, L. Macclesfield, April 7
Fuller, W. Boston, March 25
Funston, R. Cambridge, April 27
Gilbert, C. S. Devonport, March 27
Glasier, W. R. Park-street, Westminster, March 21
Godber, G. Red Lion-street, April 1
Godwin, W. Strand, March 25
Goldscheider, J. London-wall, March 18
Goodwin, W. H. Liverpool, March 27
Graham, G. Sunderland, April 10
Greening, W. Hampstead, April 1
Greetham, T. Liverpool, March 21
Hadleigh, T. Birmingham, April 4
Haines, H. J. Jermyn-street, March 25
Halford, R. Southwark, March 14
Hamelin, P. Belmont-place, April 8
Harding, R. Chapel-street and New-road, Somers' Town, March 21
Harding, F. Portland-street, March 18
Harris, G. W. and Evans, C. Southampton, March 21
Harrison, H. A. Liverpool, April 1
Harrison, J. Kirkby Lonsdale, April 15
Harrison, J. Sandwich, Kent, May 1
Hartsinck, J. C., Hutchinson, J., and Playfair, W. Cornhill, April 1
Hatton, R. and Jackson, J. sen. Poulton with Fearnhead, Lancashire, April 5
Hawks, J. Old Jewry, April 15
Herbert, G. Sibbertoft, Northampton, April 18
Holab, C. Hastings, March 18
Holt, H. F. Cannon-row, Westminster, April 4
Hotson, J. Old City Chambers, April 8
Howell, I. Cheltenham, April 8
Humphreys, J. Harlow, Essex, March 21
Hunt, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, April 29
Huntingdon, J. Skinner-st. March 25
Hutchinson, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, April 4
Jackson, J. Dover, April 25
Jennings, J. Liverpool, March 31
Johns, H. I. Devonport, March
Jones, S. Wood-street, Cheap-side, April 15
Kilby, J. York, April 10
Kincaid, J. Spital-square, Norton Falgate, April 4
Kirk, L. Manchester, April 8
Laing, C. Wapping, April 18
Lavers, J. Kingsbridge and Buckfast, Devon, April 12
Le Comte, J. R. St. Helen's-place, April 11
Low, W. Wood-street, April 15
Lucy, J. Y. Paddington-green, March 18
Lush, J. and W. High Holborn, March 19
Marlatt, R. Pickering, Yorkshire, April 4
Marshall, J. Gray's-inn-lane, March 14
Masser, J. York, April 10
Mayer, E. and Keeling, J. Shelton, April 5
Miles, J. Old-street-road, March 14
Moore, J. Manchester, March 18
Morland, H. Dean-street, Soho, April 8
Morley, D. Cockspur-street, April 1
Morris, D. Robinson, F. and Watson, E. Liverpool, April 6
Munk, E. and Hodgskin, J. Maidstone, April 1
Newell, R. Hereford, March 20
Nicklin, E. Hulme, Lancashire, April 4
Norton, D. S. Uxbridge, March 11
Paine, T. Coventry, March 25
Parminster, G. Earl-street, Blackfriars, April 15
Penaluna, W. Helston, April 13
Penfold, E., W. M. and Springett, J. Maidstone, April 29
Perfect, G. Jun. West Malling, Kent, March 28
Phillips, F. and Cutforth, W. Goldsmith-street, April 1
Phillips, M. and H. Devonshire-street, March 29
Pine, T. and Davis, E. Maidstone, March 25
Powell, T. Goodrich, April 10
Raine, R. Size-lane, March 21

Read, J. Gospel Oak, Stafford,
April 8
Richardson, W. Horncastle,
Lincolnshire, April 6
Roberts W. Oswestry, Shrop-
shire, March 24
Roberts, W. Oswestry, April
8
Roebuck, J. Huddersfield,
April 11
Rutter, J. Whitechapel-road,
April 11
Ryland, R. and W. Savage
Gardens, May 19
Safford, S. Mettingham, Suf-
folk, April 12
Sciaccaluga, J. Old Bailey,
March 18
Selden, D. and Hynde, W. Li-
verpool, March 30, April 4
Sharp, G. Leeds, March 16
Shaw, J. W. and Elmslie,

A. W. Fenechurch-buildings,
April 15
Shuttleworth, A. and Robin-
son, G. Lincoln, April 3
Smith, G. Watling-street,
April 1
Smith, J. and Unworth, A.
Manchester, Manchester,
March 20
Smyth, H. Piccadilly, March
18
Spafford, S. Manchester,
March 25
Stevens, J. Norwich, April 6
Stewart, D. and M'Adam, W.
Trowbridge, March 21
Stillborn, J. sen. Bishop Wil-
ton, York, April 10
Tonge, G. W. R. E. I. Cham-
bers, March 15
Tuck, E. G. W. Edmonton,
April 8

Tucker, J. H. Jermyn-street,
March 25
Walker, F. Ripon, April 11
Warwick, R. Cumberland,
March 31
Watkins, R. Mount-street,
March 25
Webb, W. Salisbury-street,
Strand, April 15
Williams, D. Deptford, April
1
Williams, M. Old Bailey,
March 21
Wisdom, J. Uckfield, Sussex,
March 21
Wollerstan, J. Chichester,
March 18
Woods, J. and Williams, H.
Hastings, March 21
Varley, J. Hounsditch, April 1

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, MARCH 25, 1826.

After the 5th of April, the new regu-
lations on the part of the French govern-
ment come into operation. They will
prevent the introduction into France of
the produce of our colonies in British
ships, or even French ships, clearing out
of ports of the British dominions in Eu-
rope. The products of other countries of
Europe cannot be imported into France
in British vessels, except from the ports
of the United Kingdom.

CORRON WOOL.—The quantity last sold
consisted of 3,500 bags; particulars as
follow:—1,200 Surats, in bond, ordinary
to good, 4½d to 5½d per lb; 570 Bengals,
middling to good, 5d to 5½d; 600 Boweds,
middling to fair, 7½d to 7¾d; 850 Pernams,
middling to good, 10½d to 10¾d; 110 Para,
fair, 8½d—and by public sale, 180 Boweds,
fair to good, 7½d to 7¾. 350 bags Pernams
were sold on Tuesday last, at 10½d to
10¾d. and about 500 bags East India
Cotton at former prices.

SUGAR.—The Raw Sugar market was
pretty brisk last week, and sales were
made at an advance of 1s per cwt. Brown
Jamaica's were sold at 55s to 60s, accord-

ing to quality; middling Sugars 62s to
64s; and good 66s per cwt. Seven hhds.
fine were sold at 73s per cwt. On Friday
the market was less animated, but im-
porters were firm at the present quota-
tions. In Refined Sugars the market is
rather better supplied, but the transac-
tions are limited.

COFFEE.—In the several public sales
last week (consisting of about 650 casks
and 450 bags Plantation, 450 bags St. Do-
mingo, and 350 bags Brazil,) there was
less animation than had been manifested;
and prices of qualities suitable for ship-
ping declined 2s to 3s per cwt., and
would probably have fallen more, had
holders persevered in forcing the market.
Fine ordinary St. Domingo Coffee was
sold on Tuesday at 55s, and on Thursday
not more than 52s was offered. Good
ordinary Brazil in a sale on Friday sold
at 52s to 52s 6d, and damaged 51s to
51s 6d per cwt. Grocery qualities main-
tain their prices; good ordinary Jamaica
sold at 56s to 58s; unclean ditto 52s to
55s; middling, 78s to 81s; middling and
good middling Berbice, 80s to 90s per

cwt. Demerara 73s to 78s; good and fine ordinary, 56s to 73s per cwt.

SPIRITS.—The late determination of the distillers to reduce the price of British spirits has materially affected the price of Rum, which, with the extensive failure of a most respectable concern in the wine and spirit trade, has rendered the market very depressed, scarcely any business doing, and prices declining. Rum in bond, imperial gallon—Jamaica, 14 to 20; O. R. 22 a 30; 30 upwards.

SPICES.—Pimento is higher, and Pepper more in request; there is a brisk demand for the French market; other spices were quiet last week, and the few sales effected were at lower prices. The generality of holders continue firm in their expectation of ultimate and considerable improvement, consequently any attempt to purchase largely would quickly renovate the market. 760 bags Pimento were sold last week at 9½d to 10d per lb., and 97 packages Cloves Abony's at 2s. 3d to 2s 4d; Bourbons 1s 11d per lb.

TEA.—Since the East India Company's last sale, Boheas have advanced 3d to 4d on the sale prices; common Congou's also 1d to 1½d per lb. higher.

TOBACCO.—About 1000 hhds. Virginia Leaf and Stemmed were attempted by public sale at Liverpool ten days ago, but very few could be sold, although as low as 2½d to 3d for fair leaf was sub-

mitted to (equal here to 3½ or 3½d); on Tuesday last there appeared rather more spirit, and somewhat better sales were effected; about 600 hhds. are supposed to have been sold, this of course causes a heavy market here, although the great holders seem to be determined to keep from offering. Prices perfectly nominal.

PROVISIONS.—Good Irish Butter is in demand, from 76s to 94s. Bacon has experienced an advance of 2s per cwt.—Prices 46s to 52s.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—Baltic produce dull of sale. Y. C. Tallow is selling at 32s per cwt.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	-	60 0	Peas	-	39 ½
Rye	-	41 3	Beans	-	40 1
Barley	-	37 1	Oats	-	24 7

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	12 8	Gibraltar	31 0
Rotterdam	12 9	Leghorn	- 48 0
Antwerp	12 9	Genoa	- 43½ 0
Hamburg	37 4	Naples	- 39 0
Paris	25 40	Lisbon	- 51 0
Bordeaux	25 65	Oporto	- 51 0
Vienna	- 10 17	Rio Janeiro	45½ 0
Madrid	36½ 0	Dublin	9½ 0
Cadiz	- 36½ 0	Cork	9½ 0

PRICES OF SHARES

At the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, Stock and Share Brokers, No. 23, 'Change Alley, Cornhill.

MARCH 20, 1826.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Canals.			Insurance.		
Ashton and Oldham	200	7	Alliance	1 pm	—
Barnsley	270	11	Albion	58	2 10
Birmingham (1-8th an.)	320	12 10	Atlas	7 a 1	9
Brecknock & Abergavenny	160	9	County Fire	48	2 10
Coventry	1100	14 and ba	Cable	3	5
Gloucester	—	20	Globe	135	7
Crofton	1	—	Guardian	17	—
Derby	—	9 10	Hope	4 15	6
Dudley	95	4	Imperial Fire	102	5
Elsmere and Chester	115	3 15	Little	10 10	8
Forth and Clyde	550	20	Law Life	par	—
Glamorganshire	360	13 12 8	Norwich Union	50	1 10
Grand Junction	261	10 & 3 ba.	Rock Life	38	2
Grand Surrey	50	2	Royal Exchange (Stock) ..	260	8 p ct.
Grand Union	28	—	Mines.		
Grand Western	12	—	Anglo Mexican	20 dis	—
Grantham	190	9	Bolton	11 pm	—
Huddersfield	21	1	Brazilian (iss. at 5 pm) ..	7 dis	—
Kennet and Avon	234	1	British Iron	15 dis	—
Leicester	40	1 10	Chilian	34 dis	—
Leeds and Liverpool	400	16	Colombian (iss. at 5 pm) ..	4 dis	—
Leicester	400	16	General	2 dis	—
Leicester and Northampton ..	94	4	Hibernian	34 dis	—
Loughborough	4300	200	Pasco Peruvian	7 dis	—
Mercy and Irwell	1000	35	Potosi	—	—
Monmouthshire	210	10	Real del Monte	20 dis	—
North Walsham and Dilham ..	25	—	Rio de la Plata	6 dis	—
North	360	15	Tlalpuhahun	10 pm	—
Oxford	700	32 & ba.	United Mexican	14 dis	—
Peak Forest	140	5	Ditto New	14 dis	—
Regent's	43	—	Welch Iron and Coal	124 dis	—
Rochdale	98	4	Gas Lights.		
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	Westminster Chartered ..	54	3 10
Stafford and Worcester	800	40	Do. New	1 pm	14
Stonbridge	320	17	City	154	9 0
Stratford on Avon	40	1	Ditto New	854	5 0
Stroudwater	520	31 10	Imperial	4 dis	6 per ct.
Swansea	275	14	Phoenix	4 dis	1 7
Severn and Wye	40	2 2	General United	6 dis	—
Thames and Medway	14	—	British	12 dis	—
Thames and Severn, Red	33	1 10	Bath	12	16
Ditto, Black	—	1	Birmingham	60	4
Trent and Mersey	2000	75 & bon	Birmingham and Stafford ..	—	—
Warwick and Birmingham	265	11	Brighton	15	1 4
Warwick and Napton	220	11	Bristol	234	1 6
Wilts and Berks	5 15	—	Derby	—	5
Worcester & Birmingham	50	1 10	Isle of Thanet	4 dis	—
Docks.			Lewes	par	1 5
St. Katherine's	18 dis	4 p ct.	Liverpool	—	10
London	564	4 10 do	Maidstone	60	3
West India	185	10 do	Portable	—	—
East India	—	8 do	Richmond	par	5 pr ct.
Commercial	67	34 do	Yarmouth	par	18
Bristol	109	2 10	Miscellaneous.		
Bridges.			Australian (Agricultural) ..	9 pm	—
Southwark	7	—	Auction Mart	14	—
Ditto New 7½ per cent.	50	1 10	Annuity, British	8 dis	6 pr ct.
Vauxhall	274	1 5	Bank, Irish Provincial ..	5 dis	—
Waterloo	8	—	Canada	8 pm	—
Ditto Annuities of £8	40	1 5 4	Canal Stock, 1st class	—	4
Ditto Annuities of £7	36	1 2 2	London Com. Sale Rooms ..	20	1
Railways.			Margate Pier	190	10
Manchester and Liverpool	16 pm	—	Pearl, Colomb. (iss. at 10 p)	7 dis	—
Water-works.			— and Coral	—	—
East London	115	5 10	Revers, Interest Society ..	5 dis	—
Grand Junction	754	3	Salt, British Rock & Patent	1 pm	—
Kent	37	—	Steam, General	24 dis	16
Manchester and Salford	40	—			
South London	95	3			
West Middlesex	65	2 15			

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, From the 25th of February, to the 25th of March, 1836.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons. 1818	3 Pr. C. Red.	NaPr.C.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bill.	Consols. for acct.
25	203 1/2	41 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	95 1/2	10 1/2	227 9	7 10 dis	1 d 1 p	7 1/2
26	204 1/2	41 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	95 1/2	10 1/2	227 9	8 5 dis	2 d 1 p	7 1/2
27	204 1/2	41 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	95 1/2	10 1/2	227 9	8 5 dis	2 d 1 p	7 1/2
28	203 1/2	40 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2	225 6	3 5 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
1	201 1/2	40 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2	225 6	4 5 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
2	199 1/2	40 7/8	77 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2	225 6	5 2 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
3			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2	226 7	2 1 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
4			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 1 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
5			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 1 dis	p 2 p	7 1/2
6			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		2 d par	1 2 p	7 1/2
7			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			1 2 p	7 1/2
8			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			1 2 p	7 1/2
9			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			1 2 p	7 1/2
10			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		2 dis p	1 2 p	7 1/2
11			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		par 1 p	1 3 p	7 1/2
12			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		1 2 pm	2 4 p	7 1/2
13			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		1 2 pm	3 6 p	7 1/2
14			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		2 3 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
15			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		2 3 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
16			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		2 3 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
17			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 4 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
18			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 4 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
19			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 4 pm	4 6 p	7 1/2
20			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		3 5 pm	3 6 p	7 1/2
21			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2		1 3 pm	3 6 p	7 1/2
22			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			3 6 p	7 1/2
23			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			3 6 p	7 1/2
24			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			3 6 p	7 1/2
25			75 1/2	84 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	10 1/2			3 6 p	7 1/2

JAMES WYKENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of February to the 19th of March, 1836,

By William Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

Month.	Moon.	Therm.			Barom.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmo. Variations.		
		Rain Gauge											
		9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		16 47	38	29	72	29	93	66	74	WSW	W	Fine	Fine
21		7 39	17	47	30	06	10	66	80	W	SSW	Fine	Fine
22		49	51	47	29	85	29	89	81	WSW	SW	Cloud.	Cloud.
23		33	19	49	33	29	76	29	85	WSW	WNW	Cloud.	Cloud.
24		36	46	41	30	03	30	03	76	WNW	WSW	Fine	Fine
25		50	52	36	29	87	30	03	87	W	W		
26		41	47	41	30	26	30	28	75	W	SW		
27		15	51	1	30	16	29	06	76	WSW	SW		
28		47	54	42	30	08	30	06	82	WSW	W		
1		46	51	46	29	92	29	76	76	SW	SW		
2		50	57	47	29	65	29	62	80	SSW	SW		
3		49	49	41	29	56	29	72	89	W	SW	Rain	Fine
4		17	49	40	29	52	29	62	86	SW	WNW	Rain	Fine
5		41	49	35	29	69	30	05	75	SW	SW	Fine	Fine
6		39	46	11	30	04	29	73	75	SW	SW	Fine	Fine
7		61	54	48	29	71	29	68	89	SW	SW	Fine	Fine
8		50	56	47	29	93	29	92	88	S	S	Fine	Fine
9		55	62	46	30	02	30	15	75	S	E	Fine	Fine
10		57	66	51	30	20	30	20	70	E	E	Fine	Fine
11		47	51	12	30	18	30	24	61	SE	SE	Fine	Fine
12		49	49	35	30	31	30	32	62	E	E	Fine	Fine
13		41	47	39	30	32	30	12	75	ENE	ENE	Fine	Fine
14		45	50	41	29	85	29	83	78	SW	SW	Fine	Fine
15		46	50	35	29	73	29	84	85	W	NW	Fine	Fine
16		40	45	32	30	64	30	19	75	NE	NE	Fine	Fine
17		37	44	32	30	26	30	22	67	ENE	SSW	Fine	Fine
18		36	47	39	30	12	29	85	73	WSW	WSW	Fine	Fine
19		42	46	37	29	75	29	87	74	W	NW	Fine	Fine

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of February was 1 inch and 34-100ths.

Shackell, Arrowsmith, and Hodger, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

New Series.

No. IX.	MAY, 1826.	Vol. II.
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LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, NEW BRIDGE STREET,

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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AVIS.

"MR. LEVYSON'S compliments to the Editor of the European Magazine, and begs to acquaint him that he has now completed a circular *Gilt Plateau*, which he shall feel very happy in having the honour of submitting to his inspection."

"125, Pall Mall, 6th April, 1826."

Is this a dinner-invitation? If so, as we hope, we return compliments, and beg to know the day, and at what hour MR. LEVYSON dines. Though addressed to the Editor, it of course includes the whole establishment, and we shall all be very happy to wait upon him. Since the commencement of the *New Series*, we have never received any communication so much to our taste.

Our Man of *Gotham* is always welcome. We can never quarrel with so much good-humour. We have doubts about the *two* poems, but we shall be glad to receive his "*Orders*."

Though we cannot insert *Joanna's* Essay to prove it, we perfectly agree with her, that "*Women know best*." In wisdom, they are certainly older, for they first tasted the tree of knowledge.

Several articles received, accepted, and even promised, are necessarily delayed till next month.

We thank the Author for a copy of his "*Letter to the Right Hon. ROBERT PERL in answer to T. CAMPBELL, Esq. suggestions on a New London University*." It is, we think, a full answer and exposure, as it respects every thing vital and important to the Country in this political Speculation. It was enough to point out that the doctrines of the Christian Religion were to be dispensed with, but when the public are in addition enjoined to dismiss their objections about "*health and morality—absolute chimeras*," we view the whole as indeed "*a fearful thing*;" and we rest satisfied with the writer that "*if, through some strange infatuation, this project be ever carried into effect, it must, in the course of time, either fall itself and meet a merited oblivion, or will, by degrees, work the corruption of all those who come within its baneful influence*." p. 37.

We shall be happy to receive from G. G. B. a sample of the "*brief, pithy, pungent, or nervous*" critical remarks to which he alludes.

We are sorry that M. A. C. DE VILEY, *Chelmsford*, is angry with us. It is in our nature to be good-humoured, and we think he had no occasion to be otherwise—but it is a free country, and every man has a right (in fancy) to be as unreasonable as he pleases.

We should like *Sigma* to try the opposite tack, and do his worst, for we have no great opinion of "*his best*"—indeed, the word *best*, has gone very much out of favour with us, ever since we saw half a dozen shops in every street professing the best this, and the best that, as well as the cheapest in the World. We should never have understood how there could be so many *bests* and *cheapests*, if we had not tried and found it to be a superlative lie.

The "*Wit about Town*" is, we have no doubt, as he says it, "*the delight of all dinner parties*," but his jokes want the aid of the bottle, and the warm room—transplanted into the open air, they cease to hold up their heads. We can only venture on a brace. 1st—"A Lady of my acquaintance had a fresh set of teeth, which incommoding her so much that even vanity could not bear it, she discarded them—upon which, I said that she had cut a new set of teeth!" 2nd—"Observing that a Gentleman at a Country feast, after eating Veal, asked to be helped to some Shoulder of mutton, I said—Sir, I am sure that you can undertake nothing without success. 'Why so?' he enquired. Because, Sir, I replied, I see that you put your *Shoulder to the Wheel!* Nor ROGERS, nor any man living, ever said a better thing."

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

NOVELTIES OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

NO. I.

LA PIA, AN ITALIAN ROMANCE, BY B. SESTINI.*

Dch! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo
E riposato della lunga via
Seguitó 'l terzo spirito al secondo,
Ricorditi di me che son la Pia:
Siena mi fe': disfecemi Maremma:
Salsi colui, che' nanellata pria
Di sposando m'avea colla sua gemma.

DANTE, *Purgat. c. v.*

THE father of Italian literature, in his fanciful journey through the regions of departed souls, as he ascended the mount of Purgatory, met with a procession of repentant spirits, who were chaunting the *miserere*. Dante, by the advice of his guide, Virgil, slackened his pace, in order to listen to their lamentations. They informed him that they had all died a violent death, having remained in sin to the last hour, when they repented, and were admitted into Purgatory to expiate their errors by temporary sufferings. Three out of the number make themselves known to Dante; first Jacopo del Cassero, who had been murdered by order of Azzo of Este, Marquis of Ferrara, for having spoken against that tyrant; next Buonconte of Montefeltro, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Campaldino, where the Guibelins were defeated by the Guelphs, and whose body was carried away by the waters of a mountain torrent into the river Arno, so that his friends remained long unacquainted with his fate. Buonconte relates, in a pathetic strain, his attempt to fly, wounded as he was, from the field of battle, stain-

* *La Pia*, leggenda romantica di B. Sestini, Florence, Molini, 1825.

ing the plain with his blood, until he fell exhausted on the bank of the torrent, and crossing his arms on his breast, died in repentance, and with the name of Mary on his lips. After Buonconte's sad tale, the third spirit addresses Dante in the words we have premised to this article: "When thou shalt be restored to the world, and rested after thy wearisome journey, remember me! I am Pia: Siena gave me birth, in the Maremma I found my death; the mode of it is known to him who with his ring pledged his faith to me previous to our marriage."

These few mysterious lines are all Pia utters, whether restrained by female modesty or conscious guilt remains a doubt to the reader. Sestoni, the writer of the romance now before us, says he has taken many of the other particulars of his tale from old traditions, which he has collected in the Maremma, and from other documents worthy of faith. He is a poet of that school distinguished on the continent by the name of romantic, a school by no means new to the Italians, whose Bojardo, Ariosto, and even Dante himself, were in fact romantic poets. But with the exception of Dante, the great Italian poets took their subjects from the history or tradition of other nations, whilst their native legends remained neglected and buried in musty manuscripts, written in a barbarous prose. At last the general taste of the present age for historical records has reached beyond the Alps, the libraries have been ransacked, the chronicles of the dark and of the middle ages examined, and a few aspiring and promising writers, in imitation of the great British models in this style of composition, have chosen their subjects for novels, romances, and dramas, from the times of Italian feudality and chivalry. Thus Pellico has written his *Francesca* and his *Eufemio*; Manzoni his *Carthagena* and *Adelchi*; Grossi his *Ildegonda*; Sacchi *La Pianta de' Sospiri*; and Sestini *la Pia*, the subject of the present article.

Sestini's romance opens with a suitable description of that wild and peevish region which extends "from the mouth of the Tiber to that of the Arno," a country now waste and desert, although in the times of the ancient Etruscans it was a populous and wealthy state, in which Clusi Populonia and other cities arose over the fertile land. This region, which spreads in a curve line along the Tyrrhenian shores, and facing the southern sun, has taken its name of Maremma from its contiguity to the sea. To the east the far distant Apennines are seen towering like a gigantic amphitheatre, whilst towards the north, between blue clouds, appear the height of Volterra and San Giuliano. Towards the "tideless sea," always canopied by dark and unwholesome mists, rise, as if from the bosom of the waves, the two mountains Giglio and Argentario. The eye of the traveller loses itself in the trackless waste; ancient forests of lofty evergreen trees arrest his steps with their thick foliage; there the wolf, and

the boar, and the snake dwell, the wild majestic bull roams over the solitude, and his bellowing echoes with the roar of the surge. Such are the great features of the land; but if we look closer to details, we find ditches replete with stinky greenish water, their banks thick with noxious herbs, pools lying at the bottom of low dells, below the reach of the refreshing breeze, surrounded by yew trees and hemlock, the poisonous waters eject unwholesome vapours, and even the shepherd dog has been known to die after drinking of it.

By the side of one of these Stygian Lakes, and between its banks and the overtopping hill, was seen in times of yore a gloomy castle, whose grey walls were strengthened by towers, and defended by a ditch, over which a draw-bridge gave access to the iron gate. This was the hereditary mansion of Nello della Pietra, a man of wealth and power in the state of Siena; this mansion had been, in the days of his ancestors, under the yoke of feudal strife and oppression, the scene of many a crime, in those ferocious, gloomy, and superstitious times, which the mist of ages and the magic of poetry have endeavoured to divest in part of their repulsive features, and to gild with the pomp of fancied heroism. But let us hear our author:

“Here often foreign knights were ensnared and their ladies outraged; the chaste wife of the humble vassal was dragged by the hair within these hopeless walls, to satisfy the brutal lust of her lord; here the blood of the unsuspecting neighbour was treacherously shed at the convivial board, whilst the mercenary troubadour was paying his tribute of prostituted song to gulf triumphant.”

No where, perhaps, were the horrors of feudality more crying than in Italy, on account of the subdivision of petty states, as well as of the violence of the passions, and the refinement in satisfying them, which is peculiar to the south. The chronicles of every city in Italy, during the dark ages, from Mantua and Milan to Naples and Salerno, abound with deeds of atrocity; even during the last century, and almost in our days, feudality, although clipped of its wings, contrived at times, in the remote district of southern Italy, to fasten its fangs upon some unfortunate victim of lust or revenge.

Nello della Pietra had early obtained the hand of his countrywoman Pia, a beautiful maid of the family of Tolomei, who had refused, for his sake, the offers of several foreign knights and chiefs of fame, and had overcome the opposition of her own brother, who was averse to the match. They lived for some time in the enjoyments of mutual love, but the war, which was then raging among the Tuscan republics, obliged Nello to leave Siena for the field; the campaign turned against him and his party; they were defeated at Colle, and Nello was among those

who escaped and returned to defend the city. On the evening of his return, after having given the necessary dispositions for the defence of the walls, Nello proceeded home full of expectation to meet again his beloved Pia: he met at the door his old friend Ghino, who was used to frequent his house, and who, on being asked news of Pia, told him in a few words, that his wife, during his absence, had been untrue to him, and he pledged himself to give him ocular demonstration of her infidelity. For this purpose Nello, instead of appearing before his wife, was induced to conceal himself in the house of a neighbour which overlooked his own garden, and from whence at midnight he saw a stranger appear at the garden-gate, upon which a female, whom by the light of the stranger's lanthorn he recognizes as his wife, admitted him into the house as in perfect intelligence with him. Nello would have run to take summary vengeance on both, but Ghino had previously taken the precaution to make him swear solemnly not to utter a word to his wife about her guilt.

Nello re-entered his home in the morning; how different his home and his wife now appeared to him from what they were wont to do! He, however, dissembling his wrath, assumed a calm collected air, and availing himself of a truce that had been concluded with the enemy, proposed to visit with Pia his old castle in the Maremma. The horses being ready, Nello and his wife set off from their native city, and took the road to the unwholesome plains. The unsuspecting Pia enjoyed the wild beauties of the scene; she saw at a distance the rugged and barren rocks of Radicofani and the green hills of Montalcino surrounded by rich vineyards, like an Oasis rising in the midst of the desert, they passed the bridge of Macereto, and then reached the ferry on the dark Ombrone, a noble stream which rolls its waves through the wilderness. They left at a distance desolate Grosseto in the midst of its inhospitable and pestiferous moors, the abode of bats and snakes. Emerging from the last ridge of hills, and turning their back to the lofty mount of Santa Fiora, on the borders of the Roman States, their road lay straight towards the sea, through the most solitary part of that dreary region. Night overtook them, and they halted at a miserable hovel, where there was but one bed for the accommodation of the passengers. There Nello's firmness was nearly overcome, as he saw himself alone in the humble dwelling with his youthful and blooming bride, who looked as lovely as on the day of their marriage; he almost fancied her as innocent, and would fain have persuaded himself that his eyes had deceived him the night before in the fatal garden. But jealousy reassumed its sway over the wretched husband, he hurried away from the treacherous couch, and leaving the unconscious Pia to her slumber, he issued out in the chilly air and laid himself on

the fern, musing and weeping, doubting and raving, now gazing on the bright light of heaven, now talking to himself as a man bereft of his senses.

At the new dawn the travellers resumed their journey, and soon arrived at the castle. They were received by the surly keeper, with whom Nello withdrew to hold converse, whilst Pia believing he had come there for business of state, to raise subsidies and enlist men for the service of his country, sauntered about the sounding halls, the empty porticoes, and the grass-grown courts, gazing with youthful astonishment at the ancient armour, the ensigns and other trophies hanging from the dirty walls. Thus she spent great part of the day, whilst her lord visited every recess of the castle, without once condescending to notice her. At dinner he preserved the same silence, and when the attendant having withdrawn, Pia ventured to inquire the cause of his unusual gloom, a bitter smile was his only answer; she took up his hand, but that hand felt as icy as the hand of a corpse.

Pia retired to rest, and Nello, after taking a last look of her whilst sleeping, rode off from the castle, giving orders to the castellan to keep strict watch over her; at the same time to treat her with proper attention, and furnish her with everything necessary. In the morning Pia inquired after her husband, and was told he had gone out hunting. For three days she was kept in tormenting suspense, but when on the fourth morning she heard the keeper opening the gates, she rushed to go out, saying she would find her husband, and look herself all over the country in search of him, but she was told that she was a prisoner in the castle by Nello's command. Then it was that the horrible truth flashed before the eyes of the wretched Pia, and hope forsook her; she saw her husband thought her guilty, and that he had taken from her the means of asserting her innocence. Her lamentations, her tears, her screams, were unheeded by the hard-hearted keeper, who contented himself with spreading every day before her the food she loathed; and having provided, as he thought, for all her wants, he locked the castle and retired every evening to a hamlet which stood on the neighbouring hill, in order to avoid the night air of the plains.

It was the time of the year when the sun darts its rays most vertically on that parched earth, when not a breath of cooling breeze is felt from either north or west, when the African scirocco pervades the air, like the gust which issues from a furnace and mixes itself with the smoke of the burning stubble, when the vapours which exhale in the day out of the poisonous marshes fall at night in a deadly dew, when the few and sickly inhabitants of the plains withdrew to the hills, and even the birds and the cattle seem to shun that accursed land, and nothing is heard throughout the still and thick atmosphere but the

croaking of frogs, and the chirping of the crickets, and of the shrill cicadas, and now and then the hoarse discordant bark of the shepherd dog, left alone in the deserted barn.

Within the walls of the castle, now burning with the unwholesome heat, poor Pia, forsaken by all, pined, and felt her strength failing apace. The fiend of the land, the intemperic fever, had taken possession of her frame, and spread its deadly coils round her vitals. To torment her more, the remembrance now occurred to her of the cool springs of Pontchanda, the verdant hills, and meadows of her birth-place, the ease and luxuries of her paternal mansion, and the tender cares which had fostered her youth. Thus days, and weeks, and months passed without affording any relief to her miseries, save the certainty she felt of approaching death. One day, it was near the autumn season, when the first equinoctial clouds appear in the west, as Pia saw the sun slowly descending towards the sea, she dragged herself from her sickly couch to the window of her lofty apartment, which looked over the broad ditch below, and she perceived walking along the brink an old hermit with his wallet on his back, and tottering on towards his home, which she recollected having passed on her fatal journey. With all her remaining strength—"Miserere, holy father," she cried out, "O listen to me in the name of Him who died on the cross. I am Della Pietra's wife, here kept a prisoner; I feel myself dying, and have no one to bear my last words to him who is the cause of my death. Thou wilt see him some day; tell him I die his innocent consort and faithful servant, that I forgive him his treatment of me, and will implore for him the forgiveness of heaven, and as a sign give him this ring, which he put on my finger before the nuptial day, and as I restore it to him unchanged, thus unchanged and untouched I return him my conjugal faith."—Thus saying she cut one of her tresses, with which she tied the ring, and threw it down to the hermit, who in mute sorrow and astonishment stood listening to her, and then promised to fulfil her charge, and entreated her to trust in Him who tempers the sufferings of his creatures. But Pia heard him no longer, she felt herself fainting, withdrew from the casement, and the hermit pursued his steps homewards.

On a following evening, as the holy man was standing at the door of his humble dwelling, looking at the clouds which portended an autumnal storm, he saw a horseman riding furiously along the plain, whom on his approaching he suspected to be Pia's husband. There had been among the peasants reports of a strange horseman being seen for some time past riding every day in the direction of the castle, and when arrived on the verge of the hill, from which its turrets are perceivable, he would stop and gaze, and mutter to himself as if distracted, and then turn his horse's head again the way he had come. No one knew

where he took shelter at night, and some even fancied him to be an evil spirit incarnate.

The sky had assumed a terrific aspect, a boisterous libeccio came sweeping over the plain, big drops of rain fell, and forked lightnings flashed all around and threw a livid glare over the darkening scene. The hermit stepped to the road side to meet the strange horseman, and invited him to take shelter in his hermitage. The latter accepted it, and having put his horse under cover, entered the cell, where the old anchorite spread his humble fare before a cheering fire. The stranger looked sad and sullen, and as he sat with his eyes fixed on the hearth, the hermit related to him a tale of a hunter of that neighbourhood who had killed a beautiful domesticated stag, which had been his sole companion for years, and this, in consequence of the false suggestion of an envious sportsman, who asserted the creature to have been bitten by a mad dog. Nello, for it was he listened to the tale, at the conclusion fixed his eyes steadfastly on the hermit, who added, "This gem was hanging at the neck of the deer," showing him Pia's nuptial ring. Then taking advantage of his guest's confusion, he delivered to him Pia's message, and pleaded her cause with all the fervour religion and humanity can inspire for the oppressed. Nello wept, then stated to the holy man the ocular proof he had of his wife's guilt, which induced him to confine Pia in the castle, since which time he had never had a moment's peace, but had been wandering in the neighbourhood without object, reckless of himself and of all. The hermit having heard the tale of guilt, sighed and mused awhile, then drawing from a press the book of the Evangelists, opened it at the passage where it tells how the adulterous woman was brought to the temple by the Pharisees and placed before Jesus, and how the Divine Master answered to their insidious questions, that he who was guiltless should throw at her the first stone, and after the accusers had slunk away one after the other, and the woman stood alone with the Lord, he dismissed her in peace, telling her "to sin no more." Hardly had the hermit read the conclusion of the affecting passage when a burst of thunder shook the cell to its foundations, whilst a sea of rain fell over the lowly roof. The old man in affright repeated the litany, and Nello joined with him. At the end of the prayers the storm had abated, but they heard near the hermitage the howlings of a wolf, mixed with the neighing of a horse, and human groans. Nello rushed out and found a traveller stretched on the ground, his body dreadfully mangled by the wolf; assisted by the hermit he took him into the cell, when he saw, by the light of a torch, the countenance of his friend Ghino, pale with the agonies of death. The wounded man told Nello he had come from Siena in quest of him, in order to make reparation, if yet in time, to a much-injured

lady ; that he came to confess his treachery ; that he, Ghino, had attempted the chastity of Nello's wife during his absence, but being repulsed with scorn had revenged himself by accusing her ; that the man who was seen in the garden on the fatal night was Pia's own brother, who, being one of the leaders of the exiled faction, had come to Sienna in disguise to see his sister, once more availing himself of the truce just concluded, which circumstance Ghino having been made acquainted with, he turned it to account to bear him out in his diabolical insinuations against the guiltless Pia. That when he afterwards heard the reported fate of his victim, and that she was left to die of the fever in the Maremme, he felt such pangs of remorse, that, unable to bear them, he went to confess his crime at the foot of a confessor, who, under the most terrible denunciations, enjoined him to proceed, without delay, in quest of Nello, and reveal the truth. Ghino then had set off for the Maremme, but on approaching the hermitage was overtaken by the storm, which to avoid, he dismounted from his horse and took refuge in a cave, where he felt himself suddenly seized by the fangs of a wolf that lay there concealed, and who mangled him in that dreadful manner. Having said thus much, the wretched sinner lost the use of his voice and soon after expired, leaving Pia's husband a prey to remorse, confusion, and despair.

Before dawn Nello set off, accompanied by the hermit, hoping still to arrive in time to save Pia's life. On reaching a slope, from which the grey walls of the castle were perceivable, they saw through the opened windows numerous lights shining in the halls, and flitting to and fro, and heard a faint lengthened report of voices as if chaunting, and the distant bell of the parish church tolling its single funeral notes. On approaching nearer they descried a procession issuing from the castle, and winding slowly along the hill-path that leads to the church. The men wore the dismal hood and mask, and the foremost of the procession carried a cross wrapped in black crape. The priest came after in his white surplice and dark stole, and the sacred ritual in hand, from which he recited prayers to which the followers responded : at times he would halt, and sprinkle with holy water a bier which was borne by four men.

All this our travellers saw distinctly by the light of the torches passing before them on the brow of the hill from which they were separated by the lake. To Nello it appeared like a fearful vision, and he stood awhile rivetted to the spot. He requested the hermit to hasten and overtake the procession, and inquire the object of it, whilst he himself proceeded in the direction of the castle. The procession had now disappeared behind the rising ground, and the chaunts were hushed, as Nello rode along the beach of the gloomy lake. All was still, save the voice of a young peasant, who was working in a plantation, and singing

a ballad of the Maremma:—"How in the highlands of Apennine Lisa was weeping, expecting the return of her betrothed, who had gone to work in the plains; but the summer passed and the autumn and the winter came, and he returned not, and Lisa went in quest of him with her father, who was going down to the sea coast. And how one day, in her wearisome journey, resting herself on a stone by the road side, she was told that under that stone her lover was sleeping the sleep of death; and her father soon after went back to his native hills, but Lisa was not with him, her husband had called her to him from the tomb, and they rest together on that lone spot. Such is the fate of the Tuscan highlander, the sweat of his brows irrigates lands which in return produce death; yet among that virtuous race, he who dies in the plains whilst earning the subsistence of his wife and children, is almost an object of envy, and the tears shed on his tomb are as true as the love of his kindred: this certainty softens his pains, and sweetens even death."*

With the last vows of this mournful ditty still ringing to his heart, Nello arrived at the entrance of his castle, and found it closed; he called the keeper, but the echo alone answered his call—the mansion was mute and deserted. He threw himself from his horse to climb up the nearest way to the church on the hill; he reached first the churchyard, where he saw the village sexton filling up a grave. The body was buried uncoffined, and was covered already with earth, all, except the face. Nello gazed upon that face, and it was—Pia's. The rude earth had not yet touched its delicate outline, it appeared out like a flower lifting its head in the midst of a land overflowed; the stem and its branches lie buried in the slime, the blossom alone is seen above it.

Nello was dragged away from the grave, but to Sicna he re-

* The following two stanzas of the original will serve to give an idea of Sestini's poetical diction and rhythm:

"Nelle foreste d'Appenin superno
Lisa piangea perchè il prefisso giorno
Il desiato sposo al suol paterno
Dalla Maremma più non fea ritorno:
Scorse l'estate e ritornò l'inverno,
E nol rivide nel natio soggiorno;
Andarne volle a ricercarlo alfine
Col padre che scendeva alle marine."

"E riposando un giorno il fianco lasso
Sopra una selce al termin della via,
Detto le fù che sotto di quel sasso
L'ultimo sonno il suo fedel dormia.
Rivolse il padre ai patrii colli il passo,
Ma non avea la figlia in compagnia,
Che dalla tomba la chiamò lo sposo,
E in quella ricongiunti hanno riposo."

turned not; he shut himself up to do penance within the walls where his victim had expired, thence entreaties of friends or kinsmen could not remove him; but when many months after the trumpet of war was heard again through the land, Della Pietra remembered his country, and thinking of finding a better death in its defence, he attempted to mount again his steed, but he was unable to proceed beyond the hills that encircle those fatal plains. The hand of death was upon him, the climate slowly but surely had avenged the murdered Pia; Nello was taken back to the castle, and thence one summer morning his earthly frame was removed to the church on the hill, at the same hour and with the same pomp that had accompanied his Pia. He was buried with her in one grave.

Years and ages rolled over Della Pietra's dreary mansion, its battlements and walls crumbled to the ground, and at last the massive structure totally disappeared. Tradition, however, remained, and preserved the memory of Pia's sad fate among the rude inhabitants of the hills, who in their yearly migrations to the low lands fancy they hear from the ruins a voice calling Pia, whose form is said to rise at times from the bottom of the lake; and when the winds moan through the forest, a mixed sound of distant chaunting and tolling of bell is heard by the affrighted labourer; the ground around the lake is deemed accursed, and no hand dares to cultivate it.

We have thus far endeavoured to give a correct idea of Sestini's little poem, because we consider it as a fair representative of a style of composition which has met with considerable success beyond the Alps. Already Grosi's *Ildegonda*,* which preceded *La Pia* by some years, had excited much curiosity and interest. This is also one of the signs of that national feeling which, in spite of apparently untoward circumstances, has singularly revived in Italy since the peace. It is a fact that the manners, the language, and the literature of the Italians, have assumed a garb more national than they had worn for ages past. The present is for Italy a time for sober reflection, which perhaps may not be wholly thrown away upon her.

EPIGRAM.

GREECE had her hundred heroes—all are gone—
She still exists—but heroes she has none—
The climate now has done both brute and man up,
Except that wordy warrior, Colonel STANHOPE.†

PERCY VIVYAN.

* It was published first at Milan in 1820.

† Author of a mighty mass of Letters on Greece.

EDMUND BURKE AND HUMPHRY COLQUHOUN.

HUMPHRY COLQUHOUN, or, as Winnifred Jenkins would have, and his neighbours actually pronounced it, "Humferry Coun," is much less known than he ought to be. He is now, poor fellow, alike beyond our applause, or our censure, but still we think that his friends cannot fail to receive a pleasure in bestowing a passing recollection on his virtues or his eccentricities. No doubt, certain of his peculiarities may be viewed by the austere and self-denying, as of somewhat a dubious character. In truth he lived by suction. Never did a woodcock or a snipe guttle on the fenny edge of a hollow, with such exquisite delight, as Humphry, when in possession of his favourite liquid. Yet perhaps this very predilection for fluids of a particular denomination, gave that romance to his mind, and richness of imagery to his conversation, which made him be sought after by the first men of his day.

Burke often visited, as a relaxation from his parliamentary and literary labours, the then sequestered village of Luss, in Dumbartonshire, the place of Humphry's nativity, we believe, and of his residence; and seldom a day passed without some hours conversation between these celebrated men. It was not always, however, that our friend Humphry was, to use a vulgar expression, in a fit key. Great as was the elasticity of his mind, it occasionally required winding up. The strings would become loose and flaccid, and devoid of all harmony. The very outward appearance of the body seemed suited to the disorganization within. His slim figure stooped so as to afford an apparent cause of the husky suffocating articulation of the few words, which, ever and anon, the most skilful coaxing could scarce extract. His large shaggy eyebrows hung over cavities, where the eyes rolled, but without light. His limbs dragged along the ground, and his hands lay dead at the bottom of pennyless pockets. This last circumstance, it should be explained, was, according to Humphry's theory, the cause of any very serious continuance of this species of atrophy. In general the disease would have endured little longer than the time necessarily occupied in rousing from his straw pallet, shaking himself into his sorry raiment, dipping his shock head into the stream that skirts the village, and forthwith betaking himself to the "Change House." But as we live in a mercenary world, that visit was unattended with any beneficial or restorative effects, unless poor Humphry was supported by the presence of some coin of the realm—an event far from very common in his history.

Should, however, a stray sixpence have reached his coffers, then, in a period far shorter than we require to describe it, he plunged deep in the Pierian spring, and long before the "Gude

wife" began to count the "lawin," his limbs became erect, his muscles resumed their proper action, his eyes glittered, and darted fire through the long eye-brows that seemed now to curl aside from the light which sparkled beneath; his arms swung about with gesture suitable to the volubility of his tongue, and instead of a turgid and lumpish piece of scarce animated matter, you saw the presence of heart and soul.

One morning Mr. Burke had left his apartment at the manse of the excellent and hospitable clergyman of the village, and wandered forth to view the early beauties of nature. The sun had just gilded the tops of the Luss hills, and the mist in the hollows was retreating in every fantastic shape. The dew hung from the leaves, and the air was loaded with the fresh perfume of the wild flowers that opened to the light. Mr. Burke left a straggling range of huts, affording through the ruined or tottering out-houses occasional glimpses of the lake, yet dark with the shadow of the mountains. Here an old grandam thrust out her brown and wrinkled visage, and peered through the column of smoke that escaped from a fashionless aperture, the only window of the habitation—we are not quite sure whether it was not also the door. There, a daughter "sarely scant in claithing," and scared at so early a visit from "the grand English gentleman who could read and write buiks," fled at full speed, and shrieked alarm to a bevy of kilted nymphs, much more than knee deep in very indescribable tubs, whilst a set of naked urchins, clamouring round a huge wooden bowl of porridge, found no time to waste a thought on any earthly subject save that before them.

At the termination of the street stands the village church, topling over a bank washed by the river Luss, which there escapes into the lake. Just before the stream mingles its waters with those of Loch Lomond, the rapidity of its current is lost in the increased depth of the estuary; and although, if you watch the progress of the leaves and twigs which have descended from the upper grounds, you see that its course is still far from slow, yet to a casual observer the surface is motionless. A thicket of wood, almost a jungle, lines the opposite bank, blackening the current that has hollowed out the earth and gravel, and exposed the bleached roots of the trees and bushes above. On one side the lake spreads in all the magnificence of a waste of waters, which a few rock-bound islands in vain endeavour to break and confine; and on the other, the brown ascent of a rugged hill is chequered with clumps of oak and alder, or enriched with the deep green of recent pine plantations. In the distance Ben Lomond, the monarch of the territory, raises his head, and seems too busy contending with the clouds to be disturbed with the paltry occupations of men, or the pigmy scenery about him.

On a large grey stone, which, in the endeavour to level the unequal ground surrounding the church, had defied the efforts of the workmen, and exhausted the purse of the heritors, (the Scots are a very church-going race, but nothing is more disagreeable to the landed proprietors than having their pockets assessed for this or the like purposes) sat Humphry. His feet were stuck in the projecting ledges, and his knees were almost thrust up to his chin. On his head was placed, rather fiercely set, an ancient military cocked hat, which had been worn, some fifty years before, by a neighbouring laird in the German wars. Perhaps, however, a better idea will be formed of our friend, if you suppose that the beaver was elevated a considerable space above his head by a mass of uncombed, curly, grisly hair, giving a contour not unressembling the army dress of thirty years ago, when the light infantry of our marching regiments had their caps stuck on the very tip of a pinnaced and pomatumed head, like a thimble on the long and attenuated finger of an overshot maiden, pining under the wasting influence of disappointed hopes and a tell-tale looking-glass.

Humphry held in one hand a bunch of withered leaves, which every moment he threw into the stream; with the other arm, as he saw Mr. Burke, he waved him to approach. "The Reverend Doctor," he observed, with a very polite inclination of the head, "says ye'er a man of taste, Maister Burke. Will ye hae a morning drap?" and Humphry stretching down produced, from a tuft of grass, a little measure filled with his favourite beverage. "Na, na, Sir," he added, as Mr. Burke from his manner seemed disposed to decline the intended honour. "Na, na, Sir, I mean nae offence, and ye need na turn frae the stoup wi' sik disrelish. Ye are a man far aboon the common and ordinary herd wha enjoy and abuse God's blessings—a man of true taste as we awe ken. Didna ye gie a proof of it last sabbath when yon lang-winded haverell came ower frae the Clyde side wi' his gowpen of gospel in a firlet of maundrells. Lord ye sleepit like a batty-bird in the frost of winter. But, as I was saying, will ye, or will ye no pree? Its awe ane to Humphry."

"I thank you for your courtesey, Humphry," answered Mr. Burke, "but I would rather not."

"And I'm surprised at that Mr. Burke, and ye a philosopher," rejoined Humphry.

"Humphry," interrupted Mr. Burke, "I would be glad to know what your idea of a philosopher is?"

"It's easier said, Mr. Burke, what a philosopher will be."

"Well, let me hear it."

"He will be good for naething—useless as that piece withered root swecing wi' the water-run—gin he canna drink. Ane of the ends of man's creation, as we awe ken, was to drink, else why has he a burning drouth, and——?"

"But it is of the pure elements which he is to drink, Humphry, and not——."

"Then there's no a true philosopher in the range of the wide warld—onyhow atween Coll 'Turners and the brig of Dum-barton."

"Explain, Humphry—explain."

"There's no a man breathing the breath of life, or wi' a face of this warld's clay, but would see a bicker of cauld water at Auld Clootie's rather than he would taste, and ony thing stronger within airm's reach. And ye yoursel, Mr. Burke, didna gie the claret wine the byegaw when at the laird's yestreen! Troth I'm thinking it's no to the load of cauld water ye drowned yeer thairms in, that the freshness of the morning meets yeer foot-steps."

"Why, Humphry, the truth is——"

"That ye awe think like me, Mr. Burke, only ye have na the courage to avow it. Our schoolmaster is a very learned clerk, and he expounds on a Saturday night (its a real pleasure to be at his elbow) that man is a machine whilk cannot work without mental and bodily nutriment, and I would like to ken, gin the curious internals of the knock in our minister's new plaistered trance would na soon gang gyte, gin the saft and halesome ulzie were spared?"

"Well Humphry, but the clock never takes ardent spirits. In the same way——"

"And ken ye the reason, Mr. Burke? Why, there's nae man sik a gowk as to throw awa gude spirits on sik a thankless menseless stomach. Na, na, Mr. Burke, I am truly wae to see ye hae but a faint knowledge in these matters of kittle erudition—you wear ower muckle time on book lear and parliamenteering."

"Why, Humphry, I have read a good deal, although I am afraid to less purpose than I ought."

"Now," interrupted Humphry, with some importance, "I never read ony, and yet I'll put ye a question, I'll wad my allemanie beaver here, ye'll no answer. What for is it the duty of every man, wi' reasoning powers, and wha mainteens himself to be aboon the brute creation, to drink ardent, as ye call it, ardent spirits—a pure *aqua*, greatly distinct in goust and smell frae the spring water or running stream?"

"It may be gratifying to some tastes, Humphry, to pour liquid fire down the throat. But I don't see how that is to be accounted any proof of mental excellence."

"That was na what I specred, Maister Burke—ye are wandering frae the question, as ye grii folk say of ilk other in parliament. I said na a word of liquid fire; ye are mony a mile, Maister Burke, frae ony blast furnace. So try again, an ye like."

"That drinking spirits is a sign of the supremacy of man over beast; is that what you mean, Humphry?"

"Na, na, ye are asking the question now, whilk is nae right logic, I think the learned call it. But I'll no vex your understanding langer. Lord save us, ye frae Lummum, and jock fallow like wi' awe the wise men in the nation, and wha sit ilka day (when ye are in-jected) neist the laird himsell; and hae the fatted calf killed for ye where scarce ever fatted calf was killed afore; and I, poor doited, dazed, drunker Humphry, have to expleen! Well ye shall hae the mark of man's supremaey, as ye exprime it. Did ye ever see ony of the beast creation thole (excepting the monkey tribe, and they are little short of man) the smallest gout of the pure juice of the malt? fient an aye. Gin ye ever foregathered wi' sic an aye by ony chance mark the brute down as deserving a place in the catalogue of human beings. Lord, Maister Burke, I could preach an hour on the subject, but a drink is shorter than a tale;" and Humphry drained the measure, (altogether forgetting his invitation to Mr. Burke) and threw the empty jug to the ground.

"And what's mair, Mr. Burke," he continued, "can ye learn ony lesson frae this action of wine?" and he scattered some leaves on the water, and pointed to their course down the stream.

"I would like to learn the lesson," answered Mr. Burke, "and not spoil it by any impertinent remarks of mine."

"Lord save us, Mr. Burke!" anxiously replied Humphry; "I never could have expected sik a thing frae your honour—frae a gentleman of sik courtesy. I would hae deserved it, gin I had met it."

"I mean nothing."

"Very common wi' folks frae the warld. Its a mark atween yeer Hill and yeer Lowland gentry. But whv no let me gang straight on wi' my thread. That water ye see breasting ower the linn and driving through the ash roots, and garring the very aikin bushes tremmle, is man in all the vain-glory of his march through life. There ye see the stream thick wi' leaves, and auld rice, and broken stumps, and fro'—the wark's gear that he has been selling his saul to win about him—but bide a bit! What is he now?" added Humphry, after a pause, and pointing to where the river was lost in the lake; "Aye, what is he now? a drap in the grit water—his pech naked—his destiny unknown—his goods and gear scattered and held as garbage, whilk the very wild fowl turn frae scornin'. But the dark hour is the fate of us awa, rich and poor, gentle and semple;" and Humphry, under evident excitement, as his morning potation began to operate, waved his hand, and descending from his elevated posture, came close to Mr. Burke. "Am na I," he said, knitting his eyebrows, and making a struggle to overcome some emotion that was agitating his breast. "Am na

"I a fit emblem of desolation?" He again paused, and there was something so peculiar in his manner that Mr. Burke could not interrupt him. "See ye," he at length continued, "see ye that bit mailin?" and he pointed to a lovely green spot which was bright in the passing rays of the sun. "My father and my father's forbears had it, and though no so wealthy as our betters, we would na yield a foot's-breadth in independence. 'Poor but honest,' should hae been our motto. How we lost all is a lang story. Its langer how I became nigh the last of the house—the sinner aye repenting and aye offending—wha counts na kindred wi' ony but they that come to geck and laugh at poor Humphry's follies. Read ye ever the scriptures, Mr. Burke?" added Humphry eagerly. "Read ye ever the buik of holy writ?" and he grasped Mr. Burke somewhat impetuously by the hand. "It will be weel for you gin ye do, and there ye'll find written, (I canna catch the preceese words) 'He was like the grass on the house-top—nane took it in their bosom—nane, as they passed, blessed the reaper, or said, God speed the wark!'"

A moment or two passed without either party making any observation. At last Mr. Burke, who felt regret that the conversation had taken a turn, which seemed to bring distressing recollections to the old man's memory, observed with affected jocularity, "Why, Humphry, you are taking my vocation out of my hand. You are perfect master of the sublime and beautiful."

"Sublime and beautiful! What's that, Maister Burke?"

"You see it all around you, Humphry. These spreading waters—that dark prison-looking island—the grey smoke ascending from the village—the busy hum of your neighbours pouring like bees from their hives."

"That's just nature, Maister Burke?"

"It is so, Humphry."

"Oh, is that the sublime and beautiful? and I never to hae kent it! Then, Maister Burke, ye will hae singular pleasure in brushing through the heather on the brae face, and startling the whidding mawkins, and the patricks, and the auld grey covek, awakened in its cavy aneath the holan' bush. And ye will delight to see, in a luggish morn, the white line of the coming wind curling the waters, and the segs and the lillies poppling through the ripple like the young duckers at the fa' of day."

"Go on, Humphry, I beg of you, go on—I'll bribe you to go on."

"The sublime and beautiful!" repeated Humphry, thoughtfully. "Would ye like to see what I consider the sublime and beautiful? I'll no parrott other folks stories, or steal ony man's bravities; but I hae, and I'll no deny it, a taste of mine ane. Would ye like to see?"

"I would indeed."

"Then follow me;" and Humphry hastily proceeding to the beach, directed Mr. Burke to embark in a boat, and calling to a lad, who was lounging on the shore, to take the other oar, Humphry cautioned Mr. Burke to sit steady, and in a moment the boat rustled through the gravel and floated in the bay.

There are, as our readers probably know, various spots in most of the places of fashionable resort, and especially on Loch Lomond, which it is absolutely essential that modern tourists should visit and admire; and to which, he, of course, is as regularly and certainly taken, as he is sure of the fact being brought to his recollection by next day's bill. But it was not to any of these that the boat's prow was directed. Humphry said some words in Gaelic to the lad, and the little vessel, like an arrow, shot through the waves, or rather over the sleeping bosom of the lake.

"We sail as smooth as the sea bird," observed Humphry, for a moment resting on his oar.

"It is indeed a delightful morning, Humphry—our motion is hardly perceptible, and yet we are rapidly leaving those magnificent features of the scenery of this enchanting country, which the doctor pointed out to me the other night! Why so?"

"Ye dinna pin yer faith to ony particular man's sleeve, do ye, Maister Burke? Gin ye do, we had as weel about wi' the boat's head," said Humphry, pursing up his mouth.

"Far from it," answered Mr. Burke. "I merely meant to observe——"

"Just the way," interrupted Humphry hastily, "just the way wi' aye you Southrons—ye are aye meaning to observe. Now I say, Maister Burke, keep yer observes for the matter of five minutes, and then I'll stand by yer conclusions."

Mr. Burke thought it best to pass unnoticed this slight expression of displeasure—but the shade soon passed from old Humphry's brow. "I am very wrang," he said, "to bear mysell after that manner to you, sac kind and fair-spoken a gentleman. Its a pleasure to hear your comments, Maister Burke. Your words fa' like honey frae your lips."

As he spoke the little boat rapidly receded from all, that, even under the varying and unaccountable tastes of mankind, had ever been suspected of possessing any attraction on the score of beauty, and they neared, what, by common consent, was the only absolutely repulsive spot in the whole of the neighbourhood.

At a little distance lay, scarcely raised above the surface of the lake, a mishapen obscure island—the shores were fringed with seroggy Dutch myrtle and matted weeds—the inland swelled into broken moss, or stunted and starved heather tufts,

and even the few bushes that here and there gathered a wretched nutriment from the sandy soil, instead of cloathing the scene, seemed monuments of the hopeless misery of the place. The eye was even denied the relief of the view beyond, for the island rising higher than it at first promised, just reared its brow enough to close from you everything but the heavens.

"Steady, steady," exclaimed old Humphry, as, muttering some words to the boy, he ran the boat against what at first appeared to be an impenetrable black mass, and threatened instant destruction to the little barque. The boat, however, penetrated through what was only a thicket of entangled willow and stunted alder, and floated into a deep smooth basin, or we might more properly describe it, a ditch; another pull of the oar turned a point, and Mr. Burke at once saw disclosed the object of Humphry's search.

A large black iron pot hung over a bickering fire, casting a dull red glare round the spot. On the ground sprawled a knot of chubby children, hanging on the neck and tail of a shepherd's dog, roused by Mr. Burke's approach. A yellow-haired qucan was busy breaking some decayed branches over her knee, (peeping through a very crazy plaiding petticoat) and alternately pulling almost out of the embers, a sturdy infant, who, like Davie Gellatly, had a native turn towards nestling among the ashes, or screeching to a little red-haired varlet, who encouraged with malicious pleasure the little "enemy," as Scotch people call a forward child, in its dangerous amusement. An old emaciated figure, attenuated however more from inebriety than years or starvation, was eyeing a footless glass, which he had filled with a pure and sparkling fluid; while two young athletic men, with flushed cheeks and look of alarm, advanced to the party, and covered, as it were, the retreat of an individual hastily wheeling a barrel through the underwood. "Friends or no?" exclaimed the eldest of the lads.

"We'll no say or we taste, and that makes awc sicker," answered Humphry, stepping forward and taking the glass from the old man. Then first putting it to his own lips, he handed it to Mr. Burke. "Its fresh frae the Still," observed Humphry, "better never came frac maut. Now," he added, after a pause, as he saw Mr. Burke keenly contemplating the grotesque group which was gathering round him, "Now ye may brag and boast when ye sit amang the grit folk in the south, that ye *have* seen the Sublime and Beautiful!"

POETRY AND PAINTING, ANALOGY BETWEEN.

PART II.

(Conclusion.)

FROM all this it would appear, we think, that the poetical temperament admits of fewer grades and modifications than any other species of intellect ; that it is, *a priori*, stamped with a peculiar impress, and its effusions may be said to establish this truth *a posteriori*. These *postulata* once granted, involve the reason why the mind of the poet is less ductile than that of the painter, or, indeed, any other mind. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART remarks, in his letter to Dr. CURRIE, speaking of the poet BURNS, that he had “ been often struck with the *unaccountable* disparity between the general talents of the poet and the occasional inspirations of his more favoured moments.” This disparity, which is certainly observable, is *not*, however, unaccountable, if what we have said be at all the truth ; and goes, we think, to establish the superiority of the poetical over every other mind, whose powers lie in the department of the Fine Arts. The distinction, which it has been attempted to establish between novel writing and the drama, will be found, we think, to obtain as fully between poetry and painting. The few remarks which we shall offer on this head, will, we flatter ourselves, constitute a brief reply to certain speculations which have been hazarded by Dr. CURRIE, the eloquent biographer of ROBERT BURNS, upon the subject of what the Doctor has been pleased to term the “ *universality* of the poetical mind.” Sir WALTER SCOTT remarks that the novelist, in attempting the drama, fails, not so much from a want of dramatic talent, as from a deficiency of *skill* in the invention and conduct of the common mechanism of the stage. Not so much from a want of power, as of certain *habits* of mind. Now it appears to us that these provinces of literature are more widely opposed than they are generally thought to be ; and require, each, peculiar powers of mind—that is, powers balanced in peculiar relationship. Imagination is required of the geometer as well as of the poet, and yet, its process in the mind of the one is very different from what it is in that of the other. The faculties of imaginative perception, abstraction, combination, and association, belong alike to the poet and the painter ; and yet, the process of each of these faculties in the mind of the one is contrary to what it is in that of the other ; and this difference, in the *mode* of their operation, amounts to all the difference in the world—amounting, in fact, to distinct powers themselves. The dramatist may certainly be-

come a good novelist, as in the instance of Mr. MATURIN,* while the professed novelist has rarely succeeded in the drama.†

Nor is it, perhaps, very surprising. The dramatist is supposed to possess all the powers of the poet (*a priori*, at least,) and the romance, or higher novel, lies in the region of poetry; whereas to the novelist many of those powers are denied—or, at least, not given in an equal ratio, and differently tempered in the first instance. The dramatic writer, in essaying the novel, has only to call in the various powers of his mind; but the novelist, in attempting the drama, finds it necessary to exert energies to which his mind has been, comparatively, a stranger. He has been accustomed to indulge in theory and amplification; he finds it requisite to analyze and compress; he has been habituated to wander into the regions of the imagination; he is called down from his high flights to administer the differences, and lead the disordered powers of the heart.

It is not the *sensible* medium, through which the dramatist conveys his conceptions, that interferes with the mental habits of the novelist; for the latter could easily render himself familiar with this—it is that the faculties of his mind are required to exert themselves with a higher degree of vigour, more intense and more difficult to be *commanded* by him, than *restrained* by the dramatist. He has not the absorbing fire of the latter—his nice and almost intuitive insight into human character—his elastic springs of thought and feeling, that elevate and depress the sympathies as they may be plaintively or passionately touched—that “fine phrenzy” that is caught from within, lighting up the temple where inspiration sits, and which, bursting in its fullness, imparts to the surrounding atmosphere of feeling its electrifying influence. The result of what we have here said appears to be in favour rather of the *exclusiveness* than of the

* POOR MATURIN has passed away from the drama of human life, with scarce one sigh of “farewell” from those whom, we have every reason to believe, he has often delighted and astonished. Though occasionally extravagant perhaps, that is, too entirely governed by his fervid imagination, the author of “Montario” was a man of powerful and original genius. With talents that entitled him to the highest honours of the church, he was compelled to accept of an humble curacy, in which function he died, as he had lived, poor and neglected. His fate singularly exemplifies the beautiful sentiment of Lord Byron:

“When Fame’s shrill trump hath blown her latest blast,
Though long the sound—the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the Phoenix ‘midst her fires,
Exales her odours, blazes, and expires.”

† Between the faculties of combination and association, common sense would suppose that there was no difference; we beg leave to assure our readers, however, that, agreeably to the theory of metaphysics, there is a difference, and a wide one too.

“universality” of genius; but to examine further Dr. CURRIE’S theory, would lead us from our main subject. To the Doctor’s remark, however, that “the talents necessary to the construction of an *Iliad*, under different discipline and application, might have led armies to victory, or kingdoms to prosperity,” we would reply that, as nearly allied as eloquence is to poetry, (that is, as depending, like the latter, exclusively upon the faculties, and not the mechanical aptitude of the mind,) as brilliant and seductive as were the honours that awaited its achievements in the days of the Athenian Republic, and in those of the Second Cæsar at Rome, yet its triumphs and rewards, (“the most pleasing of all kinds of success,” says Goldsmith,) have never had the power of winning a single votary from the muse. The honours lavished by Augustus upon Cicero, appear to have had no attraction in the eyes of the modest Virgil, who is said to have shrunk, through excessive timidity, from the popular applauses (the most ungrateful to the delicacy of the poetic ear) of the Roman theatre. Æschylus, although he was led to defend the liberties of his country on the immortal plains of Marathon and at Salamis, was never distinguished as a soldier; and the voluptuous Horace shrunk from the terrors of the field of Philippi. Among the moderns, Otway is, perhaps, a conspicuous instance of the unliability of the poetical mind, and its inaptitude for any exertions that lie without the pale of its original bias. He served under the banners of Charles II., but soon became disgusted with the profession of arms. Cowper sunk into despondency at the bare idea of an examination before the House of Commons; and Lord Byron, at one-and-twenty, took his seat in the House of Lords—made one or two speeches that did not *go down*, and never after resumed his place. The demonstration afforded by these facts, in favour of the exclusiveness of the poetical mind, will go far, we think, in defeating any abstract reasoning upon the subject. Upon drawing to a conclusion, we beg leave to observe that, by what we have been induced to say upon this subject, we do not design any disparagement of the powers of the painter’s mind; nor do we affect to undervalue the many noble monuments attesting his genius. Of an art which has been cultivated and practised by such men as Michael Angelo, Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Reynolds, we cannot but entertain, in common with the rest of the world, a very high estimation. Of the immortal cluster of painters, who more particularly illustrate the literary annals of “old Venice,” we are told that they not unfrequently displayed their genius in the most unattractive and even disgusting representations, in which there was little of the imitation and colouring of nature—nothing to attract or please the senses—and yet the skill and fidelity of their representations was such, as to impress the mind with the most overwhelming conceptions of undefined power, and thus to

raise and stimulate the imagination with the images of the sublime. And as the ideas derived from such exhibitions of skill and power are associated with, and transferred to the subjects themselves, in which this skill and power are made manifest, these subjects, at length, become invested with all that energy and interest which still render them precious in the judgment, and gratifying to the taste of those who are capable of discerning and relishing true excellence. All this, and even more, perhaps, we are willing to admit, but still we must be allowed to follow the graduation of that scale, whereby the various kinds and degrees of talent are ascertained. Agreeably to the virtues of this philosophical mechanism, we assign to talent its proper place in the literary world, and tender to it that respect and attention to which it is entitled by such situation, and its own inherent merits. The intellectual, like the civil and moral order of society, is thus preserved by ever keeping in view those distinctions which arise as well out of person as of place; and which, properly considered, will be found to constitute the very pædium of existence. It may be remarked, further, that a taste for the higher excellencies of painting is altogether *acquired*;—this Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS himself admits. This acquired taste will, no doubt, be found necessary to a relish of the excellencies of the Fine Arts generally, in a greater or lesser degree; but poetry depends less upon this taste than any other art, we apprehend.

This acquired perception of the beauties of any art seems to imply that, before we can be qualified to judge of its merits, we must first become acquainted with those laws, in conformity to which the artist is known to found his claims to our applause and admiration. Now, *Hesiod, Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides*, lived and wrote long previous to *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, although Mr. WHARTON would persuade us that “to attempt to understand poetry, without having first digested the rules of the above treatise, would be as absurd as to pretend to a skill in geometry, without having studied Euclid.” The absurdity of the above remark merits no further comment than this: that the ingenious writer speaks of digesting rules for the understanding of poetry, which, like religion, is a mystery rather to be felt than reasoned upon. Surely, when Mr. WHARTON speaks of rules for the understanding of poetry, he must allude to the poetical *grammar* of Spondees, Iambics, and Trochees, which have not been studied since the days of the hypercritical Stagyrite. Poetry is the language of the human passions, and of a fervid and luxuriant imagination; its appeals are to the eternal sources of emotion in the heart; and what Longinus has very nobly said of one of its qualities, may well be applied to the power itself—that “it is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul.” The genius of the poet, extending over

the field of science, and embracing the whole circle of the arts, is more comprehensively intellectual than that of the painter, whose art is almost as limited in its range as is that of the sculptor.—Like the latter, it is destined to arrive sooner at perfection than poetry; and, after reaching this point, it must, perhaps, be necessarily *retrograde*, as was the case with the art of sculpture, after the production of the Grecian models, those immortal remains of classic genius, which, like the Egyptian pyramids, are, in the words of JOHNSON, “*unimitated and unimitable*.” We are far from subscribing to SCHLIGEL’s specious doctrine that, in the literary as in the natural world, there is a period of bloom and maturity, after which follows decay; but, when restricted in its application to the arts, that is, to those which are mechanical rather than intellectual, the theory of the learned German will, we think, be found to hold true. Its correctness, indeed, is exemplified in the history of the above-mentioned art of sculpture, which may be said to survive only in its offspring. The majestic genius of this classic art, after an oblivious sleep of ages, has been evoked by the inspiration of CANOVA, around whose Grecian brow the melancholy goddess has been seen to twine her last laurels, while

She looked a sadness sweeter than her smile.”

She bade her votary to emulate the achievements of the olden time, but she knew the mandate to be in vain, and with a heavy heart and mournful visage, her vacant musings may be traced among the broken columns of the Acropolis, where

“Each ivy’d arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone.”

Far otherwise is it with poetry; although some modern theorists, Dr. YOUNG among others, have ventured to maintain that the finest *matériel* of the poetical system has been expended—for genius, it may be remarked, is necessarily original; and it would be as absurd to conclude, because in the pages of HOMER, SHAKESPEARE, and MILTON, we find collected all the embellishments of which their poetry was susceptible, that nature has been thereby rendered threadbare and unprofitable, as it would be to maintain that the *Helen of Zeus* monopolises all the beauty of the female world. It was once made a question, whether, in the advancement of the human mind from barbarism to refinement, poetry be not found to constitute an *intermediate* stage? To this over-refining question the poetical history of the three last centuries, and more particularly the present, affords, we think, the fullest answer in the negative. This question, by the bye, has been absurdly examined by Mr. CAMPBELL, with a seriousness which looked as though he really imagined the object of the poet and the philosopher to be the same—namely, human improvement,

and this alone; that while the latter is busily employed in tracing the *aberration of the fixed stars*, the former should employ his pen in describing their exact aspect. That philosophy may have some influence upon poetry, it is probable, or at least possible, but it can no more retard or even weaken its powers, than those of the human mind itself. When it overthrows the latter, the former will, no doubt, fall with it—but not *till* then.

TO THE EVENING.

COME, Evening, with thy twilight beam,
And we will to some quiet stream,
And view the lengthened shadows stealing,
Of the dark eye of night revealing.
Come, Evening, from thy fairy home—
Come to my aching bosom, come!

The Orient hath called around him
His thousand lights, which now surround him :
Condensed beneath his flaming wing,
Ready at morn again to spring.
Then, Evening, from thy fairy home,
Come to my aching bosom, come!

The Moon will soon again be here,
With brow so bright and look so clear ;
Her blush is but behind the hills,
Her virgin beam upon us steals.
Then, Evening, from thy fairy home,
Come to my aching bosom, come!

The dew springs like a silver snake,
Coiling round stream, and bower, and brake ;
And on the warm enamoured gale,
I hear the night bird's tender tale.
Then, Evening, from thy fairy home,
Come to my aching bosom, come!

And we will while a gentle hour,
Of pensive thoughts and musings holy,
Watch sweet Moonlight's silver shower—
List to the bird of melancholy.
Then, Evening, from thy fairy home,
Come to my aching bosom, come!

And when the rushing clouds of night
Absorb thee in their whirlwind arms ;
Whilst gazing on the pale moonlight,
Memory will linger on thy charms.
Then, Evening, from thy fairy home,
Come to my aching bosom, come!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE HALF-PAY CLUB.

NO. I.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

SCENE.—*Club-room.**Stanley and Magennis discovered.—Wine, &c. on the table.*

Mag.—These are elegant Havannahs. I never smoked better. A few dozens of these same, let me tell you, would have been no bad things among the Pyrenees. Oh! the devil take them ravines and precipices!—at least, in winter. Sure, many is the time I've stood up to my knees in snow, an hour before daylight, on a cold November's morning, with my two ears sticking out at right angles from under my little regulation cap, as cold as cucumbers, and my nose as blue as the clear frosty sky that soon became visible above us; and all to prevent a surprise from that indefatigable fellow Soult. Oh! he's a jewel of a general! a perfect Pompey! only, somehow, our Caesar was too much for him. Come—here's both in a bumper, and old Nick fly away with the narrow-souled frump that refuses to couple 'em!—I think you were detached to San Sebastian, Harry?

Stan.—You may say that.

Mag.—Ah! those sieges are the devil! I could never thoroughly enjoy 'em, somehow. There was Badajoz now, with its ill-looking castle and ramparts! I shall never forget the bother and confusion it occasioned us. Poor Fitzgibbon! you remember him, Harry? He stuck his spoon in the wall there, and lost the number of his mess.* “Here's my watch,” says he, “send it to my mother!”—“That's what I will,” said I, and whack comes a shot from the castle—shivers it to pieces, and sets the dial-plate in the middle of my cheek here, as neatly as a clock-maker. In the field now, a Frenchman is delightful—just to my taste. He attacks like a tiger, and fights for a while like a lion; but when he finds 'tis all to no purpose, he walks off again quietly, if he can, or surrenders himself like a gentleman as he is. Oh! in the field he's a perfect angel! But when he sculks behind a wall—when he takes to his mines and his countermines—his ditches and his bedevilments—when he pops at you from a casemate, or handgrenades you from a parapet, upon my conscience, Harry, he's not quite so agreeable. He showed you fine sport at San Sebastian, I take it.

Stan.—True; and if Graham had'nt ordered our batteries to fire over the advance—

* Cant phrases for death.

Mag.—Oh! that was beautiful!—a complete master stroke! Sure Hannibal himself never—It must have been a close shave though.

Stan.—The exigence of the case, however, fully justified the measure—already had the enemy's fire thrown the advance into confusion—it wavered—casualties increased—another moment and all was lost! What was to be done? Graham, with that promptitude and energy which ever characterizes the General, at once decided. He commanded the batteries to play over the heads of our own men, and order was restored—the French driven from the breach—the troops rushed on, and the town was won. Our artillery did wonders. They never made better practice.

Mag.—They never need. An inch higher or lower on such an occasion makes a mighty difference. Where were you?

Stan.—In the sap. Assistant engineers were wanted, so I volunteered, and—

Mag.—The devil! and what possessed you to turn mudlark?

Stan.—Zeal for the service. Besides I had always a turn that way.

Mag.—Well—there's no accounting for taste. For my part, I detested the trenches—I abhorred your delving and your ditching—your pickaxes and your spades. Faith! 'tis mighty like digging your own grave—a sapper hits his pickaxe at night against a stone—it strikes fire—the enemy perceives it, and crack comes a shell from a howitzer smack into your gabion. It bursts. Mighty pleasant! what's the consequence? Why, you're dead and buried, to be sure, without the slightest opportunity of returning the compliment. Then a Frenchman—he's so cunning! At dusk now, he'll steal—steal—steal along, sir, till, by Heavens! he establishes himself unperceived upon the very edge of the sap. There he watches, as silent as a fox, and no sooner has the engineer marked out the night's work for you, and his back is turned, than, by the powers! he'll whip up the line, and set it again in a clean contrary direction; so that, after having worked four or five hours in the dark, like a parcel of scavengers, you find yourself, for your comfort, at day-break enfiladed by the nearest bastion.* Oh! confound your mud-larking, say I! there's no excitement in it at all, at all. I'll trouble you for the bottle, Henry.

Stan.—Come—I'll give you, Graham.

Mag.—With all my heart! Here's long life to his Lordship, and a happy death when it comes! Had you a snug camp at San Sebastian?

Stan.—Very. It was quite Cervantic. Behind us rose, in gentle acclivity, an amphitheatre of oaks, which furnished us at

* Jones's Sieges.

once with shelter and fuel. A plentiful stream, in whose limpid and delicious ripple a Dorothea might have laved, gurgled at our feet, and formed, in its capricious course, a little thyme-clad peninsula, crowned with pines, beneath whose refreshing shade the whole party could have picknicked. The knight, and the barber, and the curate, and Cardenio, and—

Mag.—Not forgetting jolly little Sancho, I hope, tugging at his wine-skin. Ah! that Cervantes was a hero, a brave soldier, and a great genius, every inch of him. Here's peace to his manes

Stan.—There was another spot—ah! well I remember it. How often have I smoked my cigar there, and enjoyed, after a fatiguing night in the trenches, the delicious freshness of the landscape. On the right, towards Passages, rose a lofty ridge of hills, redolent with verdure, and softening in the distance. A gentle rill murmured through the vale beneath, nourishing luxuriant pasture grounds and orchards in its progress; and, after washing with its transparent waters the picturesque village of St. Martin, finally lost itself in the lazy Gurumea. Partly in the valley, and partly on the terraces of the precipitous and wooded eminence beyond, stood the village itself, forming with its neatly built villas, and vine-clad lattices, a pleasing contrast to the dark foliage and rocky irregularity of its back ground. Yet how cheerless its avenues! how deserted its alameda.* The stately donna and the grave Hidalgo—the amorous peasant and his dark-eyed mistress no longer paced in peaceful promenade, or languished in the graceful bolero. Other sounds than the tinkling guitar and clanking castinet now broke in upon the silence of the evening, and sternly proclaimed that war and carnage, rapine and desolation, were at hand. To the left lay the town, with its outworks and citadel; the latter rising in abrupt grandeur from the sandy flat beneath, through which the Gurumea winds its course to the sea, and—

Mag.—Stop—unless you mean to embark in a transport, and describe the coast. I'm mighty apt to sleep if a person deals in poetical description. Tell me about that same convent that cost you so much. Pray were you employed as a mudlark on that occasion?

• *Stan.*—On that occasion, Sir, I made my *debut*, and afterwards assisted in throwing up the twelve gun battery in the churchyard. It was manned from the fleet, and—ha! ha! ha!

Mag.—What the devil are you laughing at?

Stan.—The eccentricities of Jack. You would have laughed yourself—laughed at the time if you had seen them, as I did, and heartily too, though under a very heavy fire, and in no

* The public walk. Almost every town and village in Spain can boast of this convenience.

mirthful mood. Ha! ha! ha! They were directed to divert the enemy—to distract his attention from the breaching battery, and how do you think they set about it?

Mag.—Why, in working the guns, to be sure. How the plague should they?

Stan.—Yes, they did work the guns, and to a pretty purpose. Instead of peppering away at the works, Jack amused himself with *funny shots*.

Mag.—*Funny shots!*

Stan.—So he called 'em.

Mag.—And what might they be?

Stan.—Why, firing at pinnacles, chimnies, wooden saints, and other harmless and fantastic objects that appeared above the ramparts.

Mag.—Ha! ha! ha! Jack for ever! He was too generous, I suppose, to aim at *persons*.

Stan.—The fact is, he was determined upon a lark, and have it he would, let it cost him what it might. The town-clock, in particular, I remember, was a favourite mark.

Mag.—They brought it down, I hope?

Stan.—Oh! of course—of course; and every wooden saint into the bargain. But it cost them dearly—their loss was enormous, as well it might—ha! ha! ha! a more merry, reckless, incorrigible set of rogues certainly never existed! No sooner was a shot discharged, than the whole party, regardless alike of the remonstrances of the artillery, and the destructive fire from the garrison, immediately jumped upon the breast-work to observe the effect; and whenever one of these said saints, or pinnacles was dismounted, three cheers announced it—the grog was served out—the old blind fiddler in the corner struck up Rule Britannia, and—at 'em again, brave boys! ha! ha! ha!

Mag.—Ha! ha! ha!

Stan.—They rendered us good service though, afterwards, when removed to the breaching battery.

Mag.—Oh! no doubt of it—no doubt of it—they're amazing fine fellows! a trifle headstrong, perhaps, but as brave as bulldogs. Only give a sailor his head, and, by the powers! he'll never turn tail. Here's Jack in a bumper!

Stan.—With all my heart! and may the union between the services never cease.

Mag.—Bravo! I'll tip you a stave on the occasion.

Stan.—Do.

SONG.—*Magennis*.

When Neptune and Mars
Have discords and jars,
Bad luck to 'em sticks like a plaister;
But when snug together,
They cordially tether,
Man alive! where's the foe they won't master?

Once, at fam'd Carthagena,
 High words rose between a
 Proud admiral and martinet, Sirs,
 Oh ! murder ! what shame
 They brought on the name
 Of England, and all for a pet, Sirs.

But when the brave Watson,
 Who won't be forgot soon,
 With Clive pull'd so well and so true, Sirs,
 They conquered the pirate,
 Who talk'd at a high rate,
 And captured his cash and his cruisers.

Oh ! then hand in hand,
 For ever we'll stand,
 And pitch foreign fops to old Davy !
 Fill a bumper—up—up—
 To the verge of your cup—
 Here's success to the Army and Navy !

Enter Chipchase, in travelling cap and cloak. Waiter following with cold meat, pickles, &c.

Mag.—Ha ! we've just drank the navy, my jewel.

Chip.—Gentlemen—

Mag. and Stan.—Hear ! hear !

Chip.—For the very handsome compliment you have paid us, accept my warmest acknowledgments, and were I not oppressed at present by an enormous appetite, I would congratulate you, at some length, on our maritime superiority—(*Bravo ! bravo !*)—and endeavour to convince you, however inadequate to the task, gentlemen—(*No ! no !*)—however inadequate to the task, gentlemen—(*Go on ! go on !*)—of the paramount necessity, in order to preserve that pre-eminence—(*Hear ! hear !*)—of immediately augmenting our force, and employing those valuable and meritorious sons of Neptune at present on the half-pay list—(*Fudge ! fudge ! including yourself, my darling, &c.*)—But, alas ! the calls of hunger are imperative. No man shall say, “I disregard them !” and, least of all, gentlemen, a lieutenant on five shillings a day, literally *impransus*, and just off a journey.—(*Bravo ! bravo ! hear ! hear !*)—Under such circumstances, I trust and hope, gentlemen, you will believe me sincere, when I say, that I am particularly happy to see—(*hear ! hear !*)—that the eatables are ready for me—(*sits at side table and eats*)—I'll be with you, lads, presently:

Mag.—Why so grave, man ?

Stan.—I was thinking of an adventure that occurred to me in the convent you mentioned. It just glanced across my memory, and—

Mag.—(*Archly.*)—Ah ! those nuns ! those nuns ! But I'm not at all surprised at you. Sure they're delicious creatures !

and I'm mighty apt to get sentimental myself when I begin to think of 'em. Only imagine now, the tender little angels sighing at you through them grates there, and asking you, with beseeching eyes, to release and pity them. Then, just as you're going to answer—"That's what I will, my jewels!" pop comes the old abbess upon you, all eyes and sharpness, hang her! like a box of needles, and spoils your sport. Yet, in spite of her bolts and her bars, her walls and her watchfulness, we flatter ourselves—eh, my darling? Formerly they had only black eyes in Spain, but since the introduction of the British, I'm told *blue* have come mightily into fashion.

Stan.—Love had no share, however, in the circumstance I alluded to. It was of a horrible, not an amatory nature—more in the style of Weber than Mozart—and with a little furbishing now, would furnish the former with an excellent incident for his next new drama.

Mag.—Is there a ghost in it?

Stan.—At least, there is an admirable opportunity of introducing one. But you shall judge—

Mag.—Ay—let us have it. I'm fond of the horrible, and always sleep with Mrs. Radcliffe under my pillow. Alexander put Homer there. But every man to his taste. Proceed.

Stan.—You must know then, that about three days after we had stormed the convent in question, and obtained possession of it, I was dispatched from the trenches about midnight, to visit a party of our sappers who were at work in the garden. Now, to accomplish this, it was necessary for me to pass entirely through the building, the vast halls and dreary avenues of which I well knew, from the carnage that had taken place within, must be completely crowded with casualties. In fact, it was a perfect charnel-house, and as I had neither light nor escort, and was, moreover, a total stranger to its mazes, you may readily imagine, under existing circumstances, I had no *particular* inclination to explore them. A soldier, Magennis, may brave death in the field—he may face him with cheerfulness, and meet him with indifference; but to hold communion with his victims—to rove among them in cool blood, and come in contact with their mutilated remains when darkness and solitude enshroud them—by my soul! he must have stronger nerves than I can boast, to endure it without shrinking.

Mag.—Or I either, by the powers! but push on—push on—I'm mighty eager to know what happened to you after you got into the building.

Stan.—The wind whistled mournfully as I entered the gloomy archway, and proceeded, with cautious tread, to penetrate into the edifice beyond, lighted occasionally on my way by the moon, which, by partially illuminating, from time to time, the surrounding objects, and again consigning them to obscurity, served but

to increase the horrors of my progress. At length, I lost myself—

Mag.—Oh! murder! murder!

Stan.—Got entangled among cells, and halls, and corridors innumerable, as dark as pitch, and how tenanted you may easily guess, from which every effort to extricate myself proved unavailing, and seemed deeper to involve me. How was I to act? To call to the working party would have instantly drawn upon them the fire from the garrison, and to remain where I was until day-light—Ugh! the idea was revolting—the very atmosphere would have stifled me. I began to get impatient—desperate—a restless, suffocating sensation seized me. I felt as if immured—buried—condemned to expire by the vapours of corruption, and rot like its denizens around me. At this crisis, half frantic with disgust, and hopeless of deliverance—when no welcome voice—no friendly ray broke in upon the hideous solitude to cheer, and to direct me—when all around was darkness and death, desolation, and despair, I heard—

Mag.—A hollow groan, of course, that's a rule on such occasions.

Stan.—No; it was the sound of a pick-axe from the party without—the most welcome sound, too, I ever heard in my life. I soon managed to open a communication with them through one of the casements, and in a few minutes I was at liberty. I wouldn't pass such another half hour again for all Peru!

Mag.—The devil doubt you, my darling—(*rings.*)

Enter Waiter.

Will you take oysters?

Stan.—Yes.

Mag.—Quick then.

Chip.—(*Bringing round his chair.*)—And grog for me.

Wait.—Directly, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Chip.—(*Lighting cigar.*)—What's the row?

Mag.—We were speaking of San Sebastian.

Chip.—You remember the Royals there?

Stan.—I do. They led the first attack, and suffered severely. They had no sooner mounted the breach (which, by the bye, they did with the utmost gallantry), than they found, to their inexpressible astonishment, a perpendicular descent of nearly thirty feet on the opposite side of the rampart.

Mag.—Whew!

Chip.—That was awkward.

Stan.—Especially as an enormous fire blazed beneath.

Mag.—By the powers! a man must rise early that outwits a Frenchman.

Chip.—They dashed through it?

Stan.—Like salamanders! but were all killed or taken in the

attempt There was one officer, in particular, I remember, of the light company, and not more than sixteen, I should think, from his appearance.

Chip—(With great interest.)—Of the light company, you say?

Stan.—Ay; he was pushing on at the head of it. You never saw a finer countenance. "Success, my hero!" said I, as he passed me in the trenches—"Forward!" was his only answer, and in less than two hours after he was found dead in the town, half way up the nearest street, Sir, and covered with wounds.

Mag.—And glory, too, that's one comfort!

Chip.—What became of his—

Stan.—He was interred by the Governor, I presume, who behaved, indeed, in the handsomest manner.—I shall always respect him for it. He returned the lad's wings* by a flag of truce, requesting they might be forwarded to his friends, with the intelligence that he had conducted himself like a zealous officer, and a brave soldier.

Mag.—That was some consolation to 'em.

Chip.—It was, Magennis. This noble fellow was my dearest friend, and I have Key's generous message engraven on my heart.

Mag.—Oh! hubbubboo! hubbubboo!—(a pause.)—Precious judies we're making of ourselves.

Enter Waiter, with oysters, &c.

Porter!

Wait.—Yes, Sir.

[Exit.

Mag.—And now, while we're astonishing the natives, my jewel, just tip us a song, will you?

Chip.—I'm not much in cue, however—hem—hem—(sings.)

"'Twas in Trafalgar's bay."

Mag.—Phoo! something funny—we're sick of that.

Chip.—Why, then—

SONG.—Chipchase.

In Portsmouth town there liv'd a maid—
At least, a maid they call'd her,
Who hated naughty men, she said,
His wicked ways appall'd her.
A steady, sober, rich marine,
A major on the station,
Was captur'd by her modest mien,
And felt love's titillation,
Oh! Polly Perkins! Prudent Polly Perkins!
He wish'd for life,
Just such a wife,
As prudent Polly Perkins!

* A species of epaulette worn by the grenadier and light companies.

Twelve tedious months, at Polly's feet,
 He made his genuflexions,
 And there most humbly did entreat,
 And hoped she'd no objections.
 "Indeed," said she, "you're monstrous bold,
 This odious subject urging—
 How often, Sir, must you be told,
 I mean to die a virgin?"
 Oh! Polly Perkins! prishish Polly Perkins!
 To fame and four,
 * And look us out,
 As does, or pick'd a gherkins!

At length our frigid fair gave way,
 And blushing, "Yes!" did falter;
 The Major came, in scarlet rai,
 To lead her to the altar.
 When, lo! a jolly Mid'night nap,
 And swore he'd take a light nap,
 Then, chucking Pol beneath the chin,
 Cries, "Lovey, where's my night-cap?"
 Oh! Polly Perkins! decaful Polly Perkins!
 Beneath her bed,
 The Major said,
 He found two caps and jerkins.

(Voice without.)

Stan.—Confound it! here's the Doctor!

Chip.—Fresh from the play, by the Lord! and if we don't escape—

Mag.—To Offley's, lads!

[*Exeunt hastily through a side door. Scene closes.*]

SONNET.

BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH.

SAD, sad, but beautiful—and calm as eve,
 When not a zephyr ripples the smooth tide—
 There she lay, pale as snow, ere yet a spot
 Has tinged its purity; oh! such a bride
 To heaven and happiness did never leave
 These realms of care to win a happier lot,
 And bloom once more with endless flowers beside!
 Her brow was still composed about her face
 A smile still hung, as if it seem'd to say,
 Mine is the holy journey, come away—
 Together realms of rapture let us trace!
 I could have gaz'd for ever; it was balm
 Amid the storms of life to catch such calm,
 And think that death might joy to find such resting-place!

Z.

THE DEAD PRIEST.

IN the summer of 1804 I departed from Dublin, to spend a month with some relations, who lived about ninety miles from that metropolis, and fifteen from the shores of the Atlantic. Born and educated in a great city—limited in my knowledge of rural life to the Dargle, the water-fall at Powerscourt, the Glen of the Downs, Leixlip, &c. &c. I looked forward to this journey with even more than those anticipations of pleasure, which change of scene generally offers to the light-hearted and bounding elasticity of early youth. Strange enough to say, I was not disappointed. Contrary to all that later experience has taught me, I found *that* occasion at least an exception to the ordinary tenor of existence. My present purpose, however, is not to give a journal of the entire period, but an account of what occurred on a single morning, while engaged on a fishing-party. My uncle, with whom I sojourned, was an eminent "brother of the angle," and in the constant habit of fishing every stream and lake within a circuit of twenty miles. One forenoon, I think it was the tenth after my arrival, he projected one of those little expeditions against the mute and peaceful inhabitants of the liquid element, in which he took such unsatiating delight. Spending his night beneath a tent like an Arab, spending his day upon the waters, and bringing up his basket at eve filled with trout, three, four, and five pounds weight; being able to boast that he had in the course of the day, played, and ultimately succeeded in gaffing, an eight pound salmon, with only three hairs and a widge-fly. These were to him more than honour, wealth, and fame, and their rehearsal at the present hour gives as much substantial comfort to his garrulous old age as if he had won the field of Waterloo, painted the Cartoons, been the architect of St. Paul's, or the Author of Waverley.

With our tent equipage, a supply of provisions, and our fishing tackle, we set off, in the cool of a July evening, for the shores of a lake about ten miles distant, and were prepared on the following morning to commence hostilities against the inhabitants of the little inland sea on whose shores we had spent the night. Grey twilight, the avant-courier of the dawn, had scarce given me an imperfect glimpse of the scenery by which I was surrounded, ere I determined to prevail on my companion to take that day's sport with no better company than the boatmen, and leave me to wander round the confines of what I looked on, in the fanciful ardour of youth, as a scene of singular beauty. When I intimated my intention of remaining on land, my venerable relative found some difficulty in appreciating my motive, declaring that it passed his comprehension totally. He could not conceive how any youngster desired better sport than to see

him giving the butt of his rod to a ten pound salmon. "Please yourself, boy," said he; "but I can tell you that some of the view-hunters that come into these regions think they see the scenery, as they call it, to much greater advantage from the water than from any other point of observation."

While deliberating which course to take, my attention was attracted by a very novel spectacle, to describe which it is necessary that I should notice the theatre of its display, and repeat a few explanatory circumstances communicated by one of our boatmen. Bora in Ulster, he was a compound of Irish and Scotch; in aspect, manners, and modes of thinking quite new to me, though frequently to be met with in that part of the country; and he was, besides, a Protestant, bred a Presbyterian, but attending the divine worship of the Established Church, none other of the reformed faith being within his neighbourhood. We had spent the night on the eastern side of a gentle and verdant declivity, whose base formed one of the sides of a small bay, the hill at the head of which appeared to have been rent in twain by some violent convulsion of nature, that had separated by a space of less than thirty yards a mass, which I have no doubt had previously formed but one hill: ~~now, however, they are two, and have been so for ages.~~ Down the valley, if such it may be called, that separates them, an angry brawling stream dashes itself with all its froth and bubble from rock to rock, until it finds peace and oblivion in the still, sleepy, glassy lake, which, like place and power to a roaring demagogue, silences his clamour and drowns his notoriety.

The rocky eminences, at each side almost beetle over the stream; and the higher of the two is called Corrig-a-thompull, (the church rock or church hill,) its summit having once been the site of a church, scarcely any vestige of which remains at present; but the burying-ground is still used, and forms the only one in that parish appropriated to Roman Catholics. At the moment of which I speak, the spot indicated to me as the church-yard, was filled not only with the ashes of the dead but with the bustling and active forms of the living. The level rays of the morning sun coming from behind the hill on whose highest point the crowd was collected, shewed at least two hundred men, and more than an equal number of women and boys. I looked in amazement, and my uncle turning to our northern boatman cried—

"Charlie Ritchie, what's the meaning of all this?"

"Heh! Sir, I'll engage ye'll now as well as I do; but may be not, faith, the news o' the countryside seldom goes up be'ant Geewagh."

"Charlie have done with your nonsense, and explain to us the meaning of this assemblage."

Thus enjoined, Charlie began —

"Why then, Sir, since ye must know it, its all about a dead priest—God be marcful to his sowl, and bad luck to the eedeots that's bodderin their brains consarnin his poor carcash."

"Charlie," replied my uncle, "I never before knew a Protestant pray for mercy on the soul of a dead man."

"Och 'God be marcful' is on'y a sayin picked up among these poor idolatrin Romans, where one hasn't an honest Prores-tan in the whole townlan to bid the time o' day to."

"Yes, yes," resumed my uncle, "but what about the dead priest? Why does not Father John, their own priest, come and quiet their folly, for he has sense and discretion, though no man sings more truly *con amore* 'a lass is good and a glass is good.'"

"Why then, Sir, is that all ye know about it? Sure its Father John himself that's dead."

"I'm heartily sorrow for it! What did Mr. Magochurty die of Charlie."

"Well I see," answered Charlie, "I must tell the whole t'ye out o' the face. Last Saturday, the warmest day that kem the year, Father John Magochurty, in a faze almost after a great booze the night before at Lady Rorke's waddin, kem doon to the lough joost fornenst ye an' ordered an' him to take a swim, (he was a great swimmer ya thin) Divil a sowl was with him but a taughran of a little boy, that was afere'd of his life to go in, and there he stood on the sand bakin on. Well the priest swimmied out far enough, and joost as he was turnin to come to the shore, he gev one skreech out to the little boy—"Oh! Kaughill! Kaughill! the cramp! the cramp!" an' doon he wint. He riz wonst but he was a gone man. They couldn't hang him for bein in the ruction six years ago, an' signs on it, he was drowned o' Saturday. Well, before an' hour the whole countryside was gathered, an' at last, with ropes, an' ropes, an' one tacklin or another, they fished up his poor carcash, an' strecked it an' laid out yonder byant in the chapple at Bow, and waked him. O' Monday evenin' he was shew there in Carrig-a-thompson. But it seems that one of his own frins kem to the funeral."

"Do you mean his relations?"

"Yiss; he was doon from Ballynaglarugh, or some o' them bleggard places up about Drumkeeran. Well o' Tuesday, that's yesterday, at the fair o' Behav'l, it was a common report, that his frins intind to com' doon till this place this blessed mornin, and take up his corpse, and carry it to the berin place where his father, and his mother, and his forebearers was planted."

"But my good friend," said I, "since it appears that he gave no directions himself respecting his place of interment, and since he has been actually buried in consecrated ground, and

amongst the deceased members of his flock, is there any such mighty matter to complain of?"

"I see, Sir," rejoined Ritchie, "that you're a stranger here. May be ye niver hard that these poor Romans (Catholics) think when a corpse is berried ony where but wi' his frins, it will rise in the night, when no one expects it, an' float through the air, coffin an' all, with a dale o' clay all round it, an' make a nest for itself among its own people without leavin' any mark o' hokin in the place it left, or the place it kem to; and what the Drumkeeran people think is, that besides the crime o' lettin' him be buried with strangers, there's the danger 'belongin' to corpses goin' through the air, that if any o' the clay should drop from the coffin, as it alway does, itsy battie it touches will take a murrain, and the murrain would go through the country, and we'd be all ruined."

"And do you put faith in these dreams, Mr. Ritchie?"

"Joost as much as I do in the infallibility o' the hoor o' Babylon. Na, na, as I say ye here a' an honest Prorestan, a' was born and bred a Presbytarian, an' a' stick to the religion o' my forebearers while there's breath in my body."

"Well, but, Charlie, you have not informed us of the motives which collected yonder assembly on the hill?"

"Why, Sir, its the people o' the parish that's gathered to keep the body o' the priest from bein' took away. They say 'tis all nonsense, the body o' the clergy niver goes through the air yan way, and that by right they should be buried amongst their flock, for no parish will have look nor grace if the corpse o' their priest bees allowed to go away from them, and there they are abow there with sticks and pitchforks, and sythes, and stones, and some o' them wi' gups an' owl rusty soords, waiting to fight the hollow-laird when hee, an' I'll engage the weemins in the thick o' it."

In momentary expectation of the approaching fray, we retired to breakfast under our canvas—not on toast and tea, but on a cold sirloin, to be washed down with bottled ale. My uncle being in the commission only for the adjoining county, deemed it right to take a more direct step for the preservation of his Majesty's peace than to scratch a letter by the younger Ritchie to a magistrate who lived in the next garrison town. Charlie assured us that another officer of the peace, whose name he mentioned, had received private information, and would be on the spot time enough to interpose: the event proved that he was not mistaken, for that gentleman made his appearance in less than half an hour, and accompanied by my uncle and myself, proceeded to the collected rabble in the churchyard. Our reception was not hostile, yet an air of suspicion and distrust seemed to pervade the assembly, and an obstinate determination to disregard everything pacific seemed universally to pre-

vail. Going towards the upper end of the churchyard, where most of the women were seated, we proposed to commence operations with the softer sex, but had scarce approached, when these Irish Amazons set up their throats and hunted us off by sheer clamour. Our reception amongst the men was as little encouraging. None were absolutely drunk, but all were somewhat elevated by the native. Their curses deep and loud; their solemn vows of resistance to the meditated outrage; their fierce resolution to vindicate the sanctity of their burial place, to defend their grain from blight, their cattle from disease, their families from witchcraft, and the dignity of their parish from foreign insolence, quickly overpowered the "soft words" with which we sought to "turn away wrath."

The two barony constables in attendance were afraid to approach the mob, it was therefore to no purpose for the magistrate to direct the arrest of any, and we retired, resolved to occupy the time until the expected arrival of the military in going to meet the opposite party, with the hope of making some impression favourable to peace; but we had scarce adopted this purpose, when the Bollsclough men, as they were called, advanced suddenly with a wild shout, and took up their position on the eminence opposite the churchyard. Quite outnumbered by their opponents, they, however, consisted of men in the prime of life. Without the slightest parley or negotiation, the fight commenced by volleys of stones derived from the low uncemented walls by which the fields in that neighbourhood are divided. This species of warfare, however, was not destined to endure, for as if simultaneously moved by the same spirit, the two parties rushed from their respective positions down each precipice, the assailants forded the stream, and closed with their enemies on the opposite bank, one or two wounded having been left behind on either side. The various weapons with which each party came provided, were now called into fierce and fatal activity. Nor were the females deficient in giving aid to their allies, as well by encouraging shouts, as by each tying a stone in her apron, and using it as a kind of swimming mark, with which to attack their enemy in the rear. Scarcely had this close engagement lasted three minutes, when we received an appointed signal from Ritchie (who had been posted at an advantageous place,) that the anxiously looked for dragoons were approaching. On their arrival—the conflict being at its height, and the event exceedingly doubtful—not a moment was lost. The military force consisted of only twelve men and a sergeant; they were instantly drawn up at the opening of the glen, within which the combatants were engaged. The nature of the ground did not allow to mounted troops any nearer approach than within about forty yards of the wild beasts, who seemed resolved upon tearing each other to pieces. By direction of the magistrate, the dragoons

fired over their heads; the battle instantly ceased, and the belligerent powers formed, almost in the "twinkling of an eye," a truce and a temporary alliance, that by joining against the common enemy "*na sidurer*," they might be allowed to pursue their private hostilities, "without let, hindrance, or molestation" from those who they conceived had no title to decide their differences. They accordingly charged furiously down the glen, towards the mouth of the little rivulet, to attack our handful of dragoons, relying upon their immense numbers, their formidable use of the stones, and not a little blinded by passion and whiskey; in the mean while the dragoons waited their onset, still continuing a fire over their heads. Just as the infuriated mob arrived at the bottom of the glen, and as their discharge of stones became really thick and dangerous, the soldiers feigned to give way, and so succeeded in seducing the blind rabble into the open ground on the shores of the lake; where, on receiving the word, they lowered their cambrics and fired a determined volley; they next discharged their pistols, and then drew their swords, dashing amongst the crowd of their assailants, all of whom were instantly seen making their escape along the low grounds, or clambering up the rocks; and so ended a most memorable engagement. I believe four lives were lost, and more than five times that number wounded. A few only were taken into custody, but how they were afterwards disposed of I never happened to learn. The magistrates directed the body of the priest to be taken up and given to his relations, but whether the anticipated ill-consequences of that measure ever took place, is a question which I candidly profess myself incompetent to determine. My uncle was too keen a sportsman to be diverted from his pursuit; we took to our boat and glided over the glassy waters, and among the rusted islets of the lovely lake, as it lay in the calm of noon tide, all unconscious of the deeds of violence and blood which stained its yellow strand.

D. C. R.

MR. BLOUNT'S MSS

THIS is undoubtedly a sentimental production. Of Mr. Philip Blount (by the bye rather an odd name for a man of sentiment) the hypothetical author, we are told nothing more of, than that he goes abroad somewhere in the year 1788, when his axle-tree breaks, and he walks, by way of amusement, to church. Here, as he says, to verify the old proverb, "the nearer the church the nearer the devil," he falls very devoutly in love with a pretty girl, who is seated opposite him. The description of her

* By the author of "Gilbert Earle." Charles Knight, 1826.

person we shall omit, but cannot help mentioning, that although the outline was very beautiful, yet her form had scarcely arrived at its complete fullness; but Mr Blount entertains sanguine hopes "that a *few months*, (he does not mention the exact number), would finish the *filling up*." A pretty commencement this for a sentimental *liaison*! He finds out who she is, together with all her uncles and cousins, and takes his station with a "fishing rod between his legs," (an odd attitude *en passant* for a man of sentiment,) at a brook-side in the neighbourhood of her residence.

Well, when it begins to get dark he hears a rustling of a petticoat, upon which he observes (not to the lady, but to the person he is addressing) with a pleasing disregard both of morality and grammar—"It is a pretty sight this—eh Frewin?—The rustle and waving of the drapery of the dear sex—heaven bless it—have always in them something strangely *moving to my sensations*." He "takes nothing by his motion," as the lawyers say, on this meeting, for he suffers the lady to seat herself, while he remains at a convenient distance (with the fishing rod still between his legs) till the aunt and the uncle of the amiable innamorata join her. After very naturally wishing these amiable relatives at the devil, he acquaints us that the beautiful lady begins to warble; of course he's more enchanted than ever; but upon his making some odd noise (of what nature we are left in the most equivocal ignorance) he pushes off his boat and goes home to bed—but *not*, as he assures us, to *sleep*.

The next account he gives of himself is, that the affair is going on *swimmingly*; for he and Antonia take their moonlight walks nightly by the side of the Loire, and he falls head-over-cars (not into the river) but in love, and Antonia, of course, is equally smitten. Our man of sentiment then, according to our way of thinking, behaves rather *shabbily* to the lady. After "walking on the moonlight banks of the Loire,"—"changing the colour of her existence," (and, as we dare say, of her skin too, for night-air is not the best thing for the complexion,) he lets the father of the poor girl carry her off, without, as he says, for his style is as loose as his morals, his doing nothing. He, however, admits he had a most severe struggle with himself to prevent his "putting the climax of injuries." It really does one good to listen to his *moralling* on this subject.

"What upon earth could possess me to throw away my time here, devoting myself—to what—why, to making a most amiable and interesting girl unhappy. And for what? why, for the sake of gratifying my own infernal vanity in rendering a creature thus charming attached to my own sweet self. And what ultimate object did I propose to myself? Why none—I shunned the question; I drove it from me as often as it presented itself to my mind. What did I intend to do? Did I intend to marry?

or to do worse? Faith, I intended nothing"—(*redat Judæus!*) "Marry I would not; nor would I 'do worse,' even supposing that I could, of which I am by no means clear."—(p. 31.)

We dare say for all that it was not for want of trying, for we have a shrewd notion that there's a strong affinity between sentiment and human nature. But he gives us his reason for not "doing worse," which is conclusive enough:—"I placed a curtain" (whether of muslin, calico, or "humble stuff," he does not say,) "within six inches of my mental eye, and would have rather cut off my hand than have raised it (the curtain) to throw open the view."—(p. 32.)

View! what view? In the name of innocence what does this metaphor allude to? Really these men of sentiment, after all, have odd ways of their own. After this game of bo-peep is over, the lady goes to Italy, and very luckily before the chapter, or the outline first spoken of, is filled up.

In the course of the four following years, or more properly speaking, in the course of the first volume, Mr. Blount is at Paris, and we hear nothing more of Antonia. Here the old sinner, with an amiable consistency, inveighs against the naughtiness of the French women, who set up a wedding coach and a lover at the same time, and accordingly sets them down as improper companions, although he assures us (and we believe him) he is not himself "particularly straight-laced." Here he indulges us with an account of the French revolution, which happens just in time to fill up three chapters; after this novel and interesting intelligence, the man of sentiment lapses into his favourite strain:

"The story of Blanch Delvyn" more closely identifies the author of "Gilbert Earle." Like the heroine of that production, Blanch Delvyn is married, dislikes her husband, and is moreover of an equally warm constitution. The story commences with an account of her marriage, taken from the *Morning Post*, and ends with the history of her death in the author's own peculiar manner. The lady finding somebody she likes better, runs away from her husband, and meets with friend Blount just as she begins to get tired of her paramour. It appears that our hero once entertained a partiality for the lady, but having, to use his own expressive language, "other tow on his distaff," she escapes from his sentimental clutches. We shall pass over all the romantic rambles, dialogues, and donkey-rides, in which this amiable couple indulged themselves, at the expence of their cash and their conscience, to make room for the catastrophe.

Philip and the lady have been taking one of their customary rambles, when, as he says, "as we went down the hill her saddle became loose, fastened as it was with the miserable tackle of the country; so, when we got to the bottom, I lifted her off her horse, that I might re-adjust it. The valley into which we had

descended was one of the most beautiful of those spots of enclosed solitude of which I have endeavoured to give some idea. While, therefore, I was busied with her horse, she sat down on the green bank of the stream, which formed almost a natural throne; and when all was ready for her again to mount, she said she was tired, and would rest there before she went on. I tied the horse to a tree and sat down beside her. I never saw her look so beautiful as she did at that moment," &c.—(p. 183.)

After the lady had spoken of the unhappy state of her feelings, Mr. Blount "took her hand, and spoke to her in the voice of consolation"—(Ingenuous man.) His heart bleeds at her agony, "and, hurried by the circumstance of the moment into more than his natural and real feelings," he makes, for a man of sentiment, rather an odd attempt at consolation, which he ushers in by an excellent moral apostrophe. The scene is undoubtedly well chosen for a lecture on moral, or any other philosophy; the time—a cool evening after an intensely hot day; the "valley in shade," the ponies tied up, and neither lady nor gentleman tied down to any particularly severe notions—what an awful crisis for both! particularly as there was no little boy near with naked feet, who was found of such éminent service to the lady in "Gilbert Earle," when in a similar situation. However, like Antonia, she is equally fortunate in the *dénouement*. The editor, a short time afterwards, sagaciously remarks, that Blanch "was here in danger of a second fall;" in good truth, she seems sadly addicted to stumbling.

In the second volume we are favoured with some intelligence of his first love, whom we had for many chapters set down for dead and buried. The lady, after the cruel flirtation of Mr. Blount's, has taken the veil. Mr. Blount repents of all his naughty doings, and upon the breaking up of the religious institutions in Italy, he offers, if she will come over to England, he will marry her. While she is on her voyage, he (the author) very cruelly brews a storm, wrecks the vessel, and for no *earthly* reason, as we can find out, drowns the beautiful Antonia. As there is less of French and affectation in the passage immediately following, we shall make bold to extract it. The scene is supposed to be described by the friend of Blount's, to whom the letters are addressed:—

"I went to look upon all that remained of one, concerning whom I had so long taken interest, from the manner in which she had been able to engross the mind of such a man as Blount. The body was but slightly disfigured by the sea-water, and, as I gazed upon it, I could easily trace that beauty of which I had so often spoken in rapture. She had evidently undergone care and sorrow, and her skin was now, of course, deadly pale, but the form of the features was exquisite; and the hair which fell around her face was of a beauty most remarkable. One sleeve of her dress had been torn, and was now raised high up the arm. I

thought I perceived, just above it, something glitter like gold, and, on raising the sleeve most completely, I perceived an oval golden locket fastened to her arm, between the shoulders and the elbow, by a chain rivetted round it. After considerable difficulty in finding the spring, I at last opened it, and found it to contain a small miniature of Blount, beautifully executed, taken when he must have been about three-and-twenty, and set in a slender braid of hair and diamonds. I conclude this must have been given to her by him at the first period of their acquaintance, and that she wore it thus concealed, and covered with a plate of gold, either that it might be unknown in the convent, or that, if it were discovered, she might assign to its contents of some different nature. Towards the close of the evening I informed Blount that the body had been found; for I saw that his agitation concerning its fate was so extreme, that he never would have attained any calm till the worst was encountered and over. He insisted upon seeing her. I endeavoured, as strenuously as I could, to dissuade him from it, but I found it impossible to do so.

"I shall not shock your feelings by attempting to depict his emotion at the sight. You can, indeed, readily figure to yourself what they must have been: here was the beloved of his youth, whom he had been awaiting as his bride, after so many years of hopeless separation, now restored to him at last—a corpse. He discovered the picture, as I had done—he determined that it should not be separated from her.

"I had been in hopes, when I yielded to his seeing the body, that it might draw tears from him; for, as yet, he had shed none. But no, he gazed upon her, almost as if he was unconscious upon what he looked, his eyes were fixed in despair! I was about to remove him gently from the room, when he sprang from me, and throwing himself upon his knees by the bedside, impressed a long kiss upon the clay-cold lips of the corpse. A shudder seemed to thrill through his whole frame, and on rising he would have fallen backwards his full length upon the floor, if I had not caught him in my arms and prevented it. He had fainted. I had him removed to his own room; and this morning he is somewhat restored; but he still insists upon attending the funeral, which is to take place this evening at a Catholic chapel about two miles off. He is very unfit to do so, but I fear I shall not be able to prevent him. Adieu!"

This is simply and naturally written, and displays a considerable portion of feeling. But oh! "*si sic omnia*"—we have sentiment wire-drawn, and such morality." After a minute description of the gentleman's various amours, and if we are to believe his own account, he appears to have been a very devil after the girls, comes a chapter of the most edifying nature, which irresistibly reminds us of that beautiful and elegant saying of "breaking a man's head and giving him a plaster." Thus we have a salve for every wound inflicted on our conscience. We have spoken, we must confess, rather irreverently of this publication, although we admit many passages display considerable talent, and a knowledge of the human heart, but it is not from any spleen against the author, but against the tendency of the book. The insidious nature of these sentimental productions, we

believe to be far more dangerous and insidious than any licentious or indelicate work, which was ever suppressed by the vice-checking Society.

Mr. Roberts (as we understand the author's name) seems to have formed his mind and style from "Adam Blair," and the works of M. Constant.

SPANISH BALLAD.

The custom of summoning the inhabitants to a short service, in honour of the Virgin, by tolling the large cathedral bell at sunset, alluded to in the first two of the following stanzas, is still prevalent at Seville.

HARK ! hearest thou the tolling
Of one soft bell from the cathedral tower,
Its solemn sound deep rolling ?
It is the vesper hour,
And all of gay and grave confess its holy power.
Before the altars kneeling,
A mingled crowd their humble prayers are pouring ;
And with an earnest feeling,
Above the vain world soaring,
The mother of our God are fervently adoring.
Their orisons are over,
And lighter bells are now more gaily ringing—
And many a gallant lover
His serenade is singing ;
And many a dazzling eye its beams around is flinging.
Yet at this hour of even,
When in the sky a single star is beaming,
As 'twere the eye of heaven,
So brightly conscious seeming—
Art thou, my lady love, asleep and fondly dreaming.
Oh ! blessed be thy slumbers,
Light be the winds that scatter thy dark tresses—
And be the soothing numbers,
Which my guitar expresses,
Sweet to thine ear as thy Eolian harp addresses.
More stars begin to glisten,
And the moon rises over tower and dwelling ;
And other ladies listen—
Their gentle bosoms swelling—
To vows that lovers at their feet are softly telling.
And all is joy around thee—
Awake and hear the echoing sounds of pleasure,
Shake off the dreams that bound thee ;
The light bolero's measure
Awaits but thee and me, my bosom's dearest treasure !

DE V.

MY TRIAL FOR MY OWN MURDER.

"Run for officers;
 Let him be apprehended with all speed;
 For fear he 'scape away; lay hands on him.
 We cannot be too sure—'tis wilful murder!"

MIDDLETON.

I VERILY believe if any man could look into the Sybilline leaf of the future, and catch a glimpse of the various vicissitudes and misfortunes with which he must struggle, he would turn sharply round, and seek the nearest course short of suicide, to rid himself of those trials which might shake his manhood; and so, give up all the sunshine of existence to avoid its showers. Fortunately, however, man has not the privilege of fore-knowledge, a faculty which few would have the courage to render serviceable, and which most would convert into an engine of misery and affliction.

With what exquisite heart-throbbings we look backwards upon the first twenty or thirty years of our existence, and in retrospective enjoyment brood over those halcyon days (for we all have had our halcyon days), when the heart was expanding with ever-new emotions, omnipotent and all-absorbing. I, indeed, have enjoyed many halcyon days, and often and often have I reviewed them with increased delight. But I spoke of vicissitudes and misfortunes at the commencement of this paper, and the general observation I then made was drawn from me with reference to one misfortune of my life, perhaps, one of the severest, certainly the most singular, that can befall any man. I was doomed to suffer one overwhelming evil, which stands amidst the events of an otherwise happy life, like a barren and dreary spot, surrounded by the greenest verdure and the most fragrant flowers.

"Oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!" says the moralist, when his mind is harrowed by hearing the detail of crime and wickedness. "The unerring hand of justice and retribution," says he—good man—"will sooner or later overtake the culprit:"—and, in truth, it not unfrequently happens that crime will cry aloud from its hiding-place, with "most miraculous organ." I am a moralist, and oftentimes has my mind been harrowed by the detail of crime and wickedness, and I, too, have often exclaimed, "oh! the unerring hand of justice and retribution!"—but my cry has now become—"oh! the *erring* hand of justice and retribution!"

Justice has indeed been truly painted *blind*, and a very expressive portrait she makes in that way. If not really blind, justice is certainly, in some cases, near-sighted, or short-sighted, as some people call it; and this same blindness, or short-sighted-

ness of justice, very nearly placed my unfortunate neck within the grasp of the merciless legal halter. I cannot now endure the sight of a blind man or a rope—they are both images repulsive to my mind—even a field, sown with hemp-seed, smells like poison to me.

In what language shall I attempt to explain (so as to be intelligible to my readers, or such of them as have been accustomed to live in quiet, at a respectful distance from the reach of ropes and halters), the nature of that charge, by which the bungling and erring hand of justice overtook me. The facts are almost incredible—Perhaps—but no: I will put a truce to all surmise: I was accused, imprisoned, prosecuted, and all but condemned to the gallows—but I am innocent, in the face of the world, I solemnly protest, I am innocent—for my own murder!—Yes, gentle (and I trust, now still gentler) reader, I, who am at this moment telling the painful story, have been actually accused, imprisoned, and prosecuted; and saw the halter swinging over my head, with a retributory menace, for the crime of my own murder.

A wanderer by nature, as well as by necessity, I had for many years been absent from my native country, seeking to gratify my love of variety, both in situation and society, and to amass, by my own diligence, those golden qualifications, without which a man stands but a poor chance of being looked upon in the world. The first of these objects I accomplished to my heart's content; but as to the second, I fell far short of my hopes, and returned very nearly as poor as I went; for, except a few hundred pounds, invested in merchandize, I set my foot on British ground, with about fifty dollars and a few English coins, and these, for safer custody, I carried in my pocket.

Necessity had taught me economy, and therefore, instead of indulging myself with the accommodation of a stage coach, to make my way to the metropolis, I commenced my journey as an humble pedestrian. Having travelled in this way many miles, I stopped at a mean inn by the way-side to refresh myself, and was soon seated amongst a motley group of the usual lingers-on at such places of resort. Finding that, about two miles further on the road, I should arrive at a small market town, where accommodation for the night, of a much more convenient nature, could be procured, I resolved, after having sufficiently rested myself, to make my way thither to seek a place of repose.

On producing my purse to pay the demands of my host, I took out casually two or three of my dollars, and laid them on the table, surrounded by the boors of the village, who were attracted by the sight of coin so unfamiliar to their eyes; and to satisfy their curiosity, I shewed them my store, and explained their history and relative value. During this proceeding, a greedy-eyed, ill-looking fellow, seemed to fix his eyes on me and

my purse, in a way not the most pleasing to me. Many men are fond of having their purses examined and admired by others; but I have lived long enough in the world to believe that no eyes are so fitting to examine such an object as those of its possessor.

I soon took my departure, and proceeded leisurely onwards to the place of my destination. The evening began to close; and on arriving at a dull part of the road overhung by high banks, covered with furze and briars, I found myself, in an instant, stunned by a blow, administered by some one behind me, the effect of which soon disabled me from making any attempt to protect myself against the further violence of my brutal assailant. I sank exhausted and senseless.

When I recovered my consciousness, for I could hardly deem myself sensible, I discovered I was bleeding copiously from my nose, and lying in a wet ditch half drowned, apparently in my own blood, which made a great show, mingled with the water. A countryman was leaning over, and humanely endeavouring to assist me. I felt in nearly a lifeless condition, although no actual fracture had succeeded the blow; and while my good Samaritan was deliberating what to do, I lay motionless, and, to his apprehension, certainly dead; for I heard him say he would go and find a doctor, but he could do no good, for all was over with me. For this humane purpose he left me just as he found me.

It was then nearly dark, and I resolved to rouse myself, and endeavour to pursue my walk for the short distance that remained. With considerable effort I rose from my muddy resting-place, and found my clothes, which were none of the best, wet through and through, and being scarcely worth the carriage, I thought it best to leave them behind me, and soon equipped myself in another suit, which I carried in my knapsack. I washed myself as well as I could, and put the best face on the matter. I recollected the ill-looking fellow, who had cast his amorous glances on my dollars, and singled him out as the perpetrator of the crime; but I was rejoiced to find that his obvious intentions were defeated, and I carried off my purse of dollars in triumph, congratulating myself heartily on my narrow escape.

I pursued my walk to the market town, and soon arrived at the inn. I had scarcely taken my seat, still suffering from the blow I had received, before I overheard an indistinct conversation amongst several men, stationed at the other end of the room, accompanied by expressive looks, directed towards me. Knowing myself to be a perfect stranger in the place, this did not much excite my surprise. The conversation soon became louder and more distinct, and, at length, I heard a strangely exaggerated story of my own murder. It was confidently asserted that

a stranger had been robbed and murdered a short distance from the town, and that he had been found by a labourer in a ditch, with his skull fractured, his brains scattered about the road, and his pockets turned inside out. I listened to this marvellous history with great amusement, thinking how easily a strange story is made to pass current, grounded on the slightest facts.

Having taken some refreshment, I ordered my bed, and being an entire stranger, I chose to pay for both before I retired for the night, and again produced my purse, containing my dollars and other money. At this juncture an inquisitive looking old man came up to me and looked at my dollars, and then fixing his eyes on my face, turned round to his companions, and with a significant gesture, whispered, "there's blood on this man's face—he has got some dollars—where did he come from—who is he?" This excited a general sensation. A pause ensued, and all seemed "at fault," as the sportsmen say. The inquisitive old man again approached me, and asked me, in a significant manner, whether he did not just now see some dollars in my possession? I replied in the affirmative, and produced one or two. He turned bluntly round to his companions, and put his finger cunningly up to his nose. He then renewed the attack, and asked me, where I had procured them? whether there were many to be met with in this country? and a variety of other questions, all of which I answered carelessly—not much pleased with the old man's impertinence.

He then, for the first time, observed aloud to me, with a look of scrutiny, that I had some blood on my face. To this observation, I replied as coolly as I did to his questions, not choosing to gratify curiosity, and wishing to hear more of my own murder.

At this moment an addition was made to the company, by the arrival of a person, who turned out to be my good Samaitian, who found and left me in the ditch. He was full of his subject, and came to relate the "full, true, and particular" account to his pot companions. He stated at length where and how he found a strange man in sailor's clothes, with his skull fractured, and his pockets turned inside out, and that he left him quite dead. He stated he went for assistance to the village from whence I came, and on inquiring at the little public-house to learn whether I had been there, he described my person and dress, and discovered that I had rested and taken refreshment there, and, moreover, that I had a great many dollars and English coin in my possession. Having obtained assistance, he returned to the spot where he left the murdered stranger; but, instead of finding him, he discovered that, during his absence, the body had been stripped and removed, and, as he believed, buried, and the clothes were lying scattered about on the brink of the ditch.

All this was highly amusing to me, and I resolved to let the story roll on, like a snow-ball, increasing with every step, without

offering any explanation, until it should have arrived at its climax.

Again I observed inquisitive looks cast on me, and the words "dollars" and "blood" were again whispered about. The old inquisitive man quietly left the room, and returned with an athletic, busy-looking man, who soon discovered himself to me as the constable of the parish; and, without further ceremony, the old man gave me in charge to the constable, as being suspected of the murder. The constable proceeded to search me, and, on producing my purse with dollars, the man who found the murdered stranger set up a shout, and charged the constable not to let me escape; and then fixing his eyes on the blood on my face, said, he was sure I was the murderer and robber, and that he would tell all he knew upon his bible oath. I now found it was high time to speak in my defence, lest the joke, which I had relished so much, should be carried too far; but I learnt, to my sorrow, that the joke had quite ceased, and that no assertion or explanation of mine could serve me one jot in proving my personal identity.

The consequence of all this, therefore, was a safe lodgment for the night in the cage, in full sight of the whipping-post, and the county gaol. Imagine my situation, ye who have been accustomed all your lives to be called honest men and women, and who have never known any thing of the inside of a gaol, or other place of durance, except through Mrs. Fry and Caleb Williams.

In this horrible condition I passed the night, deprived of my purse of dollars and other money, and with no other prospect before me than being treated as a criminal; yet I sometimes ventured to hope I should be enabled to explain the true state of the case, and exculpate myself before a reasonable and intelligent magistrate.

The morning dawned upon me through the grates of the cage, and my solitude was soon broken by the arrival of the constable, the inquisitive looking old man, and my Samaritan friend. I was led out amidst an infuriated crowd, who were by no means sparing in their execrations, and was conducted, after much peril, into the presence of the Justice.

As my supposed crime was of a glaring and prominent nature, it was allowed to commence the business of the day. My accuser was placed before me, and in a blunt, straight-forward manner, told his story—how he was passing along the road—how he found the stranger with a fractured skull, lying dead and covered with brains and blood—how he went for assistance, and, on his return, found the clothes scattered about, and the body removed. My own dollars, and my own blood on my own face, were given in evidence against me; the story was made complete in all its parts, and the investigation ended in my committal to the county gaol to take my trial at the next assizes, for the wilful murder of

a person unknown, and the constable and his companions were ordered to make diligent search for the body. Shortly after my commitment, as if all circumstances conspired against me, the people, after an active search, succeeded in discovering the body of a strange person, almost in a state of nudity, in a canal, which ran along the back of the town, upon which the coroner sat in due form; and thus, to the satisfaction of my persecutors, a chain of evidence was made out sufficiently strong to put me on my trial.

Let those good people who preach so strongly in favour of the comfortable feelings arising from conscious innocence, and build so much on inward fortitude, and who join in the declaration of the poet, that "whatever is, is right"—let them place themselves for a moment in my situation—let them feel the horrors of a man, charged with his own murder, and unable to convince his judges that he is actually in existence. How obtuse are the intellects of many worthy people, who, in the eager pursuit of truth, hug to their hearts any antic who may chance to assume the garb of that rarely discovered personage!

Already I fancied in my gloomy reflections, that I heard the jury declare me to be guilty, and in my dreams I saw the judge put on the fatal black cap, and begin to pass on me the awful sentence of the law. Then I fancied I heard my last dying speech and confession chaunted about the streets, to be sold for a halfpenny, and pasted on cottage walls, and children taught reading and the necessity of virtue from the same paper. Then the horrors of an ignominious death—the halter—the gallows—the populace—the murmurs of indignation—the shouts of "monster," "murderer," &c.—all echoing around me in my imagination. These were truly enough to drive me from my senses, and to render me incapable of supporting myself till the hour of trial.

From my childhood I had always accustomed myself to look on the gloomy side of things, and in this, my hour of distress, my brooding disposition was busier than ever. I sometimes began to question whether this was not all a dream, or whether I had not actually been murdered, and whether my present sufferings were not part of my punishment for the sins committed in my life-time.

At length the assizes commenced, and in due course I was placed before the court to take my trial. Never shall I forget that moment. I was roused by it. My own conviction of my personal identity was complete; but would it avail me any thing? The story on which I had to depend was nothing in the face of the evidence to be adduced. Was such an improbable story to be believed? Should I be allowed to set up myself as the murdered man, when the witness saw him lying dead, and the body was afterwards found in the canal? It was contrary to common

sense, and would, of course, be looked upon as the desperate attempt of a hardened villain to baffle the ends of justice. I had no friends to speak to my character or condition—I was alone—friendless, and the public clamour loud against me. My own dollars were more eloquent than the prosecuting counsel.

My trial proceeded. Oh! how the opening speech went to my heart! The audience shuddered as they heard the glaring facts; and oh! what looks of horror and reproach were cast at me; prejudice, with her myriad ears, was gaping on, and gulping down the plausible story. The witnesses gave their evidence with clearness and precision. The landlord of the little public-house, where I first stopped, was called to prove his having seen the dollars in the possession of the murdered man when at his house. During all the previous proceedings this man had never before looked at me face to face, but when he was confronted with me, he gave an involuntary start, and seemed unable to utter a syllable. He fixed his eyes intently on me, and pointed to his own cheek, and stammered out, "He is not guilty!—he is not guilty!"—Hearing this exclamation, and seeing him point to his cheek, I remembered I had a large scar on my own, from a sabre wound I received years before; and when the witness had regained his composure, he proceeded to identify me as the man who came to his house, in a sailor's dress, with a purse of dollars, on the evening of the supposed murder, and asserted that I could be none other than the supposed victim of brutal violence. But the body found in the canal—had it a scar like mine on the cheek? No—the witnesses who found it remembered it had not. Hope dawned on me warmly enough. I was called on for my defence, and told my tale simply and composedly, and my heart beat calmly.

The Judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and directed, as usual, that if there was any doubt, the prisoner should be entitled to the benefit of it. The jury obeyed the direction of the Judge, and their verdict of "Not Guilty" alone afforded me the melancholy satisfaction of relating sufferings not to be found amongst the destinies of any other man in the world.

Some ill-natured people, notwithstanding the verdict, still believed me to be guilty, but the majority called me innocent; and while the newspapers were zealously arguing *pro* and *con* upon the question, I slipped myself off to America, where I am now living in tolerable ease, and no one has ever since ventured to dispute the point with me, whether I am alive or dead.

G. F.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. VI.

J. J. ROUSSEAU TO MR. DAVENPORT.

A Wootton, le 9 Fevr. 1767.

Bien loin, Monsieur, qu'il puisse m'être entré jamais dans l'esprit d'être assez vain, assez sot, et assez mal-appris pour refuser les graces du Roi, je les ai toujours regardées et les regarderai toujours comme un très grand honneur pour moi : quand je consultai Mylord Mareschal si je les accepterois, ce n'étoit certainement pas que je fusse la dessus en doute, mais c'est qu'un devoir particulier et indispensable ne me permettoit pas de le faire que je n'eusse son agrément, et j'étois bien sur qu'il ne le ne refuseroit pas. Je voulois bien même avoir cette obligation à M. Hume, pour qui, sur la foi d'autrui, j'avois alors la plus grande estime. La terrible leçon qu'il m'a donnée m'a fait changer de façon de penser à l'égard des particuliers, et il n'y en a aucun à qui je veuille avoir une pareille obligation. Je ne veux devoir cette grace qu'au Roi seul et à ses ministres. Si la pension m'est offerte du propre mouvement de S. M. je l'accepterai avec la reconnaissance et le respect convenables ; mais si je la dois aux sollicitations de qui que ce soit, je n'en veux point. Voilà ma résolution, Monsieur, et vous pouvez compter qu'elle est inébranlable.

Me mettez pas, je vous en conjure, tant de formalités à l'affaire de mes livres. Ayez la bonté de montrer le catalogue à un seul libraire ; qu'il mette les prix à ceux des livres qui en valent la peine. Sur cette estimation voyez s'il y en a quelqu'un dont vous ou vos amis vouliez vous accomoder. Brulez le reste et ne le cedez de grace à aucun libraire, afin qu'il n'aille pas sonner la trompette qu'il a des livres de moi. Il y en a quelques uns, entre autres le livre de *l'esprit* in 4^e de la 1^{re} édition qui est rare, où j'ai fait quelques notes aux marges : je voudrois bien que ce livre ne tombât qu'entre des mains amies. J'espère, mon cher Monsieur, que vous ne me ferez pas le sensible affront de refuser le petit cadeau de mes ouvrages.

Les estampes avoient été mises par mon ami dans le ballot des livres de botanique qui m'a été envoyé. Elles ne s'y sont pas trouvées et les portefeuilles me sont arrivés vuides ; j'ignore absolument où Beclet a jugé à propos de fourrer ce qui étoit dedans.

Je voulois remettre à des momens plus tranquilles à vous parler en detail de vos envois ; ce qui m'en réjouit le plus est que si je dois rester dans votre maison jusqu'à ce que la muscade et la canelle soient consommées, je n'en démarrerai pas d'un bon siècle. Le tabac n'est que trop bon, quisqu'il s'en consomme d'autant plus vite. Je vous remercie de l'emplette mais non pas

de la chose, puisque c'est une commission, et vous savez les règles. L'eau de la Reine de Hongrie m'a fait grand plaisir et j'y ai reconnu un souvenir et une attention de Mrs. Luzonne, à quoi j'ai été fort sensible. Mais qu'est ce que c'est que des petits quarrés de savon parfumé ? à quoi sert ce savon de toilette ? Je veux mourir si j'en sais rien, à moins, que ce ne soit à faire la barbe aux dames. Le café ni le the n'ont pas encore été essayés. Je me perds au milieu de tout cet inventaire : j'espère, Monsieur, que vous ne ferez pas de même, et que vous voudrez bien recueillir les mémoires des marchands, afin que quand vous serez ici et qu'il s'agira de savoir ce que tout cela coûte, vous ne me disiez pas comme à l'ordinaire, *je n'en sais rien*. Le sucre gris que je préfère au blanc, coûte à Ashburn 8 pence la livre, ce sont deux sols moins qu'à Londres, mais le port doit faire évanouir cette différence et au delà, et à égalité, il vaut mieux faire gagner les marchands du pays. N'envoyez pas non plus des raisins ni grands ni petits, parce qu'on trouve à Ashburn des uns et des autres.

J'ai craint pour vous l'impression de ces tems humides, et je la sens aussi pour ma part. Voici le plus mauvais mois de l'année ; il faut espérer que celui qui doit le suivre nous traitera mieux. Bon jour, Monsieur ; mes honneurs, je vous supplie, à tout ce qui vous appendient, est en retenant la meilleure part pour vous—même.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 21 Fevr. 1767.

Si j'avois prévu, Monsieur, tous les embarras que vous donnent mes misérables livres je n'aurois pas eu l'indiscrétion de vous y exposer, et s'ils pouvoient rester chez vous dans quelque coin de garde-meuble je ne songerois plus à les vendre ; mais qu'en faire lorsque vous quitterez votre appartement ? voilà la difficulté. J'ai répondu à M. Dutens en le priant de voir s'il n'y auroit point dans sa maison quelque coin vuide où il put les jeter. J'avois imaginé, je l'avoue, que ce seroit dans vos jours de mal-aise une espèce d'amusement pour vous de les feuilleter à loisir, et de mettre à part peu-à-peu ceux qu'on pourroit vous convenir ou à quelqu'un de vos amis. Vous y auriez fait mettre le prix par un libraire, tout le reste eût été mis au feu, et tout ce seroit ainsi passé sans bruit et sans que le public en sut rien. Mais je vous avoue que tout cet éclat de vente me fait une mortelle peine, et je voudrois que M. du Peyron eût jeté tous ces bouquins dans le lac quand il prit le parti de me les envoyer bien malgré moi.

Le paquet que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer en dernier lieu et que je n'ai pas encore reçu contient les feuilles de mon dictionnaire de musique, qui n'est pas encore publié ; le libraire, qui attend pour cela que je les aye vues, avoit pris la liberté de vous les adresser directement ; mais mon cousin, officieux comme à

son ordinaire, a intercepté le paquet et l'a retenu quinze jours plus. Ce retard m'est très indifférent, mais il nuit beaucoup au libraire. Je vous suis très obligé de la bonté que vous avez eue de faire partir le paquet tant de suite.

La pluie est enfin cessée, mais nous avons de terribles vents. Comme je ne les crois pas aussi mauvais pour votre état, j'espère et desire avec impatience apprendre dans peu que vous êtes mieux. Mes honneurs, je vous supplie et ceux de Mlle. le Vasseur à vos chers enfans et à vos Dames. Agreez ses respects et mes très humbles salutations.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Ci-joint 2 lettres auxquelles je vous prie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien donner Cours.

A Wootton, le 2 Mars, 1767.

Nous sommes malades, Monsieur, chacun de notre côté, et je vous plains NON IGNARUS MALI; car outre tout le reste j'ai actuellement une cruelle fluxion sur les dents qui m'empêche de savoir presque ce que j'écris. Il faut espérer que la suspension de ces terribles vents allégera votre situation et la mienne.

L'état où vous avez trouvé mes livres me fait sentir à quels embarras je vous ai exposé. Vous m'obligeriez beaucoup si vous vouliez bien prendre M. Louis ou un autre pour les assortir et lui payer sa vacation sur le produit des livres. Je m'attends d'avance à l'état où vous trouverez aussi les estampes; car ce n'est pas pour rien qu'on les a ôtées de leurs portefeuilles où mon ami les avoit très bien arrangées. Si elles ne sont pas vendables, n'en voila tout consolé, et je n'en serai pas moins sensible aux soins que Mylord Nuncham vouloit bien prendre.

Le petit paquet qu'on vous a remis ne presse point du tout, et il suffira qu'il soit mis avec le reste dans la malle dont vous avez bien voulu vous charger de faire l'emplette.

Je vous suis très obligé, Monsieur, d'avoir bien voulu donner cours à mes précédentes lettres; j'espère que vous aurez eu la même bonté pour celles que M. Walton vous a envoyées avant hier, et que vous voudrez bien l'avoir aussi pour les incluses. Je présente mes devoirs et ceux de Mlle. le Vasseur à toute votre maison, et vous prie aussi de les agréer.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A Wootton, le 14 Mars, 1767.

J'ESPÈRE, Monsieur, que l'attaque vive et opiniâtre que vous venez d'essuyer aura cédé au retour du beau tems que je suppose et desire être à Londres comme ici, et j'attends avec bien de l'impatience la nouvelle de votre rétablissement. Pour moi ma fluxion sur les dents s'est à peu près dissipée et c'est toujours un mal de moins.

Les médailles dont vous me parlez, Monsieur, ne valent pas

la peine qu'on en fasse une destination ; à moins que Monsieur votre petit fils n'en veuille jouer aux petits palets. De cela comme de tout ce qui peut vous embarrasser provenant des mêmes caisses, je ne puis que vous prier de le faire jeter aux balayures ; car pour moi je ne sais qu'en faire absolument. Mais je prends la liberté de vous recommander le portrait de Mylord Mareschal qui vous a été renvoyé par Mylord Nuneham, et je vous supplie de vouloir bien le faire mettre avec soin dans la malle, étendre dans quelque livre de Musique ou autre afin qu'il ne se chiffonne pas.

Mes honneurs je vous prie et ceux de Mlle. de Vasseur à vos chers enfans et à toute votre maison. Et recevez, Monsieur, nos très humbles salutations.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Permettez que je vous prie de vouloir bien donner cours à l'inclose

A Wootton, le 19 Mars, 1767.

LA rente, Monsieur, de 10*l.* sur 60*l.* de capital est trop forte, même à mon âge, et n'est pas tentante pour un homme dans mon état ; ainsi, puis que le choix est égal à M. Dutens, je préfère le capital, aux conditions qu'il propose.

Comme je ne puis recevoir à Londres où je ne suis pas l'argent que vous dites avoir à me remettre, ce n'est qu'à Wootton où je sais qu'il pourra m'être remis.

Sur la Musique je me rapporte aux dispositions de la petite note dont vous avez bien voulu vous charger et à ma lettre précédente. Quant à la guitare elle n'est bonne qu'à faire de la canelle, à moins qu'elle ne puisse amuser Mlle. Judith.

Mes honneurs et ceux de Mlle le Vasseur à toute votre maison. Agreez ses respects et mes très humbles salutations.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Je vous prie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien donner cours à l'inclose.

MR. DUTENS presents his respects to Mr. Davenport, and begs he will be so good as to forward the inclosed to Mr. Rousseau, from whom he had a letter Saturday night, in which he gives him leave to choose which manner he liked best to make the payment of the library. Mr. Dutens has chosen the annuity of £10 a year, to commence the 5th June next ; he has wrote it in the inclosed, which will serve to Mr. Rousseau as an acknowledgment, or bond. He will endeavour to wait on Mr. Davenport before Wednesday, the day fixed for his departure ; but if he has not the honour of seeing him, he begs leave to express to him here, how sensible he is of Mr. Davenport's civilities, and how much he congratulates himself that he had the advantage of knowing so respectable and worthy a gentleman.

30th March.

A Londres, le 5c November, 1767.

SIR,

I HAVE received a note from Mr. Rousseau, informing me that he had left with you a parcel of books for me as belonging to the library which I bought of him. I should be extremely glad to be able to get them forwarded to me to Newcastle, where I am now going to spend the best part of the winter. May I beg of you the favour, Sir, to send them to me, directed *To the Rev. Mr. Dutens, Rector of Elston at Newcastle*, and to acquaint me, by a letter, of their being forwarded. I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

L. DUTENS.

P.S. If there is no direct communication from your place to Newcastle, the parcel may be sent to London, and from thence to Newcastle; I beg your pardon for giving you so much trouble.

A. Wootton, le 21 Mars, 1767.

DEPUIS ma dernière lettre, Monsieur, j'ai reçu la votre du 12, et j'ai pris la résolution d'aller à Londres pour rétablir, s'il se peut, la santé de Mademoiselle le Vasseur qui dépérit totalement ici. Il y a un an que je vous y donne beaucoup d'embaras et que je prive vos enfans ou vos amis du seul appartement, que vous pouvez leur donner ici. La demeure que j'y ai faite me laissera pour toute ma vie un souvenir plein de reconnaissance de votre hospitalité, mais je n'en abuserai pas plus longtems. J'espère, Monsieur, que vous voudrez bien m'accorder vos bons soins pour mon retour comme vous me les accordates pour mon voyage, et je vous prie de donner pour cela vos ordres à M. Walton. Je compte n'emporter à présent que les hardes dont nous ne pouvons nous passer, c'est à dire, chacun une malle, et je vous prie de permettre que je laisse ici mes principaux effets où ils seront plus en sûreté que d'être transportés çà et là jusqu'à ce que ma demeure soit fixée. J'attendrai pour mon emballage la malle dont vous avez bien voulu vous charger de faire l'emplette, et dont je ne puis me passer. Ne sachant où déposer ma Musique à Londres, je pense qu'autant vaut la mettre dans cette malle qui sans cela viendrait à vide, afin que mes effets rassemblés chez vous ne soient pas épars en tant d'endroits. Mes honneurs, je vous supplie, et ceux de Mademoiselle le Vasseur dans votre maison. Nous vous prions d'agréer ses respects et mes salutations très humbles.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Mille pardons, Monsieur, si ma lettre est si chiffonnée, j'ai voulu la plier sur la grandeur du franc, et je me suis trompé. M. Walton qui me presse ne me donne pas le tems de la recopier.

CONWAY TO DAVENPORT.

Little Warwick-street, March 18, 1767.

SIR,

As it was from you I learnt that Monsieur Rousseau was now in a disposition to accept the pension of 100*l.* per annum, formerly offered to him by his Majesty, I have great pleasure in acquainting you, that on my renewing the subject to his Majesty, I found in his Majesty an immediate readiness to comply with my application, that neither Mr. Rousseau's former refusal, nor any other circumstances which have since happened, might prevent the effect of his Majesty's intended bounty. You will therefore be so good as to acquaint Mr. R. with what has past, and with the pleasure I had in being thus employed to procure any degree of ease and satisfaction to a person of Monsieur R.'s distinguished talents,

I am, Sir,
with great regard,
your most humble and obedient servant,
H. S. CONWAY.

DAVID HUME TO DAVENPORT.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND the affair of Rousseau's pension is quite finished, all except the formal part, which I would instantly solicit, did not General Conway think that you had better inform him previously of the matter, lest some new caprice should seize him, and lead him to regret anew his Majesty's bounty. After he has notified to you or to General Conway his acceptance, it will be easy, in a day or two, to have the warrant passed at the Treasury.

I am, dear Sir,
your most obedient humble servant,
DAVID HUME.

20th of March.

A Wootton, le 23 Mars, 1767.

TO DAVENPORT.

CONNOISSANT, Monsieur, l'excellence de votre cœur paternel j'ai été saisi et troublé de la maladie de Monsieur, votre petit fils, encore plus pour vous que pour lui, vu les ressources et la force de la nature a son âge ; au lieu que les terreurs et l'effroi ne trouvent aucune defense en vous. Heureusement j'apprens en même tems qu'il est mieux, et il n'en falloit pas moins pour me rassurer sur votre état. Donnez-moi de ses nouvelles, je vous en prie, ainsi que des vôtres. L'opiniatreté de l'attaque que vous venez d'essuyer me fait espérer, aussi que pour longtems vous en serez quitte, et en vérité c'est un état bien cruel et bien triste que de souffrir du cœur et du corps tout à la fois. Personne ne sait cela mieux que moi.

Je n'avois assurément pas lieu de m'attendre à la grace dont le Roi vient de m'honorer, et jamais quoiqu' on puisse dire, je

ne me croirai un personnage assez important pour que S. M. ni ses ministres daignent d'eux-mêmes s'occuper de moi. Toutefois je recevrai comme je le dois cette grace, et je ne manquerai pas d'écrire dans la semaine à M. le Général Conway.

Sera-ce assez pour M. Lewis de deux quinées? Faites en sorte, je vous prie, que non seulement il soit content, mais qu'il loive l'être.

Nous saluons toute votre maison. Mlle. le Vasseur vous prie d'agréer ses respects et j'y joins, Monsieur, mes salutations très humbles.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Je vous prie de vouloir bien donner cours à l'inclose.

A MISSING!!!

ZACHARIAH RICHMOND.

EVERYBODY knew Zachariah Richmond! Zachariah was a man of singular—no, manifold habits! His power of, or rather his irresistible propensity for migration was infinite and wonderful—his dexterity in personating characters might have astonished even Proteus himself. One would think he possessed the very essence of ubiquity! Fortunatus' wishing-cap seemed his inheritance—the changeableness of the camelion his birth-right. You might meet him to-day, and before you had time to observe his absence, hear of his drinking sherbet with the Great Turk in Constantinople.

Yet was he, in all his metamorphoses, still himself—still Zachariah Richmond. Zachariah the Jew or the gentleman—the Turk or the tinker—the peasant or the preacher? His was no caricatured personation of the character. You never lost sight of Nature in the various situations and conditions you might find him in. His destiny impelled him, and he could not do less than follow her dictates.

Everybody knew Zachariah—high, low, rich, poor, pretty, ugly, good, bad Zachariah Richmond! I say every one knew him—old and young knew him. Rich and poor, lame and blind—good, bad, and indifferent knew him; but such was the versatility of his manners, his actions, and qualifications, that no two persons could agree as to which of the above adjectives should be prefixed to his well-established and generally known cognomen.

The history of his birth, connections, and profession, is enveloped in total obscurity; even I, his biographer, know nothing of it. Flying reports of his gipsy origin—of his being the son of a Cameronian preacher; and of his propinquity by blood to a certain noble Scottish family, have at different times reached the

ear, just as, I presume, his fancy led him to personate characters analogous to these distinct grades in society.

His vagaries were boundless: the following are the circumstances under which I first met him. In perambulating through a part of Stirlingshire I found myself, towards the close of the day, in the middle of a thick wood, through which the road led, with a dense mist, *such as is peculiar to Scotland*, (*id est*, a thick falling rain,) gathering around, and obscuring even the vicinal trees. Being thus both be-misted and be-nighted, I was glad to make towards a light which twinkled among the trees, in hopes of finding shelter from the storm. I had scrambled over two dykes, and was on the point of leaping the third and last between me and my object, when my progress was arrested by rather a formidable barrier in the persons of five stalwart carles, with most ferocious countenances, and armed with bludgeons. I was rather surprised at this encounter, though I was somewhat prepared for it, from the knowledge that these occurrences are frequent in Scotland, where the remnant of that once numerous race, the gypsies, still exist. I explained to the fellows the cause of my intrusion within the precincts of their encampment, which explanation being deemed satisfactory by their chief, (who sat carousing with several of the members of another gang in his tent,) I was allowed to join the revellers. Laying aside the lack of respectability in the company, I must say that I have never passed a more agreeable evening. "*The business of the evening*," as it is denominated in town life, was conducted in superior style; there sat the chief at the head of the festive board, in the plenitude of his chieftainship; his face looming through the smoke that ever and anon ascended from the *spirited* and spirit-stirring contents of a huge kettle that stood before him, like the broad disk of a "*nor'-west moon*" in a storming cloudy night, and there went speech upon speech, and toast upon toast, in rapid succession; here sat I, in a state of considerable astonishment, at what was forward, and there sat Zachariah Richmond, carolling his gipsy ditties like a true son of "the wandering tribes."

Again—an acquaintance pursuing his way through a small village one day, was attracted by the vehement exclamations and antic gestures of an itinerant preacher, who, with lengthened visage and browned-black habiliment, was haranguing the gaping villagers on the evil of their ways. This man he met in the gayest of company a few days after, and this man was Zachariah Richmond.

"I once shipped a fellow in the Bay of Bengal," said a naval officer one evening in a large company, where our hero was present, "whom I would give a good deal to again have the sight of; he was a jewel of a seaman, and was the means of saving my life. We encountered most severe storms in our way home,

which rendered our bark a cripple for life; the whole crew, officers and seamen, were exhausted with repeated hardships; but that fellow stood out the horrors of the voyage with a heart of steel, and on one occasion, when a tremendous sea swept the deck, carrying everything, boats and men before it, and me among the rest—he grasped me when I was about to sink, and baffling the fury of the waves, which every moment threatened to engulf us for ever, brought me in a state of insensibility to the vessel again. Now, the most provoking part of the story is, that my deliverer disappeared on our arrival in England, just at the moment I was making interest for his advancement."

Zachariah again! All eyes were turned towards the spot where he sat, but he had disappeared while the story was being narrated.

Richmond was a creature of many colours, like theameleon—a man of many changes, like the wind. He frequented the best and the worst company; hence arose his different characters of high, low Zachariah Richmond. He sometimes had money, and spent like a prince—he often had none, and therefrom came his epithets rich, poor. He was a favourite among the ladies when he took the trouble of making himself smart and agreeable; but he often fell into disgrace through the slovenliness of his dress, and the carelessness about his personal appearance: hence, again, came the corresponding qualifications pretty, ugly, and so forth. And lastly, among the austere sects of Christians of our city, he was alternately an angel and an evil spirit, according to circumstances.

When my acquaintance with him commenced I formed the idea of making him out; I wormed myself into his good graces; accompanied him oftentimes in his frolics—which was, indeed, no easy task, and required considerable exertion both of body and mind—and, in fact, tried him on all tacks, and at all seasons; but except what all the town and all the country knew of him, I made out nothing. It is certainly not a *very* wonderful thing to meet a man on the top of Ben Nevis, and in a comparatively short time afterwards to meet him at the Land's End, for such is the rapid mode of conveyance throughout these realms now-a-days, that you might have travelled, in this case, perhaps as quick as he; but it is certainly something singular, and indicates a most irresistible propensity to wander, coupled with an indefatigable constitution and power of exertion, for a man to have been over the half of Europe, while you thought (and perhaps he has intimated that such was his intention,) he was enjoying, like yourself, the cool breezes of the ocean in the sweet town of Penzance: nay, the next news you have of him he has been scaling the Cordilleras, or traversing the regions of the mountains of (not in) the moon!!

It is now five long years since this erratic star disappeared

from our northern metropolitan hemisphere, and no accounts of his having arisen in another, have, to this moment, reached us: as a last resource, I commit this sketch to the pages of the "European Magazine," in the hope that through the medium of its wide circulation, information may reach the fugitive himself, or some one who has seen him, of the anxiety with which his re-appearance is waited for among us.

R.

Edinburgh, March 1, 1826.

THE RETURN OF A MAN OF WAR.

My money, glittering money,
Flies like the dust on a summer's day.

OLD SONG.

It was after seven years service on the East India station, that the Hippopotamus of seventy-four guns returned to England, at the latter end of last war. Many of the crew had left their own shores on board of that ship, and in her they came back to receive their hard earned wages, to dissipate and get rid of more money in a week than many of them could count. When a thousand miles from the coast of England, the imaginations of both officers and men were upon the *qui vive*, and each talked of enjoying that which he liked best. The officers thought of parents, sisters, or others even more beloved; of the happy homes they had left, and some had an eager eye toward the forlorn chance of promotion, whilst a fat little midshipman, with no thought beyond himself, would smack his lips and vow to buy a new quartern loaf, and a proportion of fresh butter directly the ship cast anchor. *Chacun à son goût*, but I being a passenger and only a two years' stranger from my country, could anticipate my return with feelings more subdued, though perhaps not the less sincere than theirs.

No one who ever knew in what state of mind a ship's crew generally is when about to be paid off after a long period of service, would ever wish a relaxation of discipline. The unruly, though curbed, spirit shows itself in every action of the sailor; and were it not for the most rigorous measures, they would speedily uproar the universal peace of the interior of the ship. At no time is there a greater necessity for the exercise of the iron hand of power, and however unpleasant to the feelings of those in whom it is placed, it must be put in force. I was witness to a punishment, though not a severe one, which a sailor was doomed to receive for repeated and determined drunkenness. He was an Irishman, and the ship's tailor, bad in his trade, as he was in his profession; a sailor but no seaman, full of low humour and comicality of expression. One of the inferior officers had made the complaint against him, and Pat recollected; he, at times, had

been employed, repairing the apparel of the man who had brought him to pain and disgrace. So soon as the punishment was over, Pat sought his enemy, who was also a countryman, and eyeing him with a look, better conceived than described, exclaimed with much emphasis, "Mr. Smith, you seem to forget when I was pricking my fingers mending your dirty *ould dudds*—you *tould* the first lieutenant I was drunk last night—by *Jusus* you're a Dublin blackguard."

It was on a fine day in the month of July, when the ship was anchored at Spithead, and all the good things, which the town of Portsmouth could furnish, quickly supplied the place of pea-coffee, sea-pies, lobs-scouce, and salt-junk. Boats crowded round the ship full of watermen, Jews, and "*ludics*," shouting for joy, at the arrival of a *stationer* with so much pay due, anticipating the delight of robbing the unthinking and unwary sailor, by the most nefarious practices low cunning can invent. In the mean time, the officers were all on the alert, endeavouring to prevent the introduction of large quantity of spirits which the Jews try to sell, and which Jack would be fool enough to buy, even at the extravagant price of three or four pounds the gallon. The coxswain was detected bringing on board a large bladder full of rum, concealed in the captain's boat cloak. The crew, who knew of it, gathered round the gangways, to watch the fate of their darling contraband liquor. With astonishment and horror, they saw the first lieutenant draw his dirk and plunge it into the bladder, letting the contents run over-board into the sea. An involuntary *Ah!* escaped from nearly all those who had been in expectation of the coxswain's success, whilst the ludicrous and disappointed expression of countenance, was extremely diverting to the disinterested spectator. Had the weapon been struck into the breast of any one of the crew, so much manifest pity would not have been shown by the others; but there was no appeal, and if any of them had been asked which was the greatest act of tyranny, that officer had been guilty of whilst in the ship, they would have decided unanimously upon this.

The ship being ordered into the harbour, was dismantled and paid off, the men were now free, some hundreds of them at liberty to roam where they pleased, their pockets loaded with several years' pay, and the streets of Portsmouth were speedily filled with riot, intoxication, and disgusting revelry,—fiddles playing, men and women dancing, from morning until night, and from night until morning; the whole street from Point to Sallyport, in a state of uproar, and such disgraceful scenes hourly taking place, more than enough to shock the eyes and ears of the uninitiated. Amidst all this confusion, the peculiarity of the sailor's character is sometimes apparent. An over-driven ox came at a full trot down the street, his tail hanging over to his right side,—every one ran as fast as his legs could carry him,

excepting one sailor, and he was more than half seas over,—he took off his hat, and waving it towards the animal, called out, “shift your helm, you rascal; why don’t you shift your helm? don’t you see you will be on board of me?” there was no time for more before Jack was in the mud; but rising leisurely and rubbing his elbow, which had been injured by the fall, he hallooed out, “there, you lubberly rascal, I told you how it would be.”

Freemark fair, which is held at Portsmouth, in the month of July, opened an additional sluice from Jack’s pocket,—drums, penny-trumpets, wild beasts, shows, and gilt ginger-bread, are all good in their turn:—there was every thing to be seen, from Richardson’s Love and Murder, or the Midnight Assassin of Bohemia, down to the Hampshire Hog: and Jack must enjoy *all* the sport, even to a ride on the dromedary with a monkey on his shoulder, to the music of a tabor and pipe, not only himself, but a host of new found friends and acquaintance in his *suite*, all drawing their amusements from his purse. In the fair there was a very corpulent old woman who kept a stall, which was loaded with sweetmeats, and other good things, much too inviting to be withstood by a little sailor-boy, whose appetite was more keen than his conscience,—he had no money, so watched until he thought the woman’s eye was turned from him, then helping himself to a quantity, he took to his heels down the street,—he had been observed, and away the old woman went after him in chace,—it was blowing very strong, and as they ran *before* the wind, the clothes of the old woman gave her so great an advantage, that the boy must speedily have been taken, had not an experienced sailor, who was enjoying the sport, called out “try her *on* a wind, youngster; why don’t you try her *on* a wind.”—the boy understood the sea term, and doubling round a stall ran directly the opposite way; upon this tack, he evidently increased his distance, for the clothes of the enemy, which before assisted, now kept her back, so after striving against the wind, until she was out of breath, she reluctantly gave over the pursuit. That which tickled my fancy the most was, observing an old quartermaster who had grown grey in the service of his country, nearly out of his wits for joy at his good fortune, or something else, in being about to break a bank kept by a woman who had a box full of dolls numbered on the crowns of their heads,—the old fellow had found the right string, and almost every time he pulled, number fifty appeared to the dismay of the female, and the rapture of the old sailor, who expressed his delight by a loud laugh intermixed with oaths. His jacket pockets were crammed full of nasty little ginger-bread nuts, yet he was not content, for he continued playing and distributing his gains to the children assembled about him, who answered his generosity by repeated cheers, and each time the largest number came to his

share, he pulled off his hat and joined them in the shout ; when I left him he was in the height of extacy.

The officers in the mean time, were enjoying themselves somewhat more rationally, as they were detained at Portsmouth to take leave of their captain and myself, whom they had invited to a dinner at the George Inn. Mr. Billet knows how to manage those dinners very well, and this was in his very best style. Every person assembled was in high glee, with the exception of the master, an old Sunderland man, who, to use his own expression, " had always been bred to the sea : " he, poor fellow, was totally out of his latitude in company, and sat with awe in the presence of his captain, which being observed by the other officers, afforded them food for fun and satire. The second lieutenant proposed a bumper to the next merry meeting, the master unintentionally pledged him in claret, and drank it to the bottom ; the old man had no sooner swallowed the contents, than he shewed by his looks the acidity of the beverage, and begged the waiter to bring a small glass of rum to qualify it ; and when the finger glasses were produced, he stared with evident astonishment, and watched the officer sitting next him in the hope of ascertaining what he should do, being determined to act with discretion. This was the second lieutenant, who had always chosen the master for the subject of his joke whilst on board their ship, and he, having anticipated the old man's intention, put the glass to his mouth and pretended to drink : the uncultivated but honest-hearted sailor did that which he supposed right, for he drained the glass bowl, though not without much discomfiture and distortion of feature ; before he had recovered from the disorder the quantity of water had caused within him, (seeing as how it was a liquor he seldom took in,) the waiter came to him, when he whispered, " I say, my lad, if there is any more of th's here work to go through, do just dash it with a drop of something, that's a good fellow."

It will not be considered at all surprising, that at the expiration of a few days, many complaints were made by the seamen to the remaining officers- some had lost all their money, within four and twenty hours from the time of receiving it, others more fortunate, had kept theirs *two* days, but it had all departed the same way ; they could give no account of themselves nor of their actions ; they had been with people who they thought were honest, they had been drinking in his or her company, and that was all they knew about it ; there was no redress, and before a week had elapsed, many of them had entered for other ships which were fitting out, without a sixpence in the world, to go again abroad, and labour for years, encountering the dangers of sea and climate, most strongly verifying the old adage, that ' sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses.'

LETTER FROM MR. PUFF TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, (NEW SERIES.)

DEAR SIR,

IN the days of an illustrious friend of mine, a Mr. SHERIDAN, I had the good fortune to be recorded as the man who had brought to perfection the ingenious art of puffing; and I had actually, as your readers know, reduced that laudable practice to a system. But I have lived long enough to see my system improved upon, and so far from being able to subsist now-a-days through "the want of the common necessities of life"—to live comfortably in consequence of "distress occasioned by fire,"—or to maintain a family in elegance by means of "eleven fatherless children entirely dependent on the advertiser for support," I begin to fear that *my* occupation is totally gone, and that my promulgation of the plan has induced every body else to adopt it.

You are aware, Mr. Editor, that I originally divided my puffatory system into the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or by implication. All these styles are in practice at the present day. The puff direct is the property of auctioneers: the puff preliminary, collateral, and collusive, of booksellers, and the puff oblique, or by implication, is the last resource of scoundrels and new companies. But there are several *new* orders of puffing, which have risen as naturally out of the FIVE GREAT ORDERS established by me, as all the five orders of architecture rose out of the Egyptian. And since I am upon metaphors—a great resource of my art, Mr. Editor—I beg to say that in some cases, puffers have formed out of the *puff direct*, a style which I may call the *puff eloquent*—an improvement as great on the former style, as the Corinthian upon the Ionic, and employed in at least as many columns—of newspapers.

Of this style the *auctioneers* are the most brilliant examples, and as it is merely a modification of the puff direct, I must look for my specimens in *their* advertisements. The classical taste of Mr. CHRISTIE—himself a member of the Dilettanti Society, and the author of a learned work in quarto upon Greek vases and the Eleusinian mysteries—prevents him from indulging much in this style of puffing. But Mr. PHILLIPS—*Irish* PHILLIPS, as I might call him, from his vein of profuse and redundant ornament—might fairly be quoted as an example, but that his intercourse with the dandies of Bond Street "changes his hand and checks his pride" of metaphor. But GEORGE ROBINS, who has no restraints of either kind to bind him, looks out for the applauses of the ladies and gentlemen who lounge about the Piazza on the days of his brilliant sales of Buhl furniture,

Dresden china, old pictures, and superannuated clocks, and then—

Se trovè IN PIAZZA

Un Damerino accanto ad una ragazza—

both the one and the other are sure to be drawn into his “spacious rooms,” as the advertisements say, by some such magnificent *annonce* as this, which I beg to submit as my first two specimens of the “puff eloquent.”

Delightfully situate in the most romantic part of the South of Devonshire, near to Kingsbridge and Totness. By Messrs. Robins. The next Presentation to a Living in Devon, consisting of a very superior residence, adapted to the occupation of a clergyman of the first respectability, delightfully situate in a very romantic valley. The landscape which environs it is so beautiful that it will not be attempted to describe it. The warm and genial climate of the South of Devon is too apparent to need any comment here; it may suffice, that it will almost compete with the South of France.

A gentlemanly and delightful residence, and offices *embosomed* in its extensive plantations, shrubbery walks, and park-like grounds. By Messrs. Robins, at the Auction Mart, on Thursday, at Twelve. A delightful Freehold Property, embracing more advantages than usually appertain to an estate of this limit; it comprehends a superior residence, partaking a little of the *Gothic and Saxon* form of architecture, and planned for the entire accommodation of a respectable moderate sized family; it is delightfully placed on a *gentle declivity*, overlooking the park grounds and ornamental water, while in the opposite direction it is *protected from the winter's cold* by extended and *luxuriant* plantations and shrubbery walks, ornamented by full-grown timber, dispersed in *pleasing negligence*, and *relieved by an infinity of American and flowering shrubs, pouring forth their perfume in every direction.* The offices are of a corresponding nature, and judiciously placed out of sight. The gardens are unusually extensive, and in the highest order, and the distribution of the *home grounds*, it will be perceived, are in strict conformity with *good taste.* It will not be attempted to *panegyryze the beautiful view from some of the higher grounds through this highly-favoured valley*, which is terminated by the Woodbridge river; *it should be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.*

This sort of description might perhaps rather be called the “puff poetical,” for it slides almost of itself into Miltonic blank verse, thus:—

Delightful residence, and offices,
 Embosomed in its shrubberies and plantations,
 A Gothic or a Saxon residence,
 Placed on a gentle green declivity—
 O'erlooking the park-grounds, and artful stream,
 Opposite, it is screened from winter's cold
 By full-grown woods, in pleasing negligence
 Dispersed: and by the flow'ring shrubs relieved,
 Which on all sides their sweetest perfume pour.
 The view, seen from the higher grounds, is far
 Beyond the panegyric of the Muse—

And he must *see* this highly favoured valley
Who duly would appreciate its beauties.

I say that this sort of writing might *perhaps* be called the "puff poetical;" but as I have some other specimens which may more properly come under that head, I shall confine the auctioneers, &c. to the practisers of the *puff eloquent*. Here is another sample.

Barnsville Park, near Chepstow, on the bank of the river Severn and Wye, which form a boundary in two directions to this *enviable property*, which includes an elegant residence, with 218 acres of land, in the *most romantic part of this admired county*, at the Auction Mart, opposite the Bank, on Thursday, at twelve, An Admired Residence, finely wooded Park and Domain. The mansion is *happily placed* in the most *commanding* part of the Park, in which the timber has been ingeniously felled, so as to form several *vistas*, through which the river *Severn* and its moving scenery, *winding round this romantic spot*, present a picture more easily imagined than described—this noble river (expanding itself five miles at high water) forming a boundary for the estate on the one side, and the Wye in the opposite direction; where the confluence of these rivers takes place. The ancient town and remains of Chepstow Castle render the landscape quite complete. A Bay and Promontory, by no means dissimilar to Mount Edgumbe, with its *stately timber gradually reclining* from the summit to the Bay, and approaches within a short distance of the old passage. This renders a direct communication with Bristol immediate, and always certain. The steam vessels to Dublin, are daily seen *triumphantly passing this noble river*, and performing the passage in a few short hours.

It is very cunning in these gentlemen always to say that their landscapes are "more easily imagined than described," as they thus call up to the imagination beauties that never existed but in their own fertile fancies. The following puff is more sober in its details than the former, but is remarkable, like one of them, for its rhythm. It reads, in fact, as easily into sapphics as the other into blank verse.

On Stanmore-hill.—A first-rate freehold residence, encompassed by *luxuriant Plantation Walks*, Shrubbery, and Lawns, extending to the ornamental water, and a domain of 130 acres of excellent land, surrounding the whole. By Messrs. Robins. A distinguished Freehold Mansion, situate *on the brow of Stanmore-hill, Middlesex*. The residence presents a noble, uniform edifice, adapted to the accommodation of a nobleman or family of the highest respectability, agreeably placed in the centre of its extensive and *luxuriant plantations*, shrubbery, walks, and lawns, in the centre of which is an *ornamental piece of water*. The internal arrangement of the mansion *combines an infinity of good taste*, and convenience; the principal suites of rooms are lofty, and of the very best proportions; the bed-chambers are numerous, and the secondary offices include everything that can reasonably be desired; *detached and properly secluded are the out offices*, which include all that is essential, and of the best description. Surrounding *this delightful retreat* are 130 acres of land, including *very rich meadow, pasture, and wood lands*. The commanding situation on which the mansion has been erected, gives great facility to the

interesting and distant views that present themselves, while the *home scenery* includes a greater variety and certainly more of the *picturesque* than anything within the same distance of the metropolis; in fine, it should be seen with a view to form a correct estimate of its beauty, *it will not be attempted to describe it.*

On Stanmore-hill, a first-rate freehold residence,
 Encompass'd by walks, plantation, lawn, and shrubbery;
 In the centre is an ornamental piece of water,
 And the internal

Arrangement combines of good taste an infinity:
 Detached and most properly secluded are the offices.
 Surrounding this retreat are one hundred and thirty

Acres of good land.

Some very fine specimens of the "puff eloquent" are to be found in the advertisers of wild beasts. The Exeter 'Change gentleman is eminent in this way, and in his descriptions almost rivals the eloquence of Buffon. In these descriptions "the great beast now no more," alas! of course cuts a principal figure.

NEW ARRIVALS FROM PERU!—Just added to the Royal Grand National Menagerie, Exeter 'Change, Strand. Open for inspection every day (Sunday excepted) from nine in the morning till nine in the evening.

In consequence of the *stupendous elephant* having so *prodigiously increased* in size, it became *absolutely necessary* to *enlarge his den*, which could only be effected by combining the apartment hitherto appropriated to him with the grand room of wild beasts, and building him a new den, which, *at an immense expence* has been accomplished; and now, at one view, presents an exhibition superior to any of the kind in Europe.

A *Colossal Male Elephant*, ten feet high, and five tons weight, having large ivory tusks. Unquestionably the largest animal ever seen in Europe, whose daily consumption of food is sufficient for eight horses. It is, *without hyperbole*, a moving mountain; and may be said to reduce those hitherto shewn to absolute pigmies. Its sagacity *alone* exceeds belief; it lies down at command, in that form it receives its burden, and in that way it takes repose; bolts and unbolts his door, takes up the smallest article and disposes of it as ordered; and various other feats to the admiration of the spectator.

A full grown Lion, the dignity of whose form and countenance has employed the pencils and excites the admiration of most of our eminent artists. The *late lamented* Mr. President West copied it on several occasions: and several other Lions and Lionesses, including the fine Lioness, consort of the great Lion. A *remarkable fine* Royal Bengal Tygress, in the same den with a noble *British* Lion. Porcupines, having the power of raising or depressing their quills so as to present a *formidable barrier*, erroneously stated by some authors to discharge them, but *ascertained to the contrary* by Buffon. Several *elegant* Leopards. *Untameable Hyenas*, it was supposed impossible to *divest these animals of their ferocity*, but the *practicability* is here demonstrated.

The Boa Constrictor, or the large Serpent of Java. The colours of this stupendous specimen of nature's works, are vivid and beautiful beyond description; and some idea may be formed of its amazing voracity, from the circumstance of its swallowing *six large fowls, with feathers*, at a meal,

That most extraordinary reptile the Rattle Snake, which is confined in an iron cage for *extra safety*, thereby shewing the difference of *conformation of scales*, &c. between venomous and harmless serpents. The singular reptile of many hues, the Camelion, to *expatiate on the wonderful properties of this little reptile would occupy many pages, and would at last prove inadequate*. A personal inspection can alone furnish a correct idea..

The image of the *Colossal Elephant* having *increased in size* is quite overwhelming,—though the intimation of its being necessary to *enlarge his den*, rather spoils it; but to make amends for this example of the bathos, we have another elephant who is *without hyperbole, a moving mountain*. The other beauties of the advertisement I have marked in Italics.

Of the “puff” collusive,” I have seen many happy examples. Sometimes it assumes the air of a caution,—as thus:—

As there are a number of *pulling shops* in London, pretending to sell Wellington boots, town-made, for 18s. which can be nothing but an infamous falsehood, as a good pair of town-made boots would cost more money manufacturing: and another imposition that these slop shops practice, is taking a gentleman’s measure, pretending to make them, and then only fit up a pair of their country rubbish, and impose on the gentlemen; for there is not one person out of twenty in the trade, that knows how to manufacture a boot, or knows a good boot when he sees it; they having only a lot of *country rubbish*, which they buy for 12s. per pair, and sometimes 10s. But gentlemen may be supplied with a real town-made article, by applying to Howard.

At other times, the editor of the newspaper is made an accomplice in the puff.

Of all the places of public amusement in the metropolis, the King’s Menagerie, Tower of London, justly claims the pre-eminence, having, during the last week, been visited by upwards of 2,000 persons, all of whom expressed the highest gratification at this new improved and splendid exhibition of wild animals. An additional room just completed, 70 feet in length, gives universal satisfaction, as it combines at one view the whole of the valuable collection of great serpents and other reptiles, as well as birds. In fine, *we can safely say* that this exhibition is highly calculated to interest and amuse, and as the price of admission is but 1s., it gives an opportunity to every admirer of natural history to pay it a visit.

But this puff is fading fast into the “puff disinterested,” in which the advantage of the public is alone considered.

In *contemplating the lives and property that have been sacrificed to the use of candles*, it is natural to conclude, that it has either been found difficult to invent a complete substitute, or that its importance has escaped observation: and it is not a trifling gratification to the patentee, that, in this invention, he has so far succeeded in the attempt, as to produce *a light that embraces every perfection*, and the principle alike applicable to every domestic use; varying in brilliancy of light, equal to *one, two, three or four candles, or more if required*, and completely portable on pedestals, varying in size and elegance, &c. &c.

This patriotic patentee, however, is even outdone by the following gentlemen, who vituperate advertisements:

Advertisements are now so common, and the means resorted to of re-

commending hats to public notice so various and *ambiguous*, and the opinions of persons so decidedly *opposite*, that it is almost impossible to gain a preference either by selling the *cheapest or the best of goods*, for it is utterly impossible to sell the best manufactured hats at the prices some persons advertise them at; but there is a medium, a good article bearing a small profit; it is that system of business the proprietor of these establishments has embraced so many years with such success and satisfaction to a discerning public, who, while returning his best thanks to his liberal friends for their kind support, respectfully announces his present stock.

J. Albert, Tailor, &c. fully aware of the prejudice so *justly entertained against shops professing to sell cheap*, that it requires more than ordinary energy and *assurance* to attempt an address to the public under such circumstances; however, notwithstanding those obstacles, J. Albert has formed the resolution of submitting his pretensions to the public, and *fearlessly challenge* competition, both as respects the very superior cut and make of every garment, and the remarkable low price charged: no house can *compete* in this respect for a superfine blue or black coat made in the very first style, &c. &c.

Sometimes this sort of puff assumes another form, and takes a fact for granted.

Perring (original inventor of this justly celebrated hat,) invites the members of *fashion, taste, and fancy*, to his establishments, 413, Strand, and at Hammersmith. The peer, the gentleman, the man of fashion, the tradesman and the sporting character, here find a *hat suited to their wants*, and worthy their peculiar notice. *Little* need be said respecting the qualities or advantages of the hats in question; *suffice it to say they possess what every good manufactured hat ought to do*. Public estimation is *the best criterion to preference*, and it is fully borne out in the universal *satisfaction and esteem* in which these *inimitable* hats are held.

It is acknowledged by good judges, that Kent-house, No. 41, Cheap-side, opposite Wood-street, is one of the best houses in London, for noblemen, merchants, officers and gentlemen from all parts of the world, to suit themselves.

Another kind of puff very much in use, is the "puff demonstrative," in which the advertiser's rhetoric is his logic.

Lasts made with peculiar accuracy to the feet, lame feet of all kinds particularly attended to, and models taken in plaster of Paris, if necessary. *A pennyworth of ease is always worth a penny*; and *no one knows where the shoe pinches, so well as he that wears it*. H. Cottrell flatters himself he is unrivalled in the art of fitting, having made it his peculiar study, and practised it nearly twenty years.

Sometimes the assertion is repeated till you assent to it, merely to get rid of the bore. Who knows not Mr. Prince and his Russia Oil? If any such there be, let me beg them to read the following, and mark how the responsive voice of Mr. Prince is heard at every close, recommending his *oil for the head and the hair!*

Wearers of false *hair* ought to be acquainted, that several medical gentlemen have of late found out, through experience, that those who wear false *hair* are subject to several complaints in the *head*, as the

warmth from the *head* makes the false *hair* shrink and become tight—makes a dent round the *head*, and through it, prevents the blood from circulating in the *head*—causes *head-ache*, giddiness, pustules, and often occasions apoplexy; but it is proved by rubbing the head with *Prince's Original Russia Oil*, is so wholesome, cooling, and refreshing to the *head*, and, if often rubbed all round and over the *head* when the false *hair* is taken off, the wearers of false *hair* will find themselves comfortable, and will prevent the above complaints—even celebrated physicians have advised his Majesty to use *Prince's Original Russia Oil*.—Also several ladies have declared, about twelve months ago, their *hair* began to get harsh and grey; but, by using constantly since, *Prince's Original Russia Oil*, they have now a good head of *hair*, without a single grey; and are certain, if they had not used *Prince's Original Russia Oil*, their *hair* had been now grey, as several ladies of their acquaintance who are the same age, and have not used the *Russia Oil*; their *hair* is now grey, and are obliged to use false *hair*. In short, there are various articles for the *hair*, but it is proved that *Prince's Original Russia Oil* is the best for preserving and promoting the *hair* of ladies, gentlemen, and children; and, if used constantly, not a *hair* will fall off or turn grey, and is such a nourisher to the *hair*, that if it has begun to turn grey, will restore it to its natural colour. Is the pleasantest for ladies to dress their own or false *hair*—will make it always look elegant, soft, glossy, and will curl beautifully any way—clears the scurf, and keeps the *head* and *hair* clean, and by using it regularly for a few months, will restore the *hair* on the bald part, if the least signs of roots are remaining, which has been proved by hundreds. In short, it is a fact, gentlemen who are bald, and the roots of the *hair* entirely gone, it is against nature ever to be restored; and any one puffing in the papers, as having an article that will restore it, is a *fool*; but if baldness has begun to take place, by using continually *Prince's Russia Oil*, it is certain to prevent it getting bald further, as it stops the remainder of the *hair* from falling off; but, if neglected, it may be relied upon, that by degrees the *hair* will come entire off, and the head become completely bald, which is too often the case.

Ask for *Prince's Russia Oil*. The ounce bottle, five shillings; a large bottle, containing five ounces, one pound, which is a saving.

Several captains, who have come from the continent, have declared, that whenever they landed merchandize, they have been asked, if they had any of *Prince's Russia Oil*.

The “puff poetical” is an invention unknown in my days: the couplet of Pope and Dryden had not yet been employed in immortalizing barbers and taylor.

The following lines were written extempore by a lady as a tribute to distinguished merit.

Ellis and Co. hair-cutters,
 In both the style and taste combine
 True style and taste and just proportion shine;
 No loads of grease the labour'd tresses fill,
 No tangled twists betraying want of skill,
 The hair, not screwed by clumsy barbers' art,
 Waves light and airy to enchant the heart;
 But grant your charms the stylish aid of dress,
 Nor fear that aid shall make those beauties less,

With gentlest ease see Ellis's scissors fly,
Superfluous hairs quick vanish from the eye.
 The heated tongs his careful fingers twirl,
And to existence starts the waving curl ;
 With dextrous hand the rapid comb he moves,
 And adds to grace what fashion owns and loves.

N. B. J. Ellis and Co. beg to caution the public against using what is called "Antelope Oil," sold in pots, *as it is not genuine.* This oil is only sold by the discoverers, J. Ellis and Co. in bottles only.

This N. B. is rather too candid ; Messrs. Ellis and Co first tell the public that Antelope Oil is not fit for use, and then, that *they only* sell it.

The following is in the more lively vein of Anstey and Moore :

TO THE PUBLIC.

To Noblemen, Gentlemen, Sportsmen, and others,
 Mechanics or Tradesmen, and "little pets" Mothers,
 To Ladies (God bless them) I offer my cards,
 To Captains of Vessels, and those in the Guards !!
 In times like the present, the town must confess,
 There's nothing so needful as Fashion in Dress ;
 Then on St. Pearson call, where the Graces all reign,
 A few doors from Holborn, in Chancery Lane.
 "Take Notice," 'tis Pearson's, four doors from the end,
 Just facing Stone Buildings, where lawyers attend ;
 He'll supply you with fashions, dealt out by the yard,
 For to fashion he ever pays cautious regard,
 Of cuts you will find there is no one omitted,
 And slender or stout will be equally fitted,
 From a dress to be worn in the chace or field sports,
 To those for ambassadors to and from courts.
 Morning Coats of all patterns, new gay Waistcoat Pieces,
 Great Coats, Little Coats, and most splendid Pelisses.
 The Mechanic may pick here his Sunday Surtout,
 While the Tradesman he pledges to equally suit.
 The Ladies well know what will give them great pleasure,
 They'll have no fault to find with his make or his measure.
 He cares not which shoulder, the left or right, rises,
 For he'll cover defects at low moderate prices.
 His cloths are the best that are here ever made
 And for Kerseymeres boldly he'll challenge the Trade.
 His Uniforms all are correct to the letter,
 And even "The Tenth" he is sure has no better !!!
 Lieutenant or Midshipman, Captain, Cadet,
 Cannot be suited better I'll venture a bet ;
 From a Jacket of Fustian to Lord Eldon's Robe,
 (For a fit, you'll observe,) he defies the whole globe,
 For Captains who sail to some far distant shore
 He has hot and cold Habits, an abundance in store ;
 Whether bound for Bengal where Sol sheds his hot rays,
 Or where Esquimaux with white Bears dance the hays.
 Spanish water-proof Cloaks, of most excellent wear,
 Gambroon, Camlet, and Plaid ditto—ditto Mohair.

Napp'd and plain good Bath Coating, Box Coats for a chaise,
And Ladies' Gig ditto, they'll find above praise.

Sometimes the puff takes the shape of a song—here is a sample of one, in which the life of the king and the prosperity of the country are made to depend on the sale of some gentleman's blacking:

Now let us sing—Long live the King, and may he still sustain, Sir,
A happy people shiningly, throughout a splendid reign, Sir,
Excelling all of regal sway in past or present story,
As founder of true elegance, and patron of its glory.

Then pledge the toast—May Britons boast transcendent elevation,
And bright Japan, on Larnder's plan, illumine long the nation.

The "puff scientific" is another new variety of the art:

S. R. Waters and Co., fashionable and military Tailors, beg most respectfully to return their thanks to the nobility and gentry for the very liberal encouragement they have received; and at the same time invite their attention to their superior and entirely new method of *cutting on scientific principles*, founded on the *anatomical and the geometrical proportions of the human shape*, and which has obtained so decided a superiority over every other mode now in use.

The *claims of this new invention* rest upon the adaptation of *the science* to fit the most disproportioned, as well as the most regular, form: and the success attending the application of its principles, has been such as to merit the warmest approbation.

The "puff witty" is a very ingenious invention:

Emporium of Fashion, taste and elegance.—S. Pearson, only a few "yards" from Holborn, thinking it "*fit*," and feeling desirous to "*try on*" how it will "*suit*" him to "*cut in*" with the public, invites the nobility and gentry to his established Emporium of Fashion, to see how he can "*cut out*!" where he begs leave to submit for the inspection of those possessing "*habits*" of taste the following "*cuts*," from the "*stage box*" to the "*coach-box*" inclusive:—the clerical cut, the jockey cut, the tradesman's cut, the military cut, the naval cut, the sporting cut, the exquisite cut, the college cut, the rum cut, the corinthian cut, the quizzical cut, the legal cut, the ball-room cut, the logic cut, the independent cut, the student's cut, the single cut, the married cut, the primitive cut, the prime cut, and the Freischütz cut!!! where a "*measure*"-less assortment of "*habits*" may be had from an *upper benjamin* to a *coatee*!!! Overalls and coveralls in abundance, and which are "*warranted*" to "*suit*" either slim or stout applicants, as straight as a *ramrod* or crooked as a *ram's-horn*, all of which will be found to "*fit*" like an *eel-skin*. "*Probatum est*" shape and make being strictly attended to. S. P. despises egotism, but will undertake, by his superior method of handling the shears, to make a ploughman appear like a prince, &c.

The last variety of the puff I shall quote is the "puff pugna-cious," or vituperative. The following are magnificent specimens in this way:

Macalpine, prize hair cutter, animated with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for the pre-eminent patronage a generous public has afforded him, begs to reiterate to the fashionable world his former pledges, of having his *luxurious fancy ever and anon ardently employed in sources of new dis-*

coverly for the embellishment of his votaries. Hebe herself presents not a more youthful, or Venus a more heavenly, love-like appearance, than do the British fair, when decorated by the magical taste of Macalpine.—The Horatii and Curiatii of old, were the most comely youth of their age, but Macalpine's skill imparts to Britain's sons that noble distinction, that certain "*je ne sais quois*" which Greek or Roman never possessed. Macalpine *feels diffident* in thus eulogizing himself, but as there are *arrogant and empirical pretenders* in his immediate neighbourhood, it is an imperative duty to caution. It is *distressing* to witness the havoc these voracious and superficial quacks make on a head of hair, for with heads as empty as their wooden blocks, they cut and cut, and God knows, that is all. Macalpine, on an average, operates personally with his assistants, on about 1,200 heads of hair weekly; and he pledges his *professional reputation, which is as valuable as life*, that others are paid for disfiguring that beautiful ornament, which a skilful hand can alone preserve in beautiful and luxuriant tresses. Being the only hair cutter who ever obtained a prize, and that of 200l., he now challenges all Europe to a trial of skill for 10,000 guineas!! *Come, all you hair-cutters from the four quarters of the globe with comb and scissors, and he will hurl them to the tomb of the Capulets*—The Rubicon is crossed.—*Aut Macalpine.—Aut nullus!*—Macalpine informs his friends and the public, that he has *slaughtered that immense large black bear*, so much complained of by the late Lord Mayor.

To this a rival puts in a rejoinder:—

Emporium of Taste, Fashion, and Elegance.—*Tria juncta in uno.*—Money, Perfumer, Hair-cutter and Dresser, rendering respectfully the homage of gratitude for increasing patronage, announces his recent return from the French capital, whence he brings the prevalent embellishments *a la mode de Paris* of the hair, and renews thus his services, as the most efficient of any in the British metropolis, increasing the fascinations of beauty, and enhancing the graces of manhood. The talents of Money in the various branches of his profession, are too well known, and too highly appreciated to require encomium; *secure, therefore, on the basis of public confidence, he laughs to scorn the machinations to injure him of an insidiously vituperative neighbouring egotist.* Be it remembered this *vain boaster and copyist from Money, lately emerged from obscurity*, and was known only to the Cyprians of Trafalgar-street, City-road, and further, that his assistant-decorators are discarded lacqueys and run-away apprentices, whom he keeps to foist on the public his vile trash, and for which he allows them two-pence in the shilling to bore his customers, which, by the bye, are principally Jews, Jewesses, and shop-boys. While vanity, arrogance, and ignorance constitute the *revolting attributes* of this prince of empyrics; Money rests his pretensions on the continuance of estimation for superior knowledge, combining the practice and theory of his profession, and the decided honourable preference already obtained, it shall ever be his highest happiness and ambition to deserve.

And again—

The magnificent Saloons of Messrs. Money and Hippolite, Hair-cutters and Perruquiers, engross the whole attention of the truly fashionable—and we are therefore rejoiced that the city can now boast of an establishment superior to any in Europe in that *important profession*. The advantages derived from such a *concatenation of taste and fashion* are obvi-

ous ; polite and elegant accommodation, with artists of sterling merit, who have sworn allegiance to Messrs. Money and Co., are in constant attendance, and thus will be avoided the inconvenient trouble of delay.—Messrs. Money's friends will be secured from the torture of having their ears offended by the idle talk of inexperienced country lads, whose knowledge of their business extends no farther than foisting on the public the vilest trash for the hair, and thus they destroy what was evidently meant to be improved and preserved.

The following specimen combines so admirably the argumentative with the vituperative, that I must quote it—and with this I shall conclude :

W. Taylor respectfully calls the attention of the public to the superior virtues of his real Bear's Grease, compared with Russia Oil, &c. puffed by illiterate puffers. It is in all respects the same as the fluid supplied by nature for the nourishment of the human hair, and lays in folds of fat beneath the skin of the animal, and produces fur closely resembling hair. *What is Russia Oil?*—oil fat, and strong scent ; or what's still worse, the foregoing combined with lime water, or some other deleterious alkali.—*What is its history?*—First, it was the essence of bear's grease, from Russia direct ! Next, when others began to import it, it was no importation at all ! Now Bear's Grease is good for nothing but cart wheels !! and that hot hair destroying trash, Russia Oil, is the best thing “ in the universe ! ”—*Oh, ye illiterate fudge puffers, the truth must and will out !*

Now, Mr. Editor, am I not unhappily right in saying that my occupation is gone ? Alas ! Puff is now forced to puff the puffers !

Your's, dear Mr. Editor, PUFF.

P.S.—Can I do anything, *in my way*, for your Magazine ?—Some other Magazines find me useful.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

As we calculate on not having much to say about theatrical matters this month, we shall notice a critique, or rather some friendly remarks, from, as we suspect, the pen of Mr. KENNY himself, on *Benjowsky, or the Exiles of Kamtschatka*, which have appeared in the papers of the day. It is, in point of pleasantry, though tolerably laboured in its argument, worth a dozen *Benjowskies*—the author having escaped from the frozen regions, disports playfully, and at his ease.

It starts with observing that, “ as Ben Jonson says, ‘ Critics are a kind of tinkers, who commonly make more faults than they mend.’ ” Now, if we are in the present instance included in this class of hole makers, we have made sad havoc indeed, for *Benjowsky* must by this time be a complete cullender ; in truth, we cannot look back without alarm at the holes we must have made in some people's jackets—Poets' jackets too—a work of supererogation. However, it seems that the author having “ availed

himself of a *few reasonable* hints," the piece was repeated to "an audience more impartial, *because* few orders were admitted," and, the writer adds, "it gives us pleasure to mention that the approbation was *less equivocal*." This, it must be confessed, is equivocal enough—the absence of orders, perhaps, made the thing quite unequivocal; but we question whether this is what was intended to be conveyed. We are then taught to believe that plays are like ice-creams, and that, therefore, *Kamschatka* would have been much more relished in *summer*; that is, that it is an excellent joke, but ill-timed. The writer concludes with quoting, on the authority of Tom Brown, that "in winter the Russian clergy are prohibited from describing eternal punishments, lest it should make their auditors long to warm themselves by hell-fire." Really this is being as bold as the flea that supped on the lion's lip—we never expected to hear a dramatist speak with such levity of damnation.

By all this it will very clearly appear that we are in a fuming rage at being called tinkers; but whether he has mended the holes we made, we cannot pretend to say, for we never went to see, though we are assured that he has been vastly busy in mending his own, in which he has used most properly, though rather unusually, except with ourselves, a pair of scissors. Cautious, however, lest he should imitate our craft too closely, he has very sparingly clipt the songs, and "a small portion of the dialogue." This is well as far as it goes, but he should have called us in—authors are too delicate. It appears that he cannot, spite of the cold, induce HARRLEY to doff his "thin kid gloves;" this is wrong, and he deserves to be pinched for it; but the author is most inconsistent, when in the same breath he proposes to deprive *Stark's* dress of the fur. Not only the climate, but the cause of his exile—stealing—render *fur* a most appropriate badge.

Mr. KENNY, as we have already said, is an ingenious man, but he has in this instance missed his road—no one is *omni parte beatus*, and his march in the dramatic world lies in a different direction. He has tried this path, and succeeded—we trust that he will return to it. However, he appears to think otherwise, and to ascribe his sufferings to a stress of weather; the inclement season of the sun in the winter quarter. Well, the theatres are now as hot as the black hole at Calcutta, and we hope that he and *Benjowsky* may live (without our presence) to enjoy all the benefit of the thermometer, in doors, at 85.

On the 10th Mr. MACREADY returned to this stage, and made his appearance in the character of *Macbeth*. Being an actor of considerable ability, and having established a certain degree of reputation, we conjecture that he did not care much about selection, or "making a hit," as the phrase is; if he did, we think lightly of his judgment, with regard to his own powers,

and the best means of displaying them. His *Macbeth* is much better than many we have had the misfortune to see, and much worse than some dead and living in our recollection—therefore, neither worthy of himself, nor of Shakspeare, and the metropolis. The remains of indisposition may have weakened his energies on this occasion, but in hale and better times he was always unequal to it. It is surprising to see what striking effects his acting has produced—his triumphs have been singular—a noble Roman with a muffin face.

The *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. BUNY (we wish the tragic muse was not so poor, but had a spare estate to make it agreeable to her to change her name,) was enacted with good emphasis and expression, but not so as to contribute to the pleasures of memory.

Mr. MACREADY has since performed *William Tell*, and excellently well he acquitted himself; as much superior to the merit of the part as his *Macbeth* was inferior.

Easter Monday produced at this theatre “a romantic fairy tale,” as it is called, entitled *Oberon, or the Charmed Horn*. Mr. SOTHEBY had some twenty years since published a masque on the subject, but the author of this piece, disdaining such homely aid, has had recourse to the poem of WIELAND, at least so he tells us. We think he need not have travelled so far, and vexed his muse to so little purpose.

The chief incidents consist of the adventures of *Sir Huon of Bourdeaux*, the famous hero of French romance, and they arise out of a dispute between *Oberon* (Miss VINCENT) and *Titania* (Miss MACDONALD,) as to the comparative virtue and constancy of the two sexes. They agree to a separation until the one is able to produce a perfectly loyal knight, and the other a perfectly faithful damsel, who of course are to be joined in matrimony. The knight is *Sir Huon* (Mr. BENNETT,) and the damsel (Miss SMITHSON.) The former has been banished by the *Emperor Charlemagne* upon an apparently impossible pilgrimage to Bagdad, where he is to enter the caliph's palace, kill his most honoured guest, marry and convert his daughter, and bring away a lock of his venerable beard. All this, and a good deal more, he accomplishes in the course of the piece, by the assistance of *Oberon* and an attendant called *Sherasmin* (Mr. BROWNE,) and finally returning to Paris with his prizes, fights and defeats a Champion of the Emperor, produces his converted bride (not forgetting the lock of the caliph's beard,) and is made as happy as love and victory can make any man. In the first instance, we should have mentioned that he kills a tiger, the terror of Bagdad, represented by a fine Dalmatian dog, who plays his part with great sagacity, and a great deal better than some of the bipeds who undertake other characters.

Nothing can be more trumpery than the merits of the author,

or more superb and splendid than the labours of the scenic artists, *Marinari*, *Stanfield*, and *Roberts*. We never saw gingerbread so gorgeously and beautifully gilt. We should be glad to go and see *Oberon* again, if the actors would be quiet, and confine themselves exclusively to the shifting of the scenes. Mr. BENNETT made desperate efforts in the author's cause; he taxed his lungs to the utmost with the trash—leather never did so much for prunella. Miss SMITHSON said little, but she looked unutterable things. The music is well selected by Mr. T. COOKE, but if the Drury-lane manager could do no more for *Oberon*, it would have shewn better just at this moment to have left it alone. It is not a worthy ambition, but a greedy and unseemly anxiety to forestall the interest and profit of the *Oberon* announced at Covent Garden theatre. *Credit* seems to be out of the question here—*ready money* everything. The renters, &c. will be glad to hear of this reformation.

The Misses MACDONALD and VINCENT are clever little chits, but as we are very tender with regard to the health of children, we would gladly have foregone all the pleasure of seeing them, for the gratification of knowing that they had been put to bed a full hour before the piece commenced. Why is not Mr. FITZWILLIAM restored to Sadler's Wells? This is, indeed, stealing that which not enriches them, but makes the Sadler poor indeed! Alas, for POPE, he is "past jesting with." We never knew but one part that he looked well, and that was *Henry VIII.* and now the *Defender of the Faith* figures as *Caliph of Bagdad*. We have no objection to this, if nobody else has, but having been a laborious and useful servant, (on two legs, be it known to Lord Blesinton,) we think that if his means are short he should at present enjoy his ease at the expence of the Theatrical Fund. Mr. POPE, like KEMBLE, mistook his path—the latter used to say that if he had taken to the law (as the law latterly took to him,) he should have sat on the Wool-sack; and if the former had been of the Common Council he would unquestionably have eaten his way to the Civic Chair. As it is, we can only say,

———*Edisti satis, atque bibisti,*
Tempus abire tibi est.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. WARDE has enacted *Honeywood* in GOLDSMITH's *Good Natured Man*, and *Macbeth*. The former he has performed twice, but we apprehend that such will not be the case with the latter. In *Honeywood* he was very respectable, and being a man apparently of good sense and judgment, he can never grossly offend; but this is not enough for the London boards, and he will consult his own interest and reputation by confining himself to a line or height, at which it is in his power to leave nothing to

he deplored. This elevation is considerable, and he must rest satisfied with it, or the satisfaction will be exclusively his own. *Honeywood* brought a thin house, and *Macbeth*, as might have been anticipated, a thinner. The tolerable in Shakspeare's tragedy is, if we may so express ourselves, intolerable. When done it must be well done, or we fail, and the attempt confounds us. All birds that have wings do not and cannot soar. The ostrich is well provided, but keeps pretty much on the level, and speeds the better for not trying to mount. Miss LACY, like Mr. WARDE, is endowed with a portion of very useful and respectable talent, but we cannot see her *Lady Macbeth* without recommending her also to imitate the ostrich, whose feathers all ladies admire, and it will be one in her cap.

The long and loudly trumpeted *Oberon, or the Elf King's Oath*, made its appearance on Wednesday, 12th April. It is described as "a new romantic fairy opera," but why not a *pantomime* is not clear, for the piece begins and the action is set in motion precisely in the old established way, BRAHAM and FAWCETT as *Harlequin* and *Clown*, starting forth by magic touch, according to the ancient Christmas prescription; the only difference appearing in the change of the talisman, a horn being substituted in the place of the sword; the former, as matrimony is the ruling object, being probably deemed more appropriate. The alteration in their dresses was new, but no improvement. "Dreadful note of preparation" preceded the entrée—the Tuesday night previous the theatre was closed, and the papers announced that when the piece was performed nobody was to enter the doors to see it—that is, without the patent *Sesame* pick-lock, hard money. Paper would be held as not a legal tender, and even going by the card as an equivocation that would undo you. On the principle which we have often heard advanced, but could never very well understand, that what you pay for, however bad, you like best—it then becoming dear to you, we suppose; this arrangement was right, in point both of profit and policy. The lying fallow for one night might also, perhaps, be viewed as exceedingly prudent and advantageous to the treasury; for we remember that when Drury-lane theatre was closed for several days, the committee met, rubbed their hands, and with smirks and smiles congratulated each other on the improved state of the concern—stopping being considered as going on nicely, since every night they shut up they saved something. To close altogether would of course have placed the theatre in a flourishing state of prosperity.

The expectation of play-going folk was thus fooled to the bent—but what was the consequence? As MATHEWS observes—People will say *so much* about every thing—we were disappointed!—not that we don't see anything in anything, but we could not see enough in the affair to warrant all this fuss and

much *à-do* about nothing very extraordinary, with the exception of the acting, which, saving Miss PATON and Madame VESTRIS' performances, was certainly very extra-ordinary. Mr. COOPER in the *Emir of Tunis* mouthed most outrageously—enough Mr. CHAPMAN, the *Catiph of Bagdad*, thought for at least two, so he shut his mouth entirely, or something like it, for we could not hear what he said, though we have no doubt it was very much to the purpose. Mr. C. BLAND in *Oberon* was a perfect “King of Clouts,” and by no means a king every inch of him either in his singing or his personal appearance. But talking of inches, what are we to say of Mr. BRAHAM in the character of a hero—the Paladin of France ! It is true that a coat of armour gave him a *male* appearance, but what a hero even among fairies ! The good things of this world too, have so plumpified his four feet, that rude as the thought was, and dismissed as speedily as possible, we could not help thinking of another four-footed gentleman, much liked in christian society, and proverbially celebrated, *in armour*. It is sufficient to say thus much to shew that the piece is powerful in comic effect. We are far from allowing that Mr. PLANCHE, the author, abounds in wit, but he is a clever little fellow, and more particularly in this, that he knows how to make people laugh without it. Anybody can go to market with money, but he is the shrewd rogue that can go with empty pockets. Tall men are courteous to each other, but little men appear by nature to have a spiteful antipathy among them, and love to vex one another. This is scarcely fair, and if Mr. BRAHAM has a heart as big as a nutmeg, and half as warm, he will not submit to the ridicule of figuring in mail, speaking heroic prose, and struggling and staggering in the attempt to carry *Reiza*, Miss PATON, off the stage. We are enemies to duelling generally, but in a case like this, we think a little spirit might be shewn— it would almost to a certainty end in that— the usual distance being observed. Mr. BRAHAM sung in his best style, but from the character of the music laboured more with less effect than he commonly and deservedly produces. Mr. FAWCETT, as *a squire*, had a witty part, but was mighty dull—this, however, was not his fault. Here the author lacked judgment—as he wished his squire to be comical, he should have given him a bravura or a polacca to sing.

Miss PATON in *Reiza*, and Madame VESTRIS as *Fatima*, both in acting and singing were without blemish. That they should delight in the latter is not surprising, and we cannot say in which they most excelled. But enough of the acting (hoping, however, that we shall never have such fairies tripping over us even in our dreams) which after all is, and luckily, a secondary matter in a piece of this description—sound putting an extinguisher on sense. It is in fact *the Baron* and not plain Mr. PLANCHE; who has nevertheless distinguished himself in the

songs in a manner considerably above the common run of opera-poets. We marvel, however, that he should have submitted to the printing of the whole piece with his name to it.

The cast of the principal parts was as follows:—

Clashmagone	-	Mr. AUSTIN.
Sir Huon, of Bourdeaux	-	Mr. BRAHAM.
Sh-rasoun, his Spite	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Haroun Abraschid, Caliph	-	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Bilakan, a Saracen Prince	-	Mr. BAKER.
Almansor, Emir of Tunis	-	Mr. COOPER.
Abdallah, Captain of Pirates	-	Mr. HORREBOW.
Hassan	-	Mr. J. ISACS.
Slave	-	Mr. TINNEY.
Oberon, King of the Fairies	-	Mr. C. BLAND.
Puck	-	Miss H. CAWSE.
Reiza, Daughter of Haroun	-	Miss PATON.
Fatima	-	Madame VESTRIS.
Namoun, Fatima's Grandmother	-	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Ro-hana, Wife of Almansor	-	Miss LACY.

Since the opera has the same origin, WIELAND's poem, as that produced at the other house, we need say nothing of its structure, and as to the omissions and interpolations with regard to the poem, or the old French romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*, they are matters of the utmost insignificance. True it would not be inconsistent with poetical justice, or any other, and perfectly agreeable to all parties, saving the *Emir of Tunis*, if instead of suffering him to walk coolly off the stage, the fiend-fairies had given him a warning on the faggots, or *auto-da-fe*, he had ignorantly prepared for Mr. BRAHAM. The scenery is important, and Messrs. GRIEVE and Co. have done wonders in this particular, though they are far from being without very formidable rivals in the art; but we at length come to the leading feature, the great out-door attraction of the whole, WEBER's music. This has been spoken of since the performance in a scientific manner, and doubtless as it ought to be written about (dull reading though it be,) because it exhibits, with occasionally great genius and judgment, a vast heap of science; and for this we find fault with it—not with the music *per se*, but with relation to it and the audience of a national theatre—such a nation as ours. We could mention spots where it might exist freely, because it would be addressed to the learned, and an assembly ready to swear by them, but it is *caviare* to the million. The noisy (and *Maria* is no exception as to the love of quiet) is liked because it startles and drowns thought, but the better qualities sleep in such ears. The simple melody, lively or sad, which the merest whistler in the gallery can carry home with him, is what delights, and delighting is repeated and makes popular. *Oberon* affords nothing of the kind, if we except Madame VESTRIS's *La, la* air in the third act. The overture, a masterly composi-

tion, was encored, but the galleries could not do less, coming so prepared to be deemed brutes and blockheads, if they failed to be in raptures, as indeed they were at the tuning of the instruments. When they encored the overture to *Lodoiska*, or *Oscar and Malvina*, they could have given a better reason for their admiration—the real pleasure, suited to their taste, which they enjoyed. Gaping, shouting, and staring are symptoms of admiration, but they don't last long. The excellence of recitative, in which WEBER is great, the skill displayed in particular movements, and the scientific management of accompaniments, are to such an assembly, ay pit, box, and gallery, as if they had never been, or rather worse, for half the profundity would with them have had double the effect. WEBER is a German, and has adapted his genius to the taste of his countrymen, metaphysical as they are in the present day, and fonder of being puzzled than pleased, or rather only pleased when they are puzzled; and preferring at any time a conundrum to an epigram. The consequence of all this is that the whole, as a dramatic exhibition, is passing dull and heavy—and yet it is not so—to a blind man, it would be insufferable, but the eye, through the magic of the scenery (always excepting the flannel in a storm, “twilight, starlight, and moonlight,” which lasted as tediously long as if they had been really natural) cheats one into a belief that there is something like gaiety in the piece, when the dialogue and music should not be so accused, for they are perfectly innocent of it.

The *Oberon* at the other house, we must confess (though we condemn such trickery) is, take it altogether, a more amusing entertainment, and though he could as easily write *Paradise Lost* as compose this *Oberon*, we have no doubt that our English BISHOP will beat the German BARON hollow in that which constitutes the charm of *dramatic* music in his compositions for ALADDIN.

What *Maria* thought of Mr BULL we cannot tell, but although he had taken *Oberon* by the horn, he seemed, on being very absurdly called for, exceedingly shy of paying him the same compliment. He could not be brought to front him, (for out of the orchestra he no longer *marshals* the world with his *baton*,) but kept *on the wing*, ready for a fugue at a moment's notice.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Monday, the 17th of April, this Theatre commenced its season, which is now happily lengthened, and the company and *materiel* in consequence improved in every way. This house is our delight—Nothing comes amiss here—the *genius loci* diffuses a charm, which the utmost perverseness could alone destroy. No such counteracting power obtains, for the company is rich and the provision ample—indeed the *genius* that makes all go right appears in person—in the person of LISTON, who is himself a whole theatre, especially a Summer Theatre, of which he at once constitutes both body and soul. The other actors, were they bad beyond description, might murder their

parts and themselves too, but they could not kill him. This Theatre, under very inferior management, which is far from the fact, is a sure card in the pack; and, if they are the best players that win, (which, with submission to those who lose, but pretend to be most knowing at the game, we conceive to be the case), it is the best.

The pieces of the night were *Fortune's Frolic*: *Paul Pry*; and *Lock and Key*. Mr. WILKINSON played *Robin Roughhead*, in the first performance, with a great deal of humour, but with effect much diminished by the impatience of the audience for Mr. LISTON—it equalled that of the holiday folks in expectation of a new Pantomime. Of LISTON'S *Paul Pry* we shall say nothing; luckily the town have seen it, for it cannot be described. When he dies, and our children read the part, they will laugh at us as poor old dotards, when we talk of it as it comes from LISTON. We don't know that the author's reputation is worth much, but if he can make it appear of any value, we would advise him to make it a ground, on which he may insure LISTON'S life. When he crosses the Stygian Pool, we would not give much for the stagnant Poole he will leave behind.

In *Lock and Key*, Mr. REEVE made his *début* at this Theatre in *Ralph*. He is a real acquisition to the merriment of this seat of mirthful relaxation. Of the rest of the company we shall have other opportunities of speaking. We are not aware that Mr. WINSTON has ceased to be the acting manager at this house—if not we caution Mr. WILKINSON to be on his guard; he made desperately free with the dinner service in *Fortune's Frolic*, which was wrong—not that we care how many plates and dishes he breaks, but he has no right, and it may be dangerous to himself, to break Mr. WINSTON'S heart.

KING'S THEATRE.

The operatives—pooh! the operatics we mean, have at length been indulged with a Ballet, the composition of Mr. D'ÉGVILLE, entitled *La Naissance de Venus*, which he informs us was prepared five years ago, and accepted by the *Académie Royale*;—it almost takes away one's breath to hear it—we know of nothing half so sounding and insignificant, except *Sterne's* French Barber, plunging his wig in the ocean. However, Mr. D'Égville, the scene-painters, and Corps de Ballet, have done something, which, if it had been hearing instead of seeing, the musical composer would with his “guns, drums, and trumpets,” have utterly undone. With this drawback, the mythological subject is well got up, the grouping in good taste, and the *tout ensemble* very lively and agreeable.

YATES' REMINISCENCES.

Master YATES went alone, for the first time, at the Adelphi Theatre, on Monday, April 3; and, nothing wonderful in this age of prodigies, produced “a new entertainment, entitled YATES' *Reminiscences, or Etchings of Life and Character*.”

It is rather a ticklish affair to talk of this performance. We suppose it was not agreeable, and perhaps it would not have been reasonable to expect such a piece of courtesy; but if Mr. MATHEWS could have made it convenient to die or pay the debt of nature on *Lady-day*, it would have greatly facilitated the present discussion. If two men paint portraits, or similar caricatures, and hang them on the same side of the way, how is it possible to avoid making a comparison? He may not express it, but no man can help making it. We are full on the subject, but it being an odi-

ous one, we are dumb. In this line there is room enough, and there are audiences enough in the metropolis for many, seeing that the public appear to like this sort of thing; and as Mr. YATES takes the field alone, we shall meet him on his own stage fairly—that is, single-handed.

As a month will have elapsed before our appearance, and half the town will have tasted of his quality, and know that the new dish is prepared according to an old and approved recipe, we need not trouble ourselves to speak of it otherwise than generally. The first acts are composed of song, with patter, anecdote, and imitation; the third is a monopoly-logue, called *Mr. Chairman*—but why is rather a secret. If Mr. YATES failed in anything it was in the songs, singing being by no means his forte; but in all the rest he acquitted himself admirably, and was received with great applause from beginning to end. Powerful as he is in imitating popular characters, we think he did not consult his own interest, and certainly not our appetite for the amusement, by giving us such snatches and bits—the house would have liked the treat prolonged. With respect to imitations we know that there is a great difference, as there is in every art, but perhaps there is no art in which absolute perfection is so little required to delight and secure applause as in that of mimicry. We remember several bunglers, who at benefits imitated their brethren, and produced roars of laughter. Once upon a time, when little birds built their nests in old men's beards, there was one KES, and a very coarse vulgar mimic he was, but we have heard the Theatre ring with as much laughter at his imitations as at those of MATHEWS—the comparison between the two being “*Hyperion to a Satyr*.” It is no common thing to see hundreds in a burst of merriment at the mimicry of a character they never saw or heard of; and to behold others delighted with the satisfactory imitation of some one (so like!) for whom the imitator never intended it. We therefore think that this species of entertainment may be multiplied, and will, probably, till the market is glutted. No one will altogether fail, but very few will exhibit so much tact and talent as Mr. YATES; some one or two may display more, but from the nature of the thing, which is wholly and solely to produce mirth for the moment, and to be forgotten as the risible muscles recover their rest, even greater perfection will not be more successful. The positively bad is sure to be scouted, but the little better or worse is not the question, for it is in effect a matter of very trifling consequence to the undistinguishing multitude.

For a *début* in this way, we never witnessed an actor better possessed of himself and his part, disjointed as it is—and this is its fault, for having no connection or the slightest thread, the impression as a whole is feeble, and the mind can only retain the memory of certain striking *morceaux*. The anecdotes were told with excellent humour and effect; and even the songs, with much less patter, and a more pointed utterance, would be desirable as tending to vary and relieve the course of the entertainment. We stop not to notice every particular change and imitation in the former acts, but we cannot conclude without remarking on *Mr. Fact* and *Mrs. Paulina Pry*, that they are characters enough in themselves to establish the fame of Mr. YATES as an actor. In the third part he represents some half dozen characters in a manner unequalled. The machinery for this purpose is contrived with great ingenuity, and we do not scruple to say that his appearances and disappearances, if he ever could be said to dis-

appear, were perfectly miraculous in the way of deception. This may be mummery, but so is all this sort of thing—the people like it, the treasury fills, and that's the real and solid triumph of mummery—ay, and acting too.

The piece on the first night, and we have not been since,* was as usual in such attempts, too long—on evil easily cured, if indeed it can be called an evil, since every thing is to be hoped from fertility, nothing from sterility. New to the toil and young, Mr. YATES has placed his foot on a summit, which, though other heights are yet to be surmounted, opens to him such a cheerful prospect as may well give him nerve to persevere. In a career so auspiciously begun, we see nothing to induce him to “abate a jot of heart or hope.”

MINOR MATTERS.

We shall be “brief as woman's love” with the suburbanians—not that they do not afford as much amusement as their solemn brethren, who borrow so largely from the subtle ones when they wish to be gay, (finding that the great guns for a *faux de joie*, are not equal in effect to the minor canons,) but because we want room to enter fully into their merits.

The COBURG opened on Easter Monday, with *The Manager's Vision*—*The Man of the Mountains*, and *The Massacre of Rajahpore*. The second piece is by Mr. MILLER, who did honour to his father *Joseph*, in the character assigned to Mr. MEREDITH and Mrs. DAVIDSON. There was a slight disturbance about the absence of a *Mr. Hunter*, who was to have figured as *Edward the Black Prince*, but we could not tell why, for the audience had enough and to spare both of actors and acting, all very creditable to the house.

ASLLEY's started with the *Burmese War, or our Victories in the East*, and *Out of Place, or Fiats and Sharps*, assisted by all that potent agency of horse and foot, with which the war is carried on so effectively at this theatre. *Mr. Ducrow*, *Miss E. Ducrow* and *Mr. Woolford*, afford this spot a peculiar and unrivalled attraction.

The SURREY gave us the *Conspiracy*, (love and murder being the staple commodity of all these lively pieces,) followed by *The Apprentice Opera*—“*Venice Preserved*,” and HOWARTH associated to set off each other. *Mr. Cobham's* imitation of *Kean* in *Tierr* was very tolerable,—some critics may think that he does wrong to imitate, but we are sure that *he cannot do better*. The later performance, the *Apprentice Opera*, is one of the best pieces we ever remember at a place of this description.

SADLERS WELLS, though last, nevertheless least, produced *Mrs. W. or Vere's my Wife*, as vulgar as its title; with the old piece *Emih of Hungary*; concluding with *Hot and cold, or Harlequin Snow Ball*—*alter et idem*—always the same, yet always new. *Mr. W. H. Williams* is

* Once is enough for the getter up of such an entertainment as this, if all the town are, as it would appear they are, agreed to hear it once; and as often as in our opinion any man can sit it out with much amusement. Like the lady, in the “*Select Fables*,” published by Smith and Co., who bought the parrot for saying “*I think the more*,” he who goes twice, will be apt to exclaim,

—————“ Ah! what a dunce,
How much have I been cheated;
What seemed a joke when spoken once,
Is nonsense oft repeated.”

a desirable acquisition here, and *Mrs. Fitzwilliam* and the younger *Grimaldi* always trumps, turn up what will, and whatever the game.

MR. C. KEMBLE and Mr. PLANCHE, with their costumes, and indeed all managers, past and present, have sinned grievously against "the eternal fitness of things." As "the wisdom is in the wig," so have they hitherto considered the colour of said wig in tragedy, to settle that doubtful point—which is the *hero*, and which is the *murderer*. No *black* wig, no murderer has been their rule; but how faulty, the experience of the keeper of the principal gaol in Cheshire will shew, who states from "his lengthened observations," that "murderers were always persons with *fair hair* and blue eyes." (We ourselves have met with several men-killers amongst the *fair*, who have answered to this description.) If you want a raving maniac, says Mr. G. FARRÉN, give him a *black wig*. As we are nothing now at our theatres, if not critically and costumedly correct, we trust the property will take note of this nice distinction. Under these circumstances we shall for the present ascribe the past ravings of our tragedians, to nothing but error in not dressing the part to a hair—a *capital* offence it is true—for the Wig's to blame.

THE ROYALTY THEATRE, Goodman's Fields, was burnt down by accident, on the 11th of April. This is a heavy calamity, as it respects a vast number of persons and their families thrown out of bread. It is not easy to conceive or to devise any alleviation of so much ruin. The "idle trade" unfits the greater part of them, both in mind and body, for any other employment that might afford a ready relief; and the manager, Mr. DUNN, to whom they might otherwise look as a rallying point, is by his losses quite unable to form them and take up a new position.

Mrs. SIDDON'S fell down stairs, and, though recovered, was thought to be in a dangerous way. Mr. BOADEN has long been very busy on *her* life.

Mr. FAULKNER of the Theatres York, &c. drowned himself on the 1st of April.

Mr. MACREADY, and Miss POOLE, are for the American market—that is, *under* PRICE.

Mr. MATHEWS has this season succeeded beyond all precedent. Bumper after bumper, and every one delighted with the banquet, except Mr. ARNOLD, who seems a little moody, and keeps muttering to himself "*eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow you die.*" Not that he betrays any diminution of appetite, for he stuffs on to the last, but cursing and swearing, like a cat at dinner.

Mrs. CORRI, has, we hear, brought an action against somebody, for preventing her playing *Columbine*,—either way it seems to us to amount to the same thing, for if she had played *Columbine*, she would still have brought *her* action.

Mrs. SALMON was said to have lost her voice in Italy, irrecoverably, but it appears, by a letter from her in the *Courier*, dated *Paris*, April 10th, that she has found it again in France. "It is not only not lost, but better than ever." Travelling, or perhaps rest out of her possession, has, we suppose improved it,—or query—has not she picked up somebody else's voice? We recollect a man, who solemnly declared, though we never believed him, that he one night dropt a guinea in the street, and seeking for it, picked up *ten*. We hope this is not the "*better*!" alluded to, for we protest against such luck in *women*.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE past has been a month of comparatively slight interest, foreign or domestic. The accounts of the Quarter's Revenue, up to the 5th of April, are, considering the late pecuniary pressure, highly satisfactory. The deficit upon the taxes is somewhat short of 700,000*l*, which is less than had been anticipated; and, on comparison of the years ending April 5, 1825, and April 5, 1826, there is, upon the unreduced taxes, a positive increase of considerable amount. This is the more gratifying, when it is considered that, from various circumstances, not necessary here to state, the first quarter's revenue of the year 1825, was increased beyond its fair standard. For some weeks the collections throughout the country evinced considerable improvement; and, in the last week of the quarter they were actually superior to the corresponding week of 1825. The aggregate amount of the first quarter in 1825, was 10,512,567*l*.; and that of 1826, 9,829,768*l*.

Parliament is unusually forward in its customary business of the Session. The understanding now is, that it will be prorogued about the close of the present month (May); but that the dissolution will not take place before July or August. It is unnecessary to add that, throughout the country, the utmost electioneering activity prevails. Many subjects, important in themselves, have been allowed by almost general consent, to stand over for the consideration of a new Parliament. Amongst these may be mentioned, 1st, the Promissory Notes' Local Payment Bill. This was agreed to in the Upper House, upon the motion of the Earl of Liverpool, on the 25th of April. So many objections, his Lordship observed, had been urged against the principle of the bill, especially with respect to the Irish and Scotch banking systems, both of which had been referred to Committees of both Houses, that he thought it would not be practicable to come to a satisfactory conclusion during the present Session.

The consideration of the Corn Laws is another postponed measure. Mr. Whitmore, on the 18th of April, proposed that the Commons' House should resolve itself into a Committee on the

subject. His general idea was, that a protecting duty of ten shillings per quarter should be allowed, conjointly with another, but temporary measure, increasing that duty, should the price in the home market be considerably reduced. Suppose the price in the market to be 50*s*. the permanent protecting duty would be 10*s*.; but the temporary measure would increase the 10*s*. to 15*s*. on foreign corn, when English wheat should be at 50*s*. When at 45*s*. he would increase the duty to 20*s*.; and when corn came to 40*s*. he would have the duty 25*s*. If the price here were from 50*s*. to 60*s*. the general average quantity of foreign corn which would be imported into this country, would not exceed 100,000 qrs; whereas our annual average consumption was 13,000,000 of quarters. Thus we had no reason to be apprehensive, with regard to the quantity of corn that would be imported. The best wheat of Poland could not be brought into this country at a lower average rate than 48*s*.; and if a duty of 10*s*. or 12*s*. were imposed in this country, it would not allow of profits that would induce an increased cultivation in the districts of the Vistula. The motion for a committee was negatived by 250 against 81.

The Usury Laws Bill is another of the measures postponed till next Session.

On the 20th of April, Mr. Peel stated that Government did not mean to apply for a renewal of the Alien Act, which would expire in November next; all that was meant to be proposed was, that the names of aliens should be registered. Mr. Peel accordingly obtained leave to bring in a bill for this object.

On a motion made by Mr. W. Smith, the same evening, respecting the appointment of Protectors of Colonial Slaves, Mr. Canning repeated, that it was the fixed determination of the Government to carry the resolutions of Parliament, which had been agreed to in 1823, respecting the Slave Trade, into full effect.

A somewhat extraordinary motion, made by Mr. C. Pelham on the 19th of April, fell to the ground in consequence of its not being seconded. Its object was, that the High Court of

Parliament should sit from time to time in the different capitals of the kingdom, instead of being confined to London.

Considerable discussion took place in the House of Commons on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, on a proposition made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for granting a salary of 5000*l.* to the President of the Board of Trade. Hitherto the office had been held without salary, conjointly with that of Treasurer of the Navy, the salary of which was 3000*l.* per annum, with a house, &c. It was now proposed that the offices should be divided, each receiving its distinct salary. The ultimate decision however was, that Mr. Huskisson should continue to hold both offices, receiving for them, conjointly, the increased salary of 5000*l.* a year.

The Duke of Wellington left St. Petersburg, on his return to England, about the 6th of April, his Grace having uniformly received from the Emperor Nicholas the highest possible marks of consideration. Amongst other tokens of imperial regard, his Majesty paid the elegant and gratifying compliment of ordering that the Smolensko regiment of Infantry, formed by Peter the Great, and one of the most distinguished in the Russian army, should henceforward be called the Duke of Wellington's regiment. The Duke attended the funeral of the late Emperor Alexander. The coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, it is thought, will not take place till the month of September or October. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, however, has been formally appointed his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary on that occasion.

THE COLONIES.

It is distressing to state, that the armistice with the Burmese was abruptly broken; and that, on the very day of its rupture, a smart engagement took place between the Burmese and a party of the Royals, in which two or three of our men were killed, and some wounded. However, in a subsequent engagement of more consequence, the enemy were defeated with great loss. The latter engagement lasted three days. On the first day 200 Burmese were left dead on the field; 200 on the second; and on the third 400 in one breach; while our loss in killed and wounded amounted

to 150. Sir Archibald Campbell had six officers killed, and five wounded. The enemy were dispersed, but they afterwards occupied a stockade position 30 miles from Prome. On the second day of the engagement, the British flotilla, under the command of Commodore Sir James Brisbane, captured about 330 of the enemy's boats, with several guns, 400 muskets, and a large quantity of stores. Altogether, the results were considered exceedingly important.

The siege of Bhurtpore was formally commenced by a division of Lord Combermere's army, under the command of Major General Nicolls, with 30,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery, on the 10th of December. In the progress of the siege, Lord Combermere and General Nicolls happening to be in advance, and reconnoitring the fortress, were surprised by a party of the enemy, and effected their escape only by the superior speed of their horses. The news, which reached London on the 24th of April, of the fall of Bhurtpore, has not been confirmed, and is, we fear, premature.

An amicable arrangement is understood to have been effected with the Rajah of Ligore; consequently the alarm which the hostile preparations of that chief had excited at Prince of Wales Island, had subsided.

EUROPEAN STATES.

The Emperor of Austria has completely recovered from his late indisposition.

The Queen of Portugal is said to have acknowledged the Council of Regency appointed just before the demise of his late Majesty.

Report states that a new Treaty has been concluded, by which the French troops are to retain possession, for several years, of Barcelona, Pampluna, Cadiz, and the other places in Spain, which they now occupy. With reference chiefly we presume to Spain, it was some time since stated that the Pope was about to address a Bull to the Clergy of all Romish Christendom, calling upon them to pursue and extirpate the political sects, whose object is to overthrow the throne and the altar, to undermine public tranquillity, lity, and to spread licentiousness and murder.

The French ministry appear to have been somewhat unfortunate of late in their measures. The laws of primogeniture have been rejected. On a point

of constitutional doctrine, respecting the levying of tonnage duties, in consequence of the commercial treaty between France and England, which came into operation on the 5th of April, the opposition party triumphed by a majority of 183 against 115. It is said, too, that the President of Hayti has refused to ratify the treaty lately negotiated between France and that country, on the ground that certain of its provisions respecting the termination of the half duties were not specific, and in accordance with the verbal understanding.

The session of the States General of the Netherlands closed on the 25th of March. The latest advices from Java report nothing decisive, but they are in substance unfavourable to the interests of the Dutch.

Our oracular newspapers, deceived, for the thousandth time, by the regular trading manufacturers of Greek news, have been berisifying the public with circumstantial accounts of the fall of Missolonghi, and the consequent massacre of all the men, women, and children in the place. These accounts have been ascertained to be false.

AMERICA.

A message from the President of the United States was laid before Congress on the 15th of March, respecting the proposed mission to Panama, to attend the South American Congress. The assent to the mission was determined in the Senate only by a majority of 24 to 19. One of the main points urged in the message is, the absolute exclusion of any European power from colonization in any portion of the American hemisphere. Another point to which the attention of the Panama Congress is likely to be directed, is the abolition of the African slave trade throughout the whole of the American continent.

The message of the Vice-President of Columbia upon opening the Congress of that state, on the 2d of January, was exceedingly favourable as to the prosperous state of the revenue, and the various measures for the advancement of education, the consolidation of the laws, and the placing of the military forces of the public upon a respectable footing.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

MARCH 20. Missolonghi said to have been taken by the Turks.

— **21.** A new Court of Requests for the Borough of Southwark, opened in Swan-street, Newington Butts.

— **22.** Franconi's Cirque Olympique, at Paris, destroyed by fire: damage estimated at 600,000 frs.

— **24.** Funeral of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, at St. Petersburg. The Duke of Wellington attended.

— **25.** A Petition from the merchants of Paris and Havre presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, praying for the enactment of several laws to repress the Slave Trade.

— **28.** Mr. Green, from the Bowling-green of the Eagle Tavern, City Road, made his 48th Balloon ascent.

— **29.** Lord Strangford had a public audience of the Emperor Nicholas, at St. Petersburg, to present his credentials.

— **30.** The Old South Sea House nearly destroyed by fire.

APRIL 2. In the Church of St. Martin in the Fields, a gentleman publicly read his recantation from the errors of the Church of Rome.

— **6.** Sir G. McGregor, Cacique of Poyais, tried at Paris, with several Englishmen and a Frenchman, on a charge of having raised considerable loans under false pretences. The Cacique and his English confederate acquitted; the Frenchman found guilty, and sentenced to 2 years' imprisonment.

— **11.** Public dinner given to Lord Howick at Newcastle.

— **14.** The Duke of Wellington arrived at Berlin, on his return from St. Petersburg.

— **15.** Mr. Cooper, a brush maker, of High-street, Mary-le-bone, murdered by a man named Pollard, a butcher. Pollard also wounded Mrs. Cooper, and Mrs. Bicknell, Cooper's sister, with whom he had cohabited; and before he could be taken, had inflicted several wounds on himself, of which he died in a few hours.

—— 16. The Royalty Theatre, Wellclose Square, destroyed by fire.

—— 18. Mr. Whitmore's Motion for the House of Commons to resolve itself into a Committee to consider of the present state of the Corn Laws, negatived by 215 against 81.

—— 21. In Doctors' Commons, in

the suit of the Marquis and Marchioness of Westmeath, judgment given against her ladyship, who is enjoined to return to the society of her husband.

—— 25. A fire broke out in Vere-street, Clare Market, by which one man and three children lost their lives, and several others were severely burnt.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Manufacture of Glass. A discovery of considerable importance to the glass-manufacturers of the northern parts of Britain has been made by Mr. Robert Bald. The Lynn Regis sand has hitherto been considered the best, and has long been used by the British glass makers. Its cost in Scotland is about 20s. per ton. Mr. Bald has, however, discovered that a bed of white sandstone, in the lower *strata* of the coal-field of Alloa, affords an excellent fine sand for the manufacture of glass. It consists of very pure crystals of silice, cemented by a small quantity of matter, which may be easily separated by washing. A specimen of flint-glass was made with it by Mr. Marshall, of the Alloa Glass Works, which Dr. Brewster describes as perfectly colourless, and equal to the finest flint-glass he had seen. When the washed sand is examined under the microscope, it appears to be entirely free from foreign matter. It appears, then, that this sand is superior to that of Lynn Regis, and yet it is Mr. Bald's opinion that it may be delivered at Alloa for a shilling per ton.

A List of Fires from January 7, to December 31, 1825. Each fire destroying one or more Houses entirely, the loss by each fire at least 500l.

Jan. 7. Tiffen's, in Castle-st. Borough.
9. Webster's, in Old-st. St. Luke's.
19. Shilford's, in Mason-st. Kent-road.

— . Brown's, in Vine-st. Hatton-wall.
25. Duncan's, at Shad Thames.
27. Edwards's, at Deptford, in Kent.
28. Huggett's, in Standgate-st.; and at Mr. Rowland's, in Jermyn-st. St. James's.

Feb. 3. Benjamin's, in Paul-st. Finsbury.

4. Still's, Wapping-wall.

5. Bell's, King-st. Goswell-road
6. Starkey's, North-st. City-road.
7. Flockton's, Spa-road, Bermondsey.

8. Hyndman's at Kensington. 4
10. Grange's, in tl. Strand.
— . Roll's, in Lamb's-place, Bermondsey.

18. Colclough's, Rotherhithe.
20. Blackburn's, on Great Saffron-hill.

21. Wilkinson's, Ludgate-hill.
22. Berney's, Maiden-lane.
24. Ayres', in Fleet-market.
27. Hinds', in High Holborn.

March 4. Mullinger's, Great Garden-street, Whitechapel.

5. Gibbs', Union-st. Whitechapel.
6. Burgin's, at Battle-bridge.
9. Whiting's, Rose and Crown-court, Moorfields.

13. Pieman's, Little Queen-st. Holborn.
14. Pieman's, Tower-st. Westminster-road.

15. Hewitt's, High-st. Borough.
19. Cawston's, in Bolingbrook-row, Walworth.

30. Ruff's, Upper Rathbone-place.
31. Middleton's, Hammur-smith.
April 1. Cary's, Mary-la-bonne-st.
2. Sargar's, Snow hill.
3. Russell's, Long-acre.
5. Stapleton's, Ironmonger-row, St. Luke's.

6. Martineau's, Whitechapel.
— . Mead's, Upper Edmonton.
11. Williams', Tooting-court, Paddington.

15. Crew's, Connaught Terrace, Edgware-road.

16. Elliott's, Fenchurch-st.
21. Nelson's, Blackman-st. and Mr. Davis's, Holborn.

26. Spencer's, Phoenix-st. St. Giles's.
28. Dignum's, Adam-st. Adelphi.

May 6. Marten's, Chapman's-court, Minorities.

9. Chivers', Robin Hood-ct. Strand.
19. Clarke's, Thornton-st. Dock-head.
23. Deaton's, Compton-st. Brunswick-square.
25. Bailey's, Cumberland gardens.
28. Spriteley's, Rose-st. Long-acre.
28. Proudfoot's, Queen-street, Cheapside.
31. Taylor's, Guildford-court, Russell square.
- June 3. Devey's, Battersea-fields.
8. Anderson's, Waterloo-road.
13. Rowley's, White-st. Borough.
16. Bishop's, Canonbury-square, Islington.
21. Crowzet's, Great Titchfield-st.
26. Cooper's, Old Montague-st.
29. Treewheelas', Stoke Newington.
- July 1. Sheridas', Fleet-market.
4. Grant's, Little Moor-fields.
5. Bardien's, Totbill-st.
8. Henderson's, West-st. Walworth.
9. Smith's, King-st. West Smithfield.
13. Briant's, Willow-walk, Millbank.
21. Rhodes', Islington.
26. Appleford's, White-cross-place.
27. Grant's, Cloth-fair.
28. Woodcock's, Blackhorse-fields.
29. Lords' Cricket Ground, Mary-labonne.
- James', Old Cavendish-st.
30. Cozens', Woburn-court, Bloomsbury.
- Aug. 1. Brady's, Ponder's-end.
- Peter's, Cannon-street-road.
7. Wilson's, Wood-st. Cheapside.
- Jones's, High-st. Mary-labonne.
10. Roby's, Old-st. St. Luke's.
12. Holcomb's, New Cross, Deptford, Kent.
14. Peters', Booth-st. Spitalfields.
17. Archibald's, Middle Shadwell.
25. Gatehouse's, Webber-row.
30. Newman's, Sun-yard, Nightingale-lane.
- Sept. 3. Brock's, Baker's-row, White chapel.
8. Hawes', Old Barge House.
10. Nash's, New cut, Lambeth.
11. Fredenman's, Bell-st. Lambeth.
12. Ball's, High-st. Shoreditch.
14. Oliver's, Hamilton-place, Battle-bridge.
21. Key's, King-st. Covent-garden.
23. Harris', Strand.
25. Andrew's, Lamb-alley, Sun-st.
26. Jackson's, White Lion-street, Goodman's-fields.
- Oct. 2. Johnson's, Gibraltar-walk, Bethnal-green.
10. Fiel's, Charles-st. Hoxton.

22. Bridge's, St. John-st.
28. Inglis's, Wingrove-pl. Clerkenwell.
31. Braham's, London-st. Fitzroy-square.
- Nov. 1. Edwards's, Chapel-st. Joiners'-town.
7. Dent's, Wellington-place, St. George, Middlesex.
12. Smith's, Chapel-st. Curtain-road.
22. Woolf's, Lower Shadwell.
- Ford's, Bridge-water-gardens.
25. Powis, Becondsey-wall.
29. Cox's, Fullwood's-rents, Holborn.
- Dec. 1. Moor's, County Terrace-st. New Kent-road.
22. Gibbs's, Wardour-st. Soho.
28. Wilson's, Creed-lane.
- Course's, St. John-street.
29. Stoard's, Basing-lane.
30. Rynal's, Old-st. St. Luke's.
31. Brockby's, King-st. Commercial-road.

FRANCE.

Parisian Morals.—By reports which have been made to the French Academy of Medicine, it appears that the number of marriages and the number of illegitimate births are fewer in the rich quarters of Paris than in the poor; and that, on the contrary, the rich quarters furnish a greater number of illegitimate births than the poor, and that it is much more rare to see illegitimate offspring acknowledged by their fathers in the former than in the latter. It appears, also, that of the children still born in Paris, the number of boys greatly exceeds that of girls; and that the number of both sexes still-born is much greater in private houses than in the hospitals. Some deduction, however, ought to be made from the last statement, in consequence of its being the custom of the civil officers to record as still-born all children who die before the declaration of their birth has been made, that is to say, almost all who die within the first two days.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The report which was made to the Philotechnic Society of Paris, in November last, by M. Lenoir, on the collection of antiquities recently imported into France from Egypt, by M. Passalacqua, has lately been published. It contains details of the principal articles of one of the most valuable collections ever offered to the curiosity of the lovers of antiquities. Among other extraordinary things, this collection exhibits a variety of articles belonging to a lady's

toilette; necklaces of every kind, head pins, ear-pendants, rings, combs, mirrors, boxes still retaining pomatum for the skin, and for reddening the nails, according to the Egyptian custom, &c. —Chevalier Drovetti has presented to the King a remarkable monument of antiquity, which he found at Sois in Egypt. It consists of a single piece of rose-coloured granite, 8 feet 3 inches (French) in height, 5 feet 1 inch in breadth, and 4 feet 8 inches in depth. The sides are all ornamented with hieroglyphics, which M. Champollion Figéac expounds to mean:—That this stone was dedicated to Neith, the titular goddess of the city of Sois. 2. That in the niche, or opening in the front of this sanctuary, was engaged and fed her living symbol, a vulture. 3. That the stone was consecrated by the King Amosis, Net-So, the son of Neith, who is the Amasis of the 26th Egyptian dynasty, a native of Sois, and the same who, after a reign of 40 years, was vanquished by Cambyzes. This makes the date of the monument between 530 and 570 years before the Christian era.

Astronomical Origin of Chess.—M. Villot, Keeper of the Archives of the city of Paris, having undertaken a course of enquiries into the astronomy of the Egyptians, ascertained that calendars or astronomical tables were to be met with in a great number of Egyptian monuments, in the shape of chess boards. He has published a treatise, in which he points out the extraordinary coincidence which exists between the game of chess and the laws to which the various combinations of hours, day, months, and years are subjected, in the triple Egyptian calendar; a very singular circumstance, which, by undeniable relations that can scarcely be attributed to chance, seems to prove that this form of calendar was known to antiquity.

Iroquois Prince.—The chief of one of the tribes of Iroquois, from the north east of the United States of America, lately arrived at Bordeaux. Having embraced Christianity, he determined to visit Europe, in company with a French Missionary. It was his intention to repair to Paris, to be presented to Charles X. He carries with him a red ribband, part of a complete dress which Louis XIV. presented to one of his ancestors. The name of this young prince is Joseph Teotakaron Anowaren, or Chief of the Great Turtle. The country of which he is the sovereign

extends from 41 to 45 degrees of north latitude and from 75 to 83 degrees of longitude. From Paris he means to proceed to Rome.

Æsop's Fables.—A letter from Count Louis Biondi, inserted in the 32d vol. of the *Journal Arcadique*, incontestably proves that the ancient and elegant translation of Æsop's Fables, cited by the De la Cruscan Academy as a model of language, is not in prose, as has hitherto been supposed, but in verse, and which is still more extraordinary, in rhyme!

Navigation of Rivers.—A. M. Lagnel has constructed a machine, at present at work on the Rhine, by which vessels are towed against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in an hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues a day.

ITALY.

Archeology.—During his residence at Rome, M. Champollion, jun. edited a catalogue of the Egyptian Manuscripts in the Vatican. His work was translated into Italian by M. Angelo Mai, and, having been printed by order of the Pope, has just made its appearance, under the title of "Catalogo de Papiri Egiptiaci della Biblioteca Vaticana, &c. Roma ed tipi Vaticani." M. Mai has added some exceedingly interesting notes to the text of the original.

Tasso and Dante.—Professor Rizzi, the keeper of the Barberini Library, has just discovered a manuscript copy of the Divina Comedia of Dante, with Landino's Commentary, full of notes in the hand writing of Tasso. These notes display great learning and taste, and shew the attention with which the illustrious author of Jerusalem Delivered had studied Dante's poem. M. Rizzi has made a present of this valuable manuscript to Professor Rossini, of Pisa, for the purpose of enriching his edition of the complete works of Tasso.

GERMANY.

Papa's Digest.—This useful invention has hitherto been employed only in chemical operations, and was excluded from domestic use on account of the great precaution necessary to prevent the bursting of the vessel. M. F. S. Yenker, head cook to his Highness Prince Joseph Von Schwarzenberg, has obtained a patent for an improvement of this digester, which must be highly welcome in any family, as food may be dressed in these "improved

“ailers” in one third of the time, and with one third of the fuel, required in the usual way, and that in the most savoury manner, as the finer essence does not evaporate. There is no danger whatever of the bursting of this vessel, which of this concentrated heat is the cause of the quick boiling, but at the same time, of the expansion of the air and steam, which necessarily reduces the danger of bursting, the inventor has introduced in the lid, made of cast iron, (which shuts quite close, and is kept fast by a screw,) a valve, provided with a weight, which is not raised till the internal heat of the vessel is very great; and thus the danger arising from the too great expansion of air, &c. is prevented. But effectually to do away with the possibility of any danger, from the accidental stopping of the valve, he introduces into the lid an opening, which is carefully filled up and soldered with a composition of tin and bismuth. As these metals melt when the internal heat of the vessel is 100 degrees of Reaumur (about 260 degrees Fahrenheit,) the steam can thus escape through this opening, so that the bursting of the boiler is impossible.

Fire-proof Wood.—A means of rendering wood less inflammable, which may often be resorted to with advantage, has been discovered by Dr. Fuchs, Professor of Mineralogy, Munich. The following is the process:—Mix together ten parts of potash or soda, 15 parts of quartz sand, and one part of charcoal, and melt or fuse them, dissolve the mass in water, and either alone or mixed with earthly matter, apply it to the surfaces of the wood. The attention of Dr. Fuchs was drawn to this subject by the fire which two years ago burnt the great theatre of Munich to the ground. The above method has been employed to protect the wood work of the new theatre. The materials, alkali quartz and charcoal, are abundant and cheap; and we have no doubt it might be applied with advantage to ships as well as houses, and not improbably with equal effect against fire, and against that slow and insidious enemy of wood-work, the dry-rot.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The Emperor has purchased the extensive collection of Egyptian antiquities landed at Leghorn. It consists of papyri, a grand sarcophagus, inscriptions, frescoes &c. and is worthy of its imperial purchaser, who has, in his subject Von Hammer, a

scholar as well able to investigate these remarkable remains of ancient times as any man of the present age.

HOLLAND.

New Island. In July last the *Polux*, Dutch ship of war Captain Egg, discovered a new and well peopled island in the Pacific, to which the name of *Nederlandich Island* was given. Its latitude and longitude laid down at 7° 10' S and 177° 33' 10' E from Greenwich. The natives were athletic and fierce, great thieves, and, from their having no symptoms of fear when muskets were discharged, evidently unacquainted with the effects of fire-arms.

RUSSIA.

Ancient MSS.—Two remarkable manuscripts have been found in the libraries of Kiev. The first is a complete translation of the Gospel into the dialect of White Russia, and is preserved in the library of the monastery of Spass Mikhaïlovskoi. The second of these manuscripts is Coptic; it belongs to the Seminary, and was given to it by the late Count Potocky. The following inscription is on the first leaf, viz.:—“Manuscriptum quod mihi Cahire, dono debet patriarcha Cephilorum; ego autem offerrebam Academiæ Kiovensi. Joannes Potocki, intimus consiliis.”

Petrarch. The Chevalier Artighi, in a little pamphlet, published some months ago at Petersburg, states that he is in possession of a very beautiful manuscript of Petrarch's Sonnets, in the hand writing of Petrarch himself. This manuscript will furnish the means of correcting several defective passages in the texts which have hitherto been followed, and of expunging several sonnets which have been erroneously attributed to Petrarch.

Agriculture.—The Agricultural Society of Moscow, over which Prince Galitzin presides, and to which the late Emperor Alexander gave a considerable grant of land near Moscow, for the purpose of establishing a farm, is going on very prosperously. It has already collected in its school above eighty pupils from various parts of Russia, even from Kamschatka; and the journal of its proceedings has been so much in demand, that it has been found necessary to reprint the volumes for the first two years.

Longevity.—There is now living at Moscow an old man 126 years of age. Entering into the military service towards the end of the reign of Peter I., he was at the siege of Montine, and

took a part in the seven years war, at the end of which a severe wound in the foot compelled him to retire. He then turned shoemaker, and married. His wife died in 1812. His memory is very tenacious. His narratives, and the accounts which he gives of the celebrated persons whom he has known, correspond closely with historical statements; and although he is destitute of the elements of knowledge, he is seldom in error as to the chronology of the various epochs and events about which he is questioned.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Bees.—In the department of Calvados they have a method of managing their bees, which is worth the attention of apiarians, in countries where the hives are transported from place to place for change of food. In one half of this department, called the Bocage, large tracts of high lands are covered with buck-wheat, and there the bees produce excellent wax, but bad honey. In another part of the district, in the plain,

where saint-foin is extensively cultivated, the honey is delicious, but the wax is bad, and difficult to bleach. It is the custom of the cultivators of the Bocage, as soon as the saint-foin begins to flower, to send their hives down to the plains, and to lengthen them by means of an empty hive, to which the bees are allowed access, by the removal of the top of the old hive. This operation they call *ealotter*. As soon as the saint-foin ceases to produce blossoms, they take their hives home, separate the new hive from the old one, and drive the bees out of the former into the latter; an operation which is easily performed, by inverting the one under the other. By this means they effectually separate the honey-comb prepared from the saint-foin from that extracted from the buck-wheat, and make use of either, according to their convenience. The usual practice is to leave the honey from the buck-wheat for the winter provision of the bees.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

A Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, in which is contained an exposition of the passages of Scripture which have been supposed to bear on that subject, as quoted by the Rev. John Brown in his Dictionary of the Bible, under the articles - Election, Reprobation, and Perseverance; by the Rev. Thomas Scott, in his Sermon on Election and Final Perseverance, and by Joseph Fletcher, A.M. in his Discourse on Personal Election and Divine Sovereignty, by Robert Wilson, A.M.

Ports of England, No. 1, containing two plates, Whitby and Scarbro', engraved in highly finished Mezzotinto, by Thomas Lupton, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. made expressly for the work. This publication will embrace all the licensed and chartered ports of England, and is likely, therefore, to prove highly interesting to the historian, as well as to the collector of fine arts.

Mr. Ebers announces his intention of producing a splendid annual miscellany, to be entitled, *The Aurora*.

A volume of Fugitive and other Poems, under the title of *Field Flowers*, by Henry Brandreth, jun. Esq.

A novel, reported to be of the highest interest, from the pen of a noble au-

thor, is in the press, entitled, "*Alla Giornata, or to the Day*," the scene of which is laid in Italy.

Mr. Frere has nearly ready for publication, a corrected edition of "*A Combined View of the Prophecies*," in which he has availed himself of the advantages for perfecting this subject, which have been afforded by the late expiration of another grand prophetic period; the 1290 years of Daniel.

A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, designed for the use of mere English readers. In Two Parts. Part 1. Rules for reading the Bible. Part 2. Helps towards a right understanding thereof; comprising introductions to the several books; a Summary of Biblical Antiquities, Geography, Natural History, &c. By Wm. Carpenter, Editor of the *Critical Biblical, Scripture Magazine, Calendarium Palestine, &c.* In 1 large vol. 8vo. with maps and plates.

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of York has appointed the Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, B.A. one of his Royal Highness's Domestic Chaplains.

The Rev. T. Methold, to the Rectory of Kilverstone, Norwich.

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The Rev. A. Fawse, to the United Church of Logie Coldstone, Aberdeen, vice the Rev. R. Farquharson.

GAZETTE APPOINTMENTS.

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A. G. Stapleton, Esq. to the office of one of the Clerks of His Majesty's Signet.

The King has been pleased to approve of Mr. H. F. Tinker, as Consul in London for his Serene Highness the Duke of Oldenburg.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire,

to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of All the Russias, on his Imperial Majesty's Coronation.

Lord Forbes, to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly to the Church of Scotland.

His Majesty has been pleased to approve of Mr. M. A. de Faria, as Consul General to London, for the Emperor of Brazil.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

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MARRIED.

At St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. Henry Perceval, son of the late Right Hon. Spenser Perceval, to Catherine Isabella, second daughter of A. B. Drummond, Esq. of Cadland, Hants—E. Chitty, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late B. Batchelder, Esq.—The Rev. E. N. Dean, M.A. to Emma, eldest daughter of W. Thomas, Esq. of Lombard-street—The Rev. S. Best, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burroughs—N. R. Calvert, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Becker, of Tyuan, Ireland—F. Langley, Esq. to Mrs. Curtis, relict of J. Curtis, Esq. M.P.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, the Hon. and Rev. T. E. Pellew, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Dr. Winthrop—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Thomas Nay-

ler, Chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of York, to Dora, second daughter of Sir George Naylor, Garter King at Arms—At Lord Ravensworth's, Portland-place, Sir H. Williamson, Bart. to the Hon. Anne Elizabeth Liddell—Thos. Nixon, Esq. to Fanny, co-heiress of the late Sir J. Allen—At St. Mary-le-bone, the Rev. J. D. Wingfield, Prebendary of Kildare, and Rector of Geeshill, to Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir John W. South, of Dorset, Bart.

DEATHS.

In Civenish-square, aged 92, the Bishop of Durham—W. Dagley, Esq. of Brompton, aged 63—In Lower Grosvenor-street, aged 15, the son of Viscount Barrington, and nephew of the late Bishop of Durham—The Hon. Geo. Blaquiere, third son of the late John, first Lord De Blaquiere—Rear Admiral Prowse, C. B.—Dr. John Gray, aged 58, late Physician to Haslar Hospital—Eliza, only daughter of Colonel Royal, aged 24—At Clapton, J. Echallaz, Esq. aged 59—The lady of the Rev. J. Buckland, Rector of St. George's, Southwark—John Richard, third son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hugh Ross, K.C.B.—G. S. Topley, Esq. Barrister at Law—Sir George Alderson—Lieut.-Gen. P. K. Skinner—Mariau, wife of Major General Mosheim—At Little Chelsea, aged 74, the wife of C. Shuter, Esq.—At Shaftesbury House, Bayswater, aged 69, John Davidson, Esq.—Lieut. S. B. Peacock, R.N.—Mrs. Fautleroy, mother of W. Fautleroy.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

At Paris, the lady of J. A. Wilson, Esq. M.D. of a son.

MARRIED.

At New Norfolk, Van Dieman's Land, Lieut. Colonel S. H. Ford, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Capt. E. Macdonald—At Jersey, J. Hammond, Esq. to Jane Penrose, eldest daughter of W. L. Breton, Esq.—At Paris, F. G. Harrison, Esq. to Jane, third daughter of J. G. Sparrow, Esq. of Essex.

DEATHS.

At Paris, the Duke Matthieu de Montmorency—At Belem, near Lisbon, Lieut. G. W. A. Brisac—At Halle, Prussia, Vatar, the celebrated Orientalist—At Virginia, in the United States, Alex. Berkeley, a native of Scotland, aged 114, and shortly after his wife, aged 111—At Calcutta, the Rev. J. Lawson—At Lausanne, Mrs. C. Cerjat, daughter of H. P. Weston, Esq.—At Palermo, Mary, relict of J. Gay, Esq. and eldest

daughter of the late Sir Francis Elliott, Bart.—At St. Servan, France, the Right Hon. Lady Isabella St. Lawrence—At Philadelphia, Mrs. Thomas Fletcher, aged 111—At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady Susan Douglas, daughter of the late, and sister of the Hon. Earl of Dunmore—At Heidelberg, aged 76,

the venerable Johann Honrich Voss—Aged 74, the celebrated Danish Admiral, Louenhorn—In the Island of Calabar, near Bombay, A. J. Ralph, Esq. M.D. aged 28—At Boulogne-sur-Mer, W. Tringham, Esq. late of Ripley, Surrey, aged 27—At Magpore, Major J. Wilkinson.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

WITH BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

DIED.—At Bedford, the Rev. G. Kendal, of Wrestlingworth.

BERKSHIRE.

April 13, Seventeenth Anniversary Meeting of the Reading Auxiliary Bible Society, at Reading; the Rev. Dr. Valpy, in the Chair.

BIRTHS.—At Pinkney Lodge, the lady of J. Elmslie, Esq. of a daughter.—At Tilness Park, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Gavanagh, of a son.—At Benfield, the lady of B.A. Fernandez, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.—At Hatcham, aged 41—T. Hedges, Esq.—The Rev. J. Collins, of Betterton—T. Treble, Esq. of Knowl hill, near Maidenhead.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

April 13, the expensive Paper Mills belonging to Messrs. Wright, near Great Marlow, totally consumed by fire, together, with an immense stock of paper.

DIED.—At the College, Eton, Lancelot, only son of L. Rolliston, Esq. of Watnal, Notts.—Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. J. Risley, Rector of Tingewick and Thornton,

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DIED.—At the Observatory, the lady of Professor Woodhouse.

CHESHIRE.

An Act has passed both Houses of Parliament for making a navigable canal from the Peak Forest Canal, to join the canal navigation from the Trent to the Mersey.

BIRTHS.—At Cner Rhun, the lady of H. D. Griffith, Esq. of a daughter—At High Legh, the lady of the Rev. T. Blackburn, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Trentham, C. Mort, Esq. to Ann, only daughter of W. Bailey, Esq. of Lightwood house.

DIED.—At Wheelock House, aged 42, Lieut. Col. C. Tryon—At Chester, Margaret, lady of the Rev. C. B. Clough, of Mold—At Edgeley, Harriet, daughter of W. Sykes, Esq.

CORNWALL.

BIRTHS.—At Tiewarthuick, the lady of G. W. F. Gregor, Esq. of a daughter—At Halvose, the lady of J. Trevenen, Esq. of a daughter—At Rodmin, the lady of the Rev. P. Sandelands, of a son—At Uplyme, the lady of the Rev. A. L. Ethelstone, of a son.

DIED.—At St. Colomb, Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Rev. J. Cory, Rector of

St. Breock—At Falmouth, aged 56, P. Proctor, Esq. Commander in the Royal Navy.

CUMBERLAND.

MARRIED.—At Carlisle, W. H. W. Smith, Esq. to Isabella, third daughter of T. Poyntz, Esq.

DIED.—At Wigton, aged 24, J. M. Dodd, Esq.—B. A. Taberdar, of Queen's College.

DERBYSHIRE.

April 13 and 14, Eighth Anniversary Meeting of the Derby Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.

BIRTHS.—At Wheathill, the lady of J. Bradshaw, jun. Esq. of a daughter—At Brierley Rectory, the lady of the Rev. E. Luard, of twin sons.

MARRIED.—The Rev. T. C. Holdsworth, of Matlock, to Miss Leader, of Brightfield House, Sheffield—At Duffield, C. Heathcote, Esq. to Eliza, second daughter of J. Balgrey, Esq.

DIED.—At Aston-upon-Trent, J. Garner, Esq.—At Wicksworth, J. Toplis, Esq.—George, youngest son of the Rev. R. Winnfield, vicar of Heanor—Aged 15, Hugh Athelstan, youngest son of the late R. Bateman, Esq. of Wheathill.

DEVONSHIRE.

Messrs. Heathcoat, of Tipton, have planted several thousands of mulberry trees in that neighbourhood for the raising of silk worms.

BIRTHS.—The lady of the Rev. C. Gribbles, of Braunton, of a daughter—At Winlade, the lady of H. Porter, Esq. of a son and heir—At Rhode Hill, the lady of Rear Admiral Sir J. Talbot, K. C. B. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—At Plympton, W. J. Clark, Esq. to Matilda, fifth daughter of P. T. Treby, Esq.—At Exeter, Major Northcote, second son of Sir S. H. Northcote, Bart. of Pynes, to Harriette (Celey, youngest daughter of W. C. Trevillian, Esq.

DIED.—At Totness, Susannah Morton second daughter of the late M. Bransford, Esq.—At Ringmore Cottage, H. Legassiecke, Esq. aged 74—At Northtaunton, Sarah, Relict of C. Sweet, Esq.—At Plymouth, W. R. Smith, Esq. Post Captain in the Navy.

DORSETSHIRE.

A Mr. White, of Abbotsoford, has in his possession, three pieces of silver coin, bearing the date of 733 and 737, which were taken upon the beach between Abbotsobury and Crickerell.

BIRTHS.—At Weymouth, the lady of Major Lapaley, of a son—At Waterborne Abbas, the lady of J. Davis, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—The Rev. R. Bateman, Rector of Silton, to Frances Catherine, eldest daughter of the late B. Milford, Esq.—At Shaftesbury, R. S. or y, Esq. to Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of E. Kingsford, Esq. of Littlebourne.

DURHAM.

The new rail-road coach between Stockton and Darlington, carried lately on one day 153 passengers, who were drawn by two horses. A new coach has recently been launched by the same proprietor, which, being of inferior accommodation, charges 1s. 6d. for the inside fare.

BIRTHS.—At Crook Hall, the lady of T. George, Esq. of a daughter.

DIED.—At Houghton le Spring, Mr. Fletcher, aged 111. His grandfather died at the age of 120; his sister attained the age of 102, and his uncle reached his 106th year; he could read the smallest print, without glasses, till the day of his death.—At Bishop Middleham, the youngest daughter of the late Major G. the Hon. Mark Napier.

ESSEX.

Some interesting remains of antiquity have been dug up near Wivenhoe Park, consisting of several earthen jars and a Roman lamp, in complete preservation.

MARRIED.—C. F. Chaconer, Esq. of Marianne, third daughter of the Rev. A. Richardson, D. D. Vicar of Great Dunmow.

DIED.—At Romford, Mary, wife of W. Storr, Esq. aged 51.—Aged 83, W. H. Mickelfield, Esq. of West Tilbury.—At Bagshot, aged 83, the Rev. T. P. Mitgal, Rector of East Hampstead, Beds.—Aged 81, J. O. Parker, Esq. of Springfield.—S. N. Owen, Esq. of Woodhouse.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A professional gentleman of Gloucester, has tried an experiment on his trees, which will render them completely impervious to frost, viz.: previously to their budding out, let the wood be well washed with linseed-oil.

BIRTH.—At North Cerney House, the lady of W. Groom, Esq. of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. C. Neville, of a son.

MARRIED.—The Rev. G. Sherer, of Marshfield, to Mary Ann, fourth daughter of the late J. A. Wallinger, Esq. of Hare Hall, Essex.—J. J. Horlock, Esq. of the Rocks, to Miss Boode, only daughter of A. C. Boode; and, at the same time, W. Horlock, Esq. of Box, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Capt. Maxwell.—At Cam, the Rev. W. Fryer, to Anne Augusta, eldest daughter of G. Harris, Esq.

DIED.—At Dyham, Sarah Georgiana, second daughter of the Rev. J. Dods, late Vicar of Almondsbury.

HAMPSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At Winchester, the lady of the Rev. G. Prettymann, of a daughter.—At Portsmouth, the lady of Capt. J. Jones, R. N. of a son.—At Catherington House, the lady of F. Morgan, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—F. Lauga, Esq. to Harriet Ann, daughter of the late T. Pottlinder, Esq. of Brockenhurst Lodge, Lympington.—The Rev. F. C. Blackstone, Rector of Wootton, and Vicar of Heckfield, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late C. Ranken, Esq.—H. Rutt, Esq. to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. O. Levitt, Esq. of Lympington.—At Southampton, Rear Admiral

A. P. Hollis, to Harriet Louisa, daughter of J. Crabb, Esq.

DIED.—At Ramsey, Mrs. Moon, relict of the Rev. Peter Moon, Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, aged 95.—At Southampton, the wife of the Rev. T. Layton, R. N.—At Winchester, the Rev. T. White, Pastor of the Catholic congregation in that city.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

April 19, Anniversary Meeting of the Hereford Church Missionary Society.

BIRTH.—The lady of J. Phillips, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—The Rev. E. N. Dean, M. A. to Emma, daughter of W. Thomas, Esq.

DIED.—At Lower Moor, Anne, wife of the Rev. F. Coke, Prebendary of Hereford.—At Rotherwas, aged 68, C. S. Bodenham, Esq.—Aged 21, Catherine, lady of J. Love, Esq.—Aged 87, Hannah, relict of T. Church, Esq.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At the Parsonage, Little Berkhamstead, the lady of the Rev. J. Oliver, of a still-born daughter.—At the Rectory, Walkern, the lady of the Rev. J. C. Wright, of a son.—At Bresley, the lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Charles Darnley, of a daughter.

DIED.—At Harpenden, J. F. Boys, Esq.—At Hoddesdon, the Rev. T. B. Say, Rector of Ammell, and of Rainham, Essex.

KENT.

A very large and massive Salver, of exquisite workmanship, with an appropriate inscription, has been presented by the Mayor and a deputation of the Inhabitants of Rochester, to the Rev. J. Griffiths, D. D.

BIRTHS.—At Shooter's Hill, the lady of Sir T. W. Blomfield, Bart. of a daughter.—At Sittingbourne, the lady of Colonel de Lancy Barclay, C. B. of a daughter.—At Deane Park, the lady of the Rev. M. Oxenden, of a son.—At Charlton, the lady of J. W. Smith, Esq. Royal Artillery, of a son.

MARRIED.—At Greenwich, Capt. R. M. Clarke, to Elizabeth Jane, only daughter of H. Webb, Esq. of Blackheath.

DIED.—At Plaxtow, aged 96, Mrs. Alice Wyatt.—At Ransgate, Lieutenant Reay.—T. Wyborne, Esq. aged 74.—Charles, eldest son of C. Sewick, Esq. of Lenham.—At Canterbury, Lieut. Col. James, R. N.—Aged 69, the Rev. J. Lough, Vicar of Sittingbourne.

LANCASHIRE.

April 18, symptoms of a serious disturbance among the weavers of Blackburn. After the Riot Act had been read, and a detachment of the 1st Dragoons had been called out, the assembled multitudes began to disperse.

DIED.—At Manchester, Mrs. Sarah Richardson, aged 101.—At Whitworth, aged 59, J. Taylor, Esq.—At Poulton, aged 25, H. Wilson, Esq.—At Liverpool, E. Airey, Esq. He was commander of the detachment who performed the funeral obsequies of Sir J. Moore, at Corunna.—At Walton Hale, aged 80, A. Simpson, Esq. a well known sportsman.—John, only son of J. Hargreaves, Esq. of Ormond House.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Melton Mowbray, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson, of a daughter.—At Belgrave, the lady of the Rev. R. Stephens, of a daughter.—At the Rectory, Aylestone, the lady of the Rev. G. Beresford, of a son.

DIED.—At St. Margaret's, J. Nedham, Esq.—At Bushby, G. Bromley, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A ewe, belonging to Mr. Chettle, of Bingham, lately brought forth a second lamb, at a period of three weeks from the time she yeanned the first.

BIRTHS.—At Stixton Hall, the lady of the Rev. G. E. Welby, Esq. of a daughter.—At Barton, the lady of J. Preston, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—Sir M. Cholmeley, Bart. M. P. of Ranton Hall, to Catherine, fourth daughter of R. War, Esq. of Denham Park, Bucks.—C. Graham, Esq. of Barker Hill, to Mrs. Fenwick, of Cleethorpes.

DIED.—Aged 70, T. Smith, Esq.—At Partney, Mrs. Burr, aged 101.—At Kirkby Laythorpe, Mrs. Gunnis, aged 107.—At Cawkwell House, aged 38, Isabella, lady of J. Trollope, Esq.—At Lincoln, Jesse, relict of R. Laurie, Esq.—At Auburne, W. Lambe, Esq.

NORFOLK.

Six ewes, of the Lincoln breed, the property of Mr. E. Butterick, of Wiggenshall, have this season yeanned nineteen lambs, all at the present time in healthy and thriving condition.

BIRTH.—The lady of E. H. Alderson, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Norwich, J. Pease, Jun. Esq. to Emma, youngest daughter of J. Gurney, Esq. of Lakenham Grove.—The Rev. H. L. Adams, of Burnham Market, to Mary Catherine, eldest daughter of W. Plumbridge, Esq.—K. Harvey, Esq. of Thorpe Lodge, near Norwich, to Eliza Beecroft, eldest daughter of Sir E. K. Lacon.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

March 10, a hive of bees were swarmed at Harpole, by Mr. H. Covy.

BIRTHS.—At Harleston Park, the lady of H. Packe, Esq. of a son.—The lady of the Rev. J. Ford, of a daughter.

DIED.—At Netherthorpe Hall, Sir J. W. Prideaux, Bart.—At Staventon, W. Williams, Esq. aged 69.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

MARRIED.—At Norton, the Rev. T. A. Browne, of Minnington, to Barbara, eldest daughter of the late Rev. C. Preston, Rector of Hulmer.

DIED.—At Newcastle, Jane, lady of W. Chapman, Esq. of Eardon.—At Alnwick, Mary lady of Dr. Turnbull.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At Bleasby Hall, the lady of R. K. Kelham, Esq. of a daughter.—At Hockerton Rectory, the lady of the Rev. H. Good, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—S. Huthwaite, Esq. to Miss Lee, of Newton.

DIED.—At Nottingham, aged 45, the Rev. J. H. Maddock, A.M.—At Pleasley, Mr. Francis Naylor, miller, aged 65; he weighed 25 stone, and nearly 60 feet of boarding were required for his coffin.—At Averham Hall, Anne, wife of the Rev. R. Chaplin, rector of Kelham.

OXFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—The lady of T. R. Davis, Esq. of Lewknor, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—C. Peers, Esq. of Chislehampton Lodge, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. R. Louth.

DIED.—At Somerton, Sarah Baker, widow, aged 106. She officiated for many years as parish clerk of Somerton, and when 99, reaped in the field for a whole day.—Aged 24, at Wodham College, A. Barber, Esq. M.A. who, in

1822, gained the Newdigate prize for Poetry.

SHROPSHIRE.

A large brown eagle has been caught at Lapley Heath, by a labourer. The bird, which had been attracted to a garden by some offal, was secured by means of a rat-trap. The wings, when expanded, measured, from tip to tip, eight feet.

BIRTH.—At Halston, the lady of T. Mytton, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.—G. M. Benson, Esq. of Lutwyche Hall, to Miss Browne, of Malvern.

DIED.—At Allscot, J. Browne, Esq.—Henry, the infant son of Sir E. Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnell.—At Brace Meale, R. Hale, Esq. aged 27.—At Wodgate, Ann, relict of T. Wingfield, Esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A sea-bathing Infirmary is about to be established, under the auspices of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, on the coast of Uphill, or Weston-super-Mare, to relieve diseased objects of charity.

BIRTH.—At Bath, the lady of W. P. Brigstock, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Bath, the Rev. D. Rees, to Christian St. Barbe, only daughter of J. Randolph, Esq.

DIED.—At Crowcombe, aged 86, Mrs. Ontway, sister of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells.—At Bath, aged 82, Mrs. Elizabeth Rich.—At Bath, the Rev. R. Frankland, Canon Residentiary of Wells, aged 64.—At Bath, aged 74, the venerable Charles Sandiford, A.M. Archdeacon of Wells, and Vicar of Awic and Tirley, Glouc.—At Chazgot Lodge, Harriet, lady of J. H. Lethbridge, Esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At Hetley Court, the lady of E. Twenlow, Esq. of a son.—At Ilam Hall, the lady of J. W. Russell, Esq. M.P. of a son.

MARRIED.—At Burton-upon-Trent, the Rev. C. J. F. Clinton, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late J. Clay, Esq. of Burton.—At Burton-upon-Trent, J. Tarratt, Esq. of New Bridge, to Harriet, fourth daughter of the late W. Worthington, Esq.—At Tixal, Capt. Chichester, to Miss Constable, eldest daughter of the late Sir T. Constable, Bart.

SUFFOLK.

The Poor Rates in this County, for the last ten years, have exceeded the previous ten years *five hundred* per cent.; and the County Rates for the same period, have increased upwards of *eight hundred* per cent.

BIRTH.—At Bildestone, the lady of J. Parker, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—R. G. Cartwright, Esq. of Ixworth Abbey, to Frances Felicia, eldest daughter of B. Cobb, Esq. of Lydd, Kent.—The Rev. J. T. Bennett, to Henrietta Eliza, daughter of the late J. Jackson, Esq.

DIED.—E. Gwillt, Esq. of Icklingham, aged 78.—At his seat, Binacre Hall, aged 81, Sir T. Gooch, Bart.—Aged 79, Mr. S. Bird, of Stonham.

SURREY.

April 3, a man named Brown, a miller, near Croydon, carried, for a considerable wager, three sacks of flour, 20 yards.

MARRIED.—At Farnham, T. Penrose, Esq. to the Hon. Caroline Ken, eldest daughter of the late Lord Charles Bouchamp Ken, and niece of the late Marquis of Lothian.—At Richmond, the Earl of Clare, to the Hon. Elizabeth Julia Georgia a Barrall, only daughter of the late Lord Gwy-yr.

DIED.—Mary, eldest daughter of W. Tutton, Esq. of East Sheen.—Aged 53, Ann, wife of the Rev. R. Chaplin, and daughter of the late Sir R. Sutton, Bart. of Newwood Park.—At Tillingbourne, Colonel Delancy Barclay, C.B. and Aide-de-camp to his Majesty.

SUSSEX.

In an old country house near Lewes Castle, a robin has built its nest in the precincts of a lantern, standing on the mantle-piece, and now sits undisturbed on her eggs.

BIRTH.—At Brighton, the lady of Lieut. Col. Sir T. H. Lloyd. Part of a son.—At Ringmer, the lady of Major Cator, R.N. of a daughter.—At Chichester, the lady of the Hon. an Rev. J. J. Turgour of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—At Sutton, G. Hildane, Esq. to Anna, youngest daughter of the Rev. H. Smith.

DIED.—At Brighton, aged 78, T. Lornitte Esq.—At Totton, S. Twyford, Esq.—At Brighton, J. C. Parker, Esq.—At Haldeney, J. Smith, Labourer. He had scratched a purple from his nose, which circumstances deprived him of sight, and he shortly afterwards expired.

WARWICKSHIRE.

BIRTH.—At Stratford, the lady of the Hon. W. P. Poles, of a son.—At Spring Hill, the lady of J. H. Galton, Esq. of a son.—The lady of R. Adderley, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—Capt. F. Grove, to Frances Selma, eldest daughter of F. Gregory, Esq. of Stinchall.

DIED.—At Elmton House, aged 82, the relict of J. Spooner, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Sir H. Gough, Bart.—Aged 101, at Moor Green, Mr. J. Bonne.—At Hans Hall, aged 83, C. B. Adderley, Esq.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The gold and silver coins deposited a short time since beneath the foundation stone of Ombersley Newchurch, have been stolen.

BIRTH.—At Pershore the lady of the Rev. J. W. Hatherell, B.A. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Woodhouse, the Rev. H. J. Hastings, M.A. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late J. Whitmore, Esq.

DIED.—At Worcester, the Rev. J. Owen.—At Lark Hill, near Worcester, aged 45, J. H. Martin, Esq.—Aged 73, Mary, relict of Alderman Nash.

WILTSHIRE.

The sexton of St. Edmund's, Salisbury, whilst digging a grave, came in contact with a skull about 4 feet from the surface, from the cavity of which, a mouse sprung out, followed by a litter of three. They all died shortly afterwards.

BIRTH.—The lady of Sir E. Poore, Bart. of Rushall House, of a son and heir.—At East Acton, the lady of T. Davis, Esq. of a son and heir.

DIED.—Aged 40, the Rev. — M'Farlane, of Trowbridge—Jane, wife of the Rev. F. Se-

verne, rector of Abberley.—At Trowbridge, the Rev. J. Stevenson, aged 70.

YORKSHIRE.

Such is the velocity with which the *Union* and the *Lockingham*, Leeds coaches travel that they occasionally reach Pontefract (15 miles from Leeds) in one hour; and perform the journey from the latter place to Stamford (110 miles) in 7 hours and 52 minutes.

BIRTH.—At Leeds, the lady of Capt. Blaydel, of a daughter.—At Tulse-hill, the lady of C. H. Rye, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.—At Leeds, D. J. B. Esq. to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late J. G. Clayton, Esq. of New Liffith.—At Rilton, Capt. Harrison, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late W. Bury, Esq.

DIED.—The Rev. W. Haines, of West Tanfield.—At Leeds, Mr. Taylor, the eminent architect.—At Leeds, Mr. Canham, proprietor of the York Theatre.—At Bosc of R. Bell, Esq.—At Wharfedale, the Rev. T. Porter, Vicar of Lath.

WALES.

The Menai Suspension-bridge is reported to be so much agitated by storms, as to render the passage over it barely practicable, and some considerable alterations must be made before it can be considered even safe at all times. The great defect appears to be the comparative lightness of the platforms, and its large unbroken surface.

BIRTH.—At Plas Heston, Denbighshire, the Hon. Mrs. Weston, of a daughter.—At Swansea, the lady of W. Du Plessis, Esq. of a daughter.—At Anglica, the lady of G. Roberts, Esq. of a daughter.—At Carnarthen, the lady of G. Thomas, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Llanidloes, Anglesea, Viscount Althwaite, to Charlotte Labla Irby, second daughter of Lord Boston.—At Llanyfyllin, E. Owen, Esq. to Ann, daughter of J. Owen, Esq. of Glynnon.—At St. David's, aged 89, P. Nichols, Esq. to Amy, daughter of W. Nash, Esq.

DIED.—Margaret, eldest daughter of the late J. Knight, Esq. of Llanbethan, Glamorganshire.—Aged 61, J. Howells, Esq. of Monmouth.—At Ruth Court, aged 23, Jane, daughter of R. Dawson, Esq.—At Carnarthen, Harriet, lady of J. Williams, Esq.—At Swansea, the Rev. M. Leveaux, M.A. aged 75.—At Duffryn, the Rev. J. Watkins, aged 82.

SCOTLAND.

The sailors belonging to Dundee, of the London trade, lately struck again for an advance of wages. The crews of the *Olive* and *Lord Kinaird* deserted them, and thus prevented these vessels from proceeding on their voyages. Other men were obtained from Perth, and Arbroath.—March 21, an explosion took place in one of the pits of the *Ayr Colliery*, by which three men were killed, and several severely injured.—The Edinburgh Anti-slavery petition lately presented to Parliament was signed by 17,000 persons, and the Glasgow petition by 48,000.

BIRTHS.—At Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. J. H. Tait, R.N. of a daughter—At Rosefield Cottage, the lady of Major Stephenson, of a son—In Charlotte Square, the Hon. Lady Ferguson, of a son—In Charlotte Square, the lady of Sir J. Gordon, Bart. of a son—At Netherton House, the Countess of Stirling of a son.

MARRIED.—At Blair Vadoch, Dumbartonshire, W. Tritton, Esq. to Jane Denniston, second daughter of Mr. and Lady Janet Buchanan—Sir W. F. Elliott, of Stobbs and Wells, Roxburghshire, Bart. to Miss Boswell, eldest daughter of the late Sir A. Boswell, of Ayrshire, Bart.—J. Murray, Esq. to Anne, daughter of the late Major A. Macgregor.

DIED.—At Monkwood Mill, Mrs. Marion Curry, aged 100. She had 5 children, 40 grandchildren, and 174 great-grand-children—At Aberdeen, G. Kerr, Esq.—Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rev.—Milne, of Rynie, Aberdeenshire—At Brora, Mr. Urquhart, aged 111—At Newtondon, near Kelso, Sir Alexander Don, Bart.

IRELAND.

The expense of the re-coinage of the copper coin of Ireland is estimated at 61,250l. It is calculated that there are 750 tons in circulation, and in the Bank of Ireland.—A tread-mill has just been

landed at Limerick for the accommodation of the prisoners at Eunis Gaol.—April 10, the Pilot boat, No. 8, with twelve men in her, upset in a heavy sea, and six of the pilots were drowned.

BIRTHS.—At Beechmount, the lady of E. Lloyd, Esq. of a son and heir—At Slur Ville, the lady of P. Smithwick, jun. Esq. of a daughter—At Madlow, the lady of Major Russell, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At Dublin, Captain Reynolds, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the late G. Tredennick, Esq.—At Dublin, J. H. Featherston, Esq. to the Hon. Susan Maria, daughter, of the late Lord Massy—At Limerick, the Rev. Dr. Willie, to Frances, third daughter of R. Grattan, of Drummin, Esq.—At Tramore, R. B. H. Lowe, Esq. to Rosetta Frances, daughter of the late Major Gen. Sir E. Butler.

DIED.—Miss Selena Warburton, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne—At Dublin Lieut.-Col. G. O. Bingham—At Maghera, Mrs. Jane Mulholland, aged 122—At Castlebar, W. J. Faughney, aged 125—At Tyrone, Christopher St. George, Esq.—At Castlecor, aged 66, E. D. Freeman, Esq.—At Killarney, the Rev. H. B. Hyde—At Tyrone, C. St. George, Esq.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 25 TO APRIL 22.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bond, S and Hornbuckle, R. Beaumont-street, St. Marylebone, wine-merchants
Cox, W. and T. Whitecross-street, paper-stainers
Howes, G. H. City-road, linen-draper
Martin, J. Liverpool, merchant
Pratt, J. R. and Ravenscroft, W. R. New London-street, corn-factors
Walker, S. Ashton-under Lyne, Lancashire, grocer

BANKRUPTS.

Abbott, R. S. J. Skinner-street, shoemaker
Andrews, R. Kingsbury-green, Middlesex, victualler
Ansley, J. Little Distaff-lane, merchant
Archer, W. Hertford, oilman
Aston, W. Toll-end, Staffordshire, ironmaster
Bache, C. West Bromwich, dealer
Backler, H. Walworth, and Blyth, T. W. Croumer-street, builders
Barns, J. R. Bristol, wheelwright
Barret, W. L. Shepherd's-bush, Middlesex, house-painter
Barter, J. and H. Poole, timber-merchants
Bath, J. Cheltenham, silversmith
Bayley, W. Macclesfield, silk-throwsater
Bell, S. and Davis, W. Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street, factors
Bell, W. Fenchurch-street, merchant
Belson, C. and Brown, J. High Wycombe, drapers
Black, J. Sligo, merchant
Blanchard, G. Manchester, corn factor
Bloor, J. Wheelock, Cheshire, silk-throwsater
Booth, J. Manchester, dealer
Bowker, T. Warrington, timber-merchant
Bowley, J. Brydges-street, auctioneer
Boys, T. Ludgate-hill, bookseller
Boyson, A. Three Kings-court, Lombard-street, commission agent

Bradbury, J. L. Manchester, calico-printer
Brawley, T. Bristol, baker
Bremner, J., Yates, W., and Smith, A., Manchester, merchants
Briggs, T. and A. Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturers
Brown, J. Liverpool, merchant
Browne, H. H. Winchester-house, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant
Browne, O. E. Nailsworth, Gloucester, cloth-manufacturer
Buckley, B., R., and J., Manchester, cotton-spinners
Burdwood, J. and Coltman, W. H. Devonport, linen-drappers
Burton, J. and M. Charlesworth, Derby, cotton-spinners
Burwash, T. Bishopsgate-street, pawnbroker
Caffall, T. Rickmansworth, mealman
Cale, J. Ledbury, Hereford, butcher
Cale, G. J. Bognor, Sussex, banker
Camp, G. Watling-street, warehouseman
Carr, R. Preston, corn-dealer
Carrington, J. Ludgate-street, linen-draper
Carroll, O. Bristol, provision-agent
Caslon, W. Rugeley, Staffordshire, chemical manufacturer
Chapman, C. G. Torquay, Devonshire, linen-draper
Clarke, W. Y. Claines, Worcester, glove-manufacturer
Cleverley, C. and Hutcheson, J. Chiswell-street, linen-drappers
Close, J. sen. and T., and Reinhold, S. Manchester, merchants
Coleman, T. Yarpole, banker
Coleman, T., J. B., and Morris, T. Leominster, bankers
Coleman, T. and Willings, E. Ludlow, bankers
Colledge, T. Killesby, cattle-dealer
Congreve, H. and Hill, R. jun. Wood-street, silk and ribbon-manufacturers
Cooke, C. jun. Wotton-under-Edge, victualler

Cooke, W. Huddersfield, merchant
 Corrie, W. Liverpool, broker
 Cox, E. T. Downes, H. J. and Thorp, B. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants
 Craikshank, J. Fleet-street, commission agent
 Cullimore, R. Tower Royal, dealer
 Curtis, J. Birmingham, chandler
 Curtis, J. Hounslow, dealer
 Curwen, J. Great Eastcheap, tea-broker
 Dale, J. and Walton, R. Newcastle, ship-brokers
 Dalrymple, C. Old Broad-street, merchant
 Darby, T. and J. Birmingham, drysalter
 Davis, M. Lombard-street, merchant
 D'Enden, H. Park-lane, Islington, dealer
 Desanges, C. S. New-road, general dealer
 Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper
 Easterby, J. Fenchurch-street, merchant
 Edmondson, J. Keighley, worsted-manufacturer
 Edwards, J. Brighton, hoot and shoe-maker
 Ellis, T. and J. Blackman-street, Southwark, harness-makers
 Escott, J. M. Liverpool, merchant
 Evans, S. Redford mill, Gloucester, clothier
 Ewbank, J. Loughborough, linen-draper
 Farmer, J. Bampton Bryan, Herefordshire, cattle-dealer
 Farror, J. Birmingham, wine-merchant
 Flexney, W. B. Bedford-row, money-scriver
 Foster, T. Maidenhead, draper
 Francis, A. High Holborn, linen-draper
 French, R. Cromer-street, baker
 Fryar, H. Sunderland, Durham, coal-fitter
 Gelson, T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler
 Goodeve, J. sen. Devonport, grocer
 Goodwin, J. Bristol, coal-merchant
 Graham, W. Throgmorton-street, upholsterer
 Greenup, W. sen. Eccleston, Lancaster, coal-proprietor
 Gresham, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, cloth-merchant
 Haukinson, C. Hale, tanner
 Harner, H. Liverpool, wine-merchant
 Harper, T. and E. Ystradgunlais, Brecon, dealer
 Harries, J. Narberth, Pembrokeshire, draper
 Haskins, S. Bristol, grocer
 Haworth, J. Manchester, glue-manufacturer
 Henderson, W. Blackfriars-road, oilman
 Hendriks, H. Throgmorton-street, merchant
 Henry, A. Minorities, merchant
 Hewson, J. and Stuart, J. Manchester, silk-manufacturers
 Hickson, C. Adde-street, woollen-draper
 Holl, T. Manchester, grocer
 Holyer, W. G. Woodchurch, butcher
 Horder, T. W. New Bridge-street, lace-merchant
 Horrocks, W. Liverpool, corn-factor
 Hunt, J. Oxford, chemist
 Hutchins, N. B. St. James's-street, china and glass-warehouseman
 Ingham, J. Bradford, York, linen-draper
 Jackson, J. Derby, lace-manufacturer
 Jackson, W. Deighton, Yorkshire, victualler
 Jackson, T. and Shaw, R. King's Lynn, corn-merchants
 Jenkins, T. Castle-street, Finsbury, timber-merchant
 Johnson, S. Watling-street, painter and glazier
 Jones, W. New Bond-street, linen-draper
 Kemp, C. Stoke Newington, builder
 Kent, J. K. Stepney, surveyor
 Kinnear, J. City, merchant
 King, C. Lewisham, miller
 King, W. and R. Lower Thames-street, cheese-monger
 Laukester, R. Cheapside, warehouseman
 Leeming, R. and Tatlock, T. Great Winchester-street, silk-throwsters
 Lees, G. Hedden-bridge, York, cotton-manufacturer

Leigh, J. Pinner's-hall-court, merchant
 Lewis, W. Finch-lane, Cornhill, printer
 Little, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, linen-draper
 McBeath, A. Ryder's-court, jeweller
 Macdonall, J. Regent-street, shoemaker
 Macfarlan, J. George-street, Hanover-square, dress-maker
 Mann, J. Overbury, silk-throwster
 Mantou, J. Hanover-square, gun-maker
 Marillier, F. J. jun., Broad-street, merchant
 Marshall, J. Brighton, builder
 Maskall, R. S. Basinghall-street, builder
 Marsden, W. Manchester, machine-maker
 Mearman, J. B. Newport, Isle of Wight
 Miller, J. Liverpool, cotton-agent
 Miller, T. Liverpool, bacon and ham-curer
 Mills, G. A. Evelett-street, grocer
 Mills, T. and C. Spencer-street, carpenters
 Minett, W. London-road, brewer
 Moody, J. Trowbridge, farmer
 Morgan, R. Norwich, linen-draper
 Morice, R. Great Trinity-lane, baker
 Mowat, T. Thornbury, Gloucestershire, grocer
 Murphy, P. Liverpool-street, provision-merchant
 Naisan, J. Bedwardine, Worcester, maltster
 Neal, T. sen. and T. jun., and E., Basinghall-street, cloth-factors
 Nestrip, T. Cateaton-street, woollen warehousemen
 Nelson, W. Manchester, timber-merchant
 Owen, R. Warrington, Lancashire, corn-factor
 Page, J. Chatham, grocer
 Pearce, W. H. Basinghall-street, cloth-factor
 Pearson, W., W. H., and J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, iron-plate-workers
 Penswick, R. Ashton, and Bone, W. Winstanley, cotton-manufacturers
 Periera, R. Hatton-wall, cabinet-maker
 Phillips, G. Portsmouth, merchant
 Pike, J. and T., and Honville, W. Lombard-st. and Watford, Herts, bankers
 Pettie, F. Newport, Isle of Wight, auctioneer
 Prat, J. R. Wellclose-square, miller
 Radcliffe, W. J. and S. Stockport, cotton-manufacturers
 Radcliffe, S. Mellor, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner
 Rigby, J. Charing-cross, clock and watch maker
 Roach, J. Fordingbridge, Southampton, linen-draper
 Robinson, P. Littledean, maltster
 Rogers, H. West Smithfield, twine-manufacturer
 Roy, F. Von, Kingston upon-Hull, merchant
 Samuda, B. Love-lane, Stockwell, coal-merchant
 Sanderson, J. and Walker, J. Lancaster, brokers
 Sauter, J. Benenden, miller
 Schofield, J. Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen cloth-manufacturer
 Schwieser, G. E. F. and Buchanan, J. Modiford-court, Fenchurch-street, merchants
 Scowcroft, W. Haverfordwest, shop-keeper
 Shaw, S. sen. Manchester, merchant
 Shaw, S. jun., and Bateman, T. Manchester, dealers
 Shotter, J. S. Shoreditch, cheese-monger
 Silvery, R. and Sanderson, G. Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers
 Smith, R. Bristol, tallow-broker
 Smith, R. Easing, paper-maker
 Smith, T. Kingsley, and Locker, J. Stoke-upon-Trent, bankers
 Spinks, T. Merton, builder
 Stafford, J. Bingham, dealer
 Starling, S. Poole, hatter
 Stein, R. and Sim, A. H. Tower-hill, brewers
 Stephens, A. G. Waterside, baker
 Stock, J. Bristol, coal-merchant
 Stockham, W. Bristol, baker

Stoddard, R. R. and Nash, H. Broadway,
Westminster, ironmongers
Stonard, J. Milbrook, florist
Taylor, C. Fleet-street, bookseller
Taylor, J. Nottingham, boot and shoe-maker
Taylor, J. N. Cateaton street, dealer
Taylor, T. Glossop, victualler
Terry, W. Brighton, builder
Treble, J. Pembroke, wine-merchant
Triquet, E. G. Birch-lane, printer
Trollop, H. White-chapel, sugar-refiners
Tront, T. Kingsland-road, Roman cement ma-
nufacturer
Turner, M. J. Clonmell, merchant
Tyas, J. Huddersfield, grocer
Underdown, J. Ramsgate, blacksmith
Wadsworth, J. Macclesfield, silk-throwster
Walker, B. York, earthenware-mannufacturer
Walker, J. Canteen, Hounslow-barracks,
dealer
Wallington, J. New-road, St. Pancras, dealer
Walters, J. Lyons-hall, Hereford, driver
Watts, W. Wood-street, warehouseman
Waugh, T. C. Turnwheel-lane, merchant
Webb, J. and Beckingsale, E. Copthall-build-
ings, merchants
Webster, G. Liverpool, merchant
Westbrook, J. Frome-Selwood, Somerset, neck-
manufacturer
Weston, R. Ask-street, Hoxton, warehouse-
man
Wetherell, J. Litchfield-street, Westminster
Whitall, J. Bliston, dealer
White, K. B. Birmingham, grocer
Whitehead, J. Den-haw, woollen-mannufac-
turer
Whitworth, F. M. Derby, milliner
Wilks, J. and J. jun. Halifax, flax-spinners
Williams, T. W. Northwich, Cheshire, banker
Williams, W. H. Bernard-street, Russell-sq.
coal-merchant
Willis, R. Kidderminster, Worcestershire,
grocer
Wilson, J. Thorney-street, Bloomsbury, coach-
manufacturer
Wilson, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinner
Winser, E. Tenberden, Kent, grocer
Wood, J. Nelson-square, jeweller

Wood, T. Horne-castle, Lincolnshire, tailor
Wood, T. George-street, Hanover-square,
cloth-factor
Wood, W. Botolph-lane, fruit-broker
Woodcock, B. Hyde, shopkeeper
Wood, J. Manchester, general dealer
Woodfall, J. jun. Liverpool, grocer
Yates, J. City-road, timber-merchant
Yeoman, J. Holmes-street, Commercial-road,
ollman
Yewens, W. Sherborne-lane, mine-agent
Young, J. Newport, Monmouth, merchant

DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.

Aldridge, J. W. Penton-street, apothecary
Bath, J. Cheltenham, dealer in watches
Belton, C. High Wycombe, Bucks, draper and
tailor
Cleverley, C. and Hutchinson, J. Chiswell-str.
linen-druggists
D'Euden, H. Park-lane, Islington, dealer
Dowd, J. Bridge-street, Westminster, coffee-
house keeper
Evans, T. Abergavenny, innkeeper
Fisher, J. Llanthwy-Sk-rd, maltster
Fowler, W. Lambeth-walk, baker
Gray, B. Manc-ester, cotton spinner
Greaves, J. W. Wisbeach, St. Peter, leather-
cutter
Hickson, C. Adde-street, woollen-draper
Jekiman, J. and T. Downton, Wilt, paper-
makers
Jenkins, J. and Crittenden, J. W. Wapping,
lightermen
Kelly, P. Poplar, provision-merchant
Lake, S. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, car-
penter
Leeming, R. and Tallock, T. Great Winches-
ter-street, silk-brokers
Merry, R. Charing-cross, victualler
Millar, T. Liverpool, provision-dealer
Neal, T. sen., and T. jun., and E. Wootton-
under-edge, clothiers
Rudd, T. Borough, victualler
Summers, S. Princes-street, Cavendish square,
tailor
Stephens, A. G. Walworth, baker
Taylor, C. Cambridge, bookseller

DIVIDENDS.

Arrow-smith, S. Salford, Lan-
caster, May 3
Bannister, B. Southend, April
22
Bannister, J. Worcester, April
26
Bath, J. Devonport, May 13
Beart, J. Limehouse, April 18
Benatter, H. Howford-build-
ings, April 29
Berners, W. and T'eson, J.
New Bond-street, May 13
Bingley, W. and T. Tavistock-
street, April 29
Bland, J. and Satterthwaite,
J. Fen-court, May 6
Bowdler, W. and Collins, M.
Old Change, May 9
Box, T. Buckingham, May 9
Brown, A. and M. Hull, May 9
Brown, G. Regent-street,
May 6
Buchanan, C. Woolwich,
April 11
Butt, W. P. Wimborne Min-
ster, May 2
Capon, G. Oxford-street, May 6
Caton, E. Preston, April 25
Collens, J. and F. Nicholas-
lane, April 11

Copp, W. and A. Exeter, April
20
Cowper, J. Copthall court,
May 13
Cranzay, J. Sloane-street,
April 29
Crickitt, S. R. A., and Ruffel,
S. H. Chelmsford, April 26
Dicks, J. London-street, April
21
Dickson, J. Fish-street-hill,
April 29
Dixon, G. Chiswell-street,
April 15
Dixon, T. jun. Clithers, Lan-
cashire, April 21
Evans, W. P. Carnarvon,
April 22
Fahless, M. Bishopwear-
mouth, April 24
Finch, W. Lakenham, Nor-
wich, May 5
Fowle, R. Blandford, April
25
Garner, W. Margate, April 29
Gigney, S. Latchingdon, Es-
sex, May 2
Godher, G. Red Lion-street,
April 4
Goodair, F. Manchester, May 1

Goodwin, W. H. Liverpool,
May 8
Grant, J. Hatton-garden, April
11
Gunnell, J. Battle-bridge,
April 20
Hamelin, P. Belmont-place,
Vauxhall, April 8
Hannington, T. Manchester,
April 27
Hansell, J. Clare-street, May 9
Hart, G. Bedford, and Pit-
tock, W. Dartford, April 15
Hartsinck, J. C., Hutchinson,
J., and Playfair, W. Corn-
hill, April 18
Harvey, M. B. Witham, and
Harvey, J. W. Hadleigh-
hall, Essex, April 29
Harvey, W. Highgate, April
15
Higginbotham, N. Maccles-
field, May 13
Higson, J. Frodsham, April 18
Hobson, S. and Marshall, O.
Minorles, May 6
Horn, J. Liverpool, April 18
Houghton, J. Manchester,
April 25
Hybart, J. Bristol, May 11

Inkersole, J. St. Neots, May 3
Inkersole, W. Rix, F., and
Gotham, G. J. St. Neots,
May 3
Jones, J. and J. Leominster,
May 6
Johns, H. I. Devonport, April
19
Johnstone, J. Manchester,
May 1
Kent, J. Abingdon, Berks,
May 17
Kingham, J. Croydon, May 6
Kinnear, J. Brighton, April 22
Knight, J. Halifax, April 29
Loud, T. Dover, April 24
Maggs, G. Bristol, April 22
Man, A. Mark-lane, April 22
Manfield, W. sen. Bristol,
April 20
Mark, P. Plymouth-dock,
May 6
Manlin, T. Dudley, Worces-
ter, April 29
Mav, J., Wyborn, J., White,
W., and Mercer, J., Deal,
April 29
Miller, R. Paternoster-row,
May 9
Mills, J. Old-street road, April
22
Mollen, J. C. and Alger, R.
Change-alley, April 22
Moore, J. A. City-road, April
29
Moyley, D. Cockspur-street,
April 18
Orton, S. Atherstone, War-
wick, April 20
Park, J. Tower Royal, April
29
Parker, T. jun. Wood-street,
April 19
Parker, W. Oxford-street,
May 2

Parkin, T. and Seobell, T.
Broad-street, April 27
Phillips, T. Marchmont-
street, May 1
Prosser, J. Abergavenny,
April 28
Read, J. and Hellver, J. St.
Mary-hill, April 29
Ridley, W. Castle-street, Hol-
born, April 22
Robinson, E. Bramley, York-
shire, May 8
Robinson, R. Friday-street,
May 9
Robson, W. J. Oxford-street,
April 22
Rood, J. Portsmouth, April
29
Rowthornham, J. Macclefield,
May 6
Sager, E. sen. and E. jun. and
W. Chadderton, Lancashire,
April 18
Sandvell, J. Hoxton, May 20
Sherwin, J. and Draue, J.
Gould-square, May 9
Shuttleworth, J. and Good-
fellow, J. Austin-friars, May
6
Sikes, W. and H. and Wilkin-
son, T. May 3
Singer, N. P. Liverpool, April
27
Slason, J. Lombard-street,
April 22
Slee, J. jun. Brighton, April
22
Smith, J. and F. Clement's-
lane, April 25
Smith, W. W. Holborn-hill,
May 9
Sparkes, J. and Coles, A. Port-
land-treet, April 29
Squire, M. and Edwards, H.
Norwich, May 1

Sykes, T. Bath Easton, So-
meretshire, April 22
Tanner, D. Monmouth, April
18
Tarlton, J. Liverpool, May 4
Thompson, J. Carlisle, May 10
Thompson, J. Wolverhampton,
April 25
Thomson, L. Birmingham,
April 19
Thorntwaite, W. C. Ryland,
R., and Wills, J., Fleet-
street, April 19
Timbrell, A. Old South Sea
House, April 18
Tomlinson, W. H. Huckle, April
27
Tucker, T. High-street, Bo-
rough, May 6
Walker, J. Nicholas-lane,
April 29
Warden, J. New Sarum, Wilts,
April 8 and 15
Watkins, R. Mount-street,
April 11
Watson, E. Liverpool, May 4
Webster, J. and Simpson, G.
M. Tower-street, May 9
Webster, R. and W. Bishop-
wearmouth, May 12
Welchett, H. Leicester-square,
April 29
Wharton, R. and H. Little
Crosby, Lancashire, April
24
White, J. jun. Bishopwear-
mouth, April 24
Whittembury, E. W. Leeds,
May 3
Wilkinson, R. and Co. Stock-
ton, April 20
Wood, T. Stoke-upon-Trent,
April 24
Wright, G. St. Martin's-lane,
April 29

MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

2d Regt. of Drag. Gds.—Lieut. Hon. R. Howard, b. p. Lieut. vice M. Stewart, exch. rec. diff. April 8; Cor. F. C. Griffiths, Adj. vice Collins, resigns Adjcy. only, Feb. 16.

3d Ditto—Lieut. E. Burnaby, Capt. by purch. vice Abercromby, prom.; Cor. A. Shewell, Lieut. by purch. vice Burnaby; J. T. G. Taubman, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Shewell, April 8.

4th Ditto—Cor. E. F. Davrell, Lieut. by purch. vice Booke, prom. March 9.

5th Ditto—Cor. Sir W. H. St. Lawrence Clarke, Bast. Lieut. by purch. vice Kennedy, prom.; T. M. Goodlake, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Clarke, April 8; Vet. Surg. J. Constant, 3d Light Drags. Vet. Surg. vice Ryding, supers. March 30.

6th Ditto—Cor. and Riding Master W. S. Phillips to rank as Lieut. Feb. 16.

7th Ditto—Cor. J. Bolton, Lieut. by purch. vice Cockran, prom. April 8; J. Cronyn, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Osborn, prom. March 9.

1st Regt. of Drags.—Cor. W. Hibbert, Lieut. by purch. vice Eccles, prom.; J. Yates, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Hibbert, prom. April 8.

3d Light Drags.—Cor. T. Richardson, Lieut. by purch. vice Ployer, ret. April 8; W. Seett, Gent. Vet. Surg. vice Constant, app. to 5th Drag. Gds. March 30.

4th Ditto—Lieut. G. Parlyby, Capt. vice Burrows, dec. Sept. 39; Cor. A. Bromwich, Lieut. vice Murrayd, dec.; G. A. Bromlow, Gentleman, Cornet, vice Bromwich, August, 1826.

6th Ditto—Capt. H. W. B. Portman, from h. p. vice R. Down, exch. vice diff. April 7. Capt. G. N. Ramsey, exch. rec. diff. April 8, Lieut. by purch.

7th Ditto—Lieut. R. Pringle, Capt. by purch. vice Cathcart, prom. 22d Ft. April 8; Cor. F. Hall, vice Lord Hopetoun, prom. April 7; Cor. C. C. Virvan, vice Pringle, April 8, Lieuts. by purch.

10th Ditto—Capt. W. Drummond, Major by purch. vice Arnold, prom.; Lieut. W. H. Wood, Capt. by purch. vice Drummond; Cor. S. Lyne, Lieutenant by purchase, vice Wood, April 8.

11th Ditto—Capt. J. Tomlinson, from 13th Light Drags. Capt. vice Wetherall, exch. Oct. 17; Cor. W. Handley, Lieut. by purch. vice Stewart, prom.; C. R. Hyndham, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Handley, April 8.

12th Ditto—Cor. F. W. Hamilton, vice Eng-land, prom. April 8; Cor. G. Dewar, vice Stewart, prom. April 9, Lieuts. by purch.; F. H.

Vane, Gent. vice Dewes, April 9, Cor. by purch.

13th Ditto—Capt. R. Brunton, Major by purch. vice Higgins, prom. March 2; Capt. C. Wetherall, from 11th Light Drags. vice Tomlinson, exch. Oct. 17; Lieut. J. H. Maitland, by purch. vice Brunton, March 2; Cor. J. C. Evered, vice Lang, prom. 15th Ft. Feb. 17; Cor. T. F. Hart, vice Brown, prom. April 8, Lieuts. by purch.; R. Getlin, Gent. vice Hart, April 8, Cor. by purch.

15th Ditto—Lieut. G. Callaghan, from h. p. vice W. Garnier, exch. rec. diff. April 7; Cor. J. Raitt, by purch. vice Dundas, prom. April 8, Lieuts.; Cor. C. J. Berger, from h. p. 22d Light Drags. vice John Shelly, exch. April 7; G. P. Bushe, Gent. by purch. vice Raitt, April 8, Cors.

16th Ditto—Cor. E. Guest, Lieut. by purch. vice Armstrong, prom.; B. N. Everard, Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Guest, April 6; Ass. Surg. J. Mount, M.D. from 13th Ft. Ass. Surg. vice Mulloch, prom. 46th Ft. March 13.

17th Ditto—Major A. Bacon, from h. p. Maj. vice G. Luard, exch. rec. diff.; Lieut. W. T. H. Fisk, Capt. by purch. vice Johnston, prom. April 8; Cor. R. J. Elton, vice Fisk, April 8; Cor. J. Barron, vice Loftus, prom. April 9, Lieuts. by purch.; N. B. F. Shawe, Gent. vice Ellor, April 8; W. Parker, Gent. vice Barron, April 9, Cornets by purch.; Lieut. J. Barron, vice Fisk, prom. April 9, Adj.

1st Foot Gds.—Capt. Hon. J. St. Clair, from h. p. vice G. A. Allen, who exch. rec. diff. April 7; Ens. and Lieut. J. T. Perceval, by purch. vice Dawkins, prom. April 8, Lieuts. and Capt.; W. Thornton, Gent. vice Perceval, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. April 8.

3d Ditto—G. Moncrieffe, Gent. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Dixon, prom. April 8.

1st Foot—Capt. D. Deuchar, Major by purch. vice Graham, ret. April 6; Lieut. J. Bland, without purch. March 2; Lieut. J. V. Fletcher, by purch. vice Deuchar, April 6, Capt.; Ens. J. W. Butt, without purch. March 2; Ens. and Adj. J. Mullen to have the rank, March 3; Lieut. A. L. Macleod from h. p. vice S. Sargent, March 9; Ens. A. H. Ormsby, vice Williamson, dec. March 22; Ens. T. M. Byrne, vice Bichner, dec. March 23; Lieut. W. McPherson, from 2d West Ind. Regt. vice Bland, March 21; Ens. A. Mackenzie, by purch. vice Fletcher, April 6, Lieuts.; Ens. J. Ritchie, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. April 7; Ens. F. Carr, from h. p. 3d West Ind. Regt. vice Ormsby, March 22; W. D. Bedford, Gent. by purch. vice Mackenzie, prom. April 6; A. M. Wilmot, Gent. by purch. vice Campbell, app. 4th Ft. April 7; F. Hoskins, Gent. without purch. vice Butt, April 8; R. Going, Gent. without purch. vice Byrne, April 9, Ensigns.

3d Ditto—Major C. W. Wall, Lieut.-Col. March 25; Brevet Lieut.-Col. C. Cameron, Maj. vice Wall, March 25; Brevet Maj. A. Bowen from h. p. 31st Ft. March 16; Lieut. W. Woods, vice Cameron, March 25; Capt. J. Daniel, from Riding Esta. March 26, Capt.; Ensigns G. L. Christie, March 25, D. Stewart, March 26, Lieuts. H. C. Amiel, from h. p. 17th Light Drags. March 27, N. Ashurst, from 46th Ft. March 27th, P. Mackie, from 89th Ft. March 27, W. Cain from 14th Ft. March 27, P. Dore, from h. p. 24th Ft. March 27th, H. A. Morhead, from 52d Ft. March 27, Ensigns G. H. Moore, from 94th Ft. March 28, J. Carr, from 52d Ft. March 29, W. Walsh, from 35th Ft. March 30, J. B. Wheatstone, from 53d Ft. March 31, T. Shiel, Gent. late Lieut. 7th Ft. vice Woods, April 1, Ens. M. Barr, by purch. vice Crossdill, prom. April 8, Lieuts.; Ens. J. Hanna, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. April 7, R. Torton, Gent. by purch. vice Christie, March 25, W. Rainey, Gent. without purch. vice Ste-

wart, March 26, P. De Blaquiére, Gent. by purch. vice Barr, April 8, Ens.

4th Ditto—Capt. J. H. Scott, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Capt. April 8; Lieut. G. D. Griffith, from h. p. Lieut. vice F. Rawstorne, exch. rec. diff. April 8; Ens. W. H. Campbell, from 1st Ft. Ens. vice Clarke prom. March 23.

5th Ditto—Lieut. W. Gray, from 2d Roy. Vet. Bat. vice Galbraith, prom. April 8; Lieut. J. Spence, 2d West Ind. Regt. vice W. R. Derinsky, ret. h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Feb. 23; Ens. C. Phibbs, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Ens. April 7.

6th Ditto—Lieut. T. Duke, Capt. vice Cox, dec. August 23; Ens. W. Warrington, from 67th Ft. Lieut. vice Duke, Aug. 23.

7th Ditto—Ens. Hon. S. Hay, from 71st Ft. vice Moorsom, prom. March 2; Hon. A. Hope, vice Blaney, prom. April 8.

8th Ditto—Ens. W. Senhouse, from 3d Roy. Vet. Bat. Ens. April 7; Surg. H. T. Mostyn, from 81st Ft. Surg. vice Cartan, prom. Feb. 23.

9th Ditto—Lieut. W. H. Hill, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Lieut. April 8.

10th Ditto—Lieut. P. Johnson, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. vice Leard, prom. April 7; Ens. C. L. Strickland, by purch. vice Halifax, prom. April 8, Lieuts.; Ens. H. A. C. Pilkinton, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. April 7 Ens.

11th Ditto—Capt. C. B. Turner, Major by purch. vice Ogilvie, ret. April 8; Capt. W. Wiltshire, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. April 8; Lieut. M. Richmond, by purch. vice Turner, April 8, Capt.; Ens. W. Dolphin, vice Richmond, April 8, Lieut. by purch.; — Cook, Gent. vice Dolphin, April 8, Ens. by purch.

12th Ditto—Ens. J. Tedlie, from h. p. Ens. vice Russell, prom. 89th Ft. March 27.

13th Ditto—Lieut. Hon. F. Howard, from h. p. Lieut. vice Wilson, app. 52d Ft. March 30; Serj. Maj. W. Hutchins, Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Fenton, prom. Sept. 13; Hosp. Ass. J. Robertson, M.D. Ass. Surg. vice Mouat, app. 16th Lt. Drags. March 13.

14th Ditto—Ens. R. Budd, by 'purch. vice White, app. 32d Ft. March 16; Lieut. W. Morr, from h. p. 37th Ft. vice Cain, app. 3d Ft. March 27, Lieuts.

15th Ditto—Lieut. J. W. Dewsen, from 3d Roy. Vet. Bat. Lieut. vice Humphry, prom. April 9; Ens. R. Elliott, from 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Ens. April 7; J. Hay, Gent. Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Bannister, prom. Feb. 16.

16th Ditto—Ens. R. J. N. Kellett, from h. p. 24th Ft. Ens. vice Prettyjohn, app. 53d Ft. March 31.

17th Ditto—Ens. E. C. Hudson, from 2d Roy. Vet. Bat. Ens. April 7.

18th Ditto—Capt. A. O. Dalgleish, from 28th Ft. Capt. vice French, exch. March 2; Ens. R. Dunne, Lieut. by purch. vice Moore, prom. 98th Ft. March 2; F. Wigston, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Dunne, March 16; Ass. Surg. T. Lewis, M.D. from 3d Roy. Vet. Bat. Ass. Surg. March 25.

19th Ditto—Lieut. S. Vignoles, Capt. by purch. vice Farquharson, prom. April 8; Ens. P. H. Michel, by purch. vice Vignoles, April 8; Lieut. F. Price, from h. p. paying diff. to H. P. Fund, vice R. T. Fletcher, exch. April 9, Lieuts.; Ens. G. P. Elliott, from 2d Roy. Vet. Bat. April 7; S. R. Delane, Gent. by purch. vice Michel, April 2, Ens.

20th Ditto—Ens. R. M'Dermott, Lieut. without purch. vice Moore, app. 15th Ft.; F. H. Stephens, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice M'Dermott, Feb. 23.

21st Ditto—Sec. Lieut. J. Pentland, by purch. vice Biggs, prom. April 8; Lieut. H. Kveleg, from h. p. vice M. T. O'Reilly, exch. rec. diff. April 9, 1st Lieuts.; Hon. F. Sinclair, vice Pentland, April 8, Sec. Lieut. by purch.

22d Ditto—Capt. Hon. G. Cathcart, from 7th

Lt. Drags. Maj. by purch. vice Clayton, prom. April 8; Capt. J. L. Penefather, from h. p. Capt. vice E. F. French, exch. rec. diff. April 8; Ens. S. B. Boileau, from 2d Roy. Vet. Bat. Ens. April 7.

21d Ditto—Lt. W. M. Sloane, by purch. vice St. George, ret. April 8; Capt. J. Brown, h. p. vice I. W. Harris, exch. rec. diff. April 9; Capt. Sec. Lt. B. Losh, First Lieut. by purch. vice Sloane, April 8; C. Crutehley, Gent. Sec. Lt. by purch. vice Loch, April 8.

24th Ditto—Capt. R. Smith, h. p. Capt. vice Miller, exch. rec. diff.; Ens. F. T. Canyng-hame, Lt. by purch. vice Smyth, prom.; — Alcock, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Canyng-hame, April 2.

25th Ditto—Ens. J. Spalding, without purch. vice Paschal, prom. 77th Ft. March 30; Ens. S. Ilderton, by purch. vice Pounden, prom. April 8; Lts. J. O'Donnell, Gent. by purch. vice Irving, app. 61st Ft.; M. C. Seton, Gent. vice Spalding, March 30, Ensigns.

26th Ditto—Lt. C. B. Bowles, 32d Ft. Capt. by purch. vice Beetham, prom.; Lt. J. Fraser, 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Lt. April 8.

27th Ditto—Lt. R. Dutton, Roy. Vet. Comp. for Service in New South Wales, vice North, exch. March 16; Ens. J. Maclean, by purch. vice Dutton, ret. March 30; Ens. S. E. Goodman, by purch. vice D'Urban, prom. April 8; Lts. Ens. R. Bolton, h. p. vice Tew, prom. 2d W. I. Reg. March 21; Capt. V. Raymond, h. p. 40th Ft. vice G. W. Crowe, placed upon h. p. March 9, Paym.

28th Ditto—Capt. C. French, 18th Ft. Capt. vice Dalgleish, exch. March 2.

29th Ditto—Capt. G. Gosselin, h. p. Capt. vice Stephens, exch. rec. diff. April 10; Lt. S. Z. Thatcher, 37th Ft. Lt. vice Browne, exch. April 9.

30th Ditto—T. R. Burrowes, Gent. Ens. vice Wilson, dec. Aug. 16.

31st Ditto—Ens. W. M. Wetenhall, Lt. by purch. vice Ruxton, prom. March 16; J. C. Stock, Gent. Ens. without purch. vice Minchin, prom. March 20.

32d Ditto—Lt. Hon. A. Harley, 87th Ft. Lt. vice Bowles, prom. 26th Ft. April 8.

33d Ditto—W. S. Norton, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Talbot, app. 43d Ft. April 8.

34th Ditto—J. T. Weyland, 1st Roy. Vet. Bat. Lt. April 8; S. R. Streatfield, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Hughes, prom. April 8.

35th Ditto—Cor. J. G. Hall, h. p. 21st Lt. Drags. paying diff. vice Walsh, prom. 3d Ft. March 30; T. Paris, Gent. by purch. vice Hall, prom. April 8, Ensigns.

35th Ditto—Lt. B. W. Cocker, Capt. by purch. vice Gilbert, ret.; Ens. Hon. F. Petro, Lt. by purch. vice Coker; J. P. Taylor, Gent. Ens. by purch. April 8; Lt. G. M. Shenley, Adj. vice Roberts, who resigns the Adjutancy only, March 9.

37th Ditto—Lt. N. Custance, h. p. 25th Lt. Drags. Lt. vice Waters, exch. rec. diff. April 8; Lt. G. Browne, 29th Ft. Lt. vice Thatcher, exch. April 9.

38th Ditto—Lt. J. H. Law, vice Birch, dec. Sept. 9; Brev. Maj. W. K. Rains, 51st Ft. vice Woodward, exch. April 8, Capt.; Ens. W. J. Minchin, 51st Ft. vice Law, Sept. 9, Ens.; J. J. Lowth, vice Torrens, dec. Sept. 11, Lt.; J. Jenkins, Gent. vice Maclean, March 2; A. Whittle, Gent. vice Lowth, March 23, Ensigns.

39th Ditto—Ens. W. Loraine, Lt. by purch. vice Hall, app. 7th Ft. April 8; Ens. R. Douglas, 3d Roy. Vet. Bat. April 7; Gent. Cadet C. B. Lloyd, R. M. Col. by purch. vice Loraine, April 8.

41st Ditto—Capt. J. Cornfield, 77th Ft. Capt. vice Burrowes, dec. March 23; Sec. Lt. L. Hay, 66th Ft. Lt. by purch. vice Versturne, prom. April 8.

42d Ditto—Capt. J. Brander, Maj. by purch. vice Cowell, ret. April 8; Lt. P. C. Campbell, Capt. by purch. vice Brander, April 8; Ensigns H. Hill, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, April 8, and C. Campbell, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Hill, April 8.

43d Ditto—Ens. D. G. Greer, Lt. by purch. vice Gosselin, prom. April 8; G. Talbot, 33d Ft. Ens. vice Freer, April 8.

44th Ditto—Ens. E. C. Mathias, vice Gled-stances, dec. Aug. 16, K. H. Clarke, 4th Ft. by purch. vice Langmead, prom. March 4, and J. D. Young, Gent. vice Mathias, Aug. 16, Ensigns.

45th Ditto—Ens. J. Du Vernet, Lt. by purch. vice Geddes, prom. April 8, G. H. Clarke, Gent. vice Du Vernet, April 8; A. M. Tulloch, Gent. vice Lewis, prom. 89th Ft. 9th April, Ens.

46th Ditto—Capt. R. Martin, 3d R. V. Bat. Capt. vice Miller, app. 24th Ft. April 8; Lt. E. J. Bruce, 1st R. V. Bat. vice Gleason, app. 90th Ft. April 8; Lt. E. W. R. Antrobus, h. p. 13th Ft. vice Ashurst, app. 3d Ft. March 27; Lt. C. W. St. John Wall, vice Legh, prom. April 8, Ens. by purch.

47th Ditto—Lt. A. Campbell, h. p. 77th Ft. Lt. vice B. O. Bennett, who exch. March 30.

48th Ditto—Maj. J. Taylor, Lt. Col. vice Erskine, dec. Brev. Maj. J. T. Morisset, Maj. vice Taylor; Lt. T. W. Reed, Capt. vice Morisset, April 8; Lt. K. Griffiths, 2d R. V. Bat. vice Smith, app. 60th Ft. April 10; Ens. W. A. McCleverty, vice Reed, Aug. 26; Ens. W. Bell, vice Vincent, dec. March 23; Lts. J. A. Erskine, Gent. Ens. vice Bell, March 23.

49th Ditto—Ens. B. Vincent, Lt. by purch. vice Grubbe, prom. April 8.

50th Ditto—Capt. J. Anderson, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, who ret.; Lt. J. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice Anderson; Ens. B. Baxter, Lt. by purch. vice Greenwood, April 8.

51st Ditto—Capt. W. Timson, h. p. vice E. Frederick, who exch. rec. diff. April 7; Capt. J. F. Woodward, 38th Ft. vice Rains, who exch. April 8.

52d Ditto—Capt. W. S. Moorson, h. p. Capt. p. diff. vice Monins, app. 63th Ft. April 8; Lt. H. Wilson, 13th Ft. Lt. vice Morshead, app. 3d March 27; Ens. W. M. Hughes, h. p. Ens. vice Carr, prom. 3d Ft. March 29.

53d Ditto—Ens. J. W. F. Prettyjohn, 16th Ft. Ens. vice Wheatstone, prom. 3d Ft. March 31.

54th Ditto—Lt. E. Wells, 2d R. V. Bat. vice Dalgety, app. 70th Ft. April 9; Ens. H. R. Clarke, vice Fenton, dec. Aug. 16; Lt. Bayley, Gent. vice Clark, Aug. 16, Ens.

56th Ditto—Ens. J. P. Hunt, Lt. by purch. vice Murray, prom.; W. Croke, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice Hunt, April 8.

57th Ditto—Ens. J. M. Kidd, h. p. Ens. vice E. T. Abbott, who exch. rec. diff. Feb. 23.

59th Ditto—Lt. J. H. Arnold, 2d R. V. Batt. vice Leslie, app. 72d Ft. April 8; Ens. W. Fuller, by purch. vice Amherst, prom. April 8; Lt. R. B. Yates, Gent. vice Fuller, Ens. by purch. April 8.

60th Ditto—Brev. Maj. D. K. Fawcett, 1st R. V. Bat. Capt. April 9; Sec. Lt. R. Gibbons, 51st Lt. by purch. vice Smith, prom. April 8; G. Bulmer, Gent. by purch. vice Gibbons, April 8; John R. Peyton, Gent. by purch. vice Mason, prom. April 9; W. R. Faber, Gent. by purch. vice Brown, app. 85th Ft. April 10; W. F. Harvey, Gent. w. purch. vice O'Meara, prom. 2d W. I. Reg. April 11; C. O. Leman, Gent. by purch. vice Bell, app. 64th Ft. April 12, Sec. Lts.

61st Ditto—Ens. F. Barlow Lt. by purch. vice Coghill, prom.; G. Ruddle, Gent. by purch. vice Barlow, April 8.

62d Ditto—C. D. Stewart, R. V. Bat. Capt. April 8.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, APRIL 28, 1826.

The panic in the commercial and trading part of the community may now be considered as having completely subsided, and, although some extensive failures have taken place—and more, we fear, must yet take place—still there is a return of confidence, and affairs in general are recovering their accustomed healthy tone.

COTTON WOOL.—There is a reduction in the price of East India descriptions: the sales of last week were estimated at about 2200 bags, as follows:—60 bags Pernams good fair 10½d per lb. in bond; 150 bags Egyptians middling 7½d per lb. duty paid; 1490 bags Surats ordinary to good fair 4½d to 5½d per lb. in bond; 510 bags Beugal ordinary to good fair 5½ to 5½d per lb. in bond.

SUGAR.—Raw Sugars are in steady demand; 200 hhds. of New Barbadoes were offered; good white sold 66s. to 72s. 6d., and middling 62s. to 65s. per cwt. About 400 hhds. and 125 trs. and barrels, St. Lucia Sugar, were also brought to auction last week, the quality particularly bad; however, the prices were 44s. to 47s. per cwt. for dabs, and 48s. to 54s. for better qualities; deducting the duty the prices left to pay the importer are only 21s. to 27s. per cwt. Refined Sugars are scarce; there is some enquiry after Crushed for the Mediterranean. Of Foreign Sugars, about 400 chests, very good strong white Havannah, were put up for sale on the 25th, but withdrawn at 42s. to 45s.—42s. were offered for the best lots; some enquiry after white Brazil at 37s. to 38s.

TEA.—Congou (exclusive of 100l. per cwt. duty) 2s. 4d. to 3s. 2d.; Sou-chong 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; Compou 2s. 10d. to 3s. 2d.; Twankey and Bloom 3s. 3d. to 3s. 9d.; Hyson 4s. to 5s. 5d.; Gunpowder 4s. 10d. to 7s. 6d.

COFFEE.—The market is heavy, at 47s. for good ordinary, and 48s. for fine ordinary St. Domingo, hardly any buyers to be met with, however; holders are very little inclined to sell

at these prices, and by no means press the market.

TALLOW.—There has been some improvement in the prices of Tallow; the quotations being 33s. per cwt. for Yellow Candles.

PROVISIONS.—By the statement of the Imports, it appears that the quantity of Foreign Butter has increased to a very great extent; whilst the quantity of Irish is decreasing notwithstanding the *protecting* duty of 20s. per cwt. In the prices of this article there is considerable reduction, and the sale of Irish butter (70s. to 75s. per cwt.) in particular is almost impracticable. Dutch Butter 56s. to 95s. per cwt. Cambridge 44s. to 48s. Dorset 50s. to 52s. per firkin. The stock of Bacon is only about 15,000 bales, against 31,000 at this time last year, but prices are rather on the decline. New Belfast Middles 42s. Waterford Sides 50s. to 52s.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.*

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	-	59 4	Peas	-	37 9
Rye	-	35 10	Beans	-	36 11
Barley	-	32 6	Oats	-	23 6

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	12 9	Gibraltar	31 0
Rotterdam	12 10	Leghorn	47 0
Antwerp	12 10	Genoa	43 0
Hamburg	37 11	Naples	38½ 0
Paris	- 25 75	Lisbon	50½ 0
Bordeaux	26 0	Oporto	51 0
Vienna	- 10 26	Rio Janeiro	44 0
Madrid	35½ 0	Dublin	1½ 0
Cadiz	- 35½ 0	Cork	0 0

* By the quarterly averages published on the 18th of April, all Foreign Grain for home consumption is excluded. Wheat from the British Colonies in North America, may be entered for home use at a duty 6s. per quarter until the 22nd. of June, 1826, and the following articles until the 15th of May next, viz. Peas at a duty of 3s. 6d., Barley, 8d., Oats 4d., and Oatmeal 6d. per boll.

PRICES OF SHARES

At the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, Stock and Share Brokers, No. 23, 'Change Alley, Cornhill.

APRIL 27, 1826.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£. s.	£. s. d.		£. s.	£. s. d.
<i>Canals.</i>			<i>Insurances.</i>		
Ashton and Oldham	200	7	Alliance	par	—
Barnsley	270	14	Albion	53	2 10
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	300	12 10	Atlas	7	9
Brecknock & Abergaveenny	150	9	County Fire	43	2 10
Coventry	1100	44 and bs.	Eagle	3 a ½	6
Cromford	—	20	Globe	141	7
Darby	4	—	Guardian	16½	—
Derby	—	9 10	Hop	4 15	6
Dudley	96	4 10	Imperial Fire	100	5
Ellsmere and Chester	110	3 15	Ditto Life	10 10	8
Forth and Clyde	—	20	Law Life	1 pm	—
Glimorganshire	300	13 12 8	Norwich Union	50	1 10
Grand Junction	250	10 & 3 bs.	Rock Life	3½	2
Grand Surrey	48	2	Royal Exchange (Stock) ..	250	8 p ct.
Grand Union	28	—	<i>Mines.</i>		
Grand Western	12	—	Anglo Mexican	22½ dis	—
Grantham	100	9	Bolanos	10 dis	—
Huddersfield	23	1	Brazilian (iss. at 5 pm) ..	10½ dis	—
Kennet and Avon	22½	1	British Iron	1½ dis	—
Leicester	10	1 10	Chilian	—	—
Leeds and Liverpool	300	16	Colombian (iss. at 5 pm) ..	—	—
Leicester	400	16	General	3½ dis	—
Leicester and Northampton ..	8	4	Libertarian	3½ dis	—
Loughborough	130	20	Pasco Peruvian	10½ dis	—
Mersey and Irwell	850	35	Potosi	4½ dis	—
Monmouthshire	10½	10	Real Del Monte	60 dis	—
North Walsham and Dilham ..	25	—	San de la Plata	—	—
Neath	360	15	Malpaxahua	7½ dis	—
Oxford	100	32 & bs	United Mexican	4½ dis	—
Peak Forest	140	5	Ditto New	4½ dis	—
Regent's	41	—	Welsh Iron and Coal	13 dis	—
Rochdale	94	4	<i>Gas Lights.</i>		
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	Westminster Chartered	57	3 10
Stafford and Worcester	800	40	Do. New	1½ pm	14
Stourbridge	320	17	City	15½	9 0
Stratford on Avon	40	1	Ditto New	85½	5 0
Stroudwater	150	31 10	Imperial	6 dis	6 per ct.
Swansea	240	14	Phoenix	4 dis	1 7
Severn and We	40	2 2	General United	6½ dis	—
Thames and Medway	17	—	British	12½ dis	—
Thames and Severn, R. & L. ..	30	1 10	Isch	13	16
Ditto, Black	—	1 1	Birmingham	60	4
Trent and Mersey	2000	75 & bon	Birmingham and Stafford ..	—	—
Warwick and Birmingham	25	11	Brighton	14	—
Warwick and Napton	220	11	Bristol	23½	1 6
Wilts and Berks	5 10	—	Derby	—	5
Worcester & Birmingham	45	1 10	Isle of Thanet	4 dis	—
<i>Docks.</i>			Leas	par	1 5
St. Katherine's	14 dis	4 p ct.	Liverpool	—	10
London	96	4 10 do	Widstone	57	3
West India	186	10 do	Portable	—	—
East India	—	8 do	Ratcliff	par	5 pr ct.
Commercial	66½	3½ do	Tarmouth	par	18
Bristol	10	2 10	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>		
<i>Bridges.</i>			Australian (Agricultural) ..	8	—
Southwark	5	—	Auction Mart	18	—
Ditto New 7½ per ct. int.	43	1 10	Annuit, British	8 dis	6 pr ct.
Vauxhall	27	1 5	Bank, Irish Provincial	5½ dis	—
Waterloo	8	—	Canada	9 pm	—
Ditto Annuites of £8	35	1 5 4	Maritime Stock, 1st class ..	—	4
Ditto Annuites of £7	32	1 2 2	London Com. Sale Rooms ..	20	1
<i>Railways.</i>			Margate Pier	180	10
Manchester and Liverpool	1½ dis	—	Pearl, Colomb. (iss. at 10 p) ..	7 dis	—
<i>Water-works.</i>			— and Coral	—	—
East London	103	5 10	Revers, Interest Society ..	5 dis	—
Grand Junction	76	3	Salt, British Rock & Patent ..	½ pm	—
Rent	35	—	Steam, General	2½ dis	16
Manchester and Salford	40	—			
South London	93	3			
West Middlesex	66	2 15			

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, From the 25th of March, to the 24th of April, 1896.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Con. 1818	3 Pr. C. Red.	N4Pr.C.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consola. for auct.
25			77 1/2	8		95 1/2				3 5 p	77 1/2 8
27	Holiday										
29	Holiday										
30			78	9 1/2		95 1/2	6		4 2 pm	3 5 p	78 1/2
31			78 1/2	9 1/2		95 1/2	6 1/2		1 3 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
1			79	60		96	7 1/2		1 3 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
2			79 1/2	60		96	7 1/2		2 3 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
3			79 1/2	60		96	7 1/2		3 5 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
4			79 1/2	60		96	7 1/2		4 5 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
5			79 1/2	60		96	7 1/2		4 5 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
6			79 1/2	60		96	7 1/2		7 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
7	202 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	96	10 1/2	5-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
8	202 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	96	10 1/2	5-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
9	202 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	96	10 1/2	5-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
10	202 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	96	10 1/2	5-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
11	201 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	96	10 1/2	5-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
12			79 1/2	80	88 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2	7-16	par 5 p	2 4 p	79 1/2
13	200 1 1/2	9 1/2	79 1/2	80	88 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2		2 4 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
14	199 1/2	9 1/2	79 1/2	80	88 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2		5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
15	200 1 1/2	9 1/2	79 1/2	80	88 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
16			79 1/2	80	88 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2		5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
17	202 3/4	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	94 1/2	5 1/2		5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
18	199 201	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2		5 6 pm	2 4 p	78 1/2
19	200	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	84 1/2	94 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
20	200	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	95 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
21	201 2	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	95 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
22	200	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	95 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
23	200	9 1/2	78 1/2	9 1/2	85	95 1/2	5 1/2	3-16	5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2
24	200	9 1/2	79	9 1/2	85	95 1/2	5 1/2		5 6 pm	2 4 p	79 1/2

JAMES WEIRHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of March to the 19th of April, 1896,

By William Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 60, High Holborn.

Month	Moon	Rain Gauge		Therm		Barom.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmo Variations.		
		9 A.M.	Max.	9 A.M.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		44	48	36	79	84	29	85	73	74	NW	N	Fine	Rain
21		45	48	35	29	82	29	82	78	74	NE	E	Fair	Clou
22		17	44	37	20	69	29	67	76	80	NNE	N	Clou.	Fine
23	○	40	42	33	29	49	29	34	79	87	N	NE	Fine	Rain
24		17	40	34	29	38	29	60	80	82	ENE	NE	Clou.	
25		38	42	14	23	62	29	59	67	76	NE	NE		Fine
26		32	42	30	29	63	29	80	66	69	NE	NE	Fine	Rain
27		36	42	34	29	82	29	82	66	61	ENE	SW	Fine	
28		41	41	44	20	71	34	53	68	79	SW	SW		
29	●	48	49	31	29	47	29	64	73	69	WNW	W	Clou.	
30		39	47	32	29	92	30	10	65	60	WNW	NW	Fine	
31		34	41	34	30	20	30	21	66	68	W	W		
1		39	50	42	30	24	30	13	67	64	W	W		
2		43	52	50	29	99	30	01	66	81	WSW	W	Fair	
3		56	66	45	30	02	1	09	78	75	WNW	NW	Fine	
4		51	58	49	30	05	30	02	81	70	WSW	W		
5		51	57	48	29	96	29	27	74	63	W	WSW		
6		64	60	49	30	10	29	98	76	74	WSW	WSW		
7	●	51	63	50	29	96	30	06	77	68	W	WSW		
8		56	63	52	30	03	29	86	69	66	W	SW		
9		60	64	42	29	64	29	66	61	80	SSE	WSW	Rain	
10		51	62	49	29	77	29	82	68	74	W	SW		Fair
11		56	60	44	29	67	29	62	79	72	WSW	SW	Rain	Rain
12		51	54	15	29	07	29	46	79	75	WSW	WNW	Fair	Fair
13		17	67	19	29	94	30	00	70	73	NNW	WSW	Fair	Fine
14		55	61	50	30	12	30	13	73	74	W	WSW		
15	●	59	59	50	30	12	30	05	75	73	WSW	W	Fine	Fair
16		54	60	41	30	04	30	13	74	70	NNE	N	Rain	
17		11	54	42	30	18	30	12	67	63	W	SSE	Fine	Fine
18		44	55	43	30	05	30	03	69	61	S	SSE	Foggy	
19		56	60	42	29	97	29	80	60	62	SSW	ENE	Fine	

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of March was 1 inch and 33-100ths.

Shackell, Arrowsmith, and Hodges, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

New Series.

No. X.

JUNE, 1826.

VOL. II.

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JOHN MURDER, NEW BRIDGE STREET.

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSDEALERS.

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AVIS.

THERE is so much in a name, that we wish we were at liberty to announce the Author of "*Punch and Judy*," a philosophical Poem, the first part of which appears in the present Number. Its merits will be appreciated by the few; but though arose by any other name may smell as sweet, the flowers of literature are not so easily distinguished, or so properly valued by the *public*. *E. Gellio*, LL D. has our thanks for his offer, but we decline "the meeting," and shall not name "the day and hour," because we are afraid—that the four articles to be proposed will not lead to any amicable result. If the worthy *Doctor of Laws* chuses to write his opinion, and submit them, they shall be fairly considered.

Anglica has not kept her promise—this is the second disappointment. But we recollect an old Epigram, which runs thus:—

"A preaching Friar there was, who thus began:
The Scripture saith—*There was a certain man*;
A certain man?—But I do read no where
Of any *certain* woman mentioned there:
A certain man, a phrase in Scripture common,
But no place shewes there was a *certain woman*!
And at it is, that we should ground our faith
On nothing more than what the Scripture saith."

RECEIVED—"An agreeable Ode to my Ink Pot;"—"A Tale of the Roman Empire;" and "Memoirs of an anonymous Contributor, by Himself."

We can only solve J. L.'s Enigma by an adage:—"A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out."

Q. Q. Q.'s request shall be communicated in the proper quarter, and he will, doubtless, receive a satisfactory answer by applying to the publisher about the middle of the month.

It was very far from our intention to "hurt" *Catherine*, who is in our eyes "Kate the pretty," and we beg to be friends again.

We have a vehement inclination to oblige our fair readers, but we have incautiously ventured on a precedent in pointing out an excellent Novel, which we are unable to follow, so as to satisfy the expectations of "*A widow very fond of reading*." In the circulating line, so much depends on taste (or the want of it), that we consider it as very dangerous ground, but we at the same time think we may safely recommend the perusal of *Vivian Grey* as delightfully piquant; and "*The Last of the Mohicans*," we propose to our fair friends as one of the best and most interesting publications of the kind submitted to the public for many years. We can also recommend Lord Blesinton's *De Vavasour* as a work—

"Which neither age,
Nor future time shall hurt through all their rage;
For how can future times, or age invade
That work which perishes as soon as made?"

"*The Gloathed of Glenout*, a Dramatic Sketch," by Miss A. Rennie, is clever; and any young lady enamoured of *scenes*, might easily be both better and worse employed—printing, however, is expensive, and either way such things should be private.

XX's sorrows in his "*Love and Madness*" are overcharged—there does not appear sufficient cause for so much grief, when it is clear that he has only lost his wife.

Mr. C. Newman is rather too hasty. We do not disapprove of his "*Lark*," or of any other equally pleasant, but its rising must depend on a convenient season.

Agricola has applied to the wrong quarter—we know nothing about the *Corn Laws*; but as to rain, we think it very likely, as *Fauschall* is about to open.

"*Incog*" is quite right in concealing his name, but we don't know that it is so necessary to "the success" of his writings, as it is to our safety. *Omnia ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim just now at an immense rate. Scott and lot they are all *Great Unknowns*. The last piece of quackery of this sort is "*REMEMBRANCE*," the title of the author is studiously concealed." *Mora*. Ch. May 22. Its being known, and perhaps very much tend to vary the title.

Our French friend is, we repeat, unreasonable, and does not understand the nature of things. We have no objection to his terms, but his matter is unsuitable. To his pettish remark—"Vous ne voulez jamais faire comme les autres;"—we reply—"Tant pis pour les autres."

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF A
PHILHELLENIST.

THE following detached sketches are from the manuscript journal of Dr. Daniel Elster, who accompanied the Philhellenic corps, in his medical capacity, and was one of the few who survived the carnage at the battle of Peta. The situation he held, which brought him into contact with military men and others of all ranks, was peculiarly favourable for the purposes of observation, and that he availed himself of it with much talent, will, we think, be generally admitted, after a perusal of the scenes here exhibited.

Colocotroni before Patras.—At some distance from Patras, yet within view of the fortress, Colocotroni was posted with the capitani of his staff, and incessantly harassed the Turks by skirmishes and sudden attacks. Sometimes, approaching unperceived through the surrounding thickets, he reached the very walls, where he was secure from the fire of their artillery, and pillaged the town; in general, however, he was obliged to retreat without accomplishing his purpose, particularly in rainy weather, of which the enemy's cavalry availed themselves to make successful sallies; for the rain falling in torrents rendered the fire-arms of the Greeks, which had no bayonets, quite useless, so that the Turkish sabres could hew them down without opposition. Whenever, therefore, a succession of rainy days took place, Colocotroni retired with his men into the ravines of the hills surrounding the town for a considerable extent, whither the Turks did not venture to pursue them. As soon, however, as the rain ceased, the Greeks rushed from their hiding-places with astonishing impetuosity, setting up at the same time their war-shout; so that the Turks, who were unprepared for the attack, supposing that the foe had withdrawn his troops, were generally

taken unawares, and the Greeks thus frequently obtained a rich booty. In these sudden surprises and attacks against a weak point, consist the chief military tactics of the Greeks as well as of the Turks; and the attacking party is mostly sure of victory in such cases, as the other is almost invariably thrown into confusion and precipitate flight.

The troops before Patras seemed to be well provided, there being abundance of cattle, which the Greeks pastured at the extremity of their camp, and an extensive supply of corn in a building newly erected for the purpose of a magazine. In fact, so little were they apprehensive of suffering from any failure of their stores, that they even furnished the besieged with supplies, for which they exacted immense prices. This singular impolicy, of which I had before seen instances at Napoli di Romania, and which must be regarded as a piece of treachery against themselves and their cause, can be accounted for only from their unbounded thirst for lucre and money. These supplies were generally conveyed by the troops occupying the first trenches, the spot where these singular contracts took place, the bargain being made in one night, and executed on the following one. Such transactions, which of course required many accomplices, were the occasion of great dissensions and persecutions among the Greeks. Their gunning surpasses all credibility, nor do they scruple to sacrifice their friends and comrades to their passion for overreaching each other. Whenever, therefore, they imagine that another has defrauded them in any share of the gain, their avarice and desire of revenge are excited to such a pitch, as not to be appeased until they have seen the object of their hatred either punished, or strangled, or shot.

The leader of such a race requires to be a Colocotroni. This officer was most rigorously, nay frightfully, severe towards his troops, by whom he was consequently neither beloved nor esteemed, but was dreaded and held in the utmost fear. His constantly gloomy countenance, and his barbarous treatment of every one who excited his displeasure, completely awed all; nor, in his presence, did any one ever venture, even so much as by a gesture, to express the slightest disapprobation at his commands. I had several opportunities of beholding this remarkable man: his complexion was a dirty yellowish brown; and a large tusklke tooth projecting from his under jaw, made him look as if he was biting his lip; while his small black piercing eyes, darting from beneath his deep eye-brows, and his bushy whiskers, gave to his visage an aspect of malign ferocity.

His dress formed a singular contrast to the rich and splendid attire of his capitans, being of the coarsest materials, and the only article of ornament consisting in a breast-plate of mail, the links of which were of silver gilt: this, which he usually wore, had been taken by his own hand from a Turkish Pascha whom

he had slain. His arms were covered by large coarse linen sleeves, that had once been white; and his Albanian shirt was of the same complexion, so that there was at least some regard to keeping in these parts of his costume. The same observation applies to the mantle which hung carelessly from his shoulders, and exactly corresponded with the rest of his linen in its hue. He wore red shoes, but no stockings, having only a kind of sock of coarse white worsted.

Such was the exterior of a man who, however little praiseworthy in other respects, must yet be allowed the merit of personal valour; for he invariably fought at the head of his troops, and animated their bravery by his example, so that his name was as much dreaded by the Turks as by the Greeks.

From his very childhood he had been accustomed to a soldier, or bandit life. His first residence was among the mountains of Albania, afterwards among those of the Morea: here he was accustomed to surprise, during the night, the villages inhabited by the Turks, and after plundering them, to massacre every one who could not escape. All feared to excite his hatred and revenge, for they well knew to what extremities these could proceed. Every species of devastation he contemplated with the most perfect indifference, whenever he was sure that he could profit by it, and his foe be destroyed. Next to avarice, ambition was the ruling passion of his gloomy soul. When, therefore, on the breaking out of the Revolution, he offered himself as the defender of his country, he only aspired to the highest power and rank in Greece. Never did he acknowledge any authority as superior to his own: and for this reason he hated both the government* and foreigners; the former, because they set up their authority in opposition to his; the latter, because they supported this authority, and by their own military achievements might, in some degree, detract from the superiority he had hitherto maintained; for he possessed sagacity enough to perceive the ability of European officers, who had been trained to service in so many campaigns and engagements. It was on this very account that he felt his reputation endangered by their presence, and therefore sedulously avoided coming into contact with them. For the same reason, as well as from motives of national pride, he would rarely admit foreigners into his service; and whenever he did, they were obliged to assume the Greek uniform, unless they wished to expose themselves to the effects of his resentment. I have met with only two foreigners who succeeded so far as to continue

* The following anecdote shews how contemptuously he thought of the Greek government. On his arrival at Corinth with a troop of two hundred men, an ambassador was sent by the government to pay him their congratulations; when having listened to his address, he gave him a box on the ear, saying, "Carry that back as my answer to those who sent you."

with him for several years. It was his practice to put their attachment to very severe tests, and to subject them to the most insulting treatment; when, if their fidelity and submission were placed beyond all doubt, they were rewarded by being appointed to a company of twenty, thirty, and forty men.

Greek Sailors.—The discipline observed on board the Greek vessels was very strict. The crews are much less boisterous and noisy than those of European merchantmen, or ships of war; and a silence prevailed on board that was interrupted only by the orders of either the pilot, or first-lieutenant. These orders were generally given in a very civil tone, while a European vessel seems as if it could be managed only by means of oaths and threats; in this respect, therefore, we who affect to consider ourselves more polished, might take a useful lesson from the half-barbarian Greeks. As soon as the order, or whistle, is heard, it is obeyed with the utmost celerity. In furling or unfurling the sails, the men swing themselves across the yards with astonishing dexterity. They very seldom run up the shrouds, but catch hold of a rope, by which they ascend and descend with the swiftness of lightning. I once saw a Greek sailor dancing upon the end of one of the yards in a manner truly miraculous, without having hold of any of the rigging by his hands, until he suddenly fell overboard, as I and some others had anticipated that he must. No time was lost in attempting to rescue him, but in vain, as no trace of him could be discovered. But while we were regretting his fate, we perceived him, as suddenly, dancing at the further end of the deck; for it seemed that he had not slipped off, but thrown himself purposely into the sea, and had swam to a considerable distance under water. This sportive freak recalled to my mind the dexterity of the ancient Greeks in diving, when during the siege of Syracuse, the Athenians swam under water, and sawed away the piles with which the mouth of the harbour had been blocked up.

As soon as they had performed whatever they had to do on deck, the sailors generally retired into their births in cabins, both at the head, or in the middle of the vessel. There, after making a repast of a few olives and a little wine, they would sing in a tone that was sufficient to distract one's ears.

Yet harsh and unmusical as these concerts were, there was much order observed in them. One of the company, who served as a leader to the rest, commenced the song, in which, after a certain time, he was joined by his companions; when, instead of proceeding with any regard to harmony, he would raise his voice by octaves, till he had reached an astonishing height; and continued at this pitch until it seemed as if his lungs would actually

* All the voices of Greek men, which I heard, were high tones, which may be ascribed in a great measure to the mildness of the climate.

burst. This amusement generally lasted until they were summoned again on deck, or until they renewed their attack on the olives.

Dissonant as their singing appeared to us, ours is no less disagreeable to them; and whenever I and my companions attempted to sing, they would listen for a while with attention, but long before we finished would make signs of disgust, and never endure to hear us out; and as soon as we stopped would resume their own singing, either with the view of correcting our bad taste, or to rid themselves of the impression our music had left on their auditory nerves. I rather suspect that the latter was the case, for they were uniformly very unassuming and shy in their conduct towards us, seldom seeking our society, yet whenever they did, behaving with much friendliness and courtesy; although with a certain air of pride that could not be mistaken, as it manifested itself in every feature. They seemed by no means disposed to cultivate any familiarity with us Philhellenists, but generally withdrew to their cabins; however, they would leave the door open, and if any of us looked in to observe them, would still continue their conversation, casting every now and then a look of inquiry towards the intruder; and if he did not retire they would then invite him to drink, but in such a manner that it was evident they would have preferred his absence. Playing on the guitar was another of their recreations. This instrument was small and strong, with three steel wires, upon which they played with a quill, running up and down in an irregular manner, yet with evident marks of delight, and beating time with their feet. As they continued, so would their enthusiasm gradually increase, until at length they seemed like possessed people; nor was it possible to discover any resemblance to tune or melody in this horrible kind of music, which, however, accorded extremely well with their singing. I was afterwards induced to believe that the music of the Greek sailors is certainly national, but much debased by them; for in the islands of the Archipelago, particularly Naxos and Timos, I found the same kind of both instrumental and vocal music, yet with a rhythm and melody truly original. I could there understand the words; and the music itself, singular as it was, had something far from unpleasant in it; although it must be confessed that it was greatly disfigured by their loud cries. Little, however, as we were disposed to admire their sailors' musical talents, or they ours, this difference of taste did not create the least animosity between us. On the contrary, they were disposed to shew us every attention, and assisted us in getting our things on board, and carefully stowing them between decks; our artillery-men, on the other hand, helped them to fire their guns, an exercise in which they were far from dexterous; and this interchange of good offices was by no means confined to mere civilities; for on my

rest of the day, down with
already at table,
we received an invitation from the captain, to join him at dinner in his own cabin. This apartment was certainly not so elegant as those in English and French vessels, yet had an air of great neatness and comfort. On each side were Turkish sofas covered with shawls, and the floor was likewise covered with a Turkey carpet. One end was occupied by a glazed buffet, filled with glasses, and other articles of table service; and one corner was fitted up as a kind of chapel, in which was a cabinet containing pictures of saints, with tapers burning before them.

After having satisfied my curiosity by surveying the apartment, I directed my eyes to a more attractive object—the well-furnished dinner-table, in the centre of which sat the captain, and next to him a young Greek, whom I had before seen, and who, I afterwards learnt, was the son of Pietro Bey, the leader of the Mainotes. This youth was going to Missolonghi, with the intention of joining the campaign in Epirus. After the first salutations had been interchanged, we did not wait to be pressed to partake of the cheer before us, to which and the wine, we paid our respects so heartily that our entertainers looked on us with silent wonder. Moderate in eating, the Greeks are still more so in the use of their excellent wine, which they seem to take as we do medicine. Such, in fact, is their abhorrence of all excess in the latter respect, that a drunkard is regarded by them with contempt, and as one guilty of a flagitious vice.* When, therefore, they set before their guests an abundant display of good cheer, it is rather with the view of showing their hospitable intentions than for the purpose of epicurean indulgence. We, however, were not contented with this fashion of feasting our eyes, and therefore attacked the dishes in downright earnest. The politeness of the Greeks caused them to take no notice at first of our unceremonious appetites: but when my companion took up an *okka* of wine, and drank half of it at a single draught, they could no longer conceal their astonishment and disgust. Another ought completely emptied the contents of the vessel, which was only one remaining; nor was Dania at all scrupulous in pointing out certain hints to our entertainer, that a fresh supply would be very acceptable. At length the courtesy and hospitality of the Greek captain so far overcame his repugnance at what he considered our immoderate excess, that he ordered his attendants to bring some more *okkas* of Samos wine, which completed what the Myrleanian wine had begun, and inspired us with excellent spirits. We now began to converse freely, both on military and other topics, and the wine certainly promoted the energy of our

* While in Argos, I saw a drunken Greek boater, and spit upon by the crowd.

~~EXTREME FEAR THE NEW FOUNDED OF A FUTURE SUMMIT: BUT~~

sentiments and language. In the course of our conversation, Mizersky shewed his partiality very highly for the Polish language, which, he asserted, was the most beautiful of any, and one that deserved to be universally studied. "It is owing to the want of an acquaintance with our language," said he, "that the rest of Europe know so little of the real character and genius of the Poles; for it must be acknowledged that the language of a people affords the only just criterion by which we can appreciate their national spirit." Then addressing himself to me as a scholar, a title against which I protested, he remarked that I could as yet hardly be said to have commenced my philosophical career, being unacquainted with the Polish idiom.—"Poland," continued he; "is the land of freedom: and it is in such a country alone that literature and the arts can flourish. It must be acknowledged that, at present, my country is much fallen, but it will rise again, and attain a pitch of greatness possessed by no other nation. An enthusiastic attachment and devotedness to our native land still exist among us, and will never cease to do so. I, for one, have never been able to endure either the Russian or the German yoke—and least of all, that of the French. It was on this account that I went to France as a Uhlan, and promoted the Revolution. There I soon obtained a commission, and was appointed adjutant. I was placed near the person of Napoleon, and was devotedly attached to him, until I perceived that it was not his intention to keep his word with Poland; for which reason I solicited my discharge, and quitted his service. I was subsequently induced to visit Piedmont at the period of the Revolution, but not finding things favourable to my views, I proceeded to South America to join Bolivar. Disappointed there also, I at length came hither. In whatever wars, or whatever countries I have been, I have uniformly been convinced that there is great cause for complaint, and that there is no country but suffers more or less; I nevertheless feel some consolation in the consciousness of having always espoused that cause which appeared to me most favourable to the rights of humanity. My last and only wish—that which has conducted me hither—is either to meet with an honourable grave on the classic soil of Greece, where so many heroes have fallen; or as one of her grey-headed citizens to reside within her bosom, and witness the revival of her former freedom."

The veteran uttered the last words with a deep emotion, that extended itself to the rest of our party, while the Greeks, who had listened to his speech with profound attention, crossing their arms on their bosoms, respectfully bowed their heads towards him.

Maurocordato.—The already numerous suite and partisans of *Maurocordato* increased from day to day. At this juncture two young Greeks arrived at Missolonghi, from the university of

and were appointed his secretaries: There were also several Greek prelates in his suite. Count Normann objected to this superfluous train at the head-quarters, as being very prejudicial to their success. Neither did he conceal from Mavrocordato the astonishment he felt at seeing so many persons promoted without having distinguished themselves by any military exploit, or having shown their capacity in any other way, without, indeed, having had even the opportunity of doing so. Thus, he observed, one great motive of action was absolutely rendered ineffective; and it was also to be feared, in the present exhausted state of their finances, that these rapid promotions were highly impolitic. It would therefore be more advisable to reduce their staff, or at least from that time not to increase it.

In this manner did Normann express his opinion towards the government. But these representations, however accordant with sound policy, particularly in the posture of affairs in Greece, were by no means agreeable to the commander, whose prudence they seemed to reproach; and still less so to those about him, whose interest they tended more immediately to affect. It is certain that from this moment Normann lost much of his influence with Mavrocordato, who now admitted Voutier and the other French officers into his confidence, while the Germans were proportionably neglected.

It cannot be denied that the French possess, in a superior degree, the art of ingratiating themselves whenever it is their interest to do so, and of displaying whatever talent they possess to the greatest advantage. But as the influence of the French with Mavrocordato was not only offensive to the German Philhellenists, but in some degree injurious to the interest of the general cause, it may not be improper to explain the reasons of the commander's prepossession in their favour, and his consequent coldness to the Germans.

His attachment to the French may in some measure be ascribed to his long residence at Paris, which had given him a sort of national sympathy towards them as countrymen. In the society of Frenchmen he found himself among old acquaintances. It must also be observed, that on his embarking at Marseilles, at the breaking out of the Revolution, he was joined by several French officers, who accompanied him to Greece. In his endeavours to restore energy both to the government and the military force of his distracted country, he was obliged to depend, in a great measure, on the advice of those around him; for although he was highly esteemed by his countrymen as an able politician, his abilities both in his character and in that of a military leader, admit of some doubt. In fact, his previous pursuits, which consisted in the acquisition of languages, as preparatory for the office of Dragoman, and in medical studies, as well as his residence among the circles of Parisian society, were but little calcu-

lated to form him for either an able statesman or warrior. Added to this, his natural indecision of character, and want of self-confidence, rendered him dependent upon others. Was it, therefore, surprising that he should allow the French, in whose favour he felt so prepossessed, to acquire an influence over him, particularly as they were not backward in assuring him of the superiority of France, in the arts both of policy and war? If it be objected that General Normann, as the most experienced commander among the Philhellenists, merited greater confidence from the Greek commander, in everything relating to the military operations of the campaign, it should be considered that more than one circumstance may have operated unfavourably for him.

Even his superior and acknowledged reputation for military talent may have excited a certain feeling of jealousy, which induced the commander to diminish his authority and influence among the troops, and even without attributing the conduct of Mavrocordato towards him, either to personal or national vanity, he may naturally have imagined that the patriotism of the Greek capitanis would not have been rendered more active, by their having a stranger as their leader. I have also good reason to think that Mavrocordato felt a certain mistrust of Normann. It is well known that, when the former first arrived in Greece, Demetrius Ypsilanti was accused of attempting to aspire at supreme power; and a certain Captain D—, who was then at Corinth, where he obtained a confidential access to Mavrocordato, gave out that Normann was implicated in the conspiracy of Ypsilanti. It is true that Normann's frank and undisguised conduct sufficiently refuted such injurious reports, and that they obtained not the least credit with any of the Philhellenists at Corinth; the government also shew the confidence they reposed in his integrity; notwithstanding this, it is probable that Mavrocordato, on many occasions, entertained doubts of his fidelity, for the Greeks are naturally prone to suspicion. To this cause we must impute the slights shewn to Normann, and his subsequent removal from active service; and the little regard paid to the Germans generally, since the greater the esteem in which the latter were held, the greater would have been the influence of their countrymen. But it is evident that this was either inimical to the interests of the French, who, since Voutier's arrival, had gained ready access to Mavrocordato, or was contrary to the wishes of the commander himself, or perhaps both the one and the other.

PUNCH AND JUDY;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

*With a Commentary in Verse, by Bougersdickius.**"Ludibria sertis permiscere solitus."—TACITUS.*

I SING of Punch,—and therefore must I sing
 Of seats familiar, yet for ever new;
 Of merry faces, gather'd in a ring,
 The magic, oft admir'd, again to view;
 While laughter, like a river from its spring,
 Throws o'er the spirit its refreshing dew;
 And gushes on with unimpeded course,
 Exhaustless still from an exhaustless source.*

What is that shrill inimitable cry,
 With joyous shouts of idle urchins blended?
 What that strange curtain'd box, well pois'd on high,
 With four long poles, by which its sides are ended?

* Esteem'd and gentle Reader, in the proëm
 Of these my notes, I deem it just to mention,
 That though th' ingenious author (and I know him
 Modest and full of every good intention,
 Has nam'd but "philosophical,"—the poem
 Will shine with more diversified invention
 As moral, metaphysical, and critical,
 Historico—statistico—political.

And this, I say, because myself and he
 Feel, that mere verses, written with facility,
 Stuff'd with but idle flights and fancies free,
 Nor turn'd to that sole end of life—utility—
 Are things which neither can, nor ought to be,
 Receiv'd, in such an age, with ev'n civility.
 Hapless the bard, who when they ask "*est bono!*"
 Your work—is't practical?" must answer, "oh! no."

But now of Punch—the word it will be seen—
 Nay, must occur at once to observation—
 In our judicious author does not mean
 The beverage, lov'd throughout the British nation,
 Which, more than Owen, proves the worth, I ween,
 Of that great principle—co-operation:—
 Since sugar, lemon, spirits, there combine
 Sweet—sour—strong—weak—to form a drink divine.

But our illustrious author, as was said,
 Takes for the theme, of which his verse to spin,
 A Punch, which, though right pleasant, is not made
 Of whisky, brandy, holland, rum, or gin;
 But Punch, the jovial, laugh-exciting blade,
 Sworn friend of Scaramouch and Harlequin.
 Yet, though thus different, both are good for some ache—
 One cheers the mind—the other warms the stomach.

BOUGERSDICKIUS.

What should it be, but Punch?—who, passing by,
Comes, like a conqueror from his wars, attended
By music, far on London echoes borne;
Drum, or Pandean pipe, or clanging horn.

Little it matters, where that sound is heard,
Through this metropolis of Britain's isles;
Whether, where thousands are almost inter'd
In smoky dens, and seldom sunshine smiles,
Or where gay splendour revels:—in a word,
The parish of St. James, or of St. Giles,
Starts up alike; and every being round
Finds in his heart an echo to that sound.

And sparkling eyes, from door and window greet
The cavalcade, that moves with merry din,
Or sudden stops in some gay square or street,
Or in the learned fields of Lincoln's Inn.
Behold! the drama for no ear unmeet,
Most lov'd and most repeated, doth begin;
For, tell me, when was *Œdipus*—*Othello*—
The *Cid*—play'd half so oft as *Punchinello*?

But who shall paint that drama?—'twould employ
Weeks, months, to go through all its operations;—
Th' extreme vicissitudes of grief and joy,
Embraces, quarrels, reconciliations—
Blows which, were either mortal, must destroy—
Falls, faintings, dyings, revivifications—
Descents—and reappearances—love—strife,
And all the strange epitome of life.

'Tis done:—that stroke has slain the dame outright:—
Now lay her out,—and o'er her breathless corse
An inquest hold;—while Punch—ah! wretched wight!
Weeps with full anguish of too late remorse.
But, lo! she wakes—she stirs—and, swift as light,
Attacks the mourner with a fury's force:—
And now they hug—now fight—now part—now meet—
While unextinguish'd laughter shakes the street!

Hark! how his head is knock'd against the floor!
Look, how he writhes his body, as in pain!
And widow'd Judy must, in turn, deplore
Her lord,—who, in his turn, shall rise again:
And now they roll and tumble o'er and o'er—
And now—but gaze thyself—for words are vain—
Punch hast thou seen?—then thou anew wilt see—
If not, life has some pleasure yet for thee.*

* Of late, with grief of heart, it must be told,
Punch and his wife have somewhat lost their stations;
For apes and dress'd up dogs have been enroll'd
As aids to them and their sublime creations.

Oh, Punch! no vulgar mountebank art thou,
 That splits our ears at holiday or fair;
 Thou dost not bring a frown upon the brow,
 By pains inflicted upon dog or bear;
 Nor stands a theatre in Britain now,
 Fit the first honours from thy front to tear;
 Nor gilded dome, nor stately structure, worth
 Thine unelaborate and itinerant mirth.

With seas and mountains thou hast nought to do,
 Or simple nature in her savage mood,
 Or fields, or babbling brooks;—thee none can view
 Mid variegated scenes of rock and wood;
 Nor where the learned pedant doth eschew
 His fellow men in bookish solitude;
 Thou hast not lov'd the monkish cell, nor play'd
 With Amaryllis in the rural shade.

But where the stream of life flows fastest on,
 Where boils the eddy vortex of the town,
 There art thou seen; while ever and anon
 The pausing porter throws his burden down;
 And ev'n the grave and magisterial don,
 Some man of high and orthodox renown,
 Asham'd to stop, unwilling to advance,
 Casts back a stealthy, longing, ling'ring glance!
 Thou art the child of cities, and art found—
 A wand'ring orb, with hundred satellites—
 Where streets and congregated men abound,
 And listless gazers seek whate'er excites—
 Thee most; for no *ennui* dares haunt the ground,
 Which thou hast charm'd from all the gloomier sprites,
 And, ev'n in London, where thou dost appear,
 Thou mak'st one carnival throughout the year.

With haste less eager, and with zeal more cold,
 Have courtiers crowded to the winning side;
 Or vultures flock'd to spots, where they behold
 That armies pass, or that the brave have died;
 Or cats and dogs to barrows, whence is sold
 The meat, by female voices sweetly cried;
 Than infancy has flown, and manhood too,
 Oh, charming Punch and Judy, unto you!

Yet, an exotic in the graver North,
 Tho' Punch may live and laugh, he laughs not there,
 As when in the warm South he revels forth,
 And freely breathes his own inspiring air.

But yet our poet rather 'would behold
 (Hating, 'tis plain, these modern innovations)
 At any hour—~~the~~ breakfast—dinner—lunch—
 The good old unsophisticated Punch.

Tramontane hearts conceive not half his worth,
 Felt and acknowledg'd in those regions fair,
 Where life is a long boyhood, and the breast,
 Glows with the climate, physically blest.

Not ancient Thespis, in theatric art,
 Ere gorgeous tragedy came sweeping by,
 Was more belov'd at Athens, than thou art
 In lands that bask beneath the sunny sky,
 Oh, Punch!—or in some city's ample mart,
 Where lazy, laughing, Lazzaroni lie;
 And in street-corners nose and eye may dwell on,
 Not the roast apple, but the smooth cool melon.

And, with good cause, at Venice, or at Milan,
 May Punch be cherish'd;—he makes time run faster,
 And bids th' Italian slave forget his *villain*
 All-prostrate doom—his country's long disaster.
 For where the rule is mildest, it is still an
 Uncomfortable thing to serve a master,
 Whose arms, dress, features, habits, language, stand
 In haughty contrast to our own lov'd land.*

Yet, though the Boulevard, or Piazza white,
 In Florence, or gay Paris, suits him more,
 Still London, as I said, his whims delight;
 And many a classic place unknown of yore,
 Crescent, or pentagon, or circus hight,
 Or esplanade, or terrace, by the score
 Send forth the toddling child, or tott'ring goody,
 To gaze upon the pranks of Punch and Judy.

For few—whate'er their life is—or has been—
 Whether with placid flow it gently slides,
 Smooth as the stream its lovely banks between,
 Beneath the moon in summer twilight glides,

* I strongly recommend the Emperor Francis
 To cherish Punch and operas through the state;
 For oft amusements soothe rebellious fancies,
 And turn the thoughts from vengeance and deep hate.
 Thus Cyrus, if the history no romance is,
 To keep his Lydian foes effeminate,
 And, therefore, slaves unmurmuring to the Persian—
 Gave them a flowing dress and much diversion.

Great Ferdinand, had he been wise as Plato,
 Would thus the South Americans have treated;
 The Turk had done it with Mavrocordato,
 And other Greeks not crush'd—tho' now defeated;
 And to that strange wild land of the potato,
 Should present remedies in vain be meted,
 Why then, upon reflection and deep study,
 I find none better than a Punch and Judy.

BOUGRAPHOMIUS.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

Or struggles a dark torrent, through a scene
Of horrors—few there are, white or red,
Who may not thank poor Punch and Judy's play,
For joy bellow'd, or sorrow chas'd away.

Therefore, were I to stand up a petition,
Ye Commons, and ye Lords, to "both your houses,"
It should not be to pay the recognition
Of States, where freedom her young spirit rouses;
It should not be to alter the condition
Of Laws on Corn—for *that* all 'Change espouses—
Nor should it be concerning tithes and church—
For *them* I leave to my Lord King's research.

It should not stray to some far Cape or Highland,
On Afric's sand, or Asia's distant ends;
Nor say one word about the Sister Island,
Tho', for the past, we owe her large amends.
Poor Sister Isle! the name still makes me smile, and
Suggests how seldom relatives are friends.
But on a subject of another nature
Were my petition to the Legislature.

'Twould pray you,—Peel and Eldon, and the rest,
Whom, tho' my space forbids to name, I love;
And Martin, who, in Smithfield taps unblest,
Shouldst with these bloodless sports be hand and glove—
'Twould pray that Punch may never be supprest,
'Discourag'd, mock'd, but that you would remove
Whate'er to hurt or shame him has a tendency,
As you would guard the Protestant Ascendancy.

For England's ancient pastimes vanish fast,
In this political prosaic age;
For them, 'twould seem, oblivion's die is cast,
Because we moderns are so very sage,
As to despise—abhor—whate'er, when past,
Leaves not its profits in the ledger's page.
We scorn the gay, the playful, and the comical,
Commercial all, and grave, and economical.*

The rustic morris-dancers, where are they?
How few the merry May-games, which we see;
Ev'n Christmas sports fade one by one away,
And fairs our moral statesmen deem too free,

* The author's picture seems to me grotesque
And wrong—two modes of life he ought to see,
The one poetical and picturesque,
Which Goldsmith drew, and more as well as he;—
The other, such as merchants, at their desk,
Praise and prefer—and I with them agree;—
Which nor our bard nor beauty casts a glance,
But steadily looks on to the main chance.

Or hold it in their hearts the wiser way,
 To measure all things by the rule of three,
 And thus enact, no pleasure shall have birth,
 That leads to nothing, save immediate mirth.

Yet pause awhile, ye Senators, before
 Ye block the avenues of present joy.
 What else of certainty has life?—what door
 To change may not gape wide, if ye destroy
 These innocent amusements of the poor,
 And every mind in sterner thoughts employ;
 To added ingots sacrificing health,
 And quitting happiness to search for wealth?

Ye say, new years new destinies unfold,
 And mightier for mankind: new furnished arts
 Start, like young giants, forth to shame the old;
 And mental darkness, like a ghost, departs
 Before the dawn, which bids us now behold
 One spirit kindled in a million hearts.
 Ye say, that truth must trample under foot
 All error's brood—all prejudice uproot.

If true, 'tis well! and the excited mind
 Would gladly, fervently, believe it so;
 For he, methinks, is traitor to his kind,
 Who seeks such proud aspirings to lay low;
 Yet tho' the nations may their chains unbind,
 And tho' the world with onward march may go,
 Still for the sport, the pastime, earth has room,
 And genuine wisdom these would not entomb;

But rather loves; she loves to leave her school,
 And taste the merriment that pleas'd our sires;
 She loves at proper times to play the fool,
 And when the mind's protracted tension tires,
 Courts ev'n the good old genius of misrule,
 And laughingly repairs her nobler fires;
 While folly, with severe and rigid look,
 Punch and his harmless frolics would rebuke.

Nor can ye, with your statutes' musty store,
 Seal up the fountains of man's mirth for ever;
 Somehow the buoyant spirits will rush o'er
 Mocking the politician's dull endeavour
 To bar their progress;—nay, perchance, the more
 In lands and times least happy;—then, oh! never
 Consult alone the noble's over-niceness,
 The pleader's phlegm, or puritan's preciseness.

Besides—forgive th' apparent contradiction—
 With most, I fear, this show of weighty sense,
 This search of abstract good, is but a fiction—
 If not hypocrisy, at least pretence:

And, if it be so, without dereliction
 Of truth and candour, we may gather hence,
 That the world's sageness is one half cajolery,
 And has a lurking love for fun and drollery.

For, hide it as they may, the mass of men
 Shrink from the pain and trouble of deep thought ;
 Hug ignorance, or wish, nine öft of ten,
 To know, without the plague of being taught,
 The speculations of a serious pen—

High principles on sound foundations wrought.
 These would they to the chariot-wheels of folly tie,
 In heart, by nature, lovers of frivolity.

They take grave theories as a medicine,
 Where health, and not the palate, is in question,
 And gulp them with wry faces, I opine,
 To aid the process of the mind's digestion ;
 But sportive pleasantries they sip like wine,
 And love, as Alexander lov'd Hephæstion,
 And men in general love the pert despiser
 Of wisdom—not the man who makes them wiser.

Some intellectual rail-road they require,
 To slide to science without toil or stay ;
 And, even should they find it, soon will tire
 Of such a journey by the easiest way.
 Yet seek they not, with ever-new desire,
 The giddy, the fantastical, the gay ?
 And, therefore, tho' the truth be melancholy,
 I say, again, the world's a world of folly.

The learned lady, who affects geology,
 Will read a novel when no friend is nigh ;
 As for myself, tho' bred in school and college, I
 Confess I found the Stagyrite too dry.
 Ev'n you, oh ! Senators, without apology,
 Rush'd forth to see the new balloon pass by,
 Leaving the Speaker—as a host their trenches,
 Without a house amid the empty benches.

Oh ! then, ye grave and reverend scribes, beware,
 In this our age's weakness and depravity,
 Of stiff sententious dulness. I declare—
 And, tho' I now may laugh, 'tis not in suavity,
 But in the merriment of mere despair—
 Myself have suffer'd deeply from my gravity.
 Wisdom must have a spice of wit to flavour it,
 And thus is Punch with me, with all, a favourite.

For wit and wisdom meet in Punch ;—his wit
 Is ever rich in countless whimsicalities,
 Ever at hand, and for his audience fit,
 And also quite devoid of personalities—

Gives no offence—no pain—nor seeks to hit
 A friend—that most uncommon of all qualities !
 His wisdom smiles at all the woes that smite us—
 A sage is Punch, but not like Heracitus.

While liv'd and rul'd Napoleon, 'Punch laugh'd still ;
 When farmers groan'd, Punch laugh'd amid their laments ;
 'Mid riots and distress he laugh'd his fill ;
 He laugh'd alike in Cash or Paper-payments ;
 And, let them pass, or not, the Popish Bill,
 Yet will he laugh, and shake his motley raiments ;
 Gay, not with Cynic or Sardonic smile,
 But happy mirth, that knows nor pride nor guile.

Punch ! I would back thee freely for the sum,
 Which from this poem I expect to gain—
 No matter what—it is not quite a plum—
 More to engage the fancy—more enchain
 The eyes, ears, souls, of such as near thee come,
 Than any sage in learning's awful train,
 That e'er by writing systems ti'd his wrist—
 Statesman—divine—or grave economist.

What were the wonders, too, by Orpheus done,
 Or old Amphion, when compar'd with thee ?
 What ! tho' the Theban walls obey'd the one,
 And to his music danc'd each forest tree ;
 And Orpheus mov'd the cold heart of a stone,
 And might from Hell have brought Eurydice ;
 But he repented, ere she rose half way,
 And bade her, looking back, with Pluto stay.*

But thou—oh ! thou—canst bid the heart of man
 Forget, or change its nature for a while ;
 Canst throw glad beams o'er cheeks with sorrow wan,
 And cheat the cloudiest brow into a smile :
 Black melancholy flies thy magic span,
 And angry passions half discharge their bile.
 Thou canst expand the close-pent mind, and clear
 Of mists and fogs our human atmosphere.

For when the soul is sick, or mind is moody,
 What is there better to repair the shock—
 What more *piquant* in Kitchener's whole study—
 What more enlivening in champagne or hock,

* Such is the story, rightly understood,
 Tho' Virgil and his masters told the thing,
 As if poor Orpheus, in a love-sick mood,
 Swerv'd from the injunctions of the gloomy king ;
 But manuscripts, indisputably good,
 Besides strong arguments, which we could bring,
 Shew that, in tracing to another source
 Th' unlucky look, we take the proper course.

Than these same drolleries of Punch and Judy ;
 This still unchang'd, yet still inspiring stock
 Of jokes, both practical and intellectual,
 Never, like thine, poor punster, ineffectual ?

I recommend them as the best specific
 In hypochondriac or nervous cases :
 Some fly to women—but the cure's prolific
 Of other ills, and mischiefs, and disgraces ;
 Others to wine—but wine is soporific,
 And leaves at last more pangs than it displaces ;
 Drugs are a wretched stimulant—and gaming,
 The virtuous muse would be ashamed of naming.

But see that group, well worthy Wilkie's hand,
 Instinct with animation's eager glow !
 There children, rapt in dumb amazement, stand,
 For wonder half forbids their joy to flow ;
 The labourer, at that wizard's high command,
 Stops from his work, or can his meal forego,
 Tho' time and drudgery have had pow'r to plough
 Their deep-lin'd furrows on his honest brow.

The mother there, with infant in her arms,
 Puling and weak, yet soothes him at the sight ;
 With Punch dispels his querulous alarms,
 Herself not all-unconscious of delight.
 There, curious imps, in boyhood's ragged charms,
 Would peep behind the scenes, to know aright
 How those strange feats that theatre can grace,
 Which just before was a small empty space.

Yet some would, like the Frenchman, wish to buy
 Great Punch, and keep him for their recreation ;
 Unknowing that the moral alchymy,
 Which turns their tears to laughter, has its station,
 Not in the prating puppets perch'd on high,
 But him below, without whose operation
 A sudden stillness would the scene benumb,
 And Punch be spiritless, and Judy dumb.

Thus is it with the world ;—for, I believe,
 Punch is the world's best emblem on the whole.
 While whirls the vast machine, how few perceive
 The master-springs that guide it, as its soul ;
 The wires that move the figures, and still weave
 The fate of man, " from Indus to the Pole,"
 And generate whatever comes to pass,
 Like spirit acting on some inert mass.

That mass alone we see—but, hold ! my theme
 Will bear me far into the deep abyss
 Of that immortal-science, or strange dream,
 Call'd " politics :"—nay, deeper still than this,

To mighty nature's universal scheme,
Where human minds the way can only miss,
Bewildered, lost, and into chaos wrought,
Ev'n by the very vastness of their thought.

Back then to Punchinello ;—there the rake
Gazes, scarce conscious that his all is spent—
All vanish'd in the last, the fatal stake—
And there th' usurious Jew, with brow unbent,
Stands and forgets what joy it is to take
From sprigs of fashion his sixteen per cent. ;
While ev'n the debtor, who from bailiff flies,
Casts back on Punch his oft-reverted eyes.

Ridiculous thou art, and yet sublime,
(For here there is no step between the two),
Thou remnant of the more enlivening time,
When courts held licens'd fools, and gaily grew
In England's realm, masque, mummary, and mime,—
And, in fair sooth, for all the good they do,
Millions of either sex, and each degree,
As well, oh, Punch, through life might look on thee !

For, take the worthiest of the motley train—
What would that blue-eyed, bright-hair'd girl be doing ?
Why, laying up long years of guilt and pain,
With ear attentive to some scoundrel's wooing.
That grey-hair'd man ?—why, dreams that were his bane
In youth—in middle age—still, still pursuing.
That bard-like boy ?—Why, hurrying to indite
The verse, which it were better *not* to write.*

That dandy member of a house well known,
What would *he* do ?—Perchance, upon his cob, he
Would canter, staring modest women down
With shameless gaze ; or, lounging in the lobby,
Wait for the time to vote ; or, in the town,
Or country, seek some other idle hobby ;
Or just console the wife of a good friend,
Who might have pressing business to attend.†

* That such may be our author's own sad case,
Haply some flippant critic may suggest.
Oh, tasteless mortal ! oh, detractor base !
Envious of happy fancies duly drest,
In garb of fittest language.—yet to place
The present lay among the poet's best,
Would wrong his muse, as plainly will appear,
By pastorals, epics, odes, to come next year.

BOWENADICKIUS.

† The author neither did, nor could intend,
To hint *that* house is better *known* than *trusted* ;
Yet, lest it thus should seem—which Heaven forefend—
'Twere well to have the point at once adjusted ;

That briefless barrister, but newly come
 To the grave honours of the gown and wig,
 Here *he* may stop :—for, what *his* daily doom ?
 He but, in quest of fees, scarce worth a fig,
 “Runs the great circuit, and is still at home ;”
 Or stays in London, vainly looking big,
 Like coach unhir’d, or house untaken yet,
 “That never is, but always to be,” let !*

So, of the rest :—*this* would but be intriguing
 With actress, or more honest courtesan ;
 That squandering what his fathers earn’d, or leaguings
 For a base purpose with a desperate clan ;
 A third his senses, limbs, mind, soul, fatiguing
 In chase of some impracticable plan.
 All these are pastimes, which the world can please,
 And thou, oh, Punch, art better than all these †

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

THE OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

THE works of man are at the present period as multifarious, as his mind appears to be infinite. Like the hues of theameleon, it has its various changes and complexions, as by its innumerable effects may be perceived. Nothing would astonish more one of the olden time, could he start from the leaden slumbers that bind him, than the miraculous overthrow of all he held dear and sacred. To him the very face of nature would seem to have undergone a change. He who used to parade in a coat most mathematically describing the four sides of a square—with a waistcoat that kindly undertook half the labours of the breeches, broad-toed shoes with buckles, one foot each way, a wig flowing gracefully over the shoulders, plentifully powdered, and a sword very precisely fixed to the side ; would not be a little astonished at beholding the dress of his great great grand-child, the subversion

And therefore has the present note been penn’d,
 That none may turn him from this page disgusted ;
 As if it could—oh, sin ! oh, shame ! oh, scandal !
 Th’ imperial Senate with in evérence handle.

BOUGERSDICKIUS.

* In simpler language the Home-circuit goes ;—
 A pleasant thing, although you be no winner
 In point of cash, as many a pocket knows ;—
 For, it is said, that at the Circuit dinner,
 With clever mess-mates you may drink or dose,
 And seldom will return to town the thinner ;
 But as to briefs, or fees—ah ! the bore is,
 That here the *seniores* are *priores*.

BOUGERSDICKIUS.

of all he had been taught to consider necessary for the garb of a gentleman, into the tight swallow fashioned figures of the present day; the dispersion of hoops from his great great grand-daughters, and the fashionable display of bare necks, bare elbows and bare legs in their stead. But how much more so would he be, on finding that swamps and marshes which were deemed impassable, were covered with sumptuous buildings—that highways and by-ways, were as common as no-ways were in his time; that he might travel from London to Edinburgh, and from the latter place to the former, without settling his worldly affairs previous to starting, in the short space of forty-eight hours, that he might without being blown up, sail over the ocean by the aid of a boiling tea-kettle, nay, should he desire, that he might take a morning's walk under the Thames, or fly up to heaven in a balloon, that he might behold bridges of iron, and bridges of wire, steam coaches going ten miles per hour at one penny per mile, and should he choose "pour passer le temps" to gorge himself like a boa constrictor, or as a still further diversion, poison himself by way of a lark, that he might have his stomach emptied in three minutes; that he might behold navigable pieces of water two hundred miles in length, carried through mountains and over vallies, and under rivers and over rivers, without interfering with rivers; that he might have legs as good as new, teeth much better, and eyes fresh glazed; if he might behold these and a multitude of other things, too numerous to be mentioned, would he not almost lose his senses with astonishment, and imagine, and very justly so, that the world was turned topsy turvey, or that men were under the influence of the foul fiend or the spells of magic; so wonderful and multifarious are the works of man, and so varied and infinite his mind. In good truth this is an age of wonders, and not only adapted to astonish the ghost of our great great grandfather, but every one of the present period. Yet whether the talents and ingenuity of the present day, is the effect of education altogether, or proceeds from an improvement in the species of man, is not for me to decide; for although I grant that education is the most powerful of engines, still the modern practice may be considered as possessing a very dubious character, and every day's experience is unfolding the fact of the erroneousness of some part of the system, and the proceedings adopted towards the diffusion of knowledge amongst the "operatives," as the fashionable slang of a certain set designate them, will require something not very like mortal aid to attain their object. They are to become philosophers, mathematicians, mechanicians, geometricians, and divers and sundry other sorts of "itians," *omne quod exit in HUM.* previous to having any knowledge of that useless, nonsensical piece of learning called A, B, C,—1, 2, 3,—ab, bab, and twice one's two; in short, instead of following the rules of nature and reason, and diverging

like the rays of light from a surface and converging to a point, they have started from a point, and are expanding to a surface: the consequence will be, their brains will be like inverted cones; we shall have logicians without knowing logic, and philosophers, &c. &c. as cheap as scandal amongst old maids; but what, say you, has all this to do with "otium cum dignitate?" why verily not a great deal, but a diversion, the "effect of our discussion upon the various works of man. However, we are led to this subject, to ascertain if possible, in what the "otium cum dignitate" of the present age consists; as I apprehend, that amidst all the wonderful works of this period, it will be a very difficult thing to obtain any definite idea of it, as it must differ in various men, as much as any thing can well be conceived; so much depends on the pursuits and dispositions of man, that what is dignified ease with one man, is rank stupidity with another; in short, to use a homely remark, "what is one man's meat, is another man's poison."

We find some men place the "otium cum dignitate" in learned study, a splendid library, or musty folios, another in horses and dogs, another in his equipages, and another in his senatorial duties; in fact, as the disposition of the mind, so will be derivable all its pleasurable pursuits. We are very much at a loss who is to be construed judge of such matters, it would be like attempting to grasp a shadow; but it will suit our purpose to illustrate our feelings on this subject, by a few examples from those of our acquaintance, who are enjoying what they call the "otium cum dignitate."

We were on a visit the other day to a retired stock-broker, he had a pleasant residence in the country, and the only drawback to its appearance, was the green door and brass knocker, the outward and visible sign of a quondam cockney; he breakfasted precisely at nine, finished by half-past ten, being the time "change" opened, when he lived in the city, and he had not, nor could he get the better of his old habits; his greatest pleasure seemed to be derived from perusing the newspaper, but its chief attraction was the column of the stock list; his small grey eyes used to twinkle like a paste diamond, when things were as they should be; his general conversation turned upon stock—stock—stock, until I almost wished him and his parts of speech in the stocks, and many a time and oft have we travelled over the same ground, and settled the affairs of the world, by the aspect of the Bulls and Bears of Bartholomew Lane. If we took a walk, and we ventured to be charmed with the beauties of nature, he would say, "Ah nature is very delightful, but there is nothing, my dear Sir, in nature, equal to the delights of a settling day on Change, when all's right—all the beauties of nature I enjoy, are derived from this source, and now my friend I have retired, and am enjoying the true "otium cum dignitate." Not so deemed a

very worthy friend of ours, who, crowned with a wig of vast dimensions, and a most awful quantity of curls, would pore over cumbrous volumes; what the man of pounds shillings and pence would call learned lumber; he would collate illegible manuscripts, and prove them to be from this very cause of greater value. How often have we seen him sit in his easy chair, surrounded with a pile of folios, quartos, and octavos, discoursing upon the delights of learned leasure, and always concluding by saying, "and this, Mr. Percy Vyvian, is the true otium cum dignitate."

We remember spending a few days with a friend of fortune, devotedly attached to cards, his whole thoughts, words, and actions, ran upon trumps and the odd trick; if we ventured to mention to him the pleasures of intellectual amusement, he would say, "nothing exercised the understanding more than whist." Did we name to him the delights of reading, he fully agreed with us, and said, "he never enjoyed any thing so much as Hoyle and Bob Short; in fact, my dear P. V. (would he say,) I would not give a farthing for life were there no cards; it would be a blank, a vacuum; but as it is, I enjoy Hoyle, a friend, a rubber; I participate in the pleasures of the real unsophisticated otium cum dignitate."

Our next acquaintance was a man of the turf, a sporting character. He talked of nothing else but his famous horse so and so, got by so and so, out of so and so, dam by so and so, always ending with King Herod and Eclipse. The Westminster Pit was to him a Paradise; he could not conceive any earthly enjoyment superior to it. Billy killing his hundred rats, he deemed a fine specimen of brute instinct and activity. Dog fighting was "*superbe*;" badger baiting "*magnifique*;" bull baiting divine; in short, nothing but horse racing and cocking could come up to them. On this latter subject he was particularly eloquent, his whole countenance would brighten up, as brilliant as sunshine on a winter's day; he would tell me "of his breed of game fowls, of their fineness of feather, richness of plumage, cleanness of feet, and keenness of aspect, of their beautiful top knots and muffed heads, of the Malay or Chittagong cross, and his objections to them; he would then launch out in laudatory strains, "to the glories of Tommy the sweep," and conclude, in the following lofty style:—"The spirited, the courageous game cock acknowledges no superior. The valour of the animal so animating to the blood of an Englishman, is tried to the utmost, and his natural propensities gratified; and if when equally matched he falls a victim, it is to the superiority of his adversary; in short, my dear fellow, without these pursuits, life would be joyless; let those who love pouring out the streams of life over the midnight taper do so; let those who delight in sober sedentary domestic happiness do so; let all do as they

like, but I will ever affirm, that the open-hearted home racing, badger baiting, bull baiting, cock fighting sportsman, is the only individual who can appreciate the blessings of the true "otium cum dignitate." But we must be swift, as time is precious, and rapidly wind up our other examples. Our friend the M. P. whose lips incessantly lisps embryo speeches, whose brow was bent with the fate of empires, and whose whole thoughts turned on Mr. Speaker—The honourable gentleman, my right honourable friend, and the noble lord, we were perfectly convinced, looked with sovereign contempt on all pleasures and pursuits of life; the duties of a senator were dignified and elevated, they were the perfection of the "otium cum dignitate."

Our other memento will be in the extremity of human debasement. We were once (heaven forbid that we should ever be again) acquainted with a miser,—this acme of destitution passed the "even tenor of his way," in the amiable occupation of accumulating money and starving himself; he looked with vast contempt upon the expensive habits of mankind. The world would in his idea be soon ruined, therefore, it was the more necessary for him to be abstemious, consequently, he would eat game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that crawled about his plate. He once dined on the remnant of a moor hen, that had been partly devoured by a rat; and at another time, eat the indigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in a net. To save fire, he would visit a neighbour, making one fire serve for both; he never let his shoes be cleaned, lest they should wear out the sooner; and to save candle, retired early to bed, where he slept between the blankets, as sheets would require washing, and of course soap; for the same reason he rarely washed himself; and yet, when this living spectacle of the degradation of human nature was ever remonstrated with, and entreated to enjoy the comforts of life a little more, he would invariably reply, "Sir, I live as I like, the world will be ruined, but I will not be ruined with it, mine is the perfection of the otium cum dignitate." A miser's "otium cum dignitate!" mercy on us!

Our last example but one, was a friend of the age of five and thirty; he had loved long and ardently, from seventeen to twenty-five, when, as it is not very frequently the case, he obtained the object of his affections, the amiable Cecilia. His fortune was sufficient to bestow happiness on a contented mind, and Cecilia was ever contented in the love of her husband, and he adored her; he was fond of literary pursuits, and so was she; and as their offspring grew in strength and in beauty, it was their mutual delight to instil into their unfolding minds the seeds of knowledge, that swelling like a fountain, each might expand into a river, till it flowed into the ocean of eternity. It was a holy sight to view the reciprocal kindnesses and caresses of the

parents and children, so ardent, so innocent, so far from the polluted selfishness of this world. Harley instructed the sons, and Cecilia the daughters; they rose early for their sakes, and contrary to the fashionable feelings of the fleeting moment, and in spite of the contempt of those notes in the sun-beams, they read family prayers ere their daily bread was broken; after breakfast the instruction commenced, then recreation, and then instruction, and so passed the weary wing of time to so many, but not to them. Their meals were simple and plentiful, and that most barbarous custom of our grandsires, the invocation of a blessing over their wine cups after dinner was never forgotten, for Harley was a man of mind, not of mode, and never neglected what he considered favourable towards the conducement of amiable feelings. The evening was passed either in playing with one child, telling instructing tales to another, drawing for a third, and a thousand other little things, which the heart of a parent is ever devising for the amusement of a child; devotion concluded all. Such were Harley and Cecilia's daily occupations, except that in their walks they always looked into the cottage of some poor person, bestowing comfort and kind words, and impressing their children's minds with one of the finest feelings of human nature—charity! Such were Harley and Cecilia, such was their domestic happiness, and to each such was their “*otium cum dignitate*,”—lives the man to deny it?—we pity him.

Lastly, we will conclude with our own feelings on this subject. We ourselves are devotedly attached to literature, more particularly to poetry. We frequently compose our few readers and ourselves to sleep with it; we string rhymes as a child would string beads; we love on a sunny day to wander abroad, and to behold the glorious God of the world, like a warrior and king marching through the cloudless heavens in silence and solitude; we love to gaze on the loveliness and beauty of nature—on her sublimest scenes and most secluded recesses; we could recline for hours listless on a bank, contemplating the tranquillity of her works, and the poetical ideas they inspired; we would then perchance pull out our scrap book, and note down the inspiration ere it flew away. Evening, with her serene and sober eye, for us has charms too much of the soul to be described by the pen—a dreamy indistinctness to be felt alone; perhaps we are the most indolent of mortals, as far as bodily exertion goes, and although our friends severely lecture us, it is useless; this is our “*otium cum dignitate*,” we live partly in an ideal world, and the attempt to divert our mind would be as difficult as to amalgamate vice and virtue; yet we do not despise the foibles and pursuits of our friends, being very well aware that ours cannot be the only pleasure worthy of man. Such are the perversities and diversities of our natures—who may provide a sufficient criterion for taste? and yet, who would deny that there was not such a thing?

It would not be very difficult to ascertain, what kind of pursuits of life constituted the "*otium cum dignitate*," which no one would deny to be of a rational sort ; but it is sufficient for our present purposes to have exemplified how different are our tastes, and how fallible is human judgment. The best is like a house built on the shore and likely to be washed away ; and the best advice we can give is, not to be too hasty in denouncing the pursuits of others, without previously scrutinizing our own, nor dogmatically declaring our ways to be the only rational ways, and all others differing from us contemptible. Should we do this, depend upon it we shall not only become better men, but wiser ; and have the satisfaction of knowing, that although the subject was not of the highest importance, the effect was not of the least !

.. "In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria."

PERCY VYVIAN.

TO ATHENS.

DESOLATE Athens ! on thy lonely shore,
The sea wave trembles in the pale moonlight,
With deep low wailings at the mournful sight
Of thy deserted fanes, and power no more.
Thy marble temples that, in face of day,
Shone like the sun-light with high majesty,
And stern,—yet beautiful serenity,
Filling the soul with awe—O ! where are they ?
Where is the maiden with the lofty brow,
Her bright soul flashing thro' the burning glance
Of her divine-impassioned countenance,—
Her pale cheek mantling with a crimson glow,
Kissing the curled lip of her warrior boy,
Arming for Greece—to conquer or destroy ?

Where is the patriot mother, who went forth
With eagle spirit, proudly to behold
Her victor son, whose voiceless bosom told,
That she was now *alone* upon the earth ?
Where is the veteran brow, with laurel bound,
Gemm'd with the scars of Greece's battle hour ?
Where are the Pæans that extolled his power,
Healing with songs of praise his bleeding wound ?
Where are the lofty feelings that soared high,
The lightning bursts of glory, and the spell
That made their bounding hearts invincible,
For Greece to conquer—or for Greece to die ?
Aye ! where are they ?—go ask the desert shore,
Where the winds whistle, and the sea waves roar.

Go ! ask the drooping Spirit that presides
 O'er ruined columns—fragments of high art—
 All that the brightest glory could impart—
 As shrinking—trembling like a ghost she glides.
 Go ! gaze upon the mean and abject race,
 Crouching beneath the chains of slavery,
 Fearing to live—yet daring not to die—
 Shuddering to look his fellow in the face.
 Then wonder not that Spirit's cheek is pale—
 That her wing droops—her swimming eye is full
 With mourning o'er the lost—the beautiful—
 Her pride and glory—her lament and wail—
 Desolate creature ! o'er the ruined shrines
 Of what *was* Athens *once* her spirit pines.

Was it the voice of Nature spoke aloud,
 From all her hundred hills and thousand streams ;
 Her proud eye flashing, like the brightest gleams
 Of lightning, leaping thro' a thunder-cloud ?
 Was it an earthquake shouted from below,
 Making the mountains tremble, and the woods
 Bathe their brown foreheads in the boiling floods
 Of some vast inland sea's dread overflow ?
 No ! 'twas the voice of *Freedom* !—and it rose
 Tremendous, as the neigh of Death's pale horse,
 When he takes his printless and flaming course
 Over Earth—and over his quivering foes !
 So fell the shout of Freedom on the ear
 Of Greece's foemen—so they shrunk with fear.

Onward it light'ned, like a storm of flame,
 Rocking the mountains with its glorious voice,
 Making the vallies and the streams rejoice,
 Firing the Grecian with his former flame ;
 And the pale brow of virgin beauty flashes—
 And a bright tear within her blue eye trembles,
 Which a sweet fountain of night stars resembles,
 As the tears sparkle thro' her dewy lashes.
 But they are tears—divinest tears of joy—
 Tears for Old Greece—as buckling on the sword,
 She presses the warm lips of her adored,
 Her white plume waving o'er her warrior boy.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! O Greece ! that voice hath rent
 The chain of streaming tears and loud lament.

FERGY VYVIAN.

A BEAU OF FIFTY.

THE beau, just risen, dressed in a superb India dressing-gown, Morocco slippers, and a silk night-cap just taken off.

John—"A fine day, Sir—a very fine day, indeed; many happy returns to you." "Hey, what—how, what do you mean?" "Of your birth-day, Sir." "Ha, by the bye, the 15th of May; but how did you know, John?" "Don't you remember, Sir, what a gala dinner we had last year? and how you gave us half a dozen of wine (*stress laid upon this,*) in the servant's hall?" "Ah, true; well, I suppose I must give you some to-day, but I am engaged out to dinner. Why, John, I am getting an——." "I don't know, Sir." "But don't look at my age; let me see, I must be near about forty-eight." "Ah! no, Sir; your brother said you were forty-nine last year." "Ha, but he must mistake, (looking grave), well but surely I don't look all that?" "No, Sir, not by two or three years." (What a riggard in time! murmured the beau.) "Well, get breakfast, I'll have chocolate to-day and two fresh eggs." "Very well, Sir." (Exit John.)

The beau looked in his mirror, turned his head about like a bird, but did not get an advantageous position; he tried to comb his hair on his forehead with his fingers, but the spare crop literally slipped through them, for he could not perform the operation. "Terribly gone off the temples," said he to himself, "that Prince is a rogue, a take-in, how I have greased my head for nothing; a spot of grey, too, I do declare, although the Russian oil is announced as preserving the hair from changing that colour. I'll have it dyed; but no, it looks rusty, burnt, unnatural; I'll buy a false front from Hippolite's, and if, by chance, he should have one of the right colour, I will surprise them at dinner, and they'll all say that I look ten years younger; fifty years old, that's *funny*, (he did not think so;) it seems but yesterday; but I should look five years less if it was not for the Nabob's dinners; I'll take the Dinner Pill, or Seidlitz powders, and I shall be as fresh as a daisy, (sits down to breakfast.) Appetite fails, out of spirits, knows not why; a visit announced. "Show him in. I hope this fellow knows nothing about my birth-day; but, after all, I have not done so bad; I have kept good company, am out of debt, and have not made a bad match; and as for looks, not so much the worse for wear. Fifty, hey! and yet how well the Marquis looks at that age; and Bob Bloom must take care of self; indeed always did—never lent a guinea or hurt my constitution in my life; fifty! its not so much."

Stranger—"How da' you do?" "Charmingly—never bet-

ter—as hearty as a lion. By the bye, I have just been looking at the almanack, how old should you think me? “Turned of fifty.” “Yes, turning towards fifty.” “I beg your pardon, but you were at Oxford thirty odd years ago.” “You have a long memory,” and he was out of humour with him the whole of the short visit.

“D—n dates and records, what has the world to do with a man’s age? How much more sensible in France to keep the saint’s day which corresponds with the Christian name; this is not a man’s birth-day, but his *fête*; our elegant, judicious monarch has adopted this plan, and a good one it is; commend me again to the Frenchman, who, being asked his age, replied, ‘*Je me porte bien*,’ (I am in good health.) A deal of good sense in this; but John, order the horses, I’ll ride; nothing promotes good looks and improves the complexion so.”

The horses were ordered, but the getting over the *half hundred* was in the man’s head all the day; he got the front at Hippolite’s, he dressed peculiarly fashionable, but his mirror was a great drawback from his happiness; it told him the amount of the ravages of time; four teeth gone, two of which visible, but the rest remarkably white; the baldness was encircled by *le Sieur Hippolite*; the skin of the neck broken, hollow about the collar-bone, remedied by semi-strangulation, (a dangerous experiment,) crow’s feet at the eyes, irremediable, but rendered less by a studied smile—good breeding is a great mask to age. The toilet was concluded, and the man of the awful half century looked really well; forced spirits and a certain levity look young; they were both brought in, and had their effect: but Hippolite beat all, although the front did not excite the same general feeling as was expected, the young ones all thought it genuine; but there were other made-up beaux, who saw the thing directly, and, although they could not *put it down*, winked at each other, and the next day let the cat out of the bag to all the beau’s acquaintance: the dinner passed off delightfully; he never was so pleasant, but he was flying from himself, an additional glass of champagne persuaded him that his next neighbour was quite smitten with him; she was the seventh daughter of a poor Scotch baronet, with three sons to make up the jolly ten; the beau knew nothing of this, and enjoyed his short lived triumph, *the fool’s paradise*, when a remark in a whisper overturned the fabric of his happiness, “What a surprising man for his age!” “Does she know about the half hundred?” said he to himself; to which reflection silence and dejection ensued, and would have lasted longer but for the appeal of a noisy countess about a matter of heraldry. He met with two other checks on joining the ladies; the one was Colonel Cormorant, of the East India Company’s service, observing, “Why, old friend, you are fallen off in your drinking; you scarcely tasted the burgundy.” “My dear Sir,” replied

the half century, "my physician tells me that it is the most feverish wine in the world;" and thought he to himself, "it is time to take care." Fifty years rung in his ears. The next, the countess's taking him by the arm, and saying, "positively you must join the card table, you are too old for dancing with young girls," he complied—but slipped off early; he had a troubled night, but although the next day was an added link to the chain, it was not *precisely* the half hundred, and he felt it lighter, or like a warning gone by, the effect of which ceases. The writer of these pages had a friend who had been a very gay man in his youth, but who had a very excellent maxim, namely, that at forty follies, frivolities, inconsistencies, and juvenile indiscretions ought to cease; he said that this was a lesson in the alliteration, folly and forty sounds ill, frivolty and forty do not agree, fancifulness and forty are out of date; how much more so then fifty—the terrifying half century; at forty a man should cease to flirt; he should cease to be the stiff partner of youth in a quadrille; a waltz is ridiculous at forty. At this age and onwards, if a man have contracted an alliance, fatherly feelings ought to take place of all others; but if, perchance, he remain single, he has still a noble part to play—he may be *amicus humani generis*, the friend, the comfort, the adviser of youth; he can point out to the youth of both sexes those quicksands which he had happily avoided; he will be looked up to as a philanthropist, and venerated as a neighbour; the half hundred will come on him, like any other age, firm and in his place, resigned, and although declining in years, mellowing and ripening in proportion, such a one will let broken colour and silver locks come becomingly together; he will desire to be nothing but what he is, and whilst the beau is horror struck at fifty, the sage, the philanthropist, or the philosopher will gratefully hail the day, and invite his best friends to its celebration.

SONNET.

LIFE.

DELUSIVE bells ! decentful harmony !
 Oh ! ye speak gladly now of fortunes won,
 Of hopes accomplish'd, consummated love,
 And all that gives to hearts a victory !
 Anon—and ere his day-course shall be run,
 And gladdening other skies departs the sun—
 Woe shall sit queen your altered voice above.
 Then ye shall tell, in dull and dismal note,
 Of sever'd hearts, and blighted destinies,
 Of graves and epitaphs, and crime and death !
 Delusive bells ! ye do but truly note,
 That weal or woe which hangs upon your breath—
 Man's life, which, chain'd by both, in error flies,
 To-day is Hope's, to-morrow Misery's.

A DAY IN IRELAND.

— His Imperial Highness disquinte. — Hon.

My uncle Belmont had come with my aunt to spend the summer and drink the waters at Cheltenham, and I went over, as I had promised him, to keep house for a few weeks with the boys at Belmont Park, in the county of Roscommon. The third day after my arrival, Sir Benjamin Stumpe, Knight, came with his wife, in his one horse shandry, to pay us a visit, and pump my cousins, dashing heedless young men, of all the family news they could fish out. Half an hour after we were heartily sick of them, Sir Ben got up and said he would walk out and see the stables, and order round the shandry dan; a motion, which, however contrary to our notion of things in general, we readily acceded to on this occasion. Presently we heard the distant rumbling of the leathern conveniency approaching in front, and the worthy knight's lady rose to depart; after giving us all one of those very kind general invitations, which mean nothing, and cost as much, she turned to me and said, "Mr. H. we have never had the pleasure of seeing you at Snow Ball Lodge but in the forenoon, will you and the young gentlemen do us the favour to come over and take a family dinner to-morrow? I expect my sister, Lady Newcome, from Dublin, on a visit, and we will dine late." I glanced at my cousins to learn what I should reply, and taking my cue from George's eyes, the youngest, who was always fonder of mischief than his prayers, I murmured a faint assent to the good lady's wishes. This momentous event took place *en passant* from the drawing-room to the hall-door, where we stowed away her ladyship in the buggy, and away trotted old Ball at the pace of butter and eggs down the avenue. "Tom," said George to me, "you are the best fellow in Ireland for promising to go; we shall have rare fun of it to-morrow, I promise you." "A good dinner?" said I, in that tone of anxious inquiry which always marks this question in the mouth of a man who has studied the *savoir vivre*. "Capital," said George, "the old hunks lives on beef and cabbage all the year round; except on company days; but when he gives a drum, you may be sure of the newest dainties, and the oldest port." "Port!" said I, querulously, "and is that all?" "Oh! he gives very good claret too," replied my cousin; "but I don't much like your cold pert French wines, so I said port as I know it best." "Tom," said I, "you are a fool, and the knight is a wise man; he keeps his good things for those that deserve them. Alas! let us finish our game of cricket." Next day the sun rose black—I walked down to the garden early to see if the layers had been set off the Macartney rise, as I directed them; a hare went skipping across the path in the lawn not twenty yards before me.

was convinced she had not time to go, however I was too much of a sportsman to molest her, though I had shot out a gun in my hand, and before I reached the garden I was rewarded for my forbearance by getting a shot at a kite, which I killed. The morning I have said was black, and heavily with clouds came on the day; by three o'clock the dusky vapours had gathered into thick gloomy masses of solid looking cloud, which shifted the whole horizon, while the dark purplish hue, which here and there varied the deep blackness of the sky, betokened the near approach of a summer thunder storm. In less than half an hour the bottles of heaven were uncorked, and down plumped the rain as if heaven and earth were coming together. Lightning may flash, and thunder may clatter, but the man who is invited out to dinner must get into his best inexpressibles and whitest cravat, and his way to the scene of action. The worst of it was, my uncle took the carriage with him to England, so we needs must go in the jaunting car, a roundabout two-wheeled contrivance peculiar to Ireland, which holds four people, and is drawn by one horse. The hour arrived, the heavy wet had partially abated, and the clouds seemed disposed to treat us gently, so putting a deal of cloaks, coats, and umbrellas in requisition, my three cousins and myself, embarked with the game-keeper as our coachman, for lack of a better pilot. For the first mile we got on pretty well; but just as we entered a bleak unsheltered bog road of five miles long, a squall came on worse than any we had seen yet; we were ducked to the skin in a twinkling, the water would lodge in little pools in every wrinkle of our cloaks, and then when the gust made us leave our seats, it came streaming down on our legs and feet, which were closely wedged up in the little car, and leaving little room for the water to occupy, we soon had several inches in the hold. "What a pity it don't rain milk," said George, "we should have such nice butter against we reach Snow Ball." "We laugh," as Horace says, the squall cleared off, and left a pure beautiful evening. We baled out the superfluous liquid; and many a merry jest was passed on the ample vengeance we should presently take on Sir Ben's good cheer and Vin de Bourdeaux.

We gained the gate, the avenue gate: it was locked; this surprised us not a little; however, after knocking and ringing a few minutes, we got in and drove up to the house. There is something even about the very approach to a house, a sort of smart "all right" appearance, by which you can at once discover the expectation of a party to dinner; every one of these mortal symptoms was wanting. Straws and old twigs lay here and there in the avenue. More near the house, the numerous and minute fragments of a torii litter variegated the gravel, the steps were un-swept, and as we drove up close to them, we detected several men in dirty mob caps peeping for a moment from behind the

curtains of the upper window, and then disappeared as if in a twinkling. My hostess did not know, as has been related before, to Dublin, or robbed, or has died in the night; the night will George and Harry joked on, and we knocked at the door with a bold heart. A servant opened it, his appearance expressed "company not expected," as plain as print; "unwelcome!" looks dirty linen, hair uncombed, thick shoes trimmed with red clay, altogether a prototype of materiality in excuse. It would have puzzled Solomon to decide whether he or we looked most dismayed; there had been no time for bidding a lie, so to the pithy inquiry, "Is your master at home?" he briefly answered, "Yes, sir," and gazed open-mouthed on our costume, which but too clearly announced the expectation of a good dinner, whilst we silently stowed away coats and cloaks in the hall. This done, he marshalled the way to the dining-room; but, alas! not to the dinner. Our horror may be imagined, not described, when we reached the door, and found the knight, his wife, and four small children, sitting over their gooseberry-kiss, with a platter of withered currants, the remains of a sorry desert still before them. Dismay and anguish sealed our lips. The knight advanced in unfeigned amazement, (I must do him the justice to say, he had not been in any way a party to the invite, the whole had passed while he was, as Dilworth expresses it, "retired backwards"). "Gentlemen," said he, "I am very happy to see you; have you dined?" in a tone of melancholy interrogation. "We promised Lady Stumpe," responded we, "to have the pleasure of dining with her to-day." Her ladyship had by this time recovered the use of her organs of speech, which surprise and chagrin had for a time deprived her of, and commenced a thousand exculpatory apologies. It was so late she had really given up all hope of us. We were so fashionable, and several other silly speeches to the same effect—however she would leave us with Sir Benjamin, and go order something for us in a moment. It was the first mouthful of common sense I had heard from her lips; I sighed, and looked on George "unutterable things;" that glance spoke trumpet-tongued to his heart—where said it, where are now all thy quips and gibes? all—all—

The fact of the matter was, Lady Newcome had written that she could not come for three days longer, and our worthy hostess, amid the hurry of this disarrangement of her previous plans, had totally overlooked our invite. She was, as Don Quixote hath it, "oblivious,"—she must be the greatest idiot that ever breathed! During the explanation and apology of the knight, who, (save that he had his dinner) was almost as much annoyed as ourselves, I strayed over to the window, which looked out upon the rear of the mansion. A sooty, dark, lanky-looking damsel, with red hair, standing against the sun-red

towards a low red door with a hole in it, she entered; presently her ears were assailed with the distant stream of innumerable wailings—she emerged from the den, and as she turned to latch the door, I could discern under her apron two of the feathered tribe writhing in the last throes of evanescent mortality. A milky way of feathers tracking the footsteps of the amazon, indicated that the *puilli infelices* would answer to Plato's definition of a man, even before they reached the kitchen. I sickened at the sight; perhaps, indeed, long fasting assisted to overcome me at the sight of a dinner, to the view of which distance was far from lending enchantment. At all events I readily assented to our host's melancholy proposal of taking a walk through the grounds to while away the time, till something was got ready. In fact there was no alternative, so "slowly and sadly we took our way," praising and yawning by turns, as the various improvements of the demesne were pointed out to us, when a labouring looking man met us, apparently returning from his work to the lodge at the gate, where he lived. "Dan," said the knight, "run down to the river, and see if you can hook a trout for the cook, and make haste with it to the kitchen." George turned as pale as ashes. The next turn we came to, our friend said he would go visit the graperies, and try if he could find a ripe peach or two for us, advising at the same time that we should pursue a small foot-path up the grove, which would bring us to a beautiful decoy he was then making.

Willing as we were to be left alone together to talk over our strange reception, we readily acceded to his suggestion, though the wet grass overhanging the foot-path on each side made sad work of it with our thin shoes, and silk stockings. On we trudged, however; but before we had proceeded very far, a strange rustling in the trees to our right, induced us all with one accord to start aside to the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Here to our no small amaze we found our own man John, couchant, like a cat-o'-mountain, with a gun to his shoulder, ready to present his death-doing weapon at whatever unfortunate quadruped might come within its range. "Why, what the devil are you doing there?" said my cousin Harry. "By my sowl, Sir, a grate dale," was the reply, "Ar'nt I shooting rabbits for your honor's dinner, an' it will be dark night afore I see one I'm afeard." This was too irresistibly ludicrous. Despite of our calamity, our lungs began to crow like Chanticleer, till the woods rung again with the echo of our cachinnations, while John, who seemed to think it was no joke, drily observed, "By my sowl, gentlemen, I'm proud to see ye'z so merry—maybe your honor," turning to me, "wouldnt have a bit of a biscuit about you?" "Give me one o' me bawn my fast this blessed day since eight o'clock in the morning." "And what have you done with the night?" said my cousin. "Azzah mulla, thin is troth I don't do,"

Sir, berris I'd tell you a lie, becase the minkie the minkie came out, and a tearin fume she was in sure enough, she asked me off wid de goon to shoot a rabbit for yess, an she tould me the gossoon always tuk charge of the baste that come in wid the quality, but devil a bite she'll get in this town, with Sir Bin's good will, remimber, I tell ye—mores the pity, the smother, for sarra a connier baste nor herself in the nation."

"This will never do, said I, we must, as Jessy supposed, up at all events, or we shall never even get home out of this cursed place. We adjourned to the stables, and there sure enough we found Jessy still dripping from the rain, and eyeing with most unconscious gaze an empty rack, "in maiden meditation fancy free," without a vulgar care of food or cleaning to interrupt the course of her hipponal cogitations. She neighed with joy at our approach—it was the first welcome we had got in the place, and we were grateful for it accordingly. By a shilling well applied to a *sans culotte* stable boy, we got her rubbed down and fed, and having seen her made a little comfortable, we returned to the house to try if we could make out anything for ourselves. Long, long we waited, till at length as the clock struck nine, when hope deferred had sickened to despair, and hunger had faded into head-ache, dinner was announced—and such a dinner! the chickens were as tough as leather, the rabbit as old as my grandmother, and the trout literally raw—the port tasted sour, and no claret was paraded, the good wines being, I suppose, reseryed for our host's own guests, not for his wife's. The children, smelling of bread and butter, pawed our inexpressibles with their greasy hands—the stupid mother stunned us with her d—d prate of apologies. We rang for the car at ten, and resembling Job, if not in patience, at least in cursing our day, we vowed a vow never more to be deceived by woman in a matter of such *vital* importance as dinner, and drove back to our own comfortable home.

E.

THE HALF-PAY CLUB.

NO. II.

HALF PAY—FULL PAY—KNIGHT—INCLEDON—VITTONIA.

Stanley discovered reading a newspaper.

Enter Magennis softly, and taps him on the shoulder, Stanley starts.

Mag.—Ha! ha! ha! you remind me of poor Macmanus! "you're dropsical, Mr. Macmanus," says the doctor, "you're dropsical, my dear Sir, and I must tap you." "Don't do it on the shoulder then," says he, "and I'll be particularly obliged to you." Ha! ha! ha! he was like Sir Thomas Moore, poor

THE HALF-PAY CLUB.

Stun.—and resolved to sit with his feet in his girth. (*Trings and sits.*) What were, my jewel?

Stan.—Nothing—only St. Clair has his majority.

Mag.—Why! but he's from Sky, and that accounts for it.

Enter Walter.

Brandy and water!

Wait.—Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Stan.—Have you seen Mountgarrett lately? he seems to have

Mag.—Sure I met Master Gussy in the Arcade yesterday, doing grand with Lord Frederick L—. "I'll look in upon you, my dear fellow," says he, "if I can possibly get away from Adams's. L—, here, has been kind enough to procure me a ticket. *Au revoir!* my dear fellow—*au revoir!* that's a d—d fine girl, my Lord!" and off he strutted as proud as a peacock. But he's a lancer, poor soul! and I'm not surprised at it.

Stun. (*yawning.*)—I'm sick of this inaction, and if something doesn't turn up—Will you take a touch among the Greeks, Magennis?

Mag.—Forbidden ground, my jewel.

Stan.—Sure of all miserable animals an officer on half-pay is most miserable!—what can he do?—what is he good for?—neither law nor physic are open to him, and trade he despises, or is unfit for. To be sure, he may turn parson, if he has interest, or farmer, if he has capital. He may dabble in horse-flesh too, if he understands it, or write with advantage, if he is literary. But most commonly an officer on half-pay is an idle, useless being, incapable of exertion, and most profoundly ignorant of everything but the profession he is discarded from. He is a burden to his friends and himself. His habits are any thing but domestic, and he cannot shake them off. Sometimes he lives in London, solitary among the million, unable to get into society, and vegetating in some garret he is ashamed to be seen in. About noon he steals out, accoutered in a black stock and shabby laced surtout, a remnant of happier days; and after calling at the coffee-house to know if there are any letters or messages for him, he takes a turn upon the *parc*, carefully avoiding, however, the savory steam from George's, lest it should raise a rebellion in his stomach his pocket could not pacify. Next, perhaps, he saunters to Mutton's, and after cheapening horses, he well knows his next five years' pay would not purchase, he struts into the Park and contemplates the Achilles, looks big and pulls up his false collar as he decyphers the inscription. Then suddenly recollecting that the air may sharpen an appetite already of the keenest, he returns homeward, and smokes about half-past five o'clock into some obnoxious eating-house, where he dines for a shilling, sits with the smoking-rod, and does over the newspaper. Then he adjourns to O'May's, or the Cyder Cellar, and talks out the rest of the

evening, over a cigar or a glass of brandy, for both are said to be too expensive to indulge in. At length, weary with idleness, with spleen, he refuses supper to his solitary laze, flings his tailor's bill upon the table, and throwing himself upon his easy couch, dreams all night of duties, attorneys' letters, and the King's Bench; visions, alas! which, contrary to the usual modern interpretation, are but too often verified. Such Magdania is the fate of many a fine fellow, who, hopeless of relief, and excluded from the only sphere he is able or ambitious to excel in, becomes careless in his person, loose in his principles, and vulgar in his habits:

"To honour last—confirmed a perfect sot,
He knows no heaven beyond a porter's pot."

But reverse the picture—suppose the same individual still in the service, suppose him actively employed, useful to the community, and burning to distinguish himself. At day-break:

Mag.—Sure the bugle rouses him—trela—trela—trela—la—la—la, and up he starts, boys, as keen, as a huntsman, makes a toilet, or no toilet, what matter? and snatches a hasty morsel, if he can get it. Then the confusion around, what's so delightful? horses saddling, mules loading, arms jingling, and knapsacks packing; then the colonel hurries the adjutant, the adjutant hurries the officers, the officers hurry the serjeants, and the serjeants hurry the men. At length you fall in, reports are collected, the regiment moves into the line of march, and in ten minutes you're on the advance. Well, the morning's fine, the sun rises glorious, the air is bracing, the scenery novel, and the enemy near. There's hope in every step, excitement in every breeze; victory, like a sweet smiling angel, reigns in your imagination, and you resolve to die with glory, or live with distinction. Presently you halt in some delicious spot, arms are piled, and the men ordered to cook while they've the opportunity. Immediately all is bustle, some run for wood, some for water, others suspend the camp kettles, and in a few minutes the meat is on the fire. In the mean time you improve your toilet, smoke your cigar, and discuss the probability of an early engagement, or retire, maybe, to some convenient nook and write to the girl of your heart, and the friends you've left behind you. On a sudden, pop—pop—pop—is heard. O! 'tis the sweetest music! and in a twinkling every man is on the alert—draws his sword, or examines his priming. All is silence and expectation. You might hear a pin drop; the roar of musquetry is repeated. You scarce draw breath, and your heart beats higher. Ah! what is this tearing down the hill powder, with his blue uniform, and waving plume? 'tis Lord E. the Duke of side-de-camp, on whom he chiefly relies, and in all great emergencies, invariably confides. 'Tis a rare, rare sight, you, bring him amongst you. You may see how it looks in

that action, and that brigade of artillery there, rattling up to the front. ~~Now, the enemy are certainly driving in the prospects, and~~ a general engagement is at hand. Arrah! make your wills, boys! for by the blessing of heaven, you've all an excellent chance of being knocked on the head before nightfall. "Forward in double quick!" cries the colonel—with all pleasure in life, my darling—and in a jiffy you gain the brow of the hill, and the LAND OF SWAZI lies before you. There's a scene! there's a prospect, lads! talk of your lakes and your Tempéas, your Killarneys, and your Blarneys! where's a *coup d'œil*, I'd like to know, equal to this? every hedge bristles with bayonets; every height with cannon. Forty thousand musquets already inundate the vale; immense masses are still pouring down, and every copse, field, pasture, and orchard as far as the eye can carry you, groans with it's iron harvest. Now stand to your arms, lads—stand to your arms! no nonsense, if you please; the flash from that battery opposite, is the signal for sport, and by the powers—ah! that was a close shave! the shot missed you, 'tis true, but it has disabled the tall serjeant that covered you, and gone smack through the colours. Faith! 'tis no affair of outposts now, the artillery on both sides have opened—bullets begin to whistle—there's a general tuning of instruments, and crash! the concert commences. Smother and confusion succeeds. Every man minds his own business, and never busies himself about his neighbour. Your position though gets mighty hot—they devils on the hill yonder have got your range to a T. They rake you front and rear, the surgeon has no sinecure, I see, and something must be done. Ah! here's Wellington! heaven bless his long nose—he's an Irishman every inch of him—his eagle eye has caught your situation, and he flies like an arrow to relieve you. "You must charge, lads! three cheers and at 'em!" huzza! huzza! huzza! and down you rush by the powers! 'like another Niagara—sweep the whole valley, and push within point blank of the assaulting battery. Now comes the tug, now comes the tug. Shots fly like hail, and men fall like rabbits. Grape and canister get mighty familiar with you, and in a short space you find yourself senior officer, with a shot through your sword arm, and the whole corps in confusion. Only rally 'em now, and you're a made man; hurra! boys! let us see who'll be first in the battery, and the devil take the hindmost!—Bravo! you've got the breast-work; another push, and by St. Patrick—victoria! victoria! they run! they run! the whole army follow up your ~~success—the enemy are repulsed in all directions, and a splendid~~ victory is the consequence. His Grace thanks you publicly on the field—recommends you in the despatch—and in the next ~~order list you've the satisfaction of finding your name among the~~ officers, with a K. C. B. tacked to the end of it. Oh! who would not be a soldier, boys!

Enter Chipchase.

Of a sailor either by the powers! what news, my friend?

Chip.—Astounding! I've paid my tailor.

Mag.—If ever—

Stan.—How surprised he must have been.

Chip.—He was; but this is the age of wonders. Ships go without sails, and soldiers turn methodists. Rich men become authors, and authors become rich. Nay, I did hear that an attorney the other day actually refused a six and eight-pence—

Mag.—Rather!

Stan.—Have you seen the doctor?

Chip.—He's coming—and in high dudgeon, I promise you.

Enter Waiter with grog.

Thank you, Sam—ha! ha! ha! he vows vengeance against us for running off the other night.

Mag.—I vote for cutting him. He's theatrical mad, and some of these days—

Stan.—Hush! he's here.

Enter Doctor.

Botes stiffly, to the company—lights his cigar, and seats himself apart.

Mag.—Come, tip us a song, Stanley.

San.—With pleasure.

Song.—Stanley.

Land of the olive! arouse ye! awaken!
Let thy sons from this slumber ignoble be shaken!
Let the standard of freedom float light in the breeze
From famed Matagorda to proud Pyrenees!

Shall bigotry still its fell fetters impose?
That hydra of discord—that source of thy woes!
Shall Gallia's haughty legions defile thee again,
And Iberia with Albion have conquer'd in vain?

Oh! think of Munduca, Lequidia, Barossa,
Estella, Busaco, Madrid, Saragossa!
Oh! think of Romana, the good, and the brave!
Dit he die a dastard? did he live a slave?

Then arouse ye! 'awaken! 'tis Mina implotes!
Ay, Mina, an exile and far from your shores;
'Tis Mina commands—who has fought—who has slain—
Who has led ye before—who will lead ye again!

Chip.—What do you think of that, doctor?

Doc.—Pshaw!

All.—Ha! ha! ha!

Mag.—Don't be sulky, man! we were engaged t'other night, and couldnt stay.

Stan.—So we've lost little Knight, I find.

Doc.—The finest artist, Sir! did you ever see his picture?
Sir in Wild Out.—Oh! it was nature, Sir—perfect nature—
Every nerve went beyond it—never, Sir! every look, tone,

movement was in keeping with the character of the scene. But it was the characters of this description that the artist excelled. He portrayed the mean, fawning, hypocritical sinner, with nearly equal ability. In these was only the case in every wrinkle; and if he had ventured into the King's Bench, he would have been stuck to it certainly. In short, whether servants too, he was highly entertaining, full of bustle and spirit, and always dashed through his part as if he was plying it himself, and determined to make his audience so too. Really, it's impossible to speak, Magennis, if you keep singing so.

Mag.—Push on, my darling, it's a way I have.

Stan.—What sort of character did Knight bear in private, doctor?

Doc.—Oh! excellent, Sir—excellent! He was a model to his profession. Domestic in his habits, and studious in his pursuits. He was delighted more in the society of his family, or watched over its interests with greater solicitude. With respect to his art, he was a perfect enthusiast, a sort of Gerard Dow, Sir. He never suffered the slightest point to escape him, but would finish, and finish, and finish again, and never be satisfied. This accounts for the effect he continually produced in the most insipid parts, especially in farces. Provided the author gave him situation it was sufficient. He never failed, never, Sir, but invariably at least you might change the air, Magennis.

Mag.—How do you like that? it's from the Freischütz.

Chip.—(interposing.)—Gentlemen.

Doc.—(resting himself.)—It's excessively ill-bred.

Mag.—Then why does he—

Stan.—Hush!

Chip.—Poor Incedon! he's gone too, it seems.

Doc.—I could tell you an anecdote of him—of him and Cooke, Sir,—the great George Frederick! But at present,—(glances at

* Indeed, the pathos displayed by Knight in this character, has frequently caused a whole scene to be excused, a circumstance unparalleled in the annals of the drama, and however absurd such a custom may be, it is nevertheless, a strong proof of the power of the comedian.

† Witness his *Billy in the Road to Ruin*.

‡ The anecdote alluded to is as follows:—Cooke and Incedon, after playing at the Richmond Theatre, retired to the Star and Garter to sup together. The convivial habits of these *histrionics* are well known, but sorer as Incedon was, he was by no means a match for George Frederick, and accordingly was the first who felt inclined to retire from the contest, and exclaimed, "hold! enough!" "Sit ye down, Charley! sit ye down, man," said Cooke, "we'll have another bottle." "No no, my dear fellow—'tis late—'tis late—besides I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, you know, at Covent Garden Theatre, and must be careful of my voice, as good night—good night!" "Good! good! sit ye down, man—sit ye down, sit ye down, you shall have another bottle." "Impossible, my dear fellow—impossible. I've got the king, the queen, and the duchess, and—oh! I must be going—sit ye down." "Your voice! by Heaven! 'tis harmoony—the music of the spheres,

Magnifico, indeed, evening, but—
time for the same.

Al—Ha! ha! ha!

Mag—*I shall certainly call him out if he continues to pester us.*

Chip—*(looking over newspaper)*—Poor Hugh! But I shall quit him unmercifully.

Stan—Wasn't Mercantetti at Cadix, Magnifico?

Mag—To be sure, with B—, you know—her father, and turns out. That Spanish girl who followed G—, was remarkably like her. Poor G—! he fell like a fine fellow as he was at Vittoria.

Chip—You'd sharp work there?

Stan—You may say that. It was the first affair of consequence I was concerned in. To be sure, we had a slight skirmish at Oaman, on the 19th, but nothing to speak of. On the 21st, however, things began to look serious. We were ordered to leave our tents standing, and the baggage in the rear, a sure sign that work was cut out for us, and there would be wings upon the green before evening. It was then I began to reflect seriously on the profession I had chosen, and the responsibility it imposed upon me. I had now to discharge its most important duties, to fulfil them to the best of my ability, and above all, to face for the first time, that enemy I had so long, so

Sir! and another bottle."—"Upon my soul! now—" "Here! waiter!" "I tell you I—" "Well, sing me the Storm first—the Storm, my kaily boy!" "No no, not to-night, my dear fellow—not to-night." "Come, Cease rude bore—" "Impossible! I've to sing before the king and the queen, and—" "You won't, then?" "Not to-night, good bye—good bye." "You shall though, Charley—you shall sing the the Storm before morning," said Cooke; and Incledon retired. He had not been long asleep, however, before he was awoke by two constables, who, approaching the bed, immediately seized him. "Hands off!" vociferated our vocalist, as soon as passion permitted him to speak. "Hands off, I say! what do you mean, ye rascals?" "Come, come, no nonsense; bless you! we know the whole." "The whole?" "Ay, so put on your things quietly, Muster Smith, and come with us." "Muster Smith! I'm Charles Incledon, ye villains! Charles Incledon, sirrah! the native vocalist! I've to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, and unless you bundle this instant—" "I tell you it won't do; we know you." Charles Incledon, indeed! he! he! he! that's a good one, sialt it, eam? What! I suppose you daft'n rob that thirre poor woman of her bundle this here blessed morning upon the green yonder?" "I tell you I'm Charles Incledon—my friend George Frederick Cooke's now in the house, and will tell you the same." "Muster Cooke! why, that's the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomdave, if you're Charles Incledon, you can sing the Storm, you know." "To be sure, I can, ye villain—" so he said I can sing the Storm indeed! only stand aside, and fit out—" so saying, he cleared his pipes, and in this situation poured forth this celebrated ditty, with his usual pathos and power, as the conclusion of which Cooke threw his head from behind the curtain, and saying with a sneer, "I told you you should sing the Storm before morning, Charley," left him to his fate.

"That thirre for death."

ardently desired to encounter. No, these other thoughts succeeded. Thoughts of home, kindred friends. My mother's parting look came fresh into my memory, and when I reflected how soon its forebodings might be verified, I confess it unmanned me. A man may boast as he will, he may say, as I have heard many, that he would rather go into action, than sit down to breakfast, but—

Mag.—All fudge, my darling, all fudge. No man ever went into the field yet, who didn't feel a kind of a sort of a—He'll do his duty though, for all that.

Chip.—To be sure, the desire for sport, you know.

Stan.—Is sure to predominate, and it was under the influence of this feeling, that I marched on with the most feverish impatience. Every minute seemed an hour, every league a dozen, the shortest halt was torture, and I am sure I consigned the artillery to old Nick at least a thousand times whenever they delayed us. At length, after the most tedious march I ever made, we reached the wished-for point, and halted about nine in the morning on the heights above Gamara, a small village occupied by the enemy, and forming the extreme right of his position. His picquets were posted in the cornfield that separated us, while in the village and country beyond, large masses of infantry were plainly distinguishable. We were now ordered to hide our numbers, while a Spanish brigade descended and dislodged the enemy, a movement I contrived to witness, being very anxious, as you may imagine, to scan the foe, and obtain a specimen of his powers. It was a pretty sight to see the skirmishers retiring gradually through the corn, turning every now and then to discharge their rifles, and at length amalgamating with the main body.

Chip.—Did the attack succeed?

Stan.—No, I should have been surprised if it had. The wonder is not that the Spaniards were so constantly defeated, but that they should in a single instance have succeeded. Individually, they're brave—

Mag.—Oh! as lions, Sir—as lions. Sure they only wanted arms, pay, discipline, and officers to make the finest troops in the world, Sir. In petty, irregular warfare now, they were just the thing, and as Guerrillas—poor Mina! here's better luck to him.

Chip.—Then the Dons were repulsed?

Stan.—They were, Sir, and pursued with great loss to the very verge of our position. A momentary triumph, however,—the enemy had no reason to boast of it. Whether they had no idea we were up, or underrated our numbers, I cannot determine, but certain it is, they seemed panic-struck at our appearance, and without waiting to exchange a single shot, or offer the slightest resistance, fled with as much precipitation as the Spaniards had

before. But they could recover themselves, though we were. We had pushed them completely beyond Gamara and annihilated ourselves.

Chip.—They rallied no doubt?

Stan.—Oh! almost immediately, Sir—almost immediately, and during the rest of the day made repeated and desperate efforts to dislodge us; but finding them vain, and that the centre and left wing of their army were in full retreat, they desisted at high noon, and left us in peaceable possession of our conquest. I can scarcely define my feelings throughout the business. The charge from the heights was a perfect frolic, at least on our parts, ha! ha! ha! I shall never forget it—never, Sir! our leading platoons, you must know, fell, from over-eagerness, into a hollow lane—aye, six or seven feet deep, at least; those who followed, fell upon them again, and so on, till the most whimsical confusion ensued. Luckily, the enemy were too much alarmed to take advantage of it, otherwise the accident might have been serious. Indeed, as it was, they sent in a few random shots among us, but nothing to speak of, Sir—nothing to speak of.

Mag.—They shewed you some sport though, I take it, when they attempted to regain the village?

Stan.—Aye, faith! then came the tug, Sir! beyond the bridge at the opposite end of Gamara stood a small oratory pierced with loop-holes, from which the French tirailleurs annoyed us exceedingly. Our company was, in consequence, commanded to dislodge them. Thrice did we push across, to the very threshold of the building, and as often were we driven back with immense loss. Fresh troops on both sides were continually brought up; incredible efforts were made, and the fight waged with uncommon fury. I remember a French general, a tremendous fine fellow certainly, on a grey charger, and covered with orders. He was eminently conspicuous, and displayed the greatest gallantry. Poor fellow! when we came to clear a passage for the artillery in the evening, he was found beneath a mountain of slain, cold, inanimate, useless, bereft of honours, and condemned to rot. But still his brow was bent, his eye unquenched, his hand still grasped the bloody fragment of his sabre, and he was terrible even in death. You had sharper work though, on the right, Magennis; the affair at Gamara was a mere skirmish to it.

Mag.—Maybe so. I was disabled the first fire, and know mighty little about it. They put me upon a horse in the evening, I remember, and led me into the town, and such a scene!—Oh! murder! murder!—sure if I were to live the thousand years the Spaniards were always wishing me, I'd never forget it!

Chip.—Great slaughter, I suppose?

Mag.—You never saw the like! bothered as I was—my sword wound troubling me—I could not help minding it. On all sides

lay men, and horses, and caissons, and carriages, and papers, and cannon, and muskets, and what you will, and the Lord knows what beside, Sir, all mixed up together in the most diabolical confusion imaginable. Here you might catch a glimpse of some rascally scoundrel, stealing along from corpse to corpse, like an angry wolf, while the hounds and other kinds of prey careered around him. There, the dead, the dying, and the drunken lay in horrible confraternity; an intemperate Englishman, perhaps, embracing a deceased Englishman, holding a cushion to his livid lips, and cursing him for a miller because he would not drink. Dollars, too, were as plenty as blackberries. Many a soldier's wife made her fortune that evening, and had reason to bless the good-looking day that King Joseph scampered off, and left his military chest behind him. One of our Hussars—ha! ha! ha! I can see the impudent scoundrel; sure he staggered up to me with his haversack full of specie: "D—y—e—!" says he, "you were in the action here, you son of a ———," and thrust his fist full of cash into my hand. If I had but had him at the halibonds! sure a brace of five and twelves would not have satisfied me.

Enter Walter with supper.

Chip.—Now lads— (They fall to—scene closes.)

GONDOLA SONG, &c.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF "GIOVINETTO CAVALIER," IN THE OPERA OF "IL CROCIATO IN EGITTO."

LINGER still sweet evening light,
Leave thy radiance on the tide;
Linger, till the lamp of night
Comes out Gondola to guide.

On the water's dim wide waste,
Here in loneliness we roam;
Haste, ye favouring breezes, haste,
Lingering twilight guide us home.

DUETTO.

Hark! from far the vesper bell,
Waning evening comes to tell,

TATO.

Ah! 'tis the welcome signal hour,

That woe ^{thine} to ^{thy} ^{me} ^{joy}

Flit then the oar—speed in the shore—

Haste, while yet the signal calls,

Haste, ere night's night-gloom falls.

META.

THE GERMAN DRAMA, No. 27.

THE present article is intended to be introductory to a series of notices of the most popular works of the German Tragic Poets, exemplifying their beauties and faults by translated specimens. Our remarks will, however, be confined to those plays which, though celebrated in Germany, are scarcely known to English readers; and we shall also omit all mention of those already noticed by a writer in a contemporary periodical work. We have chosen for the subject of the present article, the fearful "Twenty-fourth of February" of Werner; unquestionably the first tragic poet of Germany after Schiller and Goethe.

The Twenty-fourth of February, A Tragedy, By F. L. Z. WERNER.

This is really "a poem of horror;" as the author himself emphatically styles it. In a prologue, which is a curious specimen of German mysticism, he tells us among other things still more unintelligible, that "it was woven in the night," and that "it sounded in his ear like the shrieking of owls." The owls certainly make a considerable figure in the piece; probably to make up for the lack of other *dramatis personæ*, of whom there are only three, and to whom the author has given the harmonious names of Kunz Kuruth, Trude, and Kurt. The story of this tragedy is that of the "Fatal Curiosity" of Lillo; but the darkness of that story is deepened by the artful accumulation of all those circumstances of horror, which the German knows so well to discover and to use.* As if the speakers in this drama of guilt and terror were not fearful enough, the author has conjured together animate and inanimate things; the owl and the hooded crow; the knife crusted with blood; and even the melancholy and ceaseless sound of the cottage clock; to contribute their aid to the main effect; to darken the gloom of hell, in which the actors in this pantomime of horror are enveloped.

In a cottage far removed from the abodes of men, amidst the wildest and most desolate scenery of Switzerland, dwell a peasant and his wife, over whom a curse has hung from generation to generation. The effects of this curse overshadowed their whole existence; but its most terrible accomplishment is always reserved for the Twenty-fourth of February. The play opens with the twenty-eighth anniversary of this fearful visitation. Kunz (the husband) is gone to the neighbouring town of Lenk, to implore the forbearance of his cruel creditors; and Trude (his wife) is discovered sitting in her solitary cottage, of which the only furniture is an arm chair, a wooden clock, a scythe, and a knife. The clock strikes eleven:—

Trude. Eleven—and Kunz not here! And yet 'tis lang
Since he went hence to Lenk. How the storm howls!
It comes from the westward. Sure the evil one
Is throwing one glacier at another's head,
Just as Kunz threw his knife . . . merciful God!
What thought is that? . . . Yes 'tis about the time,
The very month in which his father died.

* The German writers produce also great effects by their strictness to costume and localities. In the present tragedy, for example, the descriptions of Swiss scenery are more minute and true, than if a professed tourist had written them.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

'Tis long ago . . . and yet I shudder still
 Whene'er I think on't, . . . still my husband comes not !
 God ! should an avalanche have buried him !
 —Nothing but guilt and misery is here !
 —Nor food nor fire—our cruel creditors
 Have left us nothing. Oh my heart is burning !
 The curse is fearfully accomplished. O thes
 Have sons—but our's—driven forth into the world,
 Red with a sister's blood, and with the curse
 Of an accursed father on his soul.
 —But he is in his grave—would I were with him !
 —I'll try to sing—they say it drives away
 The evil spirit.

(*She Sings.*)

“ Why does your brand drop red with blood,
 Edward, Edward?
 Why does your brand drop red with blood,
 Edward?
 Edward?”

O I have slain my falcon good,
 Mother, Mother !

O I have slain my falcon good,
 Alas, and woe is me. O !”

An ugly song—it has a foolish burden.
 — Brr ! brr !—What sound is that ? There's some one knocking
 Outside the window ; it must be my husband.

(*She opens the window*)

Fangh ! 'tis an owl that's clinging to the window :
 The storm has driven it here for shelter. Look
 How it glares on me with round fiery eyes !
 Away, foul bird !—'Tis gone ; but as it flew
 It seemed to shriek, “ Come with me !”

(*She sits down at her wheel.*)

I have heard
 That owls bode funerals—would that mine were come !
 —Here, on the *Gentli*, 'tis so solitary !—
 All round there's neither house, nor trace of life !
 When winter comes, all others quit the heights
 For the securer valley—only we,
 As if the mountain spirits' enchained us here,
 Are left alone, to bitterness of heart
 —I'll chaunt some ditty to beguile the time.

(*She Sings.*)

“ While the peasant was a peasant-lad,
 He led his oxen to plough ;
 And if but a frock and a hat he had,
 He thought himself rich enow,
 A hat and a feather upon his head,
 A frock all bound with ribbons red—
 The peasant is but a peasant-lad,” &c.

Merciful Jesus ! 'tis the very air
 My husband whistled, whetting the scythe that—(*knocking*) Hark !
 A knocking—shall I open ? (*runs to the door.*) 'Tis my husband !

Kunz now enters, covered with snow, and in place of consolation, brings
 his wife the sentence of the magistrate of the Canton, which condemns
 them to the forfeiture of the little they possess, and to prison. This sen-
 tence is carefully given at length and in the forms, and Trude, in reading
 it, does not spare us a single comma. Kunz declares his resolution not

to survive the disgrace of a prison, and his wife thereupon hints that there is a certain rich and drunken neighbour of theirs whom Kunz might easily rob that night; taking his money, however, merely by way of loan. Kunz, instead of following this excellent advice, bursts out into reproaches on his wife, reminding her that he has been a soldier, and that he can neither rob nor beg. Trude, who had just recommended robbing, now by an easy transition, advises praying; but Kunz tells her that "he dares not pray, e'er since the old man died. However he takes down the Bible, and a paper falls out, on which is written "The Twenty-fourth of February, Christopher Kuruth, my father, aged 74, died at midnight of——" the sign of the cross is placed after these words:—

Kunz. Look at that cross? Think'st thou 'tis large enough

To hide the malediction?

Trude. Oh I shudder!

Kunz. What day is this?

Trude. Oh, all is o'er for us!

Kunz. Give me the judgment.

Now all is clear to me!

*(Takes the sentence of the tribunal, and reads,
Leuk, 24th February.)*

Trude. And to me also!

After this follows a piece of powerful writing, mingled with some of the extravagance of the German school, and interspersed with some vigorous touches of description, which at once give a reality and interest to the scene, and heighten, by their sombre and melancholy colouring, the gloom and terror of the emotions which are represented as overshadowing the soul of the speaker:—

Kunz. Listen! this evening as I came from Leuk,
I gained the road, which winding up the mountain,
Twines like a serpent.—Wife, thou know'st me bold,
Fearing but shame. Besides, that self same road
I've climb a thousand times, by night and day.
This day, however, as I passed along
That endless ridge of rocks, I felt—how tell it?—
A—restlessness—and all my by-past life
Seemed imaged to me in those deep ravines,
Of which I sought the end, but found it not.
I seemed as in a troubled dream—at last
I reached the mountain top,—and from its height
Looked down into the murky vale below:
There all was black and gloomy—like my conscience.
I wound along the western road, and there
Lifting my eyes, I saw through the snow-drift
The Lammern glacier, diadem'd with snow.
But, as I gazed, the glacier changed, and wore
My father's form and features, as he sat
There—in that very chair—all dead and blue!
That fatal day smote again on my heart!
I felt the grinding of the hangman's axe!—
The clouds divided, and grew red—they yawn'd
As if hell's furnace gaped to swallow me!
—I fled for fear, and reached the Daubensee,—
It was all frozen, like my blood. My life
Seemed wasting like the light within my lantern.
Suddenly, with a horrid cry, a crow,

Of those that haunt the lake, flew to my lantern,
 And fastened on it, uttering such fearful shrieks
 As my dead father uttered ere he died.—
 Then with his yellow beak—ay, the foul colour
 Of that knife's haft—(*pointing to the knife*)—he struck the glass,—it
 sounded
 Just like the whetting of a scythe.—Wife! Wife!
 For the first time, I trembled like an infant.
 Oh, then, the curse sunk down upon my soul!—
 It shuts me out from heaven.

At this moment a knocking is heard, and Kurt, the long-lost and accursed son of an accursed father, enters. He has returned, after many an adventure to the abode of his parents, and comes to relieve their misery with the wealth which he has amassed in distant regions. He resolves, however, not to disclose his history till he has discovered whether his father has withdrawn his malediction; and, finding that he is not recognized, he introduces himself as a wandering voyager, and demands shelter for the night. This is readily accorded; but Kunz gently hints that his guest, in sharing his cottage, must share also its cold and hunger. Kurt, hereupon, opens his wallet, and places on the table an excellent supper of ham, cold fowls, sausages, a pasty, & couple of bottles of good wine, and a flask of genuine Kerschenwasser. The three then sit comfortably down to supper; and Kurt first awakes the wonder of his parents by pronouncing their names. He then asks for a knife—and the fatal knife, rusted with blood is given him. Of this he also appears to know the terrible history, and refuses it with shuddering. At last Kunz, having drank a little too freely, begins to grow inquisitive about his guest's history; and though no great conjuror himself, hints his belief that his son is one. Kurt replies, that if he wishes to hear *his* story, he must set the example by relating his own. Hereupon Kunz informs his guest that his father formerly kept the inn of Schwarrbach—that the old gentleman was a little choleric in his temper—that he set himself against his son's marriage with the daughter of the parson of the parish, and this for no better reason than that neither she nor her lover had any means of livelihood. They married, however, in secret; and this affectionate father, it seems, amused himself daily with scolding his daughter-in-law, calling her the priest's bastard, and other names equally elegant—all which rankles in the bosom of Kunz, though he suffers in silence. At length, one night, (the 24th of February, 1776—for the author is very exact as to dates,) Kunz returns from a village festival heated with wine. He finds the old gentleman at his favourite employment of scolding; but he conceals the bitterness of his soul under as bitter a gaiety. He takes his scythe:—

Kunz. Father (said I) the grass will soon be grown;
 My scythe, I think, wants whetting. Since you find words,
 I'll find you music to them. Then I whistled
 This foolish song:

“A hat and a feather upon his head,
 “A frock all bound with ribbons red”—

 The old man foamed with rage,
 Stamped with his feet—menaced my wife, with blows.*

* In the original, the wrath of Kunz is excited by his worthy father's bestowing upon Trude an epithet not to be quoted.

—This struck right on my heart—I could not bear it:—
 This knife—this instrument of hell—wherewith
 My scythe I whetted, was within my hand—
 I turned it at his head—yes, had it reached him
 It might have slain him—but it touched him not:
 Say, Trude, thou saw'st it—did it reach him?

Trude.

No.

Kunz. The old man's wrath rose higher—he grew blue!
 “Curses on thee and thine!” he cried in fury—
 (My child was not yet born—but as he sat
 There—in that chair—he howled forth in his madness)—
 “My blood for ever be on thee and thine!
 “Curses on thee and on thy children! Be ye
 “Murderers for ever, as ye are to-day!”
 Then the fit struck him, and he fell there—dead!

The following is equally powerful:—

Kunz. My father was a choleric man; and he,
 Perchance, had done a deed as dark as mine.
 I do remember, when I was a boy,
 My father told me, that when he was young
 He had seized his father by the hair, and struck him.
 For me, I only flung the knife at mine:
 He died, 'tis true—but was it I that killed him?
 He was far gone in years. They say, when'er
 A son has smote his father, that the hand
 Wherewith he smote him, waives above his grave.
 'Tis false—I've often seen my father's grave—
 Here the long grass grows—but no hand is seen!

Kunz then relates that, from the hour of his father's death, every thing seems stamped with his dying curse; his heritage is buried under falling avalanches, his fields become sterile, his cattle perish; sudden poverty comes over him like a whirlwind, and every succeeding 24th of February is marked by some calamity more hideous than the last. His wife gives him a son, and five years after a lovely daughter; but, when the girl is two years old, the boy, having seen his mother kill a fowl, takes the knife which lay on the ground—that fatal knife—and imitating, in childish play, the action of his mother, slays the fair infant. The boy is too young to be judged or punished by a human tribunal: but his father, in his agony, curses him with a fearful curse, and drives him forth alone and helpless into the world.

Kurt now tells his story—and passing slightly over the fratricide he had involuntarily committed, relates his flight to Paris, where he entered into the service of a captain of the Swiss Guards. He gives a spirited and poetical sketch of the convulsions which then agitated the city; and, to try his father's heart, he interweaves, with the story of the massacre of his countrymen, the fate of the unfortunate Kurt, whom he represents to have died in his arms. That terrible night, which witnessed the massacre of the Swiss Guards, he contrives to save his master, with whom he retires from the agitations of the capital to America, where he amasses the wealth with which he is now returned to the land and the habitation of his fathers. Even in the New World his heart still turned to Switzerland—but this morceau is too characteristic of German tragedy to be given in any words but those of the author:—

Kurt. I turned towards my country: there I felt
 My sins would be forgiven me; and I heard

In the far distance, voices of her lakes,
 And of her mighty torrents, saying, "Come!"
 Her very Glaciers melted, as in tears,
 And cried "Come! come!" The sweet bells of the herd
 Among the Alps were sounding joyfully:
 They spoke peace to my soul—and they said, "Come!"
 A star arose to guide me from the New
 To the Old World. And here I am at last!

This is eminently German, and an example of their besetting sin—a straining after great effects, which is always sure to plunge them in mysticism and absurdity. Here are lakes, cascades, bells, and stars, represented as shouting across the Atlantic an invitation to a vagabond boy to return to his father's hovel at Schwarrbach!*

After this Kunz gives his guest a gentle hint that it is time to go to bed, and points to the small cabinet in which he is to sleep. The scene which follows is very vigorous; and the emotions of tenderness that swell the bosom of the repentant and returning son, are beautifully and powerfully contrasted with the terrors and remorse that agitate the soul of the curse-stricken father:

Kurt (in the cabinet.) Once more my father's roof is over me!
 That home which gave me birth. Now break my staff!
 My wanderings are over... and oh curse!
 Turn from my house and heart! 'Twas here—even here—
 Where, yet a child, I calmly sunk to rest,
 Lull'd by the shepherd's pipes among the hills.
 That golden dream is fled!

Trude ('isten! g.). He speaks of gold! }
Kurt. What spell came over me, and chained my lips,

Still as I would have said—"Behold your son!"
 I longed to shed into my father's bosom
 Tears—not of sorrow. But hell seemed to raise
 A barrier-wall between us, and I could not

Trude (as she lies down on her pallet of straw.) Who may this stranger be?
 He is so gentle!

Kunz. Yes, he seems so to thee. But didst thou mark
 The sparkling, restless eye—the hurried tread?
 Woman, I marked them. I have seen such men
 In battle-fields; and in their glaring eyes,
 And quick unquiet step, you know the fiend
 Burnt in their bosoms, and consumed their life;
 And they run to and fro, but find no rest.

Trude (falling asleep.) God give him rest, at that most fearful hour
 When soul and body part.

Kunz. I would say, Amen!
 But the words choke me..... Must it be ever so?

Kurt (in the cabinet.) Leave me not, God of Peace, tossed in the whirlwind
 Of my own thoughts! Let not the fearful image

* A parallel to this, and to all the worst faults of the Germans, may be found in Mr. Wordsworth. That worthy person, in a memorable passage of the *Excursion*, thus speaketh of a bleating mountain:—

“List, I heard
 From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat:
 Again! as from the mountain's heart!
 The solemn bleat appeared to come, &c.”

The Excursion, Book iv.

Of mine involuntary crime thus haunt me !....Spirit
 Of my young innocent sister, who even now,
 Perhaps, dost bend on me thy pitying eyes,
 And shed st upon my frozen heart a dew
 Of sweet and sacred tears.....descend and bless me !
 Thank God ! 'T he ice melts, and my tears are flowing !

Kunz (looking at the clock.) 'Tis almost midnight. When that moving
 finger

Shall mark to-morrow's noon, I shall be—

Trude (asleep). Ah !

Kunz. Even there she rests not. This is a house of horror.

That stranger—shall *he* only sleep in peace ?

—Had I *his* gold....What thought of blood is that

The dæmon haunts me with ?

Trude (asleep.) “ Why does thy brand drop red with blood, Edward ? ”

Kunz She sings in sleeping—'tis most wild and fearful.

Trude (asleep.) “ Oh ! I have slain my falcon good.”

Kunz. She dreams some frightful dream—I must awake her.

Trude (asleep.) “ 'Tis that which makes my sword so red.”

Kunz. Trude, wake thee, oh !

Trude. What would st thou, husband ?

Kunz. Nothing—

Only in sleeping thou didst sing.

Trude. I sing ?

Kunz. Yes, yes—that air of the slain falcon.

Trude. All

This day that song has haunted me.

Kunz. Is't not

That ancient song, whose burden ever is—

“ O, I have slain my father dear,

Mother ! Mother !

O, I have slain my father dear,

And all for love of thee, O ! ”

Trude. Yes, yes, oh God !

Kunz. It is an ugly song.

Kurt now sinks into slumber, but overwhelmed with presentiments of horror ; and Kunz takes up, alternately, the bible and the bottle of cherry-brandy which the stranger had left upon the table. At last, by a liberal use of the latter, he convinces himself, by a process of reasoning very natural to persons in his situation, that the stranger is a robber, a murderer, and a sorcerer ; and that it would be perfectly right to rob at least, if not to murder him. He thus works himself up to the former of these laudable purposes :

Kunz. 'Tis midnight : yes, 'tis at this hour of fear
 My heart beats boldest....aye, even though my father
 Sat there, all blue, as when the death fit struck him....
 Woman, thou tremblest....

(*The knife falls from the wall, and Kunz takes it up.*)

Ho ! oh ! thou art here

My old companion ! come with me !

Trude. Would'st kill him ?

Kunz. No—but a soldier should be always armed.

(*Entering the cabinet.*)

Trude. Oh, let us hence !

(*The clock strikes twelve—Kunz counts the sounds*.)

Kunz. It is the hour !....rest, troubled spirit, rest !

(Kunz opens the door of the cabinet, and is about to pass into the outer room, but suddenly closes it again, and retires into the cabinet.)

I dare not enter there.

Trude. What hast thou seen ?

Kunz. Didst thou not see the old man sitting there,
All blue and livid, with half-opened eyes
Glaring upon me ?

Trude (opening the door.) I see nothing.

Kunz. Trude !

Come near me—nearer—nearer yet :—pray with me !

(He raises his hands in prayer.)

— My father, who didst curse me !....Look there ! look !

That stranger smiles at me in scorn, and mocks me,

Because I am accurst, and *he*—is happy.

Hark !....hark !....he calls me, even as he said the *Glaciers*

Called him.

Trude. It was the owl that cried.

Kunz. No, no !

It was *his gold* !.....Curst sorcerer, it is mine !

Kunz, now throws himself upon his son, who, starting from sleep, shrieks in his father's ear the name of *murderer*. Kunz in a fury seizes the knife, with which he slays his unhappy son, who in death is revealed to his agonized mother by a sign—a mark of Cain—the fatal scythe burnt in upon his wrist, before he came into a world, which to him has been but a wilderness of sin and sorrow.

Such is the close of a tragedy, which, however fantastic and extravagant, must be allowed to be full of power, and passion, and poetry—and which, if he had never written any thing else, would have stamped Werner as a great dramatic poet. There are great faults, no doubt, and a plentiful lack of good taste about it ; but even the faults are of a glorious kind, and the bad taste is not more characteristic of Werner than of the whole tribe of his brethren. The growth of modern German literature was too sudden to be healthy : the flush of blossoms and the fruit came forth together ; and German poetry at once sprung up, and reached its "most high and palmy state." There was no temple in the land worthy of the divinity ; and when the worshippers of poetry first discovered the want of one, they set themselves forthwith about its construction. In search of the severest models, the old classical ones were rejected, and the coldest French imitations of them set up in their stead. With that outrageous ambition, however, to go beyond their patterns, which so eminently marks the Germans, Gottsched, E. Schlegel, and Cronegk, (whose works and names are equally redoubtable) caricatured all the defects of the French writers in their clumsy imitations. Even Lessing, in spite of his pretended admiration of Shakspeare, belonged decidedly to the French school. Without being able to reach the elegance of language and the harmony of versification which alone rendered his French models readable, Lessing inflicted upon us German copies of their *longueurs*, their eternal *confidentes*, and their everlasting speeches—seasoning the whole with so much German sentiment and mawkish morality, as to give his plays the air of dramatized university theses. Not content with classical kings and queens—personages far enough removed from all danger of awaking our sympathies—Lessing chose such

folks as Saladin, about whom we care still less; he has endeavoured to excite our compassion for that worthy prince by a pathetic representation of the low state of his finances—and our admiration for his character by a long harangue, which he puts into his mouth, touching deism and other points of learning.

This schism from the catholic poetical church was sufficiently dangerous to itself, but it was rendered still more so by its numbering SCHILLER among its disciples. But when a new impulse was given to the literature of Germany by our own, the old idols were thrown down, and their temple deserted. A new and more gorgeous fabric “rose like an exhalation” by its side, and Schiller became the high priest of the new worship. GOETHE, in the very first of his plays, burst asunder the fetters which had hitherto bound the genius of his country; and, to use the imagery of Schiller, in his ode to his illustrious friend, “like a new Hercules strangled with his infant hands the serpents which were twining round the cradle of his poetry.” A new enthusiasm was now awakened—and as extremes always meet in the Germans, they rushed from *ennui* to extravagance—and in labouring to excite strong emotion, they went far beyond the wildest of their English models, and caricatured what they could not imitate. The passion of these new German reformers for being eminently forcible and vigorous, led them even to compound new words; the old ones that represented the same ideas were rejected as feeble; the German language fairly broke down under them, and every body was seized with a rage of saying common things in a more vehement and original way than his neighbours. They felt, however, that this inflated language sounded somewhat absurdly in the mouths of mere ordinary criminals—the common raw material of which tragedy had hitherto been wrought; they, therefore, were obliged to seek for exaggerated crimes and sufferings—to make us shudder at tales of unmingled terror and horror, or to deluge us with a watery pathos which was still more insufferable. Still not content with all this, they sought to revolt our feelings both of justice and sympathy, with the spectacle of a punishment that falls always on the innocent persons who are now and then presented to us; and assassins and robbers are naturally represented as possessing the finest feelings of humanity, and the highest sense of justice. In the present play, for example, the whole weight of retribution falls upon Kurt, who alone is blameless; and Kunz, the murderer of his father, is exhibited as having so exquisite a sense of equity, that he curses his infant son, because the more imperfect laws of his country refuse to punish an involuntary crime.

But if this new fashion of speaking was found to be so strange and unnatural, as to require incidents to be contrived and characters to be created to suit it, it must surely be much more offensive where the characters are taken (as in many modern German tragedies) from the lowest orders of life. It is quite clear that the author must lower his pitch considerably to make *such* actors speak as persons in their rank of life always do speak; and that they must either deliver themselves like men and women of this world, or lose all their verisimilitude, and, of course, our sympathy with their distresses. But the language is always sustained at this unnatural height, whatever may be the rank of the personages who figure in the scene; and the result is, (as in this play) that we hear miserable peasants, who talk of reading and writing as very lofty accom-

plishments, speaking of being chained in their wretched dwelling by the spirits of the Alps: and another personage, equally learned and distinguished, informs us (in language that would never have come into the mind of any but a poet—and one of the most fantastic and crazy of the tribe) that while he was planting rice and coffee in America, he heard a chorus of Swiss lakes, torrents, and mountains, inviting him to return to them. The whole speech, indeed, is a miracle of absurdity—and is, we verily believe, without any parallel, except in Mr. Wordsworth, and the story of Whittington and his famous Bow bells.

Another illegitimate source of emotion which the German poets are fond of employing, is the invention of minute and striking incidents to heighten the impression derived from the main story. Müllner (in his tragedy of "Guilt") has produced a strong effect by the sudden breaking of a harp-string; and in the present play, the perpetual intervention of the blood-dropped knife, the shrieking of the owls, the snatches of the old ballad, and the silent movement of the hand of the clock towards the fatal hour—are all circumstances that deepen the sense of horror; though, like striking incidents in a fairy tale, they will pass only in reading, and would mostly be rather ludicrous in representation.

But with all these deductions—and most of our remarks apply to all German tragedies as well as to this one—the "Twenty-fourth of February" is still a work of uncommon power and energy. The author has shown consummate skill in allying the pagan doctrine of fatality with the more popular superstition of the power of a father's curse; and has thus removed an obvious objection to the transference of the destinies of the family of Atreus to the dwelling of an obscure cottager among the Swiss mountains. Much art is shown in bringing about the catastrophe, as well as in the gradual shading of horror which goes on darkening to the close of the fearful story. The tender and gentle character of the son is like a beautiful light in the darkness of the picture; but lest it should be too strongly contrasted with that of the father, Werner has judiciously placed between them the half-guilty mother, a contrivance which proves him a master of the resources of his art.

This illustrious poet died at Vienna, in January 1823. He had been converted, several years before, from protestantism to the Roman Catholic faith, by the celebrated Madame de Krudener.

AN ADMIRABLE CHAPTER ON ADMIRATION.

"*Omne admirandum.*"

THE cant now is horror at scandal and personality. I like the whining of this moral, modest, and philanthropic age vastly. It puts one greatly in mind of the coyness of *Mother Cole*; as if forsooth, there was any such vast difference between a nice tit-bit of naked scandal exhibited in sheets, or under a gilded and lettered coverlid, and scandal served up in a drawing-room, with the sugared accompaniments of wafers, orgeat, and iced cream. We may scandalize, quotha, our neighbour, in a quiet way; we

may wound him from an ambuscade beyond the reach of law ; in morning calls—over the bottle—at a rout, at church, in a boudoir, or in a curtain lecture ; but to preach scandal—to give the adversary an opportunity of “ saying his say ” in turn. Oh ! that shocks public morality. “ Pretty May morning morality, O my conscience ! What ! when cant and balaam put forth longer ears than ever—when quackery pullulates and thrives on the reeking hot-bed of folly ; when vice and absurdity, blossoming on all sides, exhibit the richest and most luxuriant crops, in groaning maturity for the sickle of satire, are men of wit and spirit to wink at the ‘ rich rogues,’ and—

Arraign no greater thief than wretched Wild ;

or—

Hurl the thunder of the laws on gin.

The maxim of “ measures not men ” is a very pretty well sounding thesis for tea drinkers, water drinkers, and asses’ milk drinkers ; but it will not do for men of the world. In most cases the culprit cannot be separated from the offence ; and to suffer the offender to escape, from motives of delicacy, would be like flogging the whipping-post instead of the criminal. It would be condemning not the gamester, but the dice. The “ hundred who smart in Timon and in Balaam ” are reduced to two, if we use real names. To avoid being personal, as it is called by Gabus, we must be cynical ; if we cannot individualize, we must write a *general satire on all mankind*. I hope I am too philanthropic, and too tender-hearted towards—my dear public, to undertake this task. I trust I am too just—

To save half Newgate by a dash.

But since censoriousness is objectionable to “ ears polite,” suppose I just try my hand at its opposite ; and endeavour to win favour by toad-eating and admiration. The thought is worth pursuing ; and I am resolved henceforth to be all suavity, oiliness and conciliation. Yes, I will shew that I have as good a stock of the “ milk of human kindness ” in me as others. I will demonstrate, (so help me, Dr. Kitchener) that I have bowels. As May is present, to give birth to my nova progenies of lucubration, I feel all the bland influence of the genial month descending on me. I melt away into a loving and admiring mood ; all the springs of my amorous affections are unclosed, and I promise to be as tender as may be, on the scarlet blue stockings of this great Babylon, ycleped London, for at least a honey-moon. I mean to admire its QUACKS, whether they be modern Correggios, modern Prynnes, modern Crightons, or modern Roscüs—whether they be quacks *medical*, or quacks *poetical*, quacks *political*, quacks *critical*, quacks *architectural*, or quacks *pictural* ; quacks of the pulpit, or quacks of the stage. I mean to admire all the sublime acquisitions of modern *literati*,

which are obtained by throwing their *wit* on the indexes of books, as boys catch sparrows by throwing *salt* upon their tails; or in the way that coxcombs serve lords, by first learning their *titles*, and then boasting of their *acquaintance*.

I mean to admire the strapping pugilist, and the mincing exquisite; mermaids, loose fish, diving bells, and blue bells, fair Amazons in jockey boots, and the chariot-borne priestesses of the mother of the Graces; the *Priapian mysteries* of the opera key in the west, and the *Eolian mysteries* of the hum fums in the east. I mean to admire Mrs. Fry, in Newgate, and the *fry* of flat fish at Fishmonger's Hall, who deserve to be there. I mean to admire all and every the new companies without exception; *fish* companies, and *brass* companies, *sky-blue* companies, and *petticoat and breeches-scouring* companies. I mean also to admire all modern *systems* without exception; the Hamiltonian system, the Logierian system, the gymnastic system, and the phrenological system. I shall admire the new architectural *order of disorder* introduced into the public streets, and especially Mr. Nash, and Mr. Wyatt—I beg pardon, Wyatt-vile. I mean to admire the French giant, the Canadian chiefs, Charley Eastup, Sir R. Phillips, the learned pig, Mr. Irving, the Adelphi monkeys, and Dick Martin. I mean to admire and patronize the latter's *philanthropical* system, for the better protection of *animals*, including of course, *cockchaffers*, *bugs*, *fleas*, &c. I mean to patronize Mr. Hunt, Mr. Parkins, Dr. Eady, Mr. Cobbett, Dr. Harlequin Daniel, and the whole fraternity of wall chalkers. I mean to admire the *moral quack advertisements* in the moral papers. I mean to admire Mr. Campbell's *Stinkomalee*, Sir R. Sepping's cure for ships' *knees*, Dr. *Lancet's* cure for impaired *noses*, and Sir H. Davy's cure for ships' *bottoms*. I mean to admire with all my soul and all my strength, the improving genius of commerce; its *LEARNING*, for instance,—its ophthalmists, aurists, and chiropodists; its panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, and pœciloramas; its eidouranions, and hepto, (Lord have mercy on us!) *plasiaeprons*; its *MORALITY* for instance; its kalygynomia, and memoirs of strumpets; its *CREATIVE MIRACLES*, *par example*; its Macassar for producing hyacinthine locks on the bald; its glass eyes, mineral teeth, padded breasts, cork legs, and admirable noses; "*supplied on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms*;" and lastly, its *NEOLOGY*; since all are *merchants*, whether they keep a warehouse or a coal shed; as all are *gentlemen*, whether they occupy a palace or a night cellar; and all are *artists*, whether they "*dress one's bird*," as John Kemble used to say, *cook one's dinner, hash up a farce, or dish Shakespeare*. "*Vive! Vale!*" thou dear, dear, most liberal, most moral, most enlightened, and most thinking public!!

AN ADMIRER.

THE PAST AND PRESENT; OR, METROPOLITAN MEMORIALS.

* Also the city of *London*, that is to me so dear and sweet, in which I was forth grown, and more kindly love have I to that place than to any other on earth."—*Chaucer's Testament of Love*.

—————"I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And wander up and down to view *the city*."

Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors.

"Look here upon *this picture* and on *this*."

Ibid. Hamlet.

WELL, I exclaimed to my friend, Charles Wilton, as we came out of the old "*Chapter*" together,—well, here is at least one memorial of the olden time, one monument remaining, reminding us of the wits and literary giants of by-gone days, which has not yet yielded to modern whimsicality or speculative improvement.

—Tempora mutantur nos non mutamur ab illis—

should be the motto inscribed over the old fire-place of the Chapter Coffee-house, for it has not yet degenerated into a dinner-dressing tavern. The same old-fashioned decorations, like the veins and fibres of the ivy, which cling to the oak or the castle even after its green leaf hath withered, still hold their tenure; the benches, the bar, the little library, the *very waiters*, the whole air of the place smacks of antiquity; and though the learned of these days have changed their temples, as well as their appearance, yet we look with a sort of reverence upon those who yet turn over the periodical works with which the house is regularly furnished, and we make our fancies almost recreate bright visions of 1720, and picture Addison standing with his back to the fire, addressing a group of wits, and contributing greatly to "set the table in a roar."

But *quantum mutatus ab illo*, what a revolution have the aspect, the modes, the manners of other things undergone since that period! London has outgrown itself; and, like the giant of fable, shot forth its hundred arms, and peopled places before the property of the cow-keeper or the gardener. Where is your *village of Charing*, with its *road-post* bearing two indexes, one pointing "To London," the other "To Westminster?" Where your St. Martin's in the *Fields*? Where your Spring Gardens? in which, according to Evelyn, "company were accustomed to alight to enjoy the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds; where the *thickets* of the garden seemed to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry." Where are they? Built over, crowded with brickwork, shadowed with masonry,

turned into hotels and pastry shops! marts for merchandize instead of love tales, and echoing with the shouts of waterman, (male Hebes to the *Jupiter jarvies*) and of *cads* (jackalls to the drivers of stage-coaches) instead of the notes of nightingales, and madrigals of love-sick minstrels. The very *Mall* in St. James's Park, which in name exists, witnesses none of those gallant and high-spirited love adventures (how superior to the grovelling gross propensities of ours!) which the elder dramatists were proud to celebrate: it sees not your ladies in masks, your gentlemen with gold-headed canes, your diners with Duke Humphrey! These, these, that give a character to any times, are no more—superseded by flirting nursery-maids, tall foot-soldiers, and the “great gun.”

Will's,—the *Grecian*,—*White's* still are, and they have *tatlers*, and *idlers*, and *spectators* enough, but where are the Steeles, the Addisons, the Johnsons, the Goldsmiths, that shed an interest about them beyond that created by their smoking sirloins and their cheerful red wine? Shall we again see the legitimate successors of the veritable “*Idler*,” the identical “*Spectator*,” the best “bushes”—*bonne bouche's*, if the pun is legitimate—to the wines and viands they furnished; shall we again see these issuing, like the morning smiles of old acquaintance, from their celebrated *sanctums*? I fear not, though I will not say that the mantles of these great men of our Israel have not alighted on any of modern mould; and there is yet the pleasure left us, sad though it be, in sitting beneath the same roof—drinking, it may be, from the same table—occupying, perhaps, the same chair, which these wits hallowed by their presence, and immortalized by their patronage.

Then, again, how would our forefathers bless themselves were it possible for them to observe one of our modern *Templars* suddenly ushered into their studies. Like the old gentleman, in one of Hogarth's pictures, astonished at the metamorphosis London had produced upon his son, would they not exclaim, “Is this my boy, Dick?” For instead of the square-toed shoe, fastened with pink knots, would they not behold a high-heeled, close-fitting pair of Spanish leather *Hobys*, redolent of Day and Martin? In lieu of the embroidered vest, and the silk-embossed waistcoat, with their amplitude of pocket, and liberality of skirt, they would gaze upon the critically made surtout of superfine corbeau, or at the blue padded *spencerian* style of covering (for the “*spencers*” of olden time would have cut out a suit for ours,) of a Bond-street fit. As for the sword by his side, or the wig on his head, I know not how to furnish my gentleman of 1826. To be sure the sixpenny hazel and ashen twigs, twirled gracefully over the finger and thumb, to the annoyance of old women and puppy dogs, of some of our *petits maitres*, and the regular “varmint” “plants” of others, may supply the first

desideratum, and perhaps it may not be to consider it too deeply, nor to immolate philosophy at the shrine of surmise, if we borrow a parallel for the other in the luxurious ringlets and trimmed locks of our contemporaries. But, of a verity, however muchsoever I may be inclined to prefer in some instances the times of yesterday to those of to-day, I must yet be permitted to deem your fine gentleman turned out in "apple-pie order" from the hands of a *Schultze* and a *Macalpine*, a sight more, gracious than one engaged like a chimney-sweep on May-day in hoops and flowers, and sailing along under a press of brocade, rustling silks, slashed doublets, and portentous waistcoat flaps, and Brobdignag button-holes. To be sure there may be some "wisdom in the wig;" but really such wonders are now performed by Macassar oil and Tyrian dyes, that it will be a bad day for old England when our "fell of hair" shall be compelled to give way to "Noodle's" full bottomed, or Sir Toby Allspice's caxon.

Another portentous, and, perhaps, the greatest change from the customs of lang syne, is the difference in our theatrical representations. I do not mean in the talent they now exhibit, for I believe our plays are now performed with as much correctness as when Lear raved in a court dress, and Cæsar was poignarded in ruffles—a capital murder truly! and as far as scenery and costume may be mentioned, far better; hence, I invariably chuckle in my sleeve, when some sententious critic, who, because he remembers "*Old Drury*" in its best days, as he pleases to call them, and still wears a pig-tail, deems himself "Sir Oracle," lifts up his eyes, turns up his nose, sighs like a furnace, and with the most emphatic shake of the head imaginable—Lord Burleigh's I would say, only the simile, like alliteration, is overdone—and growling out, "Ah! the days of Tom King, and old Quin, and Will Lewis, and Jack Bannister, and little Davy;" turns from the best efforts of a Downton, or a Knight, as not fit to come "between the wind and his nobility:" but I mean in the *size* of the theatres themselves, and the *hours* at which their *performances commence*; two alterations which, it has been asserted, mainly contribute to the imputed degeneracy of the modern drama. I will not speak of that now, or stop to inquire if the degeneracy asserted actually exists; peradventure I may another time prove, from a comparison with Garrick's days, that it does not,—at present I would only mention the great revolutions in time and magnitude.

In 1825, your man of ton, and your lady of fashion, and these, in their own opinions, are all over the town, not as of old, like January fruits and flowers, only in the hot-house of the court, could hardly contrive to arrive at their private boxes at seven. In 1598, they would have deemed themselves unfortunate

not to have been in the pit, or on the stage—then permitted—at one!

"He goes to *Gyl's*, where he doth eat till one,
Then sees a play,"

says Sir John Davies, a man quite as good authority then, as any Sir of our times.

Our fashionables dine after the performance now: had they lived, having the same humours about them, in 1632, they would have breakfasted with the departure of the epilogue, for "rare" old "Ben," in his "Magnetic Lady," tells us that the plays were over at five o'clock; so between two and three was probably the time at which they then commenced. In the "*Demoiselles a la mode*"—how very distant from the mode now!—of Flectno, 1667, this is expressly defined.

First actor.—Hark you, hark you, whither away so fast? .

Second actor.—Why, to the theatre, 'tis *past three o'clock*, and play is ready to begin.

About thirty years afterwards—see the "*She Gallants*" (we have a few of *those* left) 1696, —theatrical entertainments began an hour later, and from that period they continued to approach nearer midnight in their conclusions. Where the fickleness of fashion, and the potency of years will next take them, like Mr. Moore of astrological notoriety, I leave to time and the curious to decipher; but had I the master-key of futurity, and could trace the hieroglyphics of the drama's hemisphere, and the horoscopes of its professors, depend upon it I should open to the world such a "sesame" of wonders, that the wisest of us would begin to believe it indeed turned upside down.

Then, again, our prologues. What should we think of seeing his majesty of Brydgc's Street, or the monarch of Covent-garden, Emperors Elliston and Kemble, walking gravely before the green curtain, like an undertaker's man at a funeral, enveloped in a long black cloak, and breathing forth their "syllables of dolour" in behalf of some Poole or Dibdin of the day—and yet such was the case when those wrote who were no more like your Dibdins, and your Pooles, than I to Hercules. Hear what Heywood says in his "Four Prentices of London." "Do you not know that I am the *prologue*? Do you not see this *long black velvet cloak upon my back*?"

But how would the "buried majesty of Denmark" now be lost amidst the wide arena of the stage our theatres employ, when that stately spirit was wont to "make night hideous" on a "platform," not exceeding a quarter of its present place of appearance? How, again, would they "wake heaven with their wonder," who were enabled to *feel* because they *saw and heard* the miseries of a Lear, the ambition of a Richard, the jealousy of an Othello, when Garrick did enact these at Goodman's-fields playhouse, now to be unable to hear, hardly to see, these, though

a second English Roscius—and I do not say that we have ill-gaited players now—were to spring into life and maturity, giving the world “assurance” of an actor. Could we bid those that have gone to their long homes burst the cerements of the tomb—could we place them in the gigantic temples of architecture, our playhouses, and hear them descant upon their preposterous height, their meretricious splendour, their unnecessary intercolumniation, we should like them, perhaps deeming ours

“A dome immense, where puny actors strut,
At once shews Brobdingnag and Liliput,”

sigh for the plainer theatres where they obtained their triumphs; the smaller scenes of action, where they, to admiring and instructed audiences, showed the age its very form and pressure. Of a verity all changes are not for the better, and this is of the kind.

But these signs of the olden times, and I have noticed but a few, like those which were appended to the shops of our tradesmen, are no more—changed, almost forgotten, like the episcopal palace that once stood in Ely-place, or its famous garden, and strawberries with which Richard of Gloucester was so deeply enamoured. And what have we in their stead? why, something, probably as good, but which a *century hence* may be deemed equally extraordinary, quite as wonderful. Those who come after us will possibly be quite as much at a loss to define the taste that led us to adopt such and such actions, amusements, and modes, as we that of our ancestors; but still they may find amusement, perhaps instruction, in contrasting them with the wonders, speculations, the improvements which one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six will, it is not to be doubted, triplicate upon the present century.

December, 1825.

S. S.

GAY VERSUS ROGERS.

THERE is a man—though many have doubted his reality from first inspection of his singular visage, calling himself Samuel Rogers, at once a poet, wit, and banker; and there was a man, whose reality *never* was doubted, calling himself John Gay, in like manner a poet, a wit, though no banker. Now John Gay, dipped him too deep in the South Sea and was drowned; which, though he was not the only one who put his foot in it, preyed upon his vitals, and carried him to the grave. Some years after that John had gone the way of all flesh, a strange man rose into the world's note by publishing some *Pleasures of Memory*, wherein he discussed how amusing, useful, proper and pretty was the keeping of a memorandum book. This was Samuel Rogers,

we use the past tense, because he has often been designated as the dead (John Gay, perhaps,) alive. Now this poem being a sweet one, and the bard having piped very harmonious rhymes, Byron popped him into the English bards as a regular good one, hailing him "Thou, too, *melodious* Rogers." Whether his Lordship meant what he wrote, we pretend not to say, or whether it was mere compliment for some unaccepted hills that might be dustying in the bank strong box; however, he invoked him to "arise" with this epitheton, and, perhaps, they understood each other.

The banker, discovering his verses took as well as his acceptances, looked him out materials for another poem, and in a short time appeared a second dose for the public, under the title of *Human Life*. Now it is of this poem we have to speak. We do not accuse Sam of downright plagiarism; nor can we call it *upright*, seeing that he has made no acknowledgment; but, certain it is, that there is much similarity between the *Human Life* of Sam Rogers, and the *Squire's Birth* of John Gay. Nay, we will go further and say, that the former is but a milk and water copy of the latter, and that Byron's injunction of "thou shall not steal from Samuel Rogers," is mere fudge, irony, for unquestionably that gentleman is as great a literary pilferer as any of his poetical colleagues. However, the most convictive method of exposing these plagiarisms will be to show them up, by quoting the several passages wherein they may appear, which we will about "sans cesse."

The robbery on the part of Sam, opens with the beginning, and runs thus:—

"The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby:
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in the Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle to admire,
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire."

Now, attend we upon John, who commands in the following strain:—

"Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
The attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad squire a hopeful heir is born."

The former is an evident pillage, only like all plunderers, in a vain attempt at concealment, he has disfigured the passage. Now compare Rogers's *Welsh Hall* with still jests, still bells, drowsy bees humming lullaby, and Sam humming himself into a belief that *Human Life* is his own; with Gay's rustic, who gapes at

the uncustomary mirth in all the orthodox stupidity of an English peasant. How much better than the in-door fustiness of Sam's caudle cups and gossips. But we will dip deeper. Gay writes—

" See the glad tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lips, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's enchanting sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds."

After this Rogers has a dog, and *his* boy

" Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane."

" Look on this picture," as Hamlet says, what an unworthy analogy! Sam, Sam, thy music is thrown to the dogs. Thy country is that of *Cockneyshtre*, all book compile, while the ancient breathes the very essence of rusticity. Rogers continues with

" A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth—the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad airloins,
The ale, new brewed, in floods of amber shine,
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days," &c. &c.

And now for the masterly effusions of Gay, from which the former is copied.

" His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
Those stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own."

Now for the palpable imitation in the beer brewing, which it is clear Rogers steals from the same recipe.

—" thy strength of beer,
Firm corked and mellowed till thy twentieth year,
Brewed or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in scorpio shine."

What a beautiful allusion to the foaming October "that reddens every nose." Can ye bear the cat lap of Rogers after this? For shame, old *melodious*! thy copy is very mean. Afterwards a small deviation from the original takes place. Gay's hero forms an illicit connexion, and Rogers sends him to the altar, where he is regularly tied up; after which comes a funeral and lots of weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Gay finishes his man in a masterly and squire-like style.

" The mighty bumper trembles in his hand,
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sire,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires."

Here we see the ancient brings his hero to the scratch, and floors him "a la rustique," while the modern waits his man to

Brebus in a hearse and four, disposing of him in the usual every-day custom of going to *rest* on a feather bed. Pshaw! how sky-b'ish are those compared to him of the Beggar's Opera.

Thus much for the plan of the poems. Gay, like a true poet, carries all before him, follows nature, leads in a straight road from birth to death. But Sam, on the contrary, is full of cross roads, digressions, turn-about, and turnpikes; at all of which he takes toll from the poem of Gay; and, after, as we have said above, the boy has run his course, blossomed and withered, he is actually born again, and we have a long tirade about the pain of labours until the boy is suckled, and then

"He drinks the balm of life—and all is rest."

Of course the next difficulty is to educate the young gentleman, and here we catch the banker plagiarizing once more.

"He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire,
And soon with tears relinquished to the sire,
Soon in his hand to wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the mighty dead.
Trembles and thrills, and weeps as they inspire,
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire."

From which modern youngsters will be pleased to discover that the dome of their old pedagogue is "Wisdom's Temple." Pshaw! a country seminary where every boy is expected to bring two shirts, and a knife and fork, dubbed a Temple of Wisdom. I could grow angered with thee, melodious, for thus smattering the succeeding passage of Gay.

"Ah! too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod!"

Banker! art thou not ashamed at thy woeful disfigurement of all this? Why, *thou* oughtest to be whipped! Why, didst thou enter rod in hand? Why not give thy old pedagogue of wisdom's temple his staff of sovereignty? Thou hast failed in all points at catching the vividness of the original. Certainly morality is on the side of Rogers, insomuch, that he finds his hero a wife, and Gay lets his man loose upon the milk-maid; and yet, notwithstanding Sam pilfers, as—

"Scaled is the garden wall! and to her beams,
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing
His well known form along the terrace stealing."

Rogers.

"The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love."

Gay.

Now, the next deviation is, that Rogers has a civil war, into which he thrusts his hero, which is very ridiculous; because all

those things are antiquated and out of date. Gay, naturally enough, pops his man into the senate, where—

“He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To move away debates in Parliament.”

But Rogers speedily reverts to his model, and sends his man to the Commons House.

“And now behold him in an evil day,
Serving the State again—not as before,
Not foot to foot, the war whoop at his door,
But in the senate—and there round him fly
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry.”

By all which we discover, that the old gentleman gets himself confoundedly quizzed. Then Sam indulges in a piece of Burdettism, and obtains his man a situation in the Tower, forgetting that the quackery of the radical mania has been long ago exploded. One more quotation, and we are done. The squire of Gay becomes a justice; Rogers's *does justice* to his man.

“Nor in his porch is he less duly found,
When they that cry for justice gather round, }
And in that cry her sacred word is drowned; }
Has then to hear, and weigh, and arbitrate,
Like Alfred, judging at his palace gate.
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close,” &c.

ROGERS.

“The time had come when his more solid sense,
With nod important shall the law, dispense,
A justice with grave justices to sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave the coverts void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murdered game.”

Now, mouthy art thou, old *melodious*! Why did not thy man regulate the game-laws as a country magistrate should do? Was he afraid of too gross an imitation? You have by this time, perhaps, discovered the difference that exists between copying, and making what Shakespeare calls “a palpable hit.” Why, thou art so much bilge water compared to the cream of Gay. The truth is, that but for the “birth of the squire,” we do not believe Rogers had knowledge of the country further than the domain of a certain Lord at Kensington, or some such spot of cockney suburbanity. 'Tis all copy! book compile, no experience, no reality.

After these parallel passages, we do not think it necessary to adduce further evidence, the vein of similarity flows through the whole poem, and it is very clear from the bungling, that Rogers, with a model, is not half so good a poet as Gay, who had none other than that of his own observation. We shall never be willing to meet Rogers at the card-table, seeing that he is so skilled in

SUICIDE.

the game, of cribbage. But, it has just to us, that Rogers was really aware of his infirmity, and we think we are enabled to prove it, even in his own words. We recollect some stanzas, to * * * (four stars), or else to a —, we forget which; but whether to a *dash*, (Joseph Hayne, perhaps,) or not, is little to the purpose, in so much that they are in Rogers's Poems, and, of course, are his. They begin,—

“Go, you may call it madness, folly,
And strive to chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be GAY.”

What think you of that, reader? See, now he pretends to despise the original! But, in his “Human Life,” if he will call it so, he is only Gay at second-hand; and wisely, perhaps, for he certainly could never have put a good face on the character in his own proper person.

P. T.

SUICIDE.

THERE are few acts more revolting to a dispassionate mind than suicide, yet it has been a favourite theme of philosophers and moralists, and afforded an endless source of materials for romance and fiction. When a person looks calmly at death, it is impossible to forget the many ties that must be broken, before the deep slumber of the grave commences, and the enjoyments, fiery or peaceful, which must be foregone. Men, of exemplary habits and pious conversation, are, no doubt, in the use of speaking of the departure from this world, as the commencement of a journey, to fit themselves for which, they have but to take up their staff and scrip. It is but leaving a narrow and contracted dwelling, to enter a spacious, light, and joyous mansion—it is but casting aside a squalid and tattered raiment, to assume robes of silk and gold. Yet, we think, that however praiseworthy these sentiments may be, and however valuable, as accustoming the mind to dwell with less disgust on the certain corruption of the body, now animated with life and vigour, there must linger in every heart, even when the soul most fervently burns for the reward awaiting the just and good, an unconquerable reluctance to be divested of mortality, and something like fear to embark on the great gulf, which separates our world from the regions, where a new existence is to begin, and never to end. But if these are the feelings of the best of us, while we look forward to the course of many prosperous years, how much more acute must they be, when the person, impatient of suffering, or weary of existence, anticipates the hour of death, and, with his own cuts the cord of life? The reasoning of Hume or Rousseau.

seu is certainly a beautiful specimen of refined subtlety, but we doubt whether any man was ever, by their sophistry or logic (call it what you will), convinced that he had a right to throw down his life as an irksome or useless vestment, or, in doing so, could act from reason, and not passion. We have always thought that, before a person could resolve to descend voluntarily into the grave, his mind must have been radically diseased, or his sanity destroyed, however much the cunning and ingenuity attendant on derangement might conceal the morbidity from his friends or general spectators. Novelists have, no doubt, been in the habit of describing characters, who, overwhelmed with the disasters of life, and when the heart was withered with misery, and the mind had lost even the power to hope, had, in the full possession of their faculty of reasoning—and even to the uttermost moment exercising it—and when aware of the desperation of the act, plunged into eternity; and instances have been referred to in real life. The latter, however, we are not disposed to consider as sufficiently vouched; and, therefore, the former we have always regarded as mere poetic visions, having no support from the constitution of the human mind.

A case, however, occurred a few years ago, of a very uncommon character, and which may seem to shake the accuracy of our sentiments:—A gentleman, of cultivated mind, retired habits, and mild and calm deportment, and serious and religious disposition, had fixed his affections on a very beautiful woman, moving in his own sphere, and possessed in his estimation of all the qualifications that are enchanting, amiable, or praiseworthy, in a female. Unfortunately, after the attachment had become mutual, and everything propitious seemed to await the consummation of his hopes, a coolness on the part of the lady took place, and she openly received the addresses of another person. The rejected suitor was, a few months afterwards, found stretched lifeless on the grave of a near relation. The pistol with which he had accomplished his purpose lay at his side. In his desk was discovered a narrative, written with his own hand, in which he detailed the commencement of his acquaintance—the various course of his hopes and fears—the intensity of his love, and the reciprocity of the passion. With equal minuteness, he describes the events which led to the blasting of his prospects, and the unavailing efforts to regain the affections he had lost. He then paints the acuteness of his feelings—the misery he struggles with—his utter inability to endure existence—his incapacity for enjoying the pleasures of life. “Good fortune to myself in this world,” he says, in words that speak volumes, “would be worse to bear than anything—I envy none their happiness, but, at this moment, I envy some whom others pity.”

His narrative betrays no entire destitution of reason, or such

an overthrow of the mental powers, as in ordinary matters of life we would call madness. He, no doubt, feelingly paints the pöignancy of his sufferings, and the distressing degree to which his mind was shattered, with the probability of still greater havock; but he argues collectedly, and coolly weighs the objections and the motives to the rash act he meditated—he battles with his resolve, and lends an earnest attention to all that might shake his purpose—but in vain. The light of day seems to have brought him no solace, and the shades of night teemed with despair. “A dreadful cloud,” he says, “has hung over me for some time past. I fear much I shall never again enjoy the sunshine of this world. Fain would I have lived until overtaken by death in the ordinary course of nature, but I have wrestled with my fate till I can wrestle no longer. I could have suffered any degree of bodily pain, penury, privations, and hardships, of any description, but the agony of my mind, contrasted with my former happy condition, cannot be borne. I must submit. I hope every person will think as charitably of me as possible. I meant to have written a separate letter to my parents;—this, however, I cannot do—I can only think of them with that dreadful degree of agony, that the perspiration falls in drops from the tips of my fingers on the paper. I have not slept many hours in the course of two months—I am a complete wreck, and a ruin totally unfit to do business. I have been different in every respect from what I previously was. Instead of reading, as I was wont, I have sought company, and even dissipation. I do not mean that I have betaken myself to drinking, but I have left company with regret, knowing that I had not the power, as formerly, of retiring into myself with comfort and placidity. Time, which flew over me with rapidity before, now lags and wears me out of patience. I have not been the same man at all. I know myself, and I know that time, instead of giving me relief, will only increase my woes; and what impels me to fly from them just now, is the fear of an absolute and total insanity. I would then be deprived of the power of extricating myself from that deplorable state of existence. The great mistake was, allowing myself to get on an intimate footing with one who was so great—or considered herself so: I should have been like the Minstrel of Dun, who prayed the great lady to be allowed

‘To hirple his waas to the cot-house doore,
‘And cheer with his layes the sempill and poore.’

“Although I have been at times enabled to soar above my wrongs, still they have returned upon me with increased force; and, latterly, I have been completely unhinged. God knows, if I had all the wealth in the world, that I would give it all that I were myself again—but this may not be—nay, at times, I would give it all for a sound sleep. I am well aware, the cool and cal-

culating part of mankind can never enter into my feelings; and many will say, it is sinful in me to let the loss of a single object have such an effect upon me. They reason wrong. In the loss of this one object, under all the circumstances, everything else is lost to me. Reason and philosophy may say,—Have you not still all the objects in nature which you formerly delighted in—your solitary walks;—have you not the society of friends and acquaintances—your books and all your former enjoyments? But this is not the case. I have none of all these—nothing of the kind. The objects still exist, but they are not the same to me—I see them through a totally different medium. What most delighted me formerly is now painful in the same ratio, or interest me not at all. The smooth mirror of my mind, which formerly reflected all objects in such a pleasing and agreeable manner, and which was such a continual source of happiness to me, is now broken and ruffled, and reflects everything distorted, hideous, and disgustful. I am a being different from its former self, and support a different and painful existence. I do already find many of my faculties considerably impaired, and still getting worse. There is no remedy for this dreadful calamity but one, and may Almighty God forgive his poor unhappy erring creature for presuming to have recourse to such a remedy.”

He then complains that an impression had been left on his mind “that can never be obliterated, even by time itself; on the contrary, it still wears deeper, as rivers wear their channels; and it cannot wear deeper, without destroying body and mind. This is the inevitable issue. It has already been busy with both. It is an awful thing to think that I cannot live, and yet cannot die without shocking my relatives. They have not been out of my mind for one moment for a very long time. It is a dreadful alternative. I will make it as little shocking as possible. I shall lay down the burden in some sequestered place—I think on that solemn spot where my bones will be deposited. After every vexation, and finding my fate inevitable, it is astonishing how well I have become reconciled to it. I have, not without emotion, but free from despair, taken my last view of various places, which, at one time, were highly interesting to me; and I have seen many acquaintances and friends whom I know I shall never see again. The scene is now near closing. I feel not the common repugnance to death so much spoken about. If it had only been an honourable one, I had been happy. Often in the afternoon of Saturday, when a mere child, I have visited alone the solitary place where my bones were to rest, even at that time with a kind of melancholy pleasure; and then, I am sure, there was not a human being of more buoyant spirits, or fuller of life and glee, and frolic and fun, of any description. I wish to sleep peacefully on this spot. I wish life’s fitful fever o’er. When the heart is sickened to the core, there is no remedy. The variegated

fields, that used to delight me, now pall upon my sight, and the changing foliage affords me no delight. "I have no refuge but in the silent and peaceful grave."

We think our readers would consider any comment on these extracts to be superfluous and impertinent.

THE BOYNE WATER.

[A Tale by the O'Hara Family. Author of *Tales*, comprising *Crohoore of the Millbrook*, the *Fetches*, and *John Doe*. Simpkin and Co. 5 vols. post. 8vo.]

THE majority of our readers will, doubtless, recollect with pleasure, the "*Tales*" of the O'Hara Family, which are allowed to take a high ground in the imaginative literature of the present day. Indeed, their respective subjects and characters admit of all the fire and feeling which so forcibly characterize Irish life; and these, aided by the poetic and highly-wrought genius of the author, have been "brought out" with all the vividness and accuracy of so many graphic sketches. *The Boyne Water* belongs to a different class of works, and does not abound with so many opportunities for the development of the passions; neither are its scenes of such glowing interest; but they teem with the more important results of unwearied research into an era of our history when reason and truth were too often shut out by fanaticism and party spirit; and respecting which every additional illustration is treasurable to the historian and general reader.

The date of the story, or rather of its *denouement*, as the title implies, is the year 1688, and its scene in Ireland, and its principal interest hinges on the fates and fortunes of two brothers and two sisters, Robert and Esther, Evelyn and Edmund, and Eva M'Donnell, of different persuasions, and whose love and intermarriage not a little contributes to their perils and difficulties. The first volume likewise introduces to us Paul and Mrs. Evelyn, the uncle and aunt, Carolan, a blind harper, and Onagh, a fiendish woman, whose prophecies and maledictions attach a romantic interest to the story. There are also one O'Haggarty, a Catholic priest, and George Walker, a Protestant champion, afterwards Bishop of Derry, whose controversies prepare the reader for the separation of the parties when at the altar, and for their subsequent disasters in the frenzy and discord of the times. Evelyn and M'Donnell receive commissions, and with their sisters, and Paul and Mrs. Evelyn, are at the memorable siege of Derry, where Paul and Esther are starved, and the other couple is married, but are almost as soon separated. At this period the country is overrun by the Rapparees, and on his return home, Evelyn finds his paternal mansion spoiled by the marauders; this affair, which occupies a whole chapter, is sketched

with great vigour, and is altogether a vivid picture of the habits of the times. We should not here forget the introduction of an interesting Irish girl, named Moya Laherty, by whose exertions Evelyn's life is preserved, and whose history is among the most pathetic episodes of the work. The appalling horror of the siege of Derry occupy a considerable portion of Vol. II., which is followed by the devastation of the native cottage of the M'Donnells, and the mysterious disappearance of Edmund and Eva, by the forces of General Kirke. Here, by the treachery of Moya Laherty, Evelyn is led to imagine Kirke to be the murderer of his brother-in-law, and the abductor of his own wife, for which he seeks redress from Kirke, in combat, which ends in his own discomforture, and not to the honour of the general. Evelyn now joins the Protestant forces under the Duke of Schomberg, by whom he is dispatched to the court of William the Third, then just formed at Kensington. Here he finds his old friend Walker, (who had just published his "Siege of Derry,") loaded with money and preferments, by whom we are introduced to Bishop Burnet and other worthies of William's court, who, together with the King and Queen, are drawn in the true spirit of historical portrait-painting. Evelyn returns to Ireland, gains admission to the court of James, in Dublin castle, where he recognizes Eva in the suite of Lady Tyrconnel.

As will be expected, the *gem* of the work is the battle of the Boyne, which is indeed a master piece of descriptive vigour, Towards its close, O'Haggerty and Walker meet in combat, which is thus narrated :

"Evelyn, found himself irresistibly involved in the retreat, mixed up with the Enniskilleners, and very near the Bishop of Derry : one small body of horse, the wildest-looking of the wild force, furiously and rashly pressed them through the water, and even pushed on, unsupported, after the whole English centre. Evelyn recognized in the mad leader of these madmen his old acquaintance, Friar O'Haggerty. Nor was Walker slow in discovering him. As soon as the friar had reached the hostile bank, the bishop adroitly wheeled round him ; cut him off from retreat, with a few of his troop ; and,

" ' Well met, at last, brother,' he said, confronting him ; ' time settles all accounts ; 'tis some long years since you promised to meet me here, and make a certain story good.'

" ' It is,' answered the friar ; ' but, with the Lord's help, now I hold my promise, if you like the ground.'

" ' There needs not better,' resumed Walker, ' with God to judge between us. Keep your stand.'

" He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at O'Haggerty, who instantly returned the shot. Their swords flew out, and clashed around their heads. They closed, seized each other's weapons, and dragged each other from their saddles. The fall loosed the hold of both ; they started to their feet, and renewed the contest in a silence only broken by the tolling breathing for life or death ; their teeth clenched ; their features set and

stiffened, as if the muscles had been changed to iron; and their eyes shooting forth, with basilisk intensity, the deadly hate that filled them. The strife was short; O'Haggerty reeled and fell beneath a dreadful blow, and, as he went down, the bishop's point twice pierced his throat. Walker stood over him an instant, his stern regards changing to a grim smile as he contemplated his victory; the friar stirred, and he drew and cocked a pistol to make all certain; while his glances were, for a second, thus diverted, the dying man slowly opened his eyes, fixed them on Walker, stealthily placed his hand on a long skein under his cloak, again closed his eyes, and, as the blood gurgled in his throat, seemed resigned to the last agony.

"'Friar,' in his usual slow and steady tone, began the bishop; when, with a sudden and unexpected effort, the prostrate man sprung up, seized his conqueror by the breast, whose pistol was instantly discharged, with the muzzle to his head, but not before he had buried his hideous weapon to the hilt in Walker's abdomen; and then falling lifeless, he dragged upon his own body, with the gripe of a bull-dog, his mortally wounded foe."

The siege of Limerick, about six weeks after the affair of the Boyne, is next introduced. Evelyn at length discovers Moya's story of the abduction of Eva by Kirke, to be a mere invention, and ascertains that M'Donnell and Eva had joined the Rapparees; at length Evelyn and M'Donnell meet, an explanation ensues, and the former being re-united with Eva, the couple exile themselves to England.

Such is the outline of the plot of *The Boyne Water*. As detailing the leading events of Williams's Irish wars with scrupulous fidelity, its merits are of a high order. Since the vacillating disposition of Evelyn, has enabled the author to transport his reader, by turns, to the bacchanal and marauding system of the Rapparees; the fanatical meetings of Walker and his followers; the half anglicized court at Kensington, and the feeble councils of James at Dublin. The portraiture and character of the two monarchs is *unique*, and the members of their courts and tents are equally well filled in. The style of the work is for the most part nervous and comprehensive, although we are of opinion, that some few of the sentimentalities of the young people's love might have been spared in the first volume, as also the curses of Ouagh, which are neither novel in conception, nor novel in fulfilment. The interest of the work increases in its progress, and thickens towards the close; and if any part of it be taxed for wordiness, it should be, as we have before hinted, Vol. I. scenic description, (a branch of writing more frequently abused than excelled in,) and the workings and burst of the passions are evidently the author's forte. Indeed, the romantic and mountainous scenery of Ireland, is well calculated to bring all that is simple and sublime in language into display. From the topographical minuteness with which the sites of the events in *The Boyne Water* are described, it is evident that our author must not long since have traced the paths of his heroes.

PALPABLE TRUTHS.

LET a man be as dull as an ass,
 Or to argument ever so prone,
 There are truths which must currently pass,
 With even a fool or a drone :
 For instance—that water and fire
 Never mingle in friendship below,
 Is a fact which will hardly require
 Great logical powers to show,
 That fish is'nt flesh, is supposed
 To be settled by all men's decision,
 Though, if H**e, the position opposed,
 No doubt it would cause " a division."
 The late speculations, we know,
 Have left many broken-down creditors ;
 (John M*r*ry's new spec is no go,
 Notwithstanding his round of new editors.)
 That wit is declining in town,
 Or fled to the province of Munster,
 I think I may safely set down ;
 Although R*g**s, the poet and punster,
 Sometimes visits " London and smoke,"
 Dining out in a certain gay place,
 Where he cracks both his bottle and joke,
 And screws up his whimsical face.
 Mr. Cross, I dare say, will agree,
 That elephants pent in a cage,
 Tho' well fed and well physick'd they be,
 Are likely to get in a rage.
 When—their years of discretion attained—
 Poor brutes! they find out to their woe,
 That thus they are prisoned and chained,
 For their two-legged masters to show.
 That Parry, of valorous soul,
 The Hecla will never steer through
 The thick ribs of ice at the Pole,
 I think may be reckoned as true,
 As that Graham, who now and then flies
 Through the air in his painted balloon,
 Will never soar up to the skies,
 And shake hands with the man in the moon ;
 Or that M**t*n, of assish renown,
 With sense is unable to grapple,
 Or that C*bb*tt will never sit down
 An M.P. in Stephens's Chapel.
 I had many truths equally known,
 Which I meant to attach to this rhyme,
 But those I had better postpone,
 Until a more suitable time ;
 For, I hope, it will be understood,
 That the proverb, in rev'rence I hold,
 Which says tho' the truth may be good,
 There are times when it should not be told.

G. L. A.

DRAMA.

We believe that "*robis sic stantibus*," or, as *Hamlet* has it, "things standing thus," the better orders of society consider Theatres and Dramatists as very great bores—even those who patronise them occasionally leave them with a head-ache, and very much disposed to quarrel with themselves for their loss of time, exhaustion of spirits, and small reward. The novelty of the thing, a play-house, or a play-writer for once, is something, but the dull folly and empty vanity of both soon tire. Hence the higher circles rarely visit our Theatres, and rarely suffer our dramatists, (as they are nick-named) to visit them. We cannot escape thus—the flower of the social tree, and the *plums*, can indulge in luxuries—but we have no choice, and must drudge through the mire as well as we can. Luckily this month, we have two good Samaritans to assist us, and to them we say: "For this relief, many thanks." One comes in rather after the battle, but as he very ingeniously weaves in other points, we cheerfully embrace him as a friend.

It is infinitely probable that the town have by this time been *obseron'd* enough, but we shall, nevertheless, print our Correspondent's article on the subject.

OBERON.

The long-promised Opera that was to have astonished all the world, from Hyde Park Corner to Mile End-road, has at length made its appearance; and from the delicacy people seem to have in giving their opinions, must be generally regarded as a failure. To trace its origin, we have to go no farther than the Oberon of Wieland, which has been translated from its native German and obscurity, into very graceful and gentlemanlike English, by Mr. Sotheby; although we believe the story of the poem was founded on an old French romance. We should rather suspect it to be evidence of an aberration of intellect, were we to complain of the insipidity of a modern Opera. Have our readers any idea of the duty that the unfortunate wretch, who is *literally* called the author, has to undergo? In the first place, he is retained to the establishment at a regular salary, whether he works by "time or piece;" *n'importe*, but usually after the same fashion as the *poets* who are under the patronage of Mr. Warren, the blacking, or Mr. —, the bear's grease manufacturer. So many times in the season he is called upon to work on tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, melodrama, or occasionally, by way of a change, pantomime. When done, don't fancy his job is over, and he carries his work home in one hand, and puts out the other for "his earnings."—Oh, no! the manager, or the manager's friend, takes time to look at it; if he approves of it, the musical composer is called in; he declares the dialogue too heavy—this character too airy—and the next not airy enough; in fact, that the piece is not adapted to his music. He then hums over, or plays a certain number of airs, in expectation that the unlucky dramatist will find good poetry for them. The aspirant for fame having the fear of the King's Bench and an empty stomach before his eyes, dares not rebel; and after enduring the tortures of Tantalus, he at last succeeds in satisfying the composer. Next come the performers. Mr. A—— declares he would rather pay the fine than play the part set down for him. Mr. B—— don't care if he does, provided it is entirely re-written. Mrs. C—— says she has too much to do, and Mrs. D—— has too little. Mrs. E—— wants Mrs. F——'s part; and Mrs. F—— will neither like Mrs. K——'s nor her own. Messieurs and Mesdames G, H, I, J, and K, want a little addition, and there's a little subtraction; a *pois* taken out, or an *appel* to heaven put in; in short, there are twenty grievances to every letter in the alphabet. None of the ladies and gentlemen are of one opinion, ex-

cept that the author is a dolt, and that they are conferring a mighty honour on him, in damning his piece. When they have exhausted their ingenuity in the discovering faults and imperfections, the Deputy Licensor takes his turn.

If, after coming unscathed through all these fiery ordeals, the author at last shows his face, is it possible that the public can have such fainty hearts in deciding for themselves when the poor devil of an author has already been worried to death in pampering the tastes of others? We all remember the story, that St. Peter thought that the whorries of the tailor who had expiated the purgatory of a wedded life, was a sufficient punishment for his sins, and therefore kindly admitted him to heaven, without further examination. Surely the generous-hearted John Bull could not consign the play-wright to damnation, after surviving a purgatory five hundred times worse, according to our ideas of both situations!

We merely throw out these remarks, in order to dispose our readers' minds charitably towards the piece, those poor devils the dramatists, as well as to explain the mystery of the total absence of any thing like dramatic talent in our modern stage. For what author, in the name of "all the talents," one degree above mediocrity or starvation, would crush his genius to the whims and caprices of managers, actors, composers, or scene-shifters? The expenses of "getting up" (as the slang of the play-house has it), of the Oberons at both Theatres, exceeds, we dare affirm, the gross amount of whatever was received by *Shakespeare*, *Congreve*, and *Dryden*, for those immortal productions which have delighted our ancestors, and will delight our posterity. Can we wonder, then, that if the treasury of the theatre is exhausted on the scene-painter, the property-master, and the costume finder, that the real man of letters should direct the channel of his energies towards a more profitable and encouraging source?

Now, to the direct object from which we have been so long digressing. The scenery and dresses are undoubtedly magnificent, but nothing is more wearisome to the sight than mere shew. The music must be the principal charm; and here we really feel the delicacy of our situation. The world has got into a shocking habit of speaking its mind upon all occasions, and makes no hesitation in saying that its favourites fall off, or are nothing like what they used to be. Were we to compare the music of Oberon with that of the Freischutz, it would undoubtedly suffer by the contrast; but speaking of it without reference, it has many beautiful and exquisite touches of genius and melody, though the general effect is monotonous and heavy. Indeed Weber has discovered a mannerism, which we did not suspect he possessed. To name only two instances, "I revel in hope and joy again," seems to us as nothing more than a mere echo of the beautiful, though oft repeated air in his popular Opera, "Hope again is waking," the chorus of "I turn not away from the banquet of bliss," cannot fail reminding its hearers of another chorus of the same composer, whose name, "for pity's gentle sake," we will not mention, as it always raises devils infinitely bluer than those in the Incantation scene. In fact the ear is completely cloyed with some "well-remembered" turn or transition, which, though not exactly a self-plagiarism, strikes us in the same way as a hacknied or borrowed idea, but in original or different language. The overture has many beautiful passages; the opening particularly struck our attention. Mild, delicate, and of that soothing melody to which we might fancy an elfin party would trip on the green sward on a moonlight night—sounds which fall on the ear

— Like snow in the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.

The vulgar taste, as it is impudently called, has always struck us as the true criterion of genius. At the corner of every street you hear the finest of the airs of Des Freischutz; and we do not think we can give our judgment more decidedly than in saying, that we do not think one air out of the many in

Oberon will be whistled by a pot-boy, or massacred by a ballad singer. The connoisseurs will keep it all to themselves.

Miss Paton and Madame Vestris exerted themselves to wonderful advantage, and Mr. Braham did not spare his labour. Mr. C. Bland, with the garland of roses round his respectable head* and shoulders, put us in mind of a prise-ox on a show day, rather than the king of the fairies. It is a shame that Duruset is kept so much in the back-ground, at least he would make a decent looking fairy, as humanity has no equal for the part compared to the requisites found in a dandy.

Oberon will have a run—but to make use of a joke, which we suspect is not our own—it will be a speedy run off its legs.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

We will play the prophet no more. The prophet of evil is the only seer that goes on safe ground in this world, both natural and mimic. We were pleased to foretell great things of our *Bishop* last month, but, henceforth, "*Nolo Episcopari*," shall be our motto—at least till we get a see.

After all the fuss, imitative of the *Oberon*-quackery at Covent Garden, this theatre, on the 29th of April, produced, in turn, its "grand romantic fairy opera," entitled *Aladdin*—the thrice-told tale of *Aladdin*. We marvel that it was not called *new*.

The Schah of Persia	Mr. SINCLAIR
Mourad, the Enchanter	Mr. HORN
Aladdin	Miss STEPHENS
Abnah, a Jew Doctor	Mr. BROWN
Hassan, a Coppersmith	Mr. BEDFORD
Haggi, a Barber	Mr. HARLEY
Nourmahal, the Schah's Sister	Miss JOHNSON
Unda, Genius of the Ring	Miss POVEY
Astra,	} Genii of the Lamp	...	Miss CUBITT
Mellora,		...	Miss GOULD
Corella,		...	Miss SOUTHWELL.

Not content with what had been pleasingly effected before with a story by no means of the best, Mr. SOANE, B.A., sets to work on the same thing, just to shew how badly it could be done. If this was really his ob-

* The reader shall judge of what *Oberon* and his dress should be, by a few verses from the *Musarum Delicia*, 1656:—

"His cap was all of ladies' love,
So passing light, that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzz'd the ayre in passing by,

The sword they girded on his thigh
Was smallest blade of finest rye.

His belt was made of mirtle leaves,
Platted in small curious threaves,
Beset with amber cowslip studs,
And fringed about with daisy buds,
In which his *Bugle Horn* was hung,
Made of the babbling echo's tongue;
Which set unto his moonbur'd lip,
He winde, and then his fairies skip."

It may also serve as a specimen of what the poetry ought to have been.—

ject, his success has been perfect. The dialogue would be the most wretched trash that ever proceeded from "a man of letters," (for so we must consider a B. A., or any one knowing his A, B, C,) were it not for the songs which bear away the palm. Not understanding the comedy so well as Mr. PLANCHE, who, holding a practical joke on the stage as very effective wit, made *Brahm* a hero "in complete armour," he attended the old straight forward humourous in the characters of *Haggi*, HARLEY; *Hassan*, Mr. BEDFORD; and *Abnah*, Mr. BROWN; but, *Hudibras*, he

"With wit
Was very shy of shewing it,"

for he trusted the three with only one joke. It is worthy of record. *Haggi*, the Barber, having to select his death, says, he wishes "to die of a good old age." Mr. SOANE'S *Aladdin*, however, promises to be still more blessed, for, as the old Grecian tells us, *Those whom the gods love die young*; and these humourous characters excited a very unequivocal manifestation on the part of the gods, that such would be the blissful fate of Mr. S.'s offspring. Is there any one that can read at this theatre? If not, have they ears of the usual moderate dimensions? Surely, such miserable baldpate could never have been read or heard read. Is the fine very heavy—so heavy that HARLEY could not afford to save his life, or that by which he lives—his reputation—by paying the forfeit? This is really a hard case, and actors should look to it in their articles, in which there should be a covenant to secure them against such outrages. It would be no more than just to enable them to look to the SOANES for an indemnity.

We are informed that Mr. H. R. BISHOP has been cudgelling his brains (we beg pardon for using the term in speaking of musical men), for above a year on the work, and full of high pretensions, puts this composition forth as a *chef d'œuvre*, or, in plain English, as the best he can do. If so, he may go to sleep, and make way for others. That the music is wholly without merit, we are as far from saying, as we are from admitting that, as a whole, it is not a very poor affair, and calculated to flatter none but an inferior genius. Some trifles have, it would appear from the sequel, raised Mr. BISHOP's name higher in public estimation than the solidity, and especially originality of his talents can lay any just claim to. We hear men's names mentioned, and we talk about them, till we at last fancy them something great, and, self-deceived, magnify much beyond the truth. Mr. BISHOP appears to be an imitator—an imitator, too, without judgment. First, he attached himself to *Rossini*, and succeeded tolerably well for a time, but his master led him out of his depth, and he with difficulty escaped with life; and now the *Baron Weber* stalks before him, and he begins to swell and imitate his bulk and weight; the consequence has been a bursting of the bubble. If he will be advised, he will leave these two stars of the first magnitude to move unmolested in their spheres, and confine the twinkling of his genius to his own little orb; and, doing so, we doubt not that he may obtain the character of a pretty composer. It has been well said, and cannot be too often repeated, especially when treating of theatres—"the higher the monkey climbs, the more he shews his rump."

The music of the first act was the most successful. The second, and with the whole *dram-per* on their knees; and if Messrs. SOANE and

Barrow, having joined them, had begged pardon, and promised never to do so any more. We should really have forgotten all that had passed, for the sake of a conclusion so happy and judicious. But a third act, a mere skeleton—author, composer, actors, all without cue or preparation, wound up this jumble of fire and folly.

Miss STEPHENS, in *Aladdin*, was delightful, she had the choice morsels made doubly delicious, from the manner in which she presented them. Miss JENKINSON, niece and pupil of Miss Stephens, made her debut in *Nourmahad*. Her trepidation rendered her powers unfit for criticism. Her tones are clear and very pleasing, and her person elegant. We have no doubt of her success when she is able to command her forces. Mr. HORN, a clever singer no doubt, but in our opinion a disagreeable one, had to strain his lungs to the utmost; and poor feeble SINGLAIN tried to roar, and very amusing it was. Mr. HORN, as *Mourad*, the *Bachanter*, could not go to hell so soon as he wished or ought, which we very much regretted. It will make his part some minutes more agreeable, if he will in future be so obliging as to remember where the devil's trap-door is, and to fall as near it as he can; for such an *Bachanter* ought not to crawl to his destiny, but to go to hell at once, and without loss of time.

The scenery, as usual, was excellent, admirable, superb: This is our drama—scenery, scenery, scenery; and there an end of all that is truly excellent in it.* If such people as go to play-houses are content with gazing and gaping, this may be all very right. STANFIELD will furnish them with a profusion of pictures for the former, and the SOANES plenty of *humour* for the latter. But really when such enormous expences are incurred, something better, something at any rate a little less despicable ought to be done in the way of prose and verse. Where are the DIDDINS and ANNOLDS, *et hoc genus omne*, (names we could have been happy to forget,) but they are old stagers, and at least understand something of the trick? Why, O'KEEFE, aged, and beyond his work, would make a far better fight of it on his stumps; and even TOM DIDDIN's head might roll out into at least a dozen SOANES, as a bad crown-piece might be coined into a dozen bad sixpences. Will no one step forward with a grain of qualification? Well, then, when next our tasteful managers are taken with an *Oberon* or *Aladdin* fit of wasteful prodigality, let them apply to us, and we will make up a little talk for them for nothing; if what we do should turn out to be worth no more, they will be but where they are.

Maria sat in a private box, and was so highly flattered by Mr. BISHOP's *Chorus of Huntsmen*, that, like the audience, he could not express the least approbation.

We now add the communication of our second friend who may be trusted, for on theatrical matters he is qualified to speak intimately, and with a learned spirit."

"They say delays are dangerous; and the proverb has been verified, for the mountain has indeed been delivered. The rival theatres have each produced their season's hope, and both, like hope, seem just now to be fast to an anchor. The *Oberon*, which was to astonish the natives, has indeed perplexed them with its curiosities and its marvellously studied words; but the

The Committee of Management, feeling the full force of this remark, have presented Mr. STANFIELD with a silver vase, out of the money he has brought to the treasury. It never occurred to them, and it would have been very strange if it had, that any gratitude was due to their authors.

But the fact is, that those who have actually witnessed the representation of this Opera, within the walls of St. James's Palace, are so lucky that "as money is so abundant" signed on a line with "the bill" in the bill, as on the second night of representation the manager, trust he obtained change for a shilling to have discharged the money audience. The first fuss was made on the announcement, and the first list was suspended, so that the Opera had been!! It had been delayed until expectation was beyond the tiptoe, and had already suffered by that in public estimation; but still the composer was not ready. At rehearsal the first and second acts of the music were pronounced fine by the theatrical dangles, and the dilettanti who were admitted; but the third, not even the enchanter could conjure up, until within a few days of the appearance of the Opera, which, after a delay of several extra weeks, was brought before the public. The house good, the structure commenced; and at the finish was encored, *secundum artem*, because Weber had been honoured with a similar token of approbation; at the rival establishment. All went on well during the first act, and it was hailed with loud applause by the "claque" assembled, but the more discerning part of the audience soon began to feel a lack of talent in the author—dullness succeeded dullness—the story was badly put together—the invented incidents were flat and common-place, whilst those borrowed from the story were totally spoiled by mismanagement, and the machinery altogether was a mistake. Yet will it be believed that, with all these heavy faults upon the head of the Opera, it failed principally through one—viz. the stuff and nonsense of the dialogue, and the tiresome length of that stuff and nonsense!! Even the gallery folks cried out shame, and hissed their "hobby" HANLEY, who, though a most amusing and pleasant fellow, was now stultified by the weight of the part he was constrained to sustain. Fortunately for the cheesemongers, trunkmakers, and buttermen, this Opera has been published; and although at an unpresuming price, it will be found remarkably dear at the money,—for let any one of common sense merely turn to a scene intended to be comical, between a barber, a copper-smith, and a Jew, and the book will be cast far away with a feeling of utter contempt. It is literally what Dr. Kitchener would call a production of calf's head without brain-sauce, and the audience most unanimously shewed they had no relish for the dish.

As for the music, it must be confessed that some part of it is very pretty, particularly a song by Miss STEPHENS, beginning "*Are you angry, Mother—no!*" This will find its way, like some few others of the same composer, into the portfolio of every amateur Miss in the kingdom, and indeed it deserves to be appreciated; but taking the Opera altogether, BISHOP has not been happy enough to fulfil the expectations of even his friends, when it is taken into consideration the time he has been employed on the subject.

This composer is receiving a salary something near eight hundred pounds per annum, now let me ask, has he produced an equivalent for that sum? or has he produced anything of consequence, excepting a beautiful ballad in *Fautus*, since the failure of the Opera of the *Full of Algiers*? and there again the author was more than half to blame.

It will, I believe, be acknowledged that dramatic authorship has been for some years on the wane; and I believe also, that at present there is but one man in England who can write a good play—of course I mean the author of *Virginia* and *William Tell*, both of which are acknowledged works of talent; but for the author of the trash called *Aladdin*, which has been both impudently and most ridiculously styled a "Poem," it would have been better for his fame to have consigned his bantling to the tomb of all the Capulets, and he would never have risen it again, for its own weight and alacrity of sinking would have carried it down, down, down "ten thousand fathoms deep" below the rest already there entombed, deeper than the magic book of Prospero—

And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll draw my book.

After printing such trash as the Opera of *Aladdin*, the author with unblushing effrontery sends his advertisements into the newspapers with "B. A." at the end of his name! We know what each initial stands for, but what they signify together we are at a loss to determine.

They say, give a man an inch he will take an ell—but this man would take a degree, and still be not content; but let him take what degree he will, he cannot be a degree lower than *Aladdin* has sunk him as an author in the public opinion. If a parent could blush for a child, surely he must for a *luxus naturæ*, and this is one in literature. Oh! how I pitied that talented comic actress, Mrs. Davison! who saw her, and did not, I should like to ask?—Did Mr. Elliston read this Opera *all* through before it was produced?—I should think not. If he had done so his experience is too great, leaving his judgment out of the question, to have sanctioned its acceptance. Miss STEPHENS and her pupil, and dear little Povey, did all that could be done with the materials, whilst the Prince and his two bravuras were much upon a level with the author of the piece.

Before I conclude I would say a word to the composer. Pray get some one to re-write the songs if you mean to publish them *all*; for if you do not, many of the boarding-school Misses who purchase them will save you the trouble, in preference to singing those lines already set down for them.

A property so vast as a national theatre ought not to be made a vehicle for the sport or carelessness of an individual, and particularly where both author and composer are on the pay list, and receive from the treasury every Saturday morning; and who, if from mishap there were not assets to meet their demands, would perhaps be the first to censure the management of the concern, which has suffered and been brought to penury by the production of their trash and humbug."

A. P. G.

Mr. ELLISTON has made his promised appearance in the character of *Sir John Falstaff*, in *Henry the Fourth, First Part*, and though by no means what we have read or heard of, or even seen, it was very creditable to his talents as a comedian. *Falstaff*, well stuffed, is a part that cannot altogether fail—it plays itself; so much so, that we doubt whether any one who ever read the part, with a proper feeling of wit and humour, was not disappointed in the representation of it. In our opinion, it ought only to be read to be thoroughly understood and enjoyed. Entertaining, no doubt, with some excellent hits, Mr. ELLISTON'S performance was as a whole nothing greatly distinguished; but, sober, he has at present no equal. We speak of the first night. On the second representation of the character, Monday the 15th, he was too drunk to finish it; and after appealing at the end of the fifth act to *Hal's* "friendship," if he should "see him down," he fell, and immediately put Mr. WALLACE'S friendship to the test, who bore him off, leaving the piece to terminate as it might. This is very bad acting, or acting very badly towards that public to whose "good and favourable opinion," Mr. E., so lately in his cups at the Freemasons', boasted of having established a claim. The audience expressed their resentment of such a gross insult to decorum in the most marked manner, but we fear that the castigation will be without effect, for Mr. E. is too old and too inveterate in the practice to be cured of the double evil—self-degradation and professional ruin. Mr. RAYNER, at the other house, this evening, performed the part of a sailor in *Robinson Crusoe*, which he loaded with oaths from beginning to end. Here then we have an answer to the question,

Quid Domini facient, audient cum talia fures?

When servants swear, the masters will get drunk.

Surely, such men are unfit for managers, and we should recommend Mr. E. to retire. He can have no objection, according to a phrase with which he and Mr. RAVEN must be familiar, to "go to pot."

Mr. WALLACE acquitted himself excellently well in *Prince Henry*, and Mr. MACREATH in *Hottspur* may be summed up in good, bad, and indifferent. A Mr. BARRY made his first appearance in *King Henry*. His voice and person recommended him, and he appears an actor of considerable promise; but *King Henry* is not a part to venture much upon, and we are just now rather distrustful of prophecy.

COVENT GARDEN.

We are always satisfied with a farce, when it is not vulgar, and when its absurdities are productive of any amusement. *Three Deep, or all on the Wing*, brought out at this house on the 2d of May, is therefore in favour with us. When we say, that Mr. Horace Twist, in search of a dinner, and with an equal appetite for the intrusive, is the leading feature; it is scarcely necessary to add that there is not much novelty in the conception, but there is so much tact and cleverness in the execution, as to make it a very pleasant after-piece. JONES, who had figured in *Raising the Wind*, was quite at home in *Twist*, who is at last invited *three deep*; and FARLEY, as a *French Perfumer*, was certainly very happy; his *ahs* were good, and there was full proof of the excellence of his *eaux*. He was a rich bit—"Couleur de rose—the richest one knows." LOVE wore breeches with a gentlemanly air; and Mr. KEELEY, in petticoats, was, as he always is, very much the lady. The paucity of wit and humour in dialogue found a powerful substitute in the exertions of the performers, and the audience seemed well pleased with the entertainment.

It is neither very ingenious nor very new to have recourse to such a nomenclature as *O'Flounce*, a Milliner; *Le Savon*, a French Perfumer; *Bartick*, a Landlady, &c. but, doubtless, very useful, as actors are rather dull in comprehending their characters, and between them and dramatists an understanding is not easily found. It has merit, too, with others:

"Lemmata si queris cur sint adscripta, docebo:
Ut, si malueris, lemmata sola legas."

This theatre produced nothing new on the Whit-Monday for the holiday-folke—this is error; if they cannot afford it, still less can they, continuing open at this season of the year, afford to do without it. The play was as old as *Julius Cesar*, in which Mr. C. KEMBLE's *Antony* was an admirable performance. There are some few characters in which he has at present no rival; and this is one. Mr. WARDE enacted the part of *Brutus*—sensible, but very heavy and sepulchral. What is the use of our racking our heads for fine similes—our "*Ostriches*" are taken no more notice of than if they were tom-tits; and giving good advice to players is like "singing psalms to a dead horse."

* A letter from Rome, April 23, gives a *Theatrical Bu'*, ordering, amongst other ordinances, that "An actor who allows himself any indecent gesture, or uses an expression that is not in the Prompter's book, shall be sent for five years to the galleys."—*Observer*, May 31. If this make not our players anti-Catholic to a man, we know not what will.

Woodstock is the production of Mr. Pocock.

Louis Kerneguy	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Oliver Cromwell	Mr. WARDEN.
Sir Henry Lee	Mr. W. FARREN.
Albert Lee	Mr. SERLE.
Wildrake	Mr. JONES.
Markham Everard	Mr. COOPER.
Doctor Rochecliffe	Mr. ROBERTSON.
Tomkins	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Pearson	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Joceline Jolliffe	Mr. EVANS.
Young Spitfire	Master LONGHURST.
Alice Lee	Mrs. CHATTERLEY.
Rhabe Mayflower	Miss JONES.
Cromwell's Daughter	Miss J. SCOTT.
Dame Jellicot	Mrs. HUDSON.

The Prologue by Mr. COOPER.

The Epilogue by Mrs. CHATTERLEY.

Strange as it may appear, and Sir WALTER SCOTT will never believe it, we have not yet read the novel on which this piece is founded, or of which, as we should guess, it is a garbled transcript, for it is evidently a work got up in a hurry for the moment, and more obliged to Sir WALTER for what he has furnished than Sir WALTER can be, we should imagine, for the use made of his materials. If this is the best that could be done with *Woodstock*, it is clearly dramatic in a very slight degree. In its present shape it is a mere series of inoffensive, inconsequential dialogues, without bustle or incident—HORACE SMITH'S *Brambletye House* would, we are convinced, have produced a better drama, both with respect to action and interest. It was sat out with exemplary patience and good temper, but no expression of satisfaction escaped from any lips on departing. The performers acted their parts exceedingly well, or rather spoke them exceedingly well, for there was little or no acting required. Mrs. CHATTERLEY in *Alice Lee*, and Mr. W. FARREN in *Sir Henry Lee*, and Mr. C. KEMBLE in *Louis Kerneguy*, distinguished themselves particularly. The latter character, *Charles Stuart* in his disguise, may be well managed in the novel, but the sudden transition in the play is violent, and disturbs more than it pleases the imagination. Such a personage as *Wildrake*, as acted by Mr. JONES, may also have figured during the Commonwealth, but surely *Cromwell* was never bearded in this manner by such a poppin'ay; nor was ever Oliver before exhibited as such a sentimental driveller. This trait in his character has probably some foundation in fact, but it is not the *vraisemblable* according to the popular notion, to which something for effect must always be sacrificed on the stage. One historian tells us that *Richard the Third* was really a "marvellous proper man," but it would be dangerous so to represent him. We do not deny some credit to Mr. POCK, who has certainly displayed considerable ingenuity in cutting and contriving the dialogue, but we find fault with his dramatic judgment—he should have seen that this would not do, and if the theatre would have it to bolster up the sag end of the season, he should have compressed it into three acts, and enlivened it with music—now a cantata from a royalist, and

then a centicle from a roundhead. That it is a hasty production is no apology to the public, and to the many who have seen it, we would hint, that all animals that are not long-lived are short-lived. The Prologue was neat, and the Epilogue almost the worst we ever heard.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

The Drury company had their anniversary dinner on Saturday, the 13th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern, when the Duke of Devonshire was in the Chair, the Duke of York being indisposed. The dinner probably occasioned a thinner attendance than usual, and the subscriptions, with the royal bounty of one hundred guineas, amounted to little more than £800.

The Duke was pleased to observe that "the stage promoted the morality of the public," and as we dearly love good news, we heartily rejoice to hear it. Mr. COOPER then, *ore rotundo*, and we must say with very impressive and excellent effect, delivered the homily of the day, regretting, however, the absence of Mr. KEAN much more than was necessary on this occasion. His speech was loudly applauded, and deservedly, but we cannot help thinking that one of his points would not have been so indisputably received in all assemblies as it was in the present—here it could not fail of success, but it seems to us to have been a piece of cookery tried by a jury of cooks. We chose in our remarks on the Covent Garden feeding for the benefit of the poor, to say of this sort of fund—"We wish it may continue to increase at every meeting, and that a little prudence in prosperity may every year render it less necessary." And now Mr. COOPER sets us right in the following manner:

"It has often been considered a matter of surprise, that persons in our profession should not, in the meridian of life, provide for the wants and infirmities of age, or any sudden stroke of adversity. When this taunt is made, sufficient attention is not paid to the state of other professional men, and the perfect health, both of body and mind, that is unceasingly required in an actor's life—(Hear). The professors of liberal arts can follow their professional pursuits through temporary sickness or the visitation of old age; while the hand is steady, the eye faithful, and the mind sane, the poet, the musician, the sculptor and the painter, can not only procure food and raiment, but fame and wealth; and age is even of use in maturing their productions. But the poor actor—how different is his lot!—how great the contrast!—should any single capability of mind or body fail him, all is over—his professional existence hangs upon a thread, and when we reflect upon the uncertain tenure of an actor's service—when we consider how moderately, on an average, he is remunerated; a fact much misunderstood by the public (hear, hear, hear!)—and when we call to mind the casualties attendant on his occupation, and recollect that the slightest accident operating on the voice, memory, or action, at once unfits him for his duty; we should rather be surprised that so many can find the means of making a provision against sickness or old age, than that many, very many, should in the hour of adversity require pecuniary aid—(applause)."

This we admit is making the best of the case, but we cannot travel quite so fast or so far. We did not speak of "the poor actor," in any sense of the word, but of those who have passed for good actors—not moderately remunerated—and to whom "all is over" never applies, till all had been squandered in luxury and idleness. Many, many, and Mr. C. knows it, might have made a provision against sickness or old age, who knew the frailty of their tenure, and had the means, but chose a less prudent course. For those, the needful rank and file, whose weekly

salaries barely meet the weekly expences of their families, we think the institution infinitely commendable; but when others come in to share the crumbs, who ought never to have wanted them, we would not reject their suit, but let them enter with an admonition beneficial to others, if not then to themselves. Nothing, not even charity, should be indiscriminate. The ancient Romans had, but we have no laws to protect men against their own folly and extravagance—it is, therefore, the more requisite that the consequences should read a moral lesson to mankind.

Mr. ELLISTON followed, and assured the company of his invariable “good humour,” then and ever, even though he was obliged to speak the truth—“The truth is,” said he, “I have nothing to give.” Like *Horatio*, it appears, that he has “nothing but his good spirits to feed and clothe him.” That he is never without plenty of “good spirits” we can believe, but that he was on this day in “good humour,” we are inclined to question, for he did not make the leading speech, and his own was a short one. “I have done myself some credit,” said he, (this was some forty hours before he played *Falstaff*) and the company finding he had no money, seemed disposed to give him “some credit,” if we may judge by the “cheers” bestowed on the announcement of this very disagreeable and inconvenient circumstance.

Mr. SPRING made no speech. This arose perhaps from his having lost his *gold watch*, or he might have imitated the *Reverend* EDWARD IRVING at the meeting of the Hibernian Society at the same house, who having found one, and being “short of ha’pence,” pawned it to the society towards the charity. We lament poor SPRING’s loss, as this kind of *tick-charity* might have been played off with more consistency, and with a better grace, by an old servant of *Drury*, than by the *Reverend* FRANKENSTEIN.

Government is imperfect unless it embraces with its protection every ramification of the social circle subject to its authority; and while we commend the establishment of these funds for one part of the theatre, we think that there is another under the same roof to which a similar charity ought to be extended. There is a parity too in the cases, which is remarkably striking in many points—we allude to the *Lobby*. Advantageous to the managers, the *houris* should not be deserted in their need; and if, as the DUKE OF SUSSEX observed, “the public ought not to forget those in their advanced age, who in early life so amply contributed to their entertainment and delight,” is it not late to pass them by unheeded. The lobby, too, to use the words of his *Royal Highness*, “merits to be considered amongst the liberal institutions of the country.” Surely, when any Lady Patroness comes to lay the state of the institution before the assembly, better arguments cannot be adduced for the *lobby*, than those used for the *green-room*—indeed they will be found to have more force in the former instance; viz. “It has often,” says some respectable veteran,* rising in her place, “been considered a matter of surprise that persons in our profession should not in the meridian of life, provide for the wants and infirmities of age, or any sudden stroke of adversity! When this taunt is made, sufficient attention is not paid to the state of other professional persons, and the perfect health that is unceasingly required in our professional life. (*Near.*) The professors of

* Not a smock-faced boy, like *Coorna*, but a *Fawcett*, in petticoats, with her tone altered.

other liberal arts can follow their professional pursuits, the poor temporary sickness, or the visitations of old age—age is even of use in measuring their productions. But the poor hours—how different is her lot! how great the contrast! Should any single capability of body fail her, all is over! And when we reflect upon the uncertain tenure of an hour's service—when we consider how moderately, on an average, she is remunerated—a fact much misunderstood by the public (*hear, hear, hear!*)—and when we call to mind the casualties attendant on her occupations and recollect that the slightest accident operating, &c. at once unites her for her duty, we cannot be surprised that many, very many, should in the hour of adversity require pecuniary aid—(*applause*)."

We shall not add another word. It is unnecessary if anything like brotherly love or fellow feeling be left.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house has been sparing of novelty, and very prudently so, as it has been pronounced rather wasteful to attempt any addition to *full*. *LISTON* has happily intruded himself every night, and the attraction has proved all-sufficient. The other theatres are more prolific: so is the crab more fruitful than the nonpareil, and the two cases remind us very much of the contest between the lady pig and the lioness. "I breed numerously," said the former, tauntingly, "and you produce only one." "True," replied the latter, "*ενα αλλα λιοντα*," only one, but a lion!

KING'S THEATRE.

"Better late than never" may be a very good adage, and if the subscribers to the Opera think so, and are satisfied, we shall not, on such an occasion at least, be wanting in philosophy. *MADAME PASTA* is really and truly arrived, and actually appeared in *ROSSINI's Otello*, on Saturday the 22d of April. She is everything that is exquisite, and comes in at the winding up of the season to prove, not perhaps so much the judgment of the managers, as that "all great pleasures are of short duration."

MINOR MATTERS.

MATHEWS' Invitations and *YATES' Reminiscences* have proceeded on the full swing. These gentlemen are, indeed, amongst the "productive classes," as the summing up must infallibly testify. The *great known* has not moulted a feather in the generous contest, and he doubtless smiles to see the hitherto *little known*—

"Pursue *his* triumph, and partake the gale."

For *Whit-Monday*, Mr. C. Dibdin, at the *Surrey*, worked up Sir *WALTER's Woodstock*; the *Coburg* brought out *The Welchman*, or, *the Prince of Cambria*; and *Sadler's Wells*, *The Saddler of Cairo*, which were all well received—cost much less than similar shows at the larger theatres, and were much more entertaining. At Mr. *MACREADY's* benefit—*Othello*—*YOUNG* lent his assistance in *Iago*; and at Miss *KELLY's*, Mr. *MATHEWS* played *Goldfinch*. *YOUNG's Iago* was an excellent performance; and Mr. *MACREADY's Othello* good enough to make the whole a treat as times go. Why is such an admirable actor as *YOUNG* laid on the shelf? Does he play so much better than his compeers, that managers who act themselves, like managers who write themselves, use their power to suppress all rivalry? At what time shall we have a play got up well in all its parts? When managers have less self-interest, or when not being mere nominal managers, actors are really servants, not dictating, but obeying.

Mr. KILAN having been successful in his attempt "*renovate dolores*," as we are told, ~~his~~ his comfortable With American dollars, is said to be on his way home. This may be true, and we hope it is; but we are further informed that his stay here is to be short, as he means to return to America, which piece of information we certainly believe to be veritable fudge.

We are to have another volume of *Reminiscences*, and, if they are as good as the former, we care not how many—but a word on the subject. KELLY writes his *Memoirs*, ditto O'KEEFE—ditto REYNOLDS—and when the memorializing chapter will end no one knows, for we understand that DIGNUM is also "brushing up his Greek" for a memoir. Poor INCLANON, he "should have died hereafter," and SMYTH, why did he die and "make no sign?" The last case is most to be deplored, for there is great reason to believe that certain celebrated letters are to be ascribed to him, as it is known, that when asked on his death-bed, whether he was the author of *Janus*, he did not deny it! Whole men tittle-tattle, and chatter thus, it would, indeed, be surprising to find the women silent. Mrs. ST. LEGER is, it is said, to take the lead with "*Memoirs of her Public and Private Life*." We think the title might be shortened by confining it to *public*, which would be sufficiently comprehensive. Several other green-room ladies will of course follow the example, and cover the profession with all the glory of an ingenuous confession. We hope Mrs. ST. LEGER will not omit the very pleasant little incident of "*the spoiler*." It is very doubtful whether Harriette Wilson will now be able to maintain her supremacy.

Mr. ARNOT, of the Dublin Theatre, has engaged Madame VESTRIS, Miss CHESTER, and Miss FOOTE.

Some mist having broken his leg, the *Observer* states, that "to him Miss F. H. KELLY very generously gave the produce of her previous night at Cockeymouth."

Miss PARON lately refused to sing her song, because some persons in the *higher circles* (with whom she ought to be on intimate terms) chose to laugh. This lady, while paid for singing, and a servant of the public, had better be wise in time, or she may find the humour of the laughers no laughing matter. The town can do without her, though it would appear that she cannot do without the town.

The Americans have entered into an association to be called, "*The New York Opera Company*," with a capital of 100,000 dollars. How it is to be managed and kept in motion, whether *by steam* or otherwise, is not stated.

On the 16th of May, a Mrs. PINDAR, performed *Lady Contest*, in the *Wedding Day*, at the Haymarket. She is forth, and displayed considerable professional skill, as well as personal accomplishments.

Our ambulatory friend, the critic, in the Strand, exhibited a three-inch lettered placard on the 17th, with these words, "*Alarming accident to Miss KELLY*." We did not think it worth a penny, but suppose she is married.

At Drury, Mr. ALEXANDER has been hard at work with his "*Requiem of Nicholas*." SPRING, the box-keeper, has had his pocket picked, and several of the actresses, it will be remembered, have lately lost their old things. How is this? No one seems to be safe at the house but the servant.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

From the overstocked state of the public market, the consequent cessation of demand on the home manufacturer, and in some measure also, the scarcity of money resulting from the numerous failures of country banks, &c., great distress has of late been felt in the manufacturing districts. In the neighbourhood of Manchester especially, privation and suffering have existed to an alarming, and even agonising extent. Thank God, however, through the liberality of the British nation, and the favourable turn which trade and commerce have been, and still are, gradually making, the severity of suffering is over, and employment is daily on the increase. As well as from other circumstances, this is clearly shown by the lively demand, which, within the last week or two, has prevailed in the cotton market.

The sufferings of the working classes did not, of course, escape the notice of the legislature. It was proposed, indeed, with more of generous feeling than of sound philosophy, that a national grant of half a million of money should be made for the immediate relief of their distress; but, fortunately, that has been found altogether unnecessary. It was on Monday, the 1st of May, that Mr. Canning rose in the House of Commons, to submit a motion relative to the distress which then prevailed. In the districts where it was most keenly felt, there was a considerable quantity of corn, which, as the law stood, could not be brought into the market. It was, therefore, his wish, without prejudicing the general question as to the policy of importing foreign corn, to introduce a bill for allowing warehoused corn to be brought to market under similar regulations to those which had been adopted last year. The amount of warehoused corn, in the sea-port towns, was between 250,000 and 300,000 quarters. The introduction of this, on a duty of 15s. per quarter, while it could not hurt the agricultural interest, would do away the feeling that the people were starving in the midst of plenty. It was also desirable, as the produce of the approaching harvest could not be factored before the adjournment of Parliament, that his Majesty's ministers

should be invested with the discretionary power of allowing either partially or generally, as circumstances might render expedient, the importation of foreign corn during the season. The proposition of the hon. Secretary was promptly assented to; but on the following day, when, pursuant to notice, he moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee on the Corn Laws, Sir Thomas Letheridge opposed the motion, by moving, as an amendment, that a select committee be appointed to enquire into the distress of the manufacturing districts. After a long debate, however, the original motion of a committee on the Corn Laws was carried, on a division, by 214 against 82. In the committee, the first resolution, permitting the foreign corn in bond to be brought to market, was put and carried. The second resolution, postponed till the following Friday, (May 5,) was then also agreed to; and a bill founded thereon, has since been passed, to the following effect:—"Whereas, by an Act of this Session, which had permitted the use of foreign grain, corn, meal, and flour, in warehouses, in this country, on the 2d of May, 1826, for home consumption; and whereas it may be expedient under intense circumstances, to procure a supply of foreign corn; be it enacted, that it shall be lawful for his Majesty, with the assent of his Privy Council, to admit the entry, for home consumption, of such foreign wheat, meal or flour, to an amount not exceeding 500,000 quarters, provided that no such corn should be imported within two months of the date of such order in council, and shall not be set loose subsequently for home consumption after the expiration of two months, or permitted to be imported or entered in the ports of this kingdom, except on payment of such duties as shall be hereafter specified and agreed to."—A bill founded on the first resolution, has also been passed.

In the progress of these bills, however, the Earl of Malmesbury, in the Upper House, considering that the Corn Laws had nothing whatever to do with the distress of the people, and that the draft of a bill for relieving the people was totally unwarranted and unjustified, most strenuously opposed

the discretionary power claimed by ministers, for the importation of 500,000 quarters of foreign corn during the next year, should necessarily require it. He accordingly moved a resolution as follows:—That the House, although sincerely anxious to contribute to the fullest extent of its power, to the relief of the suffering classes, thought it not expedient to pass any measures for the alteration or suspension of the existing system of the Corn Laws without a previous enquiry into the alleged necessity for such an alteration or suspension, and into the effect which they might produce on the relative interests of the growers and consumers of British corn." This motion was negatived, by a large majority.

The remainder of the Parliamentary business of the past month has been of minor interest. It should here be recorded, however, that, in generous consonance with the feelings of the legislature, and with a view of meliorating to the utmost possible extent the sufferings of the people, a meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, on the 2d of May, at which the Lord Mayor presided, for the purpose of affording relief to the working manufacturers. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and some of the other Bishops, Mr. Secretary Peel, and many other persons of consideration, attended. The subscription was headed by a donation of 2,000*l.* from his Majesty, 1,000*l.* from the Marquess of Stafford, &c. The collection in the room amounted to nearly 18,000*l.*; and, since that period, the subscription has attained the sum of upwards of 100,000*l.*

On the 4th of May, Mr. Hume, embodying his propositions in no fewer than 47 resolutions, moved for the presentation of an address to his Majesty for an enquiry into the state of the nation, the causes of the distress, &c. His main objects of relief were, to get rid of the Sinking Fund, reduce the public establishments of the country, and remove a proportionate weight of taxation. The motion was, after a lengthened debate, negatived by 152 against 51.

Lord John Russell's motion on the subject of Parliamentary Reform was, on the 27th of April, lost on a division, by 247 against 133; and two days previously, Mr. G. Lamb's motion for a bill to allow persons prosecuted for felony, to make their defence by counsel, was negatived by 105 against 36.

One of the bills for improving the administration of criminal justice has been passed; but the other, the object of which is to consolidate in one act all the numerous acts respecting thefts, has been postponed, with the view of further consideration, until the ensuing session. In one of the stages of the former bill, the Earl of Liverpool stated several facts, some of which were remarkable, and, we apprehend, altogether unexpected:—the increase of crime for the last seven years had been very great, when compared with the preceding seven years; the most heinous descriptions of crime, however, had not increased; the increase of crime in the metropolis and its neighbourhood was comparatively light, with that of the country at large; and the increase of crime had been far greater in the agricultural than in the manufacturing counties.

The debtor and creditor arrangement bill was passed in the Lower House; but, from the incomplete and slovenly state in which it was found by the Lords, it was there thrown out.

On the 18th of May, the Attorney General obtained leave to bring in a bill, founded upon the recommendations of the commission appointed to enquire into the practice of the Court of Chancery; the object of which was to regulate the practice of that Court. The bill was ordered to be printed, with the view of its remaining for discussion by the ensuing Parliament.

It has been determined by the Committees of Parliament, that the system of Scotch Banking is not at present to be interfered with. The Bank of England has come to the determination of establishing branch banks.

The House of Commons adjourned for a week on Friday, the 19th of May; and again on the 26th to the 31st, in order to allow time for the Upper House to carry the remaining bills through their respective stages. It was expected that the prorogation would then take place, and that Parliament would be dissolved by proclamation on Saturday the 3d of June.

The only point deserving of notice in our foreign relations is, that the King of Prussia having placed the commerce and navigation of this country upon the footing of the most favoured nations, his Britannic Majesty has been pleased to declare that Prussian ships may import from the dominions of his Prussian Majesty, into any of the

British possessions abroad, goods, the produce of such dominions; and may export goods from such British possessions abroad, to any foreign country whatever.

THE COLONIES.

We have at length the satisfaction of recording the ratification of a treaty of peace between the British and Burmese nations. This intelligence was announced in the London Gazette of the 13th of May. The treaty was made on the 3d of January, at Patanagoh, some miles in advance of Meeday, opposite to Malloon, up to which point the Burmese had been pursued by the Madras force under Brigadier General Cotton. The terms are, "the cession of the four provinces of Arracan, and those of Mergui, Tavoy, and Zea, on the Tenasserim coast; and payment of one crore of rupees (about a million sterling) by instalments: the provinces or kingdoms of Munypore, Assam, Cachar, and Zatzung, to be placed under princes to be nominated by the East India Company. Residents, with an escort of 50 men, to be at each Court; British ships to be admitted into Burmese ports, to land their cargoes free of duty, not to unship their rudders or land their guns; Burmese ships to have the same privileges in British ports. No persons to be molested for their opinions or conduct during the war. The Siamese nation to be included in the peace."

Official advices have also been received of the surrender of the fortress of Bhurtpore to the British arms.

Deeply do we regret to state, that General Sir Charles Turner, the Governor of that pestilential grave of Europeans, Sieria Leone, has fallen another victim, after an illness of only four days. Two young ladies, his nieces, the only survivors of a family of seven who went out about a twelvemonth ago, have arrived in England. It was only a few days before his death that General Turner had successfully executed some operations against the Mu-

latto slave-dealers of the Sherbro country. Nearly 30,000 slaves were supposed to be annually exported thence. One country king, two chiefs, three head-men, and fifteen men were taken prisoners.

EUROPEAN STATES.

The fortress of Missolonghi, finally surrendered to the Turkish and Egyptian force on the nights of the 22d and 23d of April. The garrison is said to have been without provisions for nineteen days—to have fed on dogs, and the human flesh of their enemies. Finding all hopes lost to obtain relief, they attempted, but without success, to force a passage through the besieging army. Between 2000 and 3000 Greeks perished in the town, and only 150 were taken alive. Many women and children were drowned, and more than 5000 taken prisoners.

Report states that a treaty has been signed between Great Britain and Russia for establishing the independence of the Greek nation. Thus, on paying a nominal tribute, or feudal homage to the Grand Seigneur, Greece, including the islands, is to constitute a free and separate state; with a ruler of her own choice—subject only to the approval of the person, by the Porte, her own lands, army, navy, and part of government.

All existing differences between Russia and Turkey have been amicably adjusted. The Arch-Duke Constantine is said to have been nominated Generalissimo of all the Russian and Polish armies.

AMERICA.

The Castle of Callao was surrendered to the combined Columbian and Peruvian armies on the 28th of January. The garrison were to be sent to Spain in British transports, at the expense of the Government of Peru. The expedition from Mexico against Cuba and Porto Rico has been suspended until the subject shall have undergone discussion at the Congress of Panama.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGY.

FEBRUARY 26. Fatal duel at St. Louis, between Ensign French, of the 5th foot, and Ensign Ward, of the 85th. French was shot through the head, and died instantly.

MARCH 15. In a violent storm, a few days ago, a mail-boat was driven on a reef called Sandy Island, opposite St. John's Harbour, Antigua, when five Methodist missionaries, three of them

With four children, two servants, the wife, and an old nurse, besides, excepting one of the miller's wives and two of the crew.

Jan. 17. A duel fought on the banks of the Potomac, between the Secretary of State of the United States Government, Henry Clay, and Mr. Randolph. A shot went through Mr. Randolph's coat without injuring his person.

Jan. 19. Capture of the long-distended Fortress of Missolonghi, by the Turks.

— 24. Information received of the destruction, by fire, on the 24th of December, at China, of the Honourable Company's ship, the *Royal George*.

— On this, and several succeeding days, serious riots among the weavers, at Blackburn, in Lancashire.

— 7. Death of Mr. Cundy, the butler, in Regent-street, by the furious driving of a butcher's cart. On the 31st of May following, James Curtis, the driver, was tried at the Old Bailey, and convicted of manslaughter. The Judge intimated that, for the future protection of his majesty's subjects, the maximum of punishment would be inflicted.

May 3. Meeting at the City of London Tavern, to consider of the best means of affording relief to manufacturers suffering distress from want of employment. His Majesty (in addition to upwards of 5000*l.* previously bestowed on similar objects) subscribed 2000*l.*; the Marquis of Stafford, 1000*l.*; Sir R. Peel, 500*l.*; Lord Eldon, 300*l.*, &c. The subscription has since attained the amount of upwards of 100,000*l.*

— 5. Foundation-stone of a new church, laid at Holloway, in the parish of St. Mary, Islington, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the Court of King's Bench, J. H. S. Cooke, found guilty at the Gloucester Assizes of a riot, and of having conspired with his brother, R. S. Cooke, to deprive Sir George Jerminham of Stafford castle, and lands adjoining, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, Cold Bath-fields, and at the expiration of that period, to enter into his own recognizance of 100*l.*, and find two sureties of 50*l.* each, for his good behaviour for three years.

— 22. A dispatch from Sir M. Peel, to the Secretary of State, on the 22nd of

January; the garrison to be sent to Spain in British transports, at the expense of the Government of Peru.

— 6. Twentieth Anniversary of the London Hibernian School Society, at the Freemason's Tavern; Lord Campbell in the chair.

— 7. Dispatches received, announcing the death of Major-General Sir Charles Turner, Governor of Liberia Leone, on the 7th of March.

— 10. Thirty-seventh Anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern; the Duke of Somerset in the chair.

— 12. Lord Charles Somerset arrived in England from the Cape of Good Hope.

— Fancy Ball at Covent-garden Theatre, for the relief of the distressed Spital-fields weavers: more than 3000 persons present. Clear produce to the charity, upwards of 2000*l.*

— 12, and 13. Sale by auction at Christie's, of the late Lord Radstock's collection of pictures. The number, exclusive of miniatures, was 115; the produce nearly 24,000*l.*

— 13. Forty-ninth Anniversary of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund Institution, celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern; the Duke of Sussex in the chair.

— Notice given in the London Gazette, that, on Friday, the 30th of June next, the Gazette would be published on Friday, instead of Saturday, in every week.

— Official advice on termination of the Burmese war.

— 13. Twenty-first Anniversary Meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, at the Freemason's Tavern.

— 16 and 17. By the findings of the jury on the respective issues in the case of the King v. Henry Peto, tried in the Court of Exchequer, relative to the defendant's liability, under the bond given to the Commissioners of Customs, respecting the building at the New Custom House, a great portion of which fell down some time ago, the defendant was exonerated from payment. Exclusively of all fees for previous consultations on this cause, the counsel's fees are said to have been as follows:—Mr. Scarlett, 250*g.* guineas; Sergeant Wilde, 150*g.*; Mr. Denman, 100*g.*; Mr. Tyndal, 75*g.*; and Mr. Rogers, 50*g.*

— 20. In Teeth Anniversary of the Medical Benevolent Society, cele-

brand of the Alliance, *Admiral's Arms*, the Duke of Somerset in the cause.

In the case of Fisher v. Stockdale, in the Court of King's Bench, a verdict of 700*l.* given against the defendant, for a libel on the plaintiff in a work entitled "The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson."

23. After his final examination at Disley, a village on the borders of Derbyshire, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield was fully committed to Lancaster Castle, to take his trial on a charge of capital felony, under the

charge of having written the *Declaration of Rights*, &c.

Sir Francis Bouverie's Anniversary Dinner, for celebrating the "Triumph of Westminster," and "Liberty of Election," held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Sir Francis Bouverie in the chair.

24. By the fall of the iron roof of Mr. Maudslayi's manufactory, in the Westminster-road, six persons were killed, and about twenty dangerously wounded.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Intensity of Light.—An interesting experiment has lately been performed in the Armoury of the Tower of London, in which the most intense light ever yet produced by art was exhibited. It was effected by directing a jet of burning alcohol, or the flames of a spirit lamp, upon a piece of lime, by the action of a stream of oxygen gas. The light thus produced is calculated as being eighty times more intense than an equal area of light emitted by the combustion of an argand lamp. It is said to be visible at a distance of 120 miles. No satisfactory theory, in explanation of the phenomenon, has been hitherto discovered, but it appears that other earths will also exhibit the same brilliancy when heated by the means above described. The peculiar earth termed *Zircon* is found to be pre-eminent in this property. Its value, for the purposes of a signal, will readily suggest itself.

Curious Manuscripts.—Some further literary treasures are reported to have been discovered amongst the mass of undigested Manuscripts in the State Paper Office, in which Queen Elizabeth and the fame of Spenser, the poet, and Shakespeare are deeply concerned—Amongst them are said to be two curious Addresses to Queen Elizabeth, at the palace of Woodstock, by Lawrence Humphrey, vice-chancellor of Oxford: the one in the year 1572, and the other in 1575; also an unique poem, of considerable sweetness, in praise of Lord Willoughby, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and a beautiful Miscel., with miniature paintings, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and was given by her to one of

her attendants, the night before her execution.

Steam Navigation.—One of the greatest discoveries yet made in Navigation has transpired, and the patent has been abandoned in consequence of the technicalities of the patent laws. Three-fourths of the fuel now used in steam navigation, will be saved. The vapour of quicksilver is substituted for steam with similar machinery, and a few precautions to prevent any waste of metal, by a pipe on the safety valve. The bottom of the boiler, which is very small and strong, as compared with that now in use for producing steam is conical, and the termination of the cone is in contact with the burning coals which surround it. Their heat is communicated almost instantaneously to the quicksilver in the boiler, throwing it into vapour, at the temperature of 856° of Fahrenheit. Its elasticity and power can be indefinitely increased by heat, and the greater the elasticity produced, the greater the vacuum in the cylinder, on opening the valve communicating with the well. The saving of stowage will be very considerable, and a ton of quicksilver will be sufficient for propelling a vessel to India and back again, with 140 horse power.

FRANCE.

Cabinet of M. Denon.—Among the historical relics of M. Denon's cabinet, lately disposed of at Paris, are many of the implements which belonged to the Inquisition at Valladolid; the fan of Jean-Jacques-Pierre, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Nevers; plates of silver of the Duke of Cromwell and Charles XII. King

many of the bones of the Old, found in his burying-place at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Abelard and Eloise, taken out of their tomb at Paraclete; the hair of Agnes Sorel, who was buried at Loches, and of Ines de Castro, who was buried at Alcobaca; part of the mustachio of Henry IV. King of France, found entire on the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France, at St. Dennis, in 1795; a fragment of Turenne's shroud; some of Moliere's and La Fontaine's bones; one of Voltaire's teeth; an autograph signature of Napoleon, with a bloody piece of the shirt that he wore at the time of his death, a lock of his hair, and a leaf of the willow under which he lies at St. Helena!!!

Omography.—A new art, to which the name of omography has been given, has been invented by M. Aiguebelle, of Paris, which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing not only all that has hitherto been done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stump, which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

Poisonous Wounds.—The successful application of the cupping-glass to poisonous wounds, by Dr. Barry, of Paris, has already been noticed in the European Magazine. By further experiments, it appears, that an animal that has suffered the most fatal effects of the absorption into the blood of poisonous matters, may, nevertheless, be restored to life by this treatment; as if the action of the cupping-glass had the power of recalling to the exterior the poison already introduced into the vessels. Dr. Barry strongly recommends the use of the cupping-glass, followed by that of the cauterium, in cases of the bite of a mad-dog, even if the first symptoms of hydrophobia should have shewn themselves.

GERMANY.

Comets.—It is now certain that the same comet has appeared in our planetary system in the years 1786, 1795, 1801, 1805, 1818, and 1825. It appears

that in its course it never passes the orbit of Jupiter. The period of its revolution (which is the shortest known) very little exceeds three years and a quarter; and its mean distance from the sun is not more than twice that of the earth. It seems to be especially connected with the system in which our globe is placed, and crosses our orbit more than sixty times in a century. M. Olbers, the celebrated astronomer of Bremen, who has bestowed much attention on this comet, has been lately occupied in calculating the possibility of its influence on the destitutes of our globe. He finds that in 83,000 years this comet will approach the earth as nearly as the moon; and that in 4,000,000 of years it will come to within a distance of 7,700 geographical miles; the consequence of which will be (if its attraction be equal to that of the earth) the elevation of the waters of the ocean 13,000 feet; that is to say, above the tops of all the European mountains, except Mont-Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and of the Himalya mountains alone will escape this second deluge; but they will not benefit by their good fortune more than 216,000,000 years, for it is probable that at the expiration of that time, our globe, standing right in the way of the comet, will receive a shock severe enough to ensure its utter destruction!

DENMARK.

Mac-Adamization.—Several successful experiments have been made to Macadamize the roads in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, especially that which leads to the citadel. Several of the journals speak of this process with great praise. The editor of the Zealand Gazette goes so far as to rank it with the invention of steam-boats. Professor Bredsdorff, however, has, on the contrary, read in the Agricultural Society of Copenhagen, a dissertation, in which he compares the new roads and the old, and gives a decided preference to the latter.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

A Series of Designs for Farm Buildings, with a view to prove that the simplest Forms may be rendered pleasing and ornamental by a proper Disposition of the rudest Materials. In the course of the Work the Village Church

and Parsonage will be introduced, together with the School house. Occasional Ideas will be added for ornamental Root-houses, and Seats to decorate the Pleasuring Ground. By P. F. Robinson, Architect, Author of the

"Rural Architecture," "Designs for Villas," "An Essay on Nettleham Church, in Surrey," &c.

The Principles of Light and Shade, Illustrated by Examples; being the second Part of Practical Hints upon painting. By John Burnet.

A Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology, to be Dedicated to Joshua Brookes, Esq. F. R. S. F. L. S. &c. &c. By Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon. This Work will form a complete System of Practical Anatomy and Physiology, containing the opinions of all the ancient and modern writers on the subject; also the approved systems of the most minute Anatomists of the present day. It is also intended to form a complete Guide to the Student in the Dissecting Room, and a work of reference to the Medical Practitioner. To be completed in Three Parts.

Also, in the Press, by the same Author, in small 8vo. Synoptical Tables of the Materia Medica, to be Dedicated to George Gregory, M. D. Lecturer on the Practice of Physic, Materia Medica, &c. &c. Corresponding to the London Pharmacopœia of 1824. These Tables will point out at one view, the Official and Linnean names, their Classes, and Orders, their number of Official Preparations in the Phar. Lond. their doses, also the place they come from, and the chemical qualities of each drug.

The Hunterian Oration, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons, by Sir Anthony Carlisle, containing the Natural History of the Oyster, and some of the principal points in its Anatomy.

The Second Part of Mr. Baker's History of Northamptonshire, in folio, is in a state of forwardness, and will be ready for publication in a few days.

The New Annual Register for 1825, as formerly published by Stockdale.

Dr. Nuttall, whose Editions of Virgil's Bucolics and Juvenal's Satires, interlineally translated, have been so generally approved, is preparing on a similar plan, the entire Works of Horace, with a Treatise on Lyric Versification, and a Scanning Table, exhibiting on musical principles, all the various Metres of Horace.

In a few days, Letters from Cockney Lands.

Selections from the Works of Dr. John Owen. By the Rev. Wm. Wilson, 2 vols. 18mo. with a Memoir and Portrait, &c.

Pastoral Bereavement Improved; including a Funeral Oration delivered at the Interment of the late Rev. P. S. Chanier, of Liverpool, by W. M. Walker; and a Funeral Sermon preached on the following Sabbath to the bereaved Church and Congregation. By W. Roby.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright. Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. boards.

The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds, (the dramatist,) written by himself. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. boards.

EDUCATION.

A Greek and English Dictionary, comprising all the Words in the Writings of the most Popular Greek Authors, with the difficult Inflections in them and in the Septuagint and New Testament: designed for the Use of Schools and the undergraduate course of a Collegiate Education. By the Rev. John Grovel. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s. boards.

The Principles of Analytical Geometry, designed for the Use of Students in the University. By K. P. Hamilton, M. A. F. R. S. E. 8vo. 14s. boards.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra Theoretical and Practical, for the Use of Students. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Kenrick's Key to his Exercises to Zumpt's Latin Grammar. 8vo. 5s. boards.

Simpson's Metrical Praxis. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Bosworth's Saxon Grammar. 8vo. 6s. boards.

A Concise Exposition of the Method of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb in the Knowledge of a Written Language, upon Simple and Rational Principles. By J. F. Young, Master of the Private Establishment for the Deaf and Dumb, Peckham. 12mo. 8s. 6d. boards.

HISTORY.

Ireland in Past Times; an Historical Retrospect, Ecclesiastical and Civil, with Illustrative Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. boards.

The True History of the State Prisoner, commonly called "The Iron Mask," extracted from Documents in the French Archives. By the Hon. George. Agar Ellis. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Annals of the House of Hanover. By Sir Andrew Halliday, M. D. F. R. S. E. &c. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 2s. boards.

A second Volume of Godwin's History of the Common-wealth of England. 8vo. 16s.

Hamilton's Companion to the Stream of History. 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

Agur's Memoirs and Recollections. vol. 2. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Catrou's History of the Mogul Dynasty. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Nimrod, or the History of Rome. 8vo. 18s. boards.

Tytler's Ancient Geography and History cr. 8vo. 7s. boards.

Rauking's Historical Researches. 4to. 3l. 3s. boards.

LAW.

Observations on the Actual State of the English Laws of Real Property, with Outlines of a Code. By James Humphreys, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister. 8vo.

Peteradorff's Abridgment of the Common Law Reports. Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

An Enquiry concerning that Disturbed State of the Vital Functions, usually denominated Constitutional Irritation. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. boards.

An Account of the Morbid Appearances exhibited on Dissection in various Disorders of the Brain; with Pathological Observations, to which a Comparison of the Symptoms with the Morbid Changes has given rise. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. boards. By Thomas Mills, M. D.

The Surgeon Dentist's Manual. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards

Lanza's Medical Logic. 8vo. 8s. boards.

Observations on M. Laennec's Method of Forming a Diagnosis of the Diseases of the Chest, by means of the Stethoscope and of Percussion. By Charles Soudamore, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 5s. boards.

Gleanings of Chemistry. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cloth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Elements of Moral Philosophy, and of Christian Ethics. By Daniel Dewar, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. boards.

Etymons of English Words. By the late John Thompson, M. B. I. and A. S. Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, in India. 4to. 18s. boards.

Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character. By A. P. D. G. 8vo. 16s. boards.

The Plain Speaker. Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. boards.

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GAZETTE APPOINTMENTS.

George, Earl of Pembroke, has been re-sworn Governor of the Island of Guernsey, and the other Islands belonging to it.

Montagu, Earl of Abingdon, to be Lord Lieutenant of the County of Berkshire.

Sir J. W. Mackenzie, Bart. to be Lieutenant and Sheriff Principal of Ross, vice, Sir H. Mackenzie.

Major General Sir N. Campbell, Knt. C. B. to be Captain General and Governor in Chief of Sierra Leone, and its Dependencies, in Africa.

The London Gazette will be published on Friday, the 30th of June next ensuing, and will thenceforward be Published on Friday, instead of Saturday in every week.

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MARRIED.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, J. Macdonald, Esq. M. P. to Anne Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. S. Ogle, of Kirkley Hall, Northumberland—J. Egan, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth Jane, only daughter of the

late Capt. R. W. Adye, of the Royal Artillery—At St. Mary-le bone, J. Phillips, Esq. of Bryggwyn, Hereford, to Lucy Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Lieut. General Rurr, of Portl and Place — Capt. W. Amsinek, to Caroline, third daughter of the late James Fox, of Twickenham, Esq.—At Chelsea, P. C. Shadwell, Esq. to Maria, youngest daughter of Capt. H. Cavendish, R. I. A.—At Hornsey, the Rev. C. H. Towns- end, to Eliza Frances, eldest daughter of Col. Norcott, K. C. B.—At Kensington, Lieut. Charles Farren, to Miss Emily G. Spence—Alex. Boetseur, Esq. to Mrs. Stephens, widow of S. Stephens, Esq.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, the Chevalier De Pambour, to Harriet, second daughter of J. F. Atlee, Esq. of West Hill, Wandsworth—Brice Peploe, Esq. of Markham, Essex, to Harriet Georgiana, eldest daughter of Sir H. Williams, Bart. M. P.—C. C. Dormer,

Esq. to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W Strickland, Esq.—John Bulceel, Esq. jun. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Earl Grey—H. B. Peak, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Miss Waring, of the Grove House Deabigh—Henry Every, Esq. to Charlotte Maria Talbot, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort.

DEATHS.

At Harrow School, aged 13, Charles William, only son of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart.—In Hertford Street, May-fair, aged 61, Eliza Rebecca, widow of H. Bishopp, Esq.—In Park Lane, Lord Lord, Charles Bentinck, Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Portland—R. D. Roadley, Esq. only son of the late R. Roadley, Esq. of Scarby House, Lincolnshire—The infant daughter of

Sir E. Antrobus, Bart.—At Brompton. Mrs. Kyte, widow of the late Rev. J. Kyte, D. D.—In Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, aged 66, the Dowager Viscountess Sydney—In Weymouth Street, aged 64, the Hon. Angustina Phipps, Comptroller of Exchequer—Dorothy, daughter of the late and sister of the present T. Wood, Esq. of Littleton—Lieut. R. F. Atkins, R. N.—J. W. Steers, Esq. of the Inner Temple—The Hon. Pierce Butler Cooper, nephew to the Earl of Carrick—In Upper Seymour Street, the Countess Bentinck—In Montague Square, aged 14, Louisa Crofton, twin daughter of Lady Charlotte Crofton—In Piccadilly, Lady Mary Anne Primrose, second daughter of the Earl of Rosebery—Dr. Temple, of Bedford Row.—In Duke Street, Westminster, aged 79, the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

At Bruxelles, the Lady of Lieutenant General Wood, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Paris, the Marquis du Blaisel, Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, to Maria Matilda, second daughter of the Hon. Wm. Bingham of the United States—At New York, M. Malibron, a French Merchant, to Signorina Garcia—At Paris, Henry Harvey, Esq. of St. Andrews, Somersetshire, to Agnes, daughter of A Ramsay, Esq.—At Munich, C. H. Hall, Esq. son of the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham, to Maria Leopoldine, Baroness de Welchs a la Glon, and Canoness of the Royal Order of St. Anne—At Naples, Sir Charles Burrard, Bart. to Louisa, second daughter of Sir H. Lushington,

Bart. Consul General at Naples—At Malta, T. A. Shone, Esq. to Margaret Ankerville, eldest daughter of the late General Ross, and grand-daughter of Lord Ankeville—At Naples, T. Bulkly, Esq. M. D. to Anne, second daughter of Dr. A. Berry, of Edinburgh.

DIED.

At the Hague, aged 23, Samuel Ochterlony Wood, Esq. eldest son of Col. S. Wood, C. B.—Vere, second son of Lieut Gen. Sir Henry Fane, K. G. C. B. He was of the crew of his Majesty's Ship *Algerine*, which was totally lost off Hydra, in the Grecian Archipelago, on the 8th of January—In the South of France, the Hon. Henry Dundas Shore, youngest son of Lord Teignmouth—Major General Sir Charles Turner, Governor of Sierra Leone.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

WITH BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

REDFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.—At Cardington, the lady of S. Whitbread, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.
DIED.—Aged 72, the Rev. F. Cumming, A Vicar of Cardington and Keyser, and Friend of Lincoln—At Fotten, the Rev. W. Constable.

BERKSHIRE.

About 200 farmers and dealers have signed a declaration to the effect, "that they will not be dictated to in what measure they are to buy or sell their corn by."

BIRTH—At Windsor Castle, the wife of William Russell, Esq., of a son.

MARRIED—At Reading, F. H. Buckridge, Esq. of Blinfield Grove, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late J. Bockett, Esq. of Southcott Lodge.—G. Graham, Esq. Solicitor, of Newbury, to Harriet, daughter of the late J. Jordan, Esq.

DIED—At Maidenhead, aged 84, the Rev. Henry Dodwell, Rector of Harlington and Coterworth, Lincolnshire.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

May 9, eighth anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Church Missionary Society, held at Cambridge.

BIRTH—The lady of Dr. F. Thackeray, of a daughter.—The lady of the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Christian Advocate, of a son.

DIED—At Cambridge, Edmund, youngest son of T. Fluke, Esq.

CHESHIRE.

MARRIED—At Chester, C. W. Wyatt, Esq. to Ellen, daughter of the late W. Unsworth, Esq.

CORNWALL.

There is now growing in a garden at Falmouth, a brocoli-plant of extraordinary dimensions, the stem being 4 feet high, and the flower 42 inches in circumference.

BIRTH—At Porthleven, Mrs. Cudlip, of a son.

MARRIED—T. Coode, Esq. to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late P. Clements, Esq. of Wadebridge.

DIED—At St Ives, P. Tremearne, Esq.

CUMBERLAND.

MARRIED—At Carlisle Sir G. Hald George Aylmer, Bart. to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Col. J. Hodgson, of the Bengal Establishment.

DERBYSHIRE.

MARRIED—At Normanton, W. Moxon, Esq. to Sarah, daughter of E. Payne, Esq.

DIED—At Oxeor Hall, Eleanora, third daughter of W. Tuibutt, Esq.—At Whikeworth, aged 76, Mr W. Fox. For the last 50 years he has held no colloquial intercourse with his companions, although in the possession of all his intellectual faculties and capable of using the organs of speech.

DEVONSHIRE.

A remarkably large wild cat, measuring from the head to the top of the tail, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and weighing 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. is now in the possession of Mr Joseph Mason, of Exeter. It was shot in the plantation of Sir W. Pole, of Shute.

BIRTH—At Ashton, the lady of the Rev J. Templear.—At Exeter, the lady of Dr. Pennell of a daughter.—At Exeter, Lady Charlotte Martin, of a son.

MARRIED—At Torrington, Capt Colby, R.N. to Mary, daughter of J. Palmer, Esq. niece to the Dean of Exeter.

DIED—At Exeter, the Rev. T. Johnson, M.A. Chancellor, and one of the Canon of the Cathedral of Exeter; Archdeacon of Bainsdale, and Rector of Lupton, Cornwall.

DORSETSHIRE.

April 26, a general meeting of landowners and others took place at Blandford to propose measures for carrying out the disfranchisement of the county.

BIRTH—At Cerne Abbas, Mrs. Hampton, of a son.—At Cranborne Lodge, the lady of H. B. Monro, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED—At Bridport, the Rev. Dr. Nantes, Rector of Powderham, to Mary, daughter of U. Golding, Esq. of Bridport.—Alex. Copland, Esq. jun. to Maria Ursula, youngest daughter of the late G. Garland, Esq. of Stone, Wimbourn, and sister of A. J. Lester, Esq. M.P.

DIED—At Sherborne, E. Swann, Esq.

DURHAM.

April 21, the ceremony of electing the new Bishop of Durham took place, when the Right Rev. Wm. Van Mildert, D.D. Bishop of Llandaff, was legally appointed to this diocese. The bells of the cathedral, and of all the other churches, were rung upon the occasion.—A bird of the blackbird species, but entirely white, was lately shot on the estate of B. J. Selvin, Esq.

BIRTH—At the Rectory, Romaldkirk, Mrs. Thompson, of a son.—At Bishop Auckland, the lady of W. Hodgson, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED—At Stockton-upon-Tees, the Rev J. M. Colson, Rector of Peathing Parva, to Julia, daughter of the late A. Story, of Newbottle, Esq.

ESSEX.

BIRTH—At Sible Hedingham, the lady of the Rev H. Warburton—At Billericay, the lady of Col C. Bruce, C.B.

MARRIED—At Leyton, W. T. Copeland, Esq. to Sarah, daughter of J. Yates, Esq. of Shelton.

DIED—At Witham, aged 78, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot.—At Walthamstow B. Hetherington, Esq.—At Sewardstone, Ellen, lady of W. R. Thomas, Esq.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

May 10, a vault opened at Tewkesbury, supposed to contain the ashes of the Duke of Clarence (brother to Richard the Third), and his consort.

BIRTH—The lady of W. H. Peel, Esq. of a son.—At Gloucester, the lady of the Venerable Archdeacon Timbrell, of a daughter.

MARRIED—The Rev E. L. Bennett, of Lechlade, to Ellenor, daughter of the late W. Codrington, Esq. of Wroughton, Wilts.—At Newent, J. Freeman, Esq. of Gaiques, to Constantia, second daughter of Archdeacon Osallow—H. Every, Esq. to Maria Charlotte, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort.—The Rev M. F. Townsend, Vicar of Thornbury, to Alice Elizabeth Shute, niece of the late H. Stephens, Esq. of Chavenage House.

DIED—At Cheltenham, aged 79, Mr. Gosal.—At Chalford, Capt E. Jennings.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Imperial Measure is greatly disapproved of by the sellers of corn in this county.—A Jack-daw, which had been taken from its nest at Waltham Abbey, 26 years ago, and which has been confined ever since, lately died at Southampton, worn out with age, his feathers being turned quite grey.

BIRTH—At the Isle of Wight, the lady of Lieut. Col. Wynyard, of a daughter.

MARRIED—S. H. Williams, Esq. of Woodlands, near Lyndhurst, to Mary Anne Powell, niece of the late S. Williams, Esq. of Woodlands.—At Kilminston, the Rev F. North,

Procurator of Winchester, to Harriet, daughter of Sir H. Wode, K.C.B. Governor of Barbadoes, and Commander of the Forces in the Windward and Leeward Islands.

DIED.]—At Bramdean, aged 77, C. Hodges, Esq.—At Winchester, aged 56, W. Tremaine, Esq.—At Andover, Annette, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Williams.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Mr. G. Watts, of Freshford, has a son five weeks old, having six perfect teeth.

BIRTHS.]—At Huntingdon, the lady of F. Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Chesham, Capt. J. Phillips, of Brynwyn, to Lucy Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Burr.

DIED.]—At Broadway, aged 63, the Rev. J. Graham, B.D. Rector of Brampton Bryan, and Vicar of Cople.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of the Rev. J. C. Wright, Rector of Walmers, of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Aldenham, F. Allen, Esq. to Charlotte, second daughter of the late B. Mason, Esq.—At Watford, T. T. Clarke, Jun. to Jane Selina, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. W. Capel, Vicar of Watford.

DIED.]—At Hertford, Jane, lady of T. Esq., Esq. Mayor of the town.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE

The small-pox has made its appearance at St. Ives, and has raged to such a degree, that, within these few days, thirteen persons have fallen victims to the disease.

DIED.]—At Huntingdon, aged 90, Catherine, relict of the Rev. J. Trollope.

KENT.

May 16, an affray at Dymchurch, between some smugglers and a party of marines; two of the blockade men were wounded, and it is supposed that one or more of the smugglers were killed.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of Capt. Monypenny, of Freezingham House, of a son.—At Brasted Park, the lady of E. Turton, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—E. J. Hopkins, Esq. M.D. to Jane, eldest daughter of W. Kirkham, Esq. of Forest Hill.

DIED.]—At Kemnal House, aged 74, Sir W. Leighton, Knt.—At Goodhurst, aged 73, R. Springett, Esq.—At Greenwich, aged 82, J. Godby, Esq. 52 years Steward of Greenwich Hospital.

LANCASHIRE.

It is stated that 40,000 persons are receiving pecuniary assistance in Manchester.—Manchester, with forty miles round it, contains a population equal to that of London, with a similar circumference.—May 19, a factory at Haddy Hill, the property of Mr. T. Chadwick, destroyed by fire. The accident is supposed to have originated in the friction of an upright shaft, which had not been properly supplied with oil.

BIRTHS.]—At Preston, the lady of E. Gordon, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—At Manchester, J. Wagstaffe,

aged 60, to Jane Martin, aged 73. These two lovers were joined together in matrimony 27 years ago, when the husband of the lady, after many years absence abroad, unexpectedly returning, claimed his bride. They have a son living, the offspring of the former marriage, whose age is 30.

DIED.]—At Mill-hill, near Blackburn, aged 50, J. Turner, Esq.—At Bolton, H. Watson, Esq. aged 52.—At Altrincham, W. C. Proctor, Esq.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

BIRTHS.]—The Rev. R. Mardy, D.D. Rector of Loughborough—At Wigston, Sarah, relict of J. Clarke, Esq.—At Hinckley, Sophia, relict of T. Murrett, Esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

An ancient stone coffin, six feet in length, having at the bottom of the larger end an indentation, evidently intended for the head to rest in, has recently been dug up in a farm-yard at Stamford.

BIRTHS.]—The lady of the Rev. G. Battman, Rector of Easton, of a daughter.—At Tolthorpe Hall, the lady of E. Harrison, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.]—At Duffield, C. Heathcote, Esq. to Eliza, second daughter of J. Balguy, Esq.—At Freeston, W. Coupland, Gent. to Anna, daughter of the late S. Marshall, Gent.

DIED.]—The Rev. R. Wright, Vicar of Wrangle.—At Stamford, aged 61, W. Scott, Esq. Alderman of the borough.

NORFOLK.

Norwich has sustained a great disappointment in the rejection of the Navigation Bill by the Committee.—There is now growing in the garden of Mr. Cross, of Lound, a crown imperial Lily, with fifty-three blossoms on a flat stalk.

BIRTHS.]—At Necton Hall, the lady of the Rev. C. V. Holme Sumner, of a son, still born.

MARRIED.]—W. Hamilton, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the Rev. G. Lucas.—The Rev. J. A. Partridge, Rector of Cranwich, to Louisa Isabella, youngest daughter of the late T. T. Drake, Esq. of Shardsloes.

DIED.]—Aged 14, Caroline Mary Seymour, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. Walpole, of Seole.—At All Saints' Green, aged 90, Mrs. Scott, relict of the late Rev. N. Scott, of Diss.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

MARRIED.]—J. J. Bigsby, Esq. M.D. to Sarah, daughter of J. Jamson, Esq.

DIED.]—The Rev. F. Cummins, M.A. Vicar of Cardington.—At Hoeklife, aged 67, W. Millard, Esq.—At Long Buckley, aged 21, Harriette, daughter of W. Allen, Esq.—The Rev. R. P. Goodenough, A.M. Rector of Carlton in Lyndrick, and son of the Bishop of Carlisle.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

April 7, at Hexham, a Mr. Wilson caught a trout in the Tyne, with the initials of his own name indented in the sides of it. The fish is preserved for the inspection of the curious.—April 22, a beautiful lunar rainbow discerned in the north-west, at Middlesfield.

BIRTHS.]—At Cannon Hall, the lady of J. S. Stanhope, Esq. of a daughter.—At the Forth, the lady of G. Hodgson, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED]—J Macdonald, Esq M.P. to Anne Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. J S Ogle, of Kirkley Hall, and Prebendary of Durham Cathedral

DIED]—Anne, daughter of R G Newmarch, Esq

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BIRTH]—At Hockerton Rectory the lady of the Rev J Goore, of a daughter—At Torkington, the lady of the Rev J J Cleaver, of a daughter

MARRIED]—At Southwell, C Cooke, Esq to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late T Maltby, Esq—The Rev T C Cane, Esq of Southwell, to Mr., only daughter of J Bietle, of Thurgarton

DIED]—The Rev R P Gordenough, M.A of Calton near Wolskap, Prebendary of York—At Southwell, Mary, the lady of P Clay, Esq

OXFORDSHIRE.

April 21, four valuable cart-horses, the property of the Earl of Jersey, of Middleton Park, were killed from eating a quantity of the leaves or branches of the yew-tree

BIRTH]—At Woodstock, the lady of the Rev. Dr Mavor, of a daughter

SHROPSHIRE.

A portrait of Lord Hill, painted by Sir William Beechey, has been presented to the Corporation of Shrewsbury by his Lordship

BIRTH]—The lady of the Rev C Cholmondeley, of a son

DIED]—At Moreton Corbet, John, son of J Hargreaves, Esq

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A light cart, driven with great speed, lately met the Bristol mail, when the shafts entered the breasts of the two leaders, one of which died instantly, and the other a few hours after—A vein of coal has been discovered on the estate of Sir T S Champneys, near Frome.—Lady Rivers, the lady of the manor, has given a beautiful spot of ground in front of Claremont-place, Bath, for a site for the new church to be built in that city.

BIRTH]—At Bath, the lady of Dr Galtskill, of a son

MARRIED]—Sir G S Gibbs, M.D of Bath, to Marianna, eldest daughter of the late Capt T Chapman—T J Winter, Esq of Taunton, to Catherine, only daughter of the late S Sampson, Esq of Colyton—The Rev C H Wybergh, to Anna Maria, daughter of the late F Minshull, of Nunsey, and grand-daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle

DIED]—At Clewkerne, the Rev R H Ashe—At Bath, the Rev Charles Symmons, D.D.—At Bridgwater, Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Dr Woollen—The Rev E Palmer, Curate of Moseley, and Vicar of Storgatey

STAFFORDSHIRE.

At Wharton's Wood, belonging to Lady Crawe, in the parish of Maudley, a wild duck has taken possession of a rock's nest, at the top of an old tree, and is now hatching her eggs.

BIRTH]—At Males, the lady of the Rev A. of a son

MARRIED]—W. T. Copeland, Esq, to Sarah, second daughter of J. Yates, Esq of Shelton—At Cannock, T Downes, Esq, to Maria Ann, daughter of the Rev. W B Collins

DIED]—At Wolverhampton, the Right Rev. Dr Milner, Catholic Bishop of Castalia and Vicar Apostolic of the midland district of England—At Litchfield, aged 71, W. Mott, Esq—At Wolverhampton, the Rev S B Compton, vicar of Feckenham

SUFFOLK.

May 7, seventeen fine pigs were found poisoned on the premises of Mrs. Gill of Nowton.—Mr Aney, the celebrated mathematician at Cambridge, associated with several other eminent men, is about to undertake an experimental investigation, in some of the deeper mines with a view to obtain a more accurate knowledge of the density of the earth

BIRTH]—The lady of J Gurdon, Esq of Asington Hall, of a son, who survived only a few hours

MARRIED]—At Edwinston, W Fowke, Esq of Chelworth, to Miss Waring of Edwinston Grove—At Hawleigh, F M Smith, Esq to Sarah, daughter of J Miller, Esq of Clacton

DIED]—At Midenhall Charles Feimor, son of Sir George Denys Hart—At Bianlon, aged 69 J R Burch Esq one of the magistrates of the county—At Ipswich, D Pitcairn, Esq—At Ipswich, Sarah, wife of Jackaman, Esq

SURREY.

The bill for making the New Road from Farnham to Petersfield, has received the royal assent A direct communication will be opened by this road between the Isle of Wight and Windsor—April 19, the King of the Beggars buried at Southwark He was only 2 feet 4 inches high, his head 27 inches in circumference, and his wrist 7½ His grave was 14 feet deep, and three coffins were placed over him, to prevent the removal of his body.

BIRTH]—At Surbiton House, the lady of Mr Alderman Garratt, of a son

MARRIED]—At Richmond, H C Amiel, Esq, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late W Collins, Esq of Richmond—At Clapham the Rev. F Borradale, prebendary of Lincoln, to Demetria, only daughter of the late Capt Robt. Hudson

Doughty—At Chiddingfold, aged 46, the Rev. C Ekins, Canon Residentiary of the cathedral of Salisbury, and Rector of Chiddingfold—At Kingston, aged 66, J F Simon, Esq.

SUSSEX.

At Bye, May 4, a party of the Coast Blockade making a seizure of 300 tubs of contraband spirits, were fired on by the smugglers, who killed one seaman, dangerously wounded another, and finally rescued the spirits.

BIRTH]—At Brighton, the lady of J W. Proctor, Esq, of a son—At Cuckfield, the lady of S. W. Smythson, Esq, of a daughter

MARRIED]—The Rev. J. Barnwell, of West

Tarring, to Emilia, fourth daughter of the Rev. W. Goodall, of Dinton Hall, Bucks.—The Rev. E. L. Bennett, of Lechlade, to Eleanor, daughter of the late W. Codrington, Esq.—R. G. Kirkpatrick, Esq. to Jane, youngest daughter of J. Godman, Esq. of Chichester.

DIED.]—Aged 69, R. B. Newland, Esq. of Chichester.—At Horley, the Rev. A. Keck, M.A.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The bill to authorise the cutting of a branch of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, from Himbleton to Upton Snodsbury, has been withdrawn.

BIRTH.]—At Stratford, the lady of J. Conolly, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—A Pearson, Esq. of Feckenham, to Amy, second daughter of P. Baker, Esq. of Baisdon Park.

DIED.]—Ethel, relict of J. Burman, Esq. of North—At Birmingham, aged 100 Mrs. Sneath.—At Ashted, aged 82, D. Oliver, Esq.

WILTSHIRE.

May 6, a violent disturbance took place at Trowbridge. Some hucksters having been suspected of being instrumental in raising the price of potatoes, the mob attacked and plundered, indiscriminately, all the gardeners in the market. They then attacked a baker's shop, and paraded the streets all the evening, breaking the windows of the inhabitants, lamps, &c. From the activity of the magistrates, and the prompt attendance of the military, order was restored by ten o'clock on Sunday night, the 7th.

BIRTH.]—The lady of G. H. W. Hennege, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIED.]—At Corsham, J. Mullins, Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late C. Harford, Esq. of Ridgeside.

DIED.]—At Cowbridge Lodge, near Malmesbury, Mary, lady of A. H. Young, Esq.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The ancient service of Worcester Cathedral was restored, May 7, by order of the Dean and Chapter.

BIRTH.]—At Halston, the lady of J. Mytton, Esq. of a son.

DIED.]—At Elibary Cottage, the Rev. J. Price, vicar of Tibberton, Worcester, and of Quinton, Gloucestershire.

YORKSHIRE.

April 22, Robert Skipper, the pedestrian, completed his task of walking 74 miles a day for six successive days, between Sheffield and Doncaster, several hours within the time.—There is now growing upon Lady Stourton's estate, an oak-tree, which, in 1716, was nearly 85 feet high, 48 feet in circumference at a yard from the surface, and 76 feet when measured close to the ground.

BIRTH.]—At Cannon Hall, the lady of J. S. Stanhope, Esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Sir J. V. B. Johnson, Bart. of Hackness, of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—At Kirk Ella, R. Brandt, Esq. of Manchester, to Margaret Sarah, third daughter of the late M. Dobson, Esq. of Kirk Ella.

ter of the late M. Dobson, Esq. of Kirk Ella.—P. Atkinson, Esq. of York, to Miss Goodall, daughter of the late T. Goodall, Esq. of Birmingham.—At York, the Rev. F. Kendall, R.A. to Frances, youngest daughter of R. Mahon, Esq.

DIED.]—F. Atkinson, Esq. of Kirbymoorside, aged 79.—Aged 66, J. B. Foulis, Esq. of Buxton and Healders.—At Huggate, aged 30, W. R. Cantley, Esq.—John, second son of M. Wm. Cooke Stafford, of York, and formerly of Norwich.

WALES.

There is a man, now resident at Stayley Bridge, who has gradually increased in weight since he attained his fifth year. He is now 80 years of age, and weighs upwards of 320 lbs.—The erection of Gen. Picton's monument is rapidly advancing towards completion. The material is of the best black marble, and the excellence of the workmanship will render it unique, and enable it to sustain a comparison with any work of the kind in the kingdom.

BIRTH.]—At Haverfordwest, Mrs. L. Phillips, of Dale Castle, of a son.—The lady of T. Phillips, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIED.]—At Llangoedmore, near Cardigan, Capt. H. Vaughan, to Sarah, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Millington, rector of Rushall, Wilts, and prebendary of St. David's.—At Blaenporth, Capt. J. Lewes, to Mary Anne June, second daughter of John Vaughan, Esq. of Gylwyd, Cardiganshire.—Capt. W. R. Jackson, R. N. to Miss Daulell, of the Ferry Side.

DIED.]—Miss Thomas, of Trevor Hall, Denbigh, widow of R. Thomas, Esq. of Coed-Hewen.—At the vicarage, Carmarthen, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. J. Griffiths.—At Builth, Joanna, daughter of the late Rev. J. Roberts, D.D.—At Langhorne Castle, R. I. Starke, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace for Carmarthen.

SCOTLAND.

Another new Steam Engine has been projected, in which spirits of wine, or æther, is substituted for water. The necessity of a boiler is superseded, the liquor being contained in a cylinder, and raised into vapour by the heat of an argand lamp.—A mausoleum to the memory of the late Professor Playfair, has recently been commenced on the Calton Hill, and is now in rapid progress.

BIRTH.]—At Logie, the lady of the Hon. D. Ogilvie, of a son.—The lady of W. Christie, Esq. M.D. of a son.

MARRIED.]—At Edinburgh, Capt. W. J. Hope Johnstone, R.M. to Alice, eldest daughter of Sir Thos. Kirkpatrick, Bart.—J. M. Neamey, Esq. to Mary, fourth daughter of Sir J. Majoribanks, Bart. M.P.—At Crathes, Capt. T. Ramay, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir R. Barnett, of Leys, Bart.

DIED.]—At Curan House, Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart. Lord Lieutenant of the county of Ross.—At Edinburgh, the Hon. F. Forbes, third son of Lord Forbes, of Castle Forbes, N. B.—At Abbotsford, Roxburghshire, the lady of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—At Edinburgh, Col. M. M'Murdo.—At Nuthall, county of Kent, J. B. Esq. aged 51; he was the heir male representative of the ancient family of Kailshall.

IRELAND.

A meeting of the New Catholic Association was holden at Dublin, April 22, John O Connell, Esq., of Grenn, in the chair—Three extraordinary sheep, intended as a present to his Excellency the Marquis Wellesley, and natives of the Polar regions, have just reached Dublin. Two males, one black and one white, each having four horns, and a female, with two horns, elegantly formed and marked.

BIRMS.—At Colballis Hall, the Right Hon Lady Kilken, of a daughter

MARRIED.]—The Rev. J. D. Wingfield, incumbent of Kildare, and rector of Gushill, to Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir J. W. Smith, of Down House, Dorset, Bait.—At Dublin, the Hon. W. Browne, brother to the Mar. of Eglar, to Anne Frances, second daughter of the late T. Segrave, Esq.—At Dublin, A. Francis, Esq. to Sarah Louisa, only daughter of E. H. Percy, Esq.—At Staplestown, the Hon. and Rev. H. Stopford, to Annette, niece of the Earl of Mayo

DIED.]—At Rathmore, county of Wick, Mrs Kennedy aged 100.—At Dublin, the Hon. Lady Ann Whaley, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Clanwilliam.—At Charleville, W. Raleigh, Esq. M.D.—The Right Rev. Thomas Coen, Coadjutor Catholic Bishop of Clonfert.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM APRIL 22 TO MAY 23.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED

Aston, W. Toll End, Staffordshire, iron master
Barns, C. F. C. Brighton, stail keeper
Breeds, W. and Troutbeck, W. H. Hastings, grocers
Clapcott, Holdenhurst Southampton, banker
Congrave H. and Hill, R. jun Wood-street, City, silk manufacturers
Croasley S. Liverpool, slater and plasterer
Dryden, B. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brewer
Ingham J. Bradford, silk-mercer
Jones, J. Liverpool, hatter
Locker, J. Hanley Stafford banker
Lloyd, J. Commercial road, linen-draper
Palmer, W. Goodge street, wine merchant
Paul, C. Broadford-mews, Manchester square, cabinet-maker
Payne, W. Northleach, Gloucester, innkeeper
Quintley, A. Christchurch, Wyneham Southampton, banker
Sadler, W. Watworth, grocer
Schwieger, W. E. F. Fenchurch-street, merchant
Smith, T. Whiston Caves, Stafford banker
Taylor, T. Marple bridge, Derbyshire, victualler

BANKRUPTS

Atterworth, E. Hamer-hall, Lancashire, woolen-manufacturer
Atchison, J. Abchurch-lane, bill broker
Aldridge, J. W. Pentouville, apothecary
Anderson W. Manchester, dealer
Anstice, J. R., and Foinhill, R., Old South Sea House, ship-brokers
Archer, T. Newland Worcester corn dealer
Asdell J. Oxford street coach maker
Askey, W. Woburn buildings, tailor
Aston, W. Stafford, iron-master
Baker, W. J. St John-street, Clerkenwell, orange-merchant
Baker, G. F. and Pearson, G. K. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturers
Barber, J. T. Reading, lighterman
Baidaley, E. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
Barton, J. High Wycombe, Bucks, paper-maker
Beane, R. Clement's-lane, victualler
Beardmore, G. Burslem, builder
Bewsmont, R. Noble-street, ribbon-manufacturer
Bingham, W. Brighton, builder
Billings, J. Warrford-court, London, broker
Blair, W. jun Camden-town, chessmonger
Bodgins, T. Connaught-road, grocer
Boswell, R. Broad-street, Lancaster, worsted-maker

Bottomley, S. Huddersfield, wool-stapler
Brudley, F. Worcester chain maker
Bramall J. Ashton under Line, innkeeper
Bramwell C. Baker street, wine-merchant
Brearley, J. and J. Bolton le Moors, rope foundry
Briok, J. Henley Wood Bottom, York, smith
Brown, W. Pitheld street, Hoxton, linen-drawer
Browne J. Norwich, boot maker
Brown W. C. Coleman-street, wool merchant
Brown, G. Bath haberdasher
Buckley J. Manchester dealer
Burbidge, W. and R. Birmmgham, grocers
Burrell, J. Romerton brewer
Butterworth J. Lad lane, silkman
Butler J. Bloomington, joiner
Cannell D. Cophall court merchant
Capner M. Liverpool, victualler
Carver, J. L. Bistol, ironmonger
Cattell, J. Wood street silkman
Chalcroft, J. Brighton brewer
Chandler, T. Bedminster, and Bistol, Somersetshire, coach builder
Channon, J. Spa fields, navy agent
Chapman, R. Bagnigge Wells common brewer
Chapman, S. P. King street, Cheapside, warehouseman
Charlesworth, J. A. Fenchurch buildings, broker
Charman R. Piccadilly, jeweller
Chatterton, R. Sculcoates, York, merchant
Chesman, B. Holles-street, carpenter
Clare, J. Manchester, innkeeper
Clarence, C. Great Brandon, Essex, farmer
Claridge R. F. Marl-street, Paddington, merchant
Clarke J. Bridgewater-square, and Ramsden, York Webber-street, coal merchants
Clarke, J. M. Lambeth, boot maker
Cook, H. Lancaster place, navy agent
Cooke, T. jun Birmingham, brass-founder
Copeland, J. Shelton, grocer
Coster, J. Sta nung-lane, merchant
Coz J. and Willis, B. Nottingham, cotton-merchant
Coyns P. Welbeck street, apothecary
Crawshaw, T. Leeds, woolstapler
Cresland R. and Warth, B. Engine Bridge, York, woollen-manufacturers
Crow, M. Little Bolton, Lancashire tailor
Gund, R. Minton, Shropshire, maltster
Dallimore, G. Devizes, innkeeper
Daisy, T. Hoxton, plumber
Davies, T. W. Liverpool, apothecary

Davis, J. Chelsea, tallow-chandler
 Day, H. Bristol, dealer
 Deacon, T. Skinner-street, tea-dealer
 Dewhurst, B. East Retford, Notte, bookseller
 Dixon, H. and Gunston, M. Clerkenwell, chisellers
 Dobson, C. Chatham-place, Hackney, merchant
 Downing, F. sen. Huddersfield, grocer
 Drew, L. Frome Selwood, Somerset, plumber
 Dudley, T. B. W. King-street, Westminster, armou manufacturer
 Dunn, W. Louth, coal-merchant
 Ewart, A. A. C. F. Cheltenham, dealer
 Evans, J. Talbot-court, merchant
 Evans, R. Wakefield, merchant
 Evans, T. Abercromby, victualler
 Fairbairn, A. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street, wine-merchant
 Farren, J. Bed Lion yard, Great Warner-street
 Fennell, J. Little Kingston, Warwickshire, horse-dealer
 Fincham, F. Billiter-street, merchant
 Firth, J. Huddersfield, tailor
 Fisher, J. Monmouthshire, maltster
 Fitch, W. Wood-street, Cheap-side, grocer
 Fogg, R. and T. S. Portwood, brewers
 Ford, W. Huddersfield, grocer
 Foster, J. and Clay, F. Macclesfield, silk-throwsters
 Foster, S. and Havers, B. Norwich, bomb-maker-manufacturers
 Foxton, T. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Frank, F. Old Burlington-street, tailor
 Farber, E. Liverpool, timber-merchant
 Gardner, G. J. St Clement, Oxfordshire, painter
 Garforth, S. and J. Ovendon, merchants
 Gent, P. Congleton, silk-throwster
 Gerrish, J. Bradford, innkeeper
 Gibbs, E. Brighton carpenter
 Gilbert, L. F. and S. I. Exeter, linen-draper
 Gilbert, H. W. Redburn, Heits, coach-master
 Ghee, J. Clerkenwell, victualler
 Goody, G. High street, Southwark grocer
 Goulden, J. Methley, York, corn-miller
 Govett, E. Bishop's Hull Somerset, scrivener
 Green, G. Deorshire-square, wine-merchant
 Gier, J. Bloomsbury square, medicine vender
 Groom, J. Watford, Heits tailor
 Groom, F. Brinton, Norfolk, horse-dealer
 Hall, J. Cliffe, Sussex, victualler
 Hall, J. Cheltenham plasterer
 Hall, J. P. Liverpool, merchant
 Hall, J. and W. Leeds, brick maker
 Hardean, J. and Higginbotham, P. Macclesfield, silk-throwsters
 Hardie, D. Liverpool, merchant
 Harrop, J. Grasscroft, clothier
 Hartley, W. Sheffield, provision-dealer
 Harvey, W. Barnsley, York, linen-manufacturer
 Headford, J. and Court, J. St Philip's, Gloucester brick makers
 Hearn, J. Fenchurch-street, merchant
 Hedges, G. Wingrove, butcher
 Hemmrow, J. Worcester, tailor
 Hey, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer
 Hicks, J. Holworthy, Devon, grocer
 Highdeer, E. W. and Goodidge, J. High Holborn, linen-draper
 Hill, J. Manchester, provision-dealer
 Hilliard, W. E. Redditch, Worcester, chemist
 Hobson, T. Carlisle, mercer
 Holmes, W. York, carver
 Holt, T. Liverpool, dealer
 Holt, T. Manchester, grocer
 Hopkins, R. Bristol, cabinet-maker
 Hoppe, C. King-street, Cheap-side, merchant
 Hunt, J. Cholsey, Berks, whitesmith
 Hutton, W. and J. and Britton, J. Leeds, and Borrowby, linen-manufacturers
 Hurst, T. and J. and Robinson, J. O. Waterloo place, booksellers

Husbands, S. Bloomsgrove, lace-manufacturer
 Irish, M. Lewes, lime-burner
 Jackson, D. Birmingham, button-factor
 Jackson, J. jun. Colford silk-throwster
 Jackson, M. C. Leeds, corn-factor
 Jackman, R. jun. Colford, Gloucester, silk-throwster
 Jackson, W. Holbeck, York, corn-miller
 Jameson, A. Green-street, Bethnal-green, builder
 Jeffers, W. Kenilworth, corn-factor
 Jellyman, T. and T. Downton, paper-makers
 Jenkins, J. and Crutenden, Wapping, lightermen
 Jenner, W. Liverpool, merchant
 Jennings, T. Canterbury, builder
 Joel, J. Preston, jeweller
 Jones, D. sen. Vine-street, Lambeth, milkman
 Jones, G. Wootton-under-edge, victualler
 Jones, H. Fort-street, merchant
 Jones, J. Chester, victualler
 Jones, T. City-road, timber-merchant
 Jones, T. Crickhowell, Brecon, maltster
 Jones, W. Rainham, Kent, barge-master
 Jones, W. Lovell's-court, bookseller
 Jordan, M. Birmingham, victualler
 Judd, R. R. Birmingham, corn-factor
 Kaye, W. Duke-side, Almondsbury, dyer
 Kelly, P. North street, Poplar, provision-merchant
 Knapp, W. Crawford-street, Marylebone, hatter
 Knight, J. and Lacey, H. Paternoster-row, booksellers
 Knight, W. O. Ivy-lane, printer
 Laird, D. Carlisle, draper
 Linton, W. Armingate, dealer
 Lea, F. Bilston, Stafford, miller
 Leeder, W. Oxford-street, coach make
 Lewis, C. Chalotte-street, bill broker
 Lewis, H. Bridgnorth, innkeeper
 Lindley, F. Loughton, bacon-factor
 Lindsey, W. Coleman-street, merchant
 Littlewood, J. and N. Horsley-Wood-Noak, Yorkshire, clothiers
 Lloyd, J. Norwood, coal-merchant
 Locking, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Longbottom, J. jun. Bury-street, job-master
 Longwith, J. Mottram, iron-founder
 Lowther, J. T. Southwark, merchant
 Luck, G. Shoreditch, draper
 Lupton, T. Ingram-court, underwriter
 Malbon, W. Brighton, stable-keeper
 Marmion, A. and Carr, R. Preston, corn-merchants
 Marsden, T. Leeds, snuff-manufacturer
 Marsh, T. Bath, silk-mercer
 Marshall, F. College-hill, copper-merchant
 Mathias, W. Loret-street, Russell-square, chemist
 Mayston, W. Lillypot-lane, Cheap-side, ribbon-dealer
 Medley, S. Watling-street, tallow-chandler
 Merry, R. Charing-cross, victualler
 Milington, J. Bloomsbury-square, dealer
 Mills, W. Strand, tailor
 Manroy, J. Leicester square, dealer
 Morgan, D. Neath, Glamorgan, nonmonger
 Moigan, J. jun. and Atcheson, J. jun. Bristol, jewellers
 Morrison, G. Norwich, dyer
 Morrison, W. Liverpool, ropar
 Moses, L. and Levy, I. Great St. Helen's, brokers
 Moses, M. and L. Goodman's-fields, merchants
 Mothershead, T. Liverpool, merchant
 Mudie, R. Baywater, coal merchant
 Mulcaster, J. Wood-street, warehouseman
 Newman, T. Cheltenham, builder
 Nerrington, J. Duddington, Kent, baker
 North, J. Winesopul, Leicester, butcher
 Nosworthy, J. Mofetomhampton, tanner

Norris, G. Strand, linen-draper.
 Ogilby, W. L. and Sir D. Knt. Fenchurch-street, merchants.
 O'Neil, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Onley, J. Manchester, oil-merchant.
 Owen, H. Liverpool, corn-dealer.
 Owen, J. Salford, Lancashire, dyer.
 Owen, W. Carnarvon, druggist.
 Pailha, J. Great Russell-street, boot-maker.
 Parker, T. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
 Parkinson, T. Picton, machine-maker.
 Pearce, F. H. Fulham, tinsman.
 Pearce, W. Chester, stay manufacturer.
 Pearson, F. Sheffield, edge-tool-maker.
 Peele, J. sen. and J. jun. Egreimont, Cumberland, sail-cloth-manufacturers.
 Penn, T. Brighton, cabinet-maker.
 Pegner, T. E. New nt, Gloucester, carrier.
 Penby, G. Road-lane, coffee-dealer.
 Perrin, T. Mamborough, shoosmonger.
 Phillips, A. Bristol, mason.
 Phipps, W. Shoreditch, willow-hat-manufacturer.
 Pickris, J. Lydecombe, Somerset, builder.
 Pigott, W. Norwich, grocer.
 Pointer, T. Manchester, victualler.
 Porter, G. Park-terrace, Regent's Park, linen-draper.
 Power, J. Colyton, Devon, builder.
 Preston, R. Preston, inn-keeper.
 Price, T. Chertsey, Surrey, draper.
 Price, J. Manchester, victualler.
 Roby, W. Abergavenny, druggist.
 Ramsden, A. Southend, coach-master.
 Relsenbeck, G. Church-row, Clement's-lane, merchant.
 Rich, son, G. and Henderson, J. Isle of Wight, silk-mongers.
 Rickards, J. Aston, Warwick, builder.
 Riding, J. Derby, miller.
 Rivers, G. C. Leeds, upholsterer.
 Roberts, E. and Russell, J. Old-street, curriers.
 Roberts, E. M. Helmet-row, St. Luke's, lion-founder.
 Roberts, L. City-road Basin, wharfinger.
 Roberts, W. Nettlebed, Oxon, victualler.
 Robinson, R. Keighley, York, woisted-manufacturer.
 Robson, J. Manchester, victualler.
 Rudd, T. Brough, Westmoreland, provision-merchant.
 Russell, J. and Robinson, R. Manchester, merchants.
 Rutledge, R. Weedon-Beck, plumber.
 Salter, R. Manchester, grocer.
 Seeker, J. G. Wardour-street, corn-dealer.
 Sharpe, C. and Clarke, W. D. Berners-street, upholsterers.
 Shean, C. Bath, confectioner.
 Skas, J. Nottingham, corn-factor.
 Slee, S. and Woodrow, J. Upper East Smith-field, brewers.
 Smith, J. Horncastle, wine-merchant.
 Smith, F. A. and Allington, J. New Brentford, sell-mongers.
 Smith, T. H. and Pember, J. Hatton-garden, tailors.
 Snel, R. F. Essex-street, Whitechapel, potato-merchant.
 Snewin, C. and Higgins, P. Berwick-street, timber-merchant.
 Snowball, R. jun. Kirby Grindalyth, York, sheep-jobber.
 Spawton, C. Northampton, tallow-chandler.
 Spencer, J. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, jeweller.
 Standfield, H. H. King-street, Chesapeake, staff-manufacturer.
 Stanley, J. C. and W. Golden-square, curriers.
 Stanley, J. Dinky, Cheshire, settler.
 Stanley, J. Rochdale, woolen manufacturer.
 Stannard, J. Nottingham, commission agent.

Stokoe, W. Hexham, Northumberland, tanner.
 Summers, J. Leeds, cloth-dresser.
 Tate, G. New Shoreham, timber-merchant.
 Taylor, J. Strand, printer.
 Taylor, T. Clements-inn, money scrivener.
 Tetley, J. Bristol, York, top-maker.
 Thomas, J. King-Stanley, Gloucester, clothier.
 Thomas, J. and Dean, D. Portwood, iron-founders.
 Thompson, T. Waltham Cross, Essex, coal-merchant.
 Thurgarland, G. Huddersfield, corn-dealer.
 Tindall, H. Birmingham, wharfinger.
 Tinson, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Truman, T. Waterloo-road, auctioneer.
 Twentyman, J. sen. and J. jun. Kerwick, woollen-manufacturers.
 Vanesson, G. Hackney-road, chemist.
 Vaisey, J. Manchester, machine merchant.
 Vickers, J. Wellclose-square, gas-manufacturer.
 Walmsley, D. Kington-upon-Hull, grocer.
 Walton, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, linen-draper.
 Walwoik, J. Manchester, victualler.
 Waid, H. W. Grenada-place, Kent road, chemist.
 Warde, R. W. Whitechapel and Shadwell, wine-merchant.
 Waid, W. Leeds, patten-maker.
 Warrington, T. sen. Mark-lane, wine-merchant.
 Webb, J. Alford, farmer.
 Wells, T. W. Lincoln, scrivener.
 Welsh, A. Leeds, common-carrier.
 Vere, T. Bucklebury, bill-broker.
 Westall, J. Rochdale, Lancaster, bookseller.
 Whendon, J. Bath, grocer.
 Whitehead, J. and J. Denstow, York, merchants.
 Whitehead, M. Preston, innkeeper.
 Wilde, J. Bowden, J. Gartside, T. and Mayall, Z. Oldham, cotton-spinners.
 Wilkinson, J. Sheffield, wood and ivory-turner.
 Willement, W. Colchester, crape-manufacturer.
 Winstanley, W. Liverpool, boot-maker.
 Wood, J. Wakefield, dyer.
 Woolston, S. High-street, Bloomsbury, boot-maker.
 Wright, J. Eton, coal-merchant.

DECLARATIONS OF INSOLVENCY.

Bailey, B. jun. Size lane, drysalter.
 Barnard, J. Commercial-road, baker.
 Borodale, J. S. Coleman-street, wine-merchant.
 Clarke, T. Worcester, coach-proprietor.
 Douglas, T. Macclesfield-street, carpenter.
 Elliott, F. Slaughter, Sussex, victualler.
 Fairren, J. Great Wanner-street, Clerkenwell, brewer.
 Franck, F. Old Burlington-street, tailor.
 Hall, J. Cliffe, Sussex, victualler.
 Harris, A. Lionmonger-lane, cloth-factor.
 Head, W. Sheffield, broker.
 Hopkins, W. Gower-street, North, plumber.
 Humphreys, E. Size-lane, drysalter.
 Jones, W. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
 Jones, W. Rainham, Kent, barge-master.
 Mellor, J. Macclesfield, builder.
 Mills, W. J. Union-street, Borough, victualler.
 Peacock, W. T. Jereenwich, market-gardener.
 Pearce, J. W. Chester, stay and corset-maker.
 Rowthornam, J. Long-lane, Bermondsey, furrier.
 Ward, H. W. Old Kent-road, chemist.
 Wilde, E. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Witte, T. and Moss, J. J. Cheltenham, mercer.
 Wright, T. Wood-street, Spitalfields, jacquard-machine-maker.

DIVIDENDS.

- Adcock, W. and T. Birmingham, June 20
 Alderson, J. K. Norwich, June 4
 Allen, E. Preston, June 10
 Almeida, J. R. de, Bank-build-
 ings, June 24
 Allister, C. Preston, June 1
 Astorbus, J. Liverpool, May 23
 Aston, S. Birmingham, May 16
 Banks, D. Stonehouse, Devon,
 May 27
 Barge, B. Cliford-street, May 13
 Barnard, W. Bampton, May 18
 and 19
 Barnard, W. R. F. L. and G. J.
 Boston, Lincolnshire, May
 24 and 25
 Baxter, M. Cambridge, May
 17 and 26
 Beverley, B. Bucklersbury,
 May 13
 Biggs, H. and D. J. Bland-
 ford, Dorset, May 20
 Billing, J. Oxford-street, June
 10
 Bindell, M. B. and S. Hol-
 born, May 13
 Bolt, D. H. Manchester, June
 17
 Bond, E. Wallingford, Berks,
 June 13
 Brooks, J. Bath, May 30
 Broughton, C. D., and Gar-
 nett, J. J., Norwich, June
 15
 Brown, W. Liverpool, May 24
 Brunton, J. Southwick, Dur-
 ham, June 6
 Buchanan, J. and Ewing,
 W. R. Liverpool, May 26
 Butt, W. Wimborne, Dorset,
 May 13
 Byrne, P. H. Bucklersbury,
 June 27
 Chandler, J. Sandwich, Kent,
 May 29
 Charlton, T. Quadrant, May
 27
 Chase, W., jun. Gosport, June
 7
 Clark, A. Jermyn-street, June
 10
 Cooper, G. Tutbury Mill, Staf-
 ford, June 2
 Corney, J. and R., E. I. Cham-
 bers, May 30
 Crooke, W. and C. Burnley,
 June 16
 Crooke, J. Cheltenham, May
 27
 Crown, L. Monkwearmouth,
 Durham, June 3
 Culyer, J. Ilington-green,
 May 27
 Davies, E. Walnut-tree Walk,
 June 6
 Dawson, H. Leeds, May 24
 Day, J. Fenchurch-buildings,
 May 27
 Dickenson, W., and W. jun.
 and Goodall, T. May 12
 Dicks, J. Tottenham-court-
 road, May 30
 Dodson, J. and R. Beeston,
 York, June 12
 Drew, J. Ebbw, June 16
 Dubois, J. F. and J. London,
 May 27
 Duncombe, J. jun. Little
 Queen Street, May 23
 Dunsmure, J., and Gardner,
 J. Broad-street, June 3 and
 13
 Eccleston, R. Bristol, May 31
 Edmonds, R., Atkins, A., and
 Tyrrell, T., Maidstone, June
 6
 Edmonds, J. Size-lane, June 6
 Elen, P. Woburn, Bedford-
 shire, May 27
 Elgar, W. Castle-street, Hol-
 born, May 30
 Evans, H. Lamb's Conduit-
 street, June 13
 Ferry, S. High-street, Shore-
 ditch, May 27
 Fisher, J. Fauntun, June 10
 Foster, W. Philpot-lane, May
 30
 Franklin, R. Brunswick-sq.
 April 29
 Fullames, A. V. Judd-street,
 May 30
 Funston, R. Cambridge, May
 9
 Fyffe, H. F. Holborn, May 23
 Galland, J., and Pongerard,
 F. Fenchurch-street, May
 30
 Gardner, B. Leigh, Worces-
 ter, July 17
 Gardner, Mac M. Deal, May
 27
 Gibbs, T. Devonport, May 31
 Gibson, W. Liverpool, May 23
 Gompertz, A. Great Winches-
 ter-street, May 15
 Good, W., and W. Hythe,
 Southampton, June 3
 Goodwin, J. Sheffield, June 9
 Gregory, T. Ealing, June 3
 Grosvenor, W. L. sen. W. L.
 jun. Chater E and Kutt, C.
 Cornhill, June 3
 Groves, D. Norton-street, May
 15
 Hadwen, J. Liverpool, June 8
 Haldy, J. F. and Norcott, W.
 Leicester-square, May 27
 Hale, C. Egham, June 10
 Harrison, J. Portsmouth, June
 6
 Harvey, S. H. Oxford-street,
 May 20
 Hawkes, J. Old Jewry, May
 13 and June 10
 Hawkins, A. Hertford, June
 10
 Higgs, W. Bristol, May 5
 Higgs, W. and R., and Hod-
 son, G. Bristol, June 6
 Hirst, G. Manchester, May 18
 Hodgson, J. Bath, June 6
 Hope, H. A. Mark-lane, May
 26
 Jarritt, J. Bath, May 25
 Jeffery, W. Cock-yard, Da-
 viet-street, May 27
 Kampf, F. High-street, Mary-
 le-bone, June 6
 Keene, S. sen. Long Ditton,
 Surrey, May 30
 King, J. Ipswich, May 22
 King, T. Bermondsey, June 3
 Lambrick, J. Plymouth, De-
 von, May 30
 Leppard, R. Cheap-side, June 8
 Lewis, B. Tunbridge Wells,
 May 27
 Lewis, D. Cardigan-shire, May
 30
 Melamscheg, G. Strand, May
 27
 Miles, J. Old-street-road, May
 6
 Moberley, W. Old Broad St.
 May 20
 Morris, J. Oxford-street, May
 27
 Nunes, I. I. and A. J. Hack-
 ney, May 30
 Nutting, J. High Holborn,
 June 6
 Ochsenheim, H. Regent-street,
 May 13
 Ogile, E. L. Clement's-lane,
 June 10
 Onyon, W. and Wells, J. Bi-
 shopsgate street, June 10
 Pidgett, W. Vauxhall June 16
 Paikes, J. and J. Warwick,
 June 3
 Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place,
 Southwark, May 26
 Perkins, T., Patieroft and
 Manchester, Bainsford-mill,
 Derbyshire, June 19
 Phillips, M. and H. Devon-
 shire-street, April 25 and
 May 23
 Phillips, M. P. and H. Bishop-
 gate-street, May 9
 Phillips, W. R. Boreham-
 wood, Herts, May 27
 Powell, F. F. Karl-wood, Black-
 friars, June 14
 Powell, T. and Brown, H. W.
 Liverpool, May 29
 Pullen, R. Leeds, May 27
 Reynolds, W. Bliston, June 7
 Richardson, J. Reigate, June
 13
 Rickards, J. Newmarket, May
 20
 Ridgeway, J. Macclesfield
 June 7
 Robinson, E. Bramley, York,
 May 24
 Robinson, H. T. Gun-street,
 May 27
 Robinson, R. Friday-street,
 June 6
 Roby, T. Tamworth, War-
 wick, June 10
 Sargent, G. F. Westminster,
 May 26
 Servard, Bullo-Pill, Glouces-
 ter, May 30
 Sheaf, C. Harrington-mill,
 Worcester, May 19
 Sherwin, J. Burslem, Stafford,
 May 23
 Shaw, J. Theobald's-road,
 June 17
 Sidwell, S. Shepton Mallett
 Somerset, June 1
 Sloan, J. Lombard-street,
 May 16
 Sotheby, S. Wellington-street,
 Strand, May 19
 Sparks, J. M., Whitechapel,
 May 13
 Steynor, J. Lane-street, Hol-
 born, May 25
 Stokes, G. Old-nosed, War-
 wick, May 27

Sykes, F. Bath Easton, May 13
 Symonds, N. W. Crutched-friars, June 3
 Tanner, D. Monmouth, May 19
 Thomas, J. Leicester, May 23
 Thomson, L. Birmingham, June 16
 Tull, C. Taunton, Somerset, May 27
 Titchfield, A. Old South Sea House, May 9
 Trail, A. Hanover-street, May 30

Tuttn, R. Birmingham, May 31
 Wakeford, J. W. Bolton, Lancaster, May 25
 Walsh, J. Norwich, May 23
 Warner, W. jun. North Walsham, June 9
 Watt, G. T. Old-street, May 23
 Weissenborn, E. A. and H. Holloway, June 13
 West, W. Trowbridge, Wilts, May 30
 Wharton, R. Little Crosby, Lancaster, May 24

Wilkins, W. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, June 7
 Wilson, J. Leeds, York, June 24
 Wise, S. and C. Maidstone, May 20
 Wood, G. Manchester, May 27
 Woods, J. and William, Hastings, May 30
 Woolls, J. and C. Winton, June 15
 Wroote, R. and Goldie, St. Titchfield-street, June 15

MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

63d Regt. of Foot.—Lieut. D. Ashe, from 3d R. V. Bat. vice Pensfather, prom.; Ena. J. Ward, by purch. vice Doyle, prom.; J. L. Smith, Gent. vice Warde, Ena. by purch. April 8.

64th Ditto.—Ena. F. Murray, Lieut. by purch. vice Boates, prom.; Sec. Lieut. W. Bell, 60th Ft. Ena. vice Murray, April 8.

65th Ditto.—Lieut. G. Cochrane, from 1st R. V. Bat. Lieut. April 8.

66th Ditto.—Serj. Maj. R. Steele, from 1st Ft. Gds. Adj., with rank of Ena. vice Nowlan, app. Coy Rtg. March 23.

67th Ditto.—R. A. Gosset, Gent. Ena. without purch. vice Washington, prom. 6th Ft. March 2, Quart. Master. Serj. W. Mew, to be Quart. Mast. vice Johnson, Ena. dec. Feb. 16.

69th Ditto.—Capt. E. Monina, 52d Ft. Capt. vice Silver, who ret. h. p. rec. diff. April 8; H. R. Bennett, Gent. Ena. vice Ford, dec. March 2.

70th Ditto.—Lieut. J. Fleeson, from 1st R. V. Bat. Lieut. April 8.

73d Ditto.—Brig. Maj. L. Owen, Maj. by purch. vice Bamford, who ret., Lieut. G. H. Smith, Capt. by purch. vice Owen; Ena. F. G. A. Pinckney, Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, April 8; D. Daly, Gent. vice Williamson, prom. April 7; C. A. Colston, Gent. vice Pinckney, April 8, Ena. by purch.

74th Ditto.—Capt. J. C. Harold, from 2nd R. V. Bat. Capt. April 8, Ena. A. M'Nabb, from h. p. 49th Ft. Ena. vice Keames, prom. W. Ind. Regt. March 3.

75th Ditto.—Lieut. H. Salmon, by purch. vice Lord G. Bentinck, prom. March 9, Capt. J. Stevenson, from h. p. vice D. M'Leachin, who exch. rec. diff. April 6, Ena. G. Davison, vice Salmon, March 9; Ena. J. J. Graham, vice Browne, prom. April 8, Lieuts. by purch. Gent. Cad. G. W. D. O'Hara, from Key Mid. Col. by purch. vice Davison, March 9; E. C. Ansell, Gent. w. purch. vice Ferguson, dec. March 10; H. Boys, Gent. by purch. vice Graham, April 8.

77th Ditto.—Lieut. G. F. Paschal, from 25th Ft. Capt. w. purch. vice Corfield, app. 41st Ft. March 23; Lieut. T. L. Butler, from 2d R. V. Bat. Lieut. April 8.

78th Ditto.—Capt. J. Hill, Maj. by purch. vice Macpherson, who ret. April 8; Lieut. T. H. Hamman, Capt. by purch. vice Mills, April 8; Ena. H. Holyoake, Lieut. by purch. vice Hamman, April 8; Asst. Surg. D. Henderson, M.D. Surg. vice R. Bolton, who ret. h. p. March 23; Asst. A. Duncan, Asst. Surg. Feb. 23.

79th Ditto.—Ena. T. Crombie, vice Maule, app. April 6; Ena. B. Fulton, vice Trenchard, app. April 9, Lieuts. by purch.; E.

Binney, Gent. vice Crombie, April 8; C. G. Cameron, Gent. vice Fulton, April 9, Ena. by purch.

80th Ditto.—Ena. J. West, Lieut. by purch. vice Moore, prom.; R. Scheerbas, Gent. Ena. by purch. vice West, March 16.

81st Ditto.—Ena. G. Reeve, by purch. vice Hamilton, prom. April 8, Lieut. R. U. Howe, from h. p. Nov. Sec. Fen. vice W. Macdonald, who exch. April 9, Lieuts. Asst. Surg. G. Holmes, M.D. 17th Lt. Drago. vice Moore, app. Surg. 4th Ft. Feb. 23, Surg.

82d Ditto.—Lieut. J. T. Quill, from 1st R. V. Bat. April 8, Lieut. W. Ashe, from h. p. 101st Ft. vice H. Hewotson, who exch. March 25, Lieuts.

84th Ditto.—Ena. C. Franklyn, Lieut. by purch. vice Clarke, prom.; O. A. Dean, Gent. Ena. by purch. vice Franklyn, April 8.

88th Ditto.—Ena. W. Harris, Lieut. by purch. vice Matland, prom. Sec. Lieut.; H. S. Brown, from 60th Ft. Ena. by purch. vice Harris, April 8.

86th Ditto.—Ena. F. Dalgetty, vice Close, dec. March 23, Lieut. H. E. De Burgh Sidley, from h. p. vice C. Macdonald, who exch. rec. diff. April 8, Lieuts.; J. Gillevy, Gent. by purch. vice Jekyll, prom. 1st Ft. Gds. Feb. 18; Gent. Cad. J. J. Grant, Roy. Mil. Col. w. purch. vice Usher, prom. March 9; B. J. Selway, Gent. vice Dalgetty, March 23; Serj. J. Jerome, Quart. Mast. vice R. Gill, who ret. March 23.

87th Ditto.—Ena. P. Ramsay, Lieut. by purch. vice Harley, app. 32d Ft. April 8.

89th Ditto.—Ena. R. Lewis, from 45th Ft. by purch. vice Macdonald, app. 80th Ft. March 9; Ena. J. M. Russell, from 12th Ft. w. purch. vice Mackie, app. 3d Ft. March 27.

91st Ditto.—Lieut. T. Sheddon, from 1st R. V. Bat. Lieut. vice Lamont, prom. April 8; Duff, Gent. Ena. by purch. vice Kane, app. 62d Ft. Feb. 14.

92d Ditto.—Ena. J. Bates, from h. p. Quar. Mast. vice D. Callagy, who ret. March 30.

93d Ditto.—Lieut. Col. D. M'Gregor, from h. p. Lieut. Col. vice Sir C. Gordon, who exch. March 23.

94th Ditto.—R. Keating, Gent. Ena. without purch. vice Moore, prom. 3d Ft. March 23.

96th Ditto.—Capt. E. E. Hill, from 1st R. V. Bat. Capt. April 8.

97th Ditto.—Lieut. V. H. Morris, from h. p. 6th Dr. Gds. March 16; Ena. W. T. Stanton, by purch. vice Macdonald, prom. April 8, Lieuts.; E. Barton, Gent. vice Stanton, April 8, Ena. by purch.

98th Ditto.—Lieut. J. Douglas, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, who ret. April 8.

Rif. Brig.—Sec. Lieut. H. F. Beckwith,

vice Power, prom. April 8; Sec. Lieut. J. S. Cameron, vice Ramsden, prom. April 8, First Lieuts. by purch.; J. Rooper, Gent. vice Saunders, prom. April 7; W. Cumine, Gent. vice Beckwith, April 8; J. Martin, Gent. vice Cameron, April 9, Sec. Lieuts. by purch.

Roy. Staff Corps.—Capt. Cad. E. E. King, from Roy. Mil. Col. Sec. Lieut. w. purch. vice Stewart, prom. Feb. 16,

25th W. Ind. Regt.—Lieut. W. Gordon, from York Lt. 181. Vol. vice J. Spence, app. Feb. 23; Ens. R. Grey, without purch. vice Clarke, prom. March 1; Sec. Lieut. J. O'Hearn, from 60th Ft. vice Hughes, dec. March 2; Ens. T. G. Kearnes, from 74th Ft. vice Stewart, app. 93d Ft. March 3; Ens. J. M. Tew, from 27th Ft. vice M'Pherson, app. Feb. March 24, Lieuts.; G. Maxwell, Gent. by purch. vice Goulden, app. 23d Ft. Feb. 23; R. Spence, vice Grey, March 2, Ens.; Lieut. A. A. Conran, vice W. Spence, dec. Feb. 23,

Cey. Regt.—Lieut. T. Nowlan, from 66th Ft. Feb. 16; Lieut. H. Mason, from h. p. 8th W. Ind. Regt. March 2, 1st Lieuts.; A. Irvine, Gent. without purch. vice T. Mylius, prom. April 9.

Cape Corps (Caviry).—Cor. J. Sargent, Lieut. by purch. vice Bird, prom. March 30; Van. Gent. Cor. by purch. vice Brown, app. 16th Lt. Diags. March 29.

Roy. Vet. Comps. for Serv. at N. S. Wales.—Lieut. S. North, from 27th Lt. Lieut. vice Duns, who exch. March 10; Staff Asst. Surg. A. Gibson, Asst. Surg. Feb. 15.

Brevet.—Capt. W. Burke, 60th Ft. Maj. in the Army, Aug. 12, 1819; T. C. Graham, Esq. late Maj. 1st Ft. to have local rank of Maj. upon Continent only, April 8, 1826.

The under-mentioned Gent. Cads. H. E. I. Service, to have the temp. rank as Lieut. during the period of their being placed under the command of Lieut.-Col. Fauley, Roy. Eng. at Chatham, for Field Instruction, viz.:—H. B. Turner, T. T. Pears, A. B. Butts, E. Buckle, A. Douglas, E. Lawford, R. Best, R. Henderson, G. B. Tremeneheere, F. Kelly, F. C. Cotton, W. H. Graham, G. Patrickson, W. M. Smyth, and T. M. B. Turner. Commissions to bear date March 8, 1826.

Hosp. Staff.—Surg. C. Allen, M.D. from 6th Drags. Surg. to Forces, vice W. Stewart, who ret. h. p. March 26.

Surge. to Forces.—Ass. Surg. A. Smith, M.D. vice Fink, prom. Feb. 23; Hosp. Asst. J. Fortelli, vice Morgan, dec. March 2.

Hosp. Asst.—W. I. Breslin, Gent. vice Hansen, app. 57th Ft. Feb. 9; W. M. Ford, Gent. vice Eason, app. 48th Ft. Feb. 16; J. S. Davies, Gent. vice Bramley, app. Rif. Brig. Feb. 23; J. Stuart, Gent. vice Bailey, app. 92d Ft.; W. Smith, Gent. vice Walsh, prom. March 9; A. Smith, M.D. vice Campbell, prom.; H. W. R. Davey, Gent. vice Macdonald, app. 54th Ft. March 21; P. J. Meade, Gent. vice M'Credle, app. 60th Ft.; L. Bealke, Gent. vice Eddie, app. 91st Ft.; A. Urquhart, M.D. vice Robertson, app. 70th Ft. March 23.

UNATTACHED.

Lieut. Cols. of Inf. by purch.—Lieut. and Capt. F. Dawkins, 1st Ft. Gds. vice Lieut. Col. W. Gravatt (Col.) who ret.; Maj. W. R. Clayton, from 22d Ft.; Maj. R. Arnold, from 10th Lt. Drags. vice Maj. Gen. Sir P. Ross, who ret. April 8.

Majs. of Inf. by purch.—Capt. W. Beetham, 24th Ft.; H. H. Farquharson, 19th Ft.; Hon. G. R. Abercromby, 3d Drag. Gds.; W. Bush, Cape Corps; F. Johnson, 17th Lt. Drags. April 8.

Cpts. of Inf. by purch.—Lieuts. A. Macdonald, 92nd Ft.; R. C. Smyth, 24th Ft.; C. Corkran, 17th Drag. Gds.; G. Crossdale, 3d

Ft.; J. K. Stewart, 11th Lt. Drags.; J. England, 12th Lt. Drags.; G. Gosselin, 43d Ft.; E. C. Smith, 60th Ft.; W. Eccles, 1st Drags.; J. J. Hamilton, 91st Ft.; F. Loftus, 17th Lt. Drags.; W. V. Stewart, 12th Lt. Drags.; R. E. Coghan, 61st Ft.; C. R. Murray, 50th Ft.; L. Verasturne, 41st Ft.; J. G. Geddes, 45th Ft.; B. Browne, 13th Lt. Drags.; J. S. Keating, 58th Ft.; G. P. Clarke, 84th Ft.; G. Bentinck, Cold. Ft. Gds.; G. Power, Rif. Brig.; J. J. Pounden, 25th Ft.; G. Dixon, 3d Ft. Gds.; Hon. J. Kennedy, 4th Drag. Gds.; F. Maule, 78th Ft.; W. Ogilvy, 44th Ft.; T. H. Grubbe, 49th Ft.; Hon. J. Amherst, 59th Ft.; R. D. Hallifax, 10th Ft.; W. S. S. Doyle, 63d Ft.; W. Bootle, 64th Ft.; C. Ramsden, Rif. Brig.; L. P. Townshend, 79th Ft.; R. Williams, 44th Ft.; Hon. C. D. Blayney, 7th Ft.; J. H. Dundas, 15th Lt. Drags.; P. Maclean, 85th Ft.; T. Armstrong, 16th Lt. Drags.; E. S. Butler, 1st Ft.; C. Agnew, 4th Lt. Drags.; T. E. Bigge, 21st Ft.; T. Millard, 1st Lt. Gds.; Hon. A. C. J. Browne, 75th Ft.; W. J. D'Urban, 27th Ft.; W. Mitchell, 6th Drags. April 8.

Lieuts. of Infantry by purch.—Cor. J. A. M'Dowall, 3d Lt. Drags.; Ens. W. Sullivan, 28th Ft.; Cor. T. G. Skilworth, 1st Drags.; Ens. W. B. Schneider, 12th Ft.; Ens. J. G. Hall, h. p. 35th Ft.; Ens. W. G. Hughes, 44th Ft.; Ens. A. F. Wainwright, 99th Ft.; April 8.

Ens. by purch.—Ens. P. Graham, Gent.; L. C. Bayntun, Gent.; J. Arnold, Gent.; J. A. Moreau, Gent.; R. Donaldson, Gent.; O. S. D'Arcy, Gent.; W. G. Broadhurst, Gent.; G. Desnaire, Gent.; C. Knox, Gent.; M. V. Abbott, Gent.; and F. Q. Tams, Gent., April 8.

MEMORANDUM.

The under-mentioned have been allowed to dispose of their h. p. as Lieut. Col. J. Castle (Col.), h. p. 6th Lt. Drags.; J. H. Fitts Simon (Lieut. Col.), h. p. York Chameurs; M. Scott, h. p. 26th Ft.; P. Warburton, h. p. 96th Ft.; Hon. G. Carnegie (Lieut. Col.), h. p. 110th Ft.; C. J. Barrow (Lieut. Col.), h. p. 43d Ft. April 8; Capt. J. Colville, h. p. 15th Ft.; R. T. North, h. p. Hompesch's Mounted Rifemen; J. Duff, h. p. 93d Ft.; W. O'Hara, h. p. Portuguese Officers; C. Power, h. p. 5th Ft. Irish Brig.; W. Elwyn, h. p. Ward's Regt.; W. W. Algeo, h. p. 8th Gar. Bat.; J. C. Smith (Lieut. Col.), h. p. 19th Ft.; W. D. Linstow, h. p. Portuguese Officers; P. Dennis, h. p. 41st Ft.; G. Huxley, h. p. 82d Ft.; D. Carnegie, h. p. 108d Ft.; W. Gordon, h. p. 64th Ft.; William, Earl of Mansfield, h. p. 44th Ft.; G. Shore, h. p. 104th Ft.; S. Maunson, h. p. 15th Ft.; J. S. Christie, h. p. 42d Ft.; G. Chambers, h. p. 40th Ft.; D. M'Innes, h. p. 42d Ft.; E. Cartwright, h. p. Canadian Fen. h. J. H. Henley, h. p. 14th Ft.; Lord Dunwili, h. p. Nov. Sec. Fen.; W. Murray, ret. 1st 3d Roy. Vet. Bat.; Earl of Casall, h. p. Indepen. Comp. J. A. Macgill, h. p. 51st Ft.; R. Fulton, h. p. 12th Lt. Drags.; A. W. Rainsford, h. p. 104th Ft.; G. Striding, h. p. 88th Ft.; J. J. Durbin, h. p. 36th Ft.; J. Gardiner, h. p. 3d Ft.; J. Dickens, h. p. 90th Ft.; G. J. Tappenden, h. p. 55th Ft. April 8; Lieut. R. G. Banks, h. p. Paym. 24th Lt. Drags. April 8; Capt. H. Cornalet, h. p. 24th W. Ind. Regt.; P. M'Grummon, h. p. 70th Ft.; G. H. Dundas, h. p. 26th Ft.; H. Maxwell, h. p. 42d Ft.; T. G. Coppinger, h. p. 90th Ft.; C. Jenkinson, h. p. 3d Ft. Gds.; F. Edwards, h. p. 51st Ft.; G. Williams (Maj.), h. p. 25th Ft.; R. Le Roy, h. p. 32d Ft.; W. Hoar, h. p. 18th Ft.; R. A. Watson, h. p. 4th W. Ind. Regt.; S. Zebell, h. p. 25th Ft. April 8th; Lieuts. R. Harvey, h. p. 27th Ft.; S. D. Grinnell, h. p. 33th Ft.; J. Kendall, h. p. 48th Ft.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

LONDON, MAY 27, 1826.

It affords us great pleasure to state, that the Markets for Colonial Produce continue to improve, although, as yet, there is no material alteration in prices. This, indeed, is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of stock from the large arrivals from the West Indies.

COTTON WOOL.—Surats and Bengals were very generally enquired for last week, for exportation; but bidders expect better prices. 1200 bags Surats taken by the trade and speculators, at an advance of 4d per lb viz.. 500 Perams, in bond, fine, 104d. per lb.; 900 Egyptians, fair to good fair, 77d. to 77d.; 1200 Surats, ord. to fine, 41d. to 51d.; 100 Bengals, fair to good, 41d. to 5d — Sales of Surats, Bengals, Egyptians and Perams, have been made at rather higher prices.—Letters from Liverpool state an increased demand for Cotton, at improved prices.

SUGAR.—Sugars experience a constant demand for shipping, and prices advanced 1s. per cwt. Grocers' sugars are taken as fast as they are brought to market, at rather high prices, and refiners are ready buyers of the strong working qualities. Jamaica, 51s. to 59s.; Montserrat, 66s. to 73s.; Large Lumps very scarce, 79s. to 104s.; Loaves, 84s. to 96s. The Grocers have bought freely, and the demand for Crushed Sugar for the Mediterranean is extensive. The sales of East India Sugar have been considerable, but that at the East India House was the largest, viz.. 3050 bags Bengal, a few bags Manilla, and 2976 bags Mauritius. The Bengals were taken off briskly by the Grocers at rather high prices, but the Mauritius went 1s. to 2s. per cwt. lower. Bengals sold briskly at 32s. to 38s. for white, 24s. to 31s. for ordinary ditto, and damp; good and fine white Manilla, 32s. to 38s.; middling, 30s. to 33s.; Mauritius yellow, 56s. to 64s.; brown, 49s. to 52s. per cwt.

COFFEES.—In lively demand the latter end of last and the beginning of this week. The ordinary Havannah Coffee was selling at 62s. to 64s.; St. Domingo, 50s. to 51s.; and Brazil, 49s. to 52s.; Jamaica sorts also at an ad-

vance of 1s. to 3s. per cwt.; but, on Thursday the market has become dull, and at a small sale yesterday of about 150 casks Jamaica, the inferior sorts, declined 1s. per cwt. The total quantity brought to sale this week consists of 300 casks and 100 barrels Plantations and of East India, 2800 bags Sumatra, 1500 bags Mocha, a great part of the former was brought in at 44s. to 45s. importers refusing to accept such low offers. A small parcel of yellow Charibon sold from 54s. to 57s. A few bags of Mocha was sold at 63s. to 69s., but nearly the whole was taken in.

SPICES.—There is a decided improvement in the Spice Market this week. Nutmegs have advanced to 3s.

HOPS.—The demand steady. From the Plantations the accounts have rather improved, as the bine has made great progress.

PROVISIONS.—Yorkshire Butter 29s. to 34s.; Cambridge, 36s. to 40s.; Dorset, 46s. to 50s.; Double Gloucester Cheese, 66s. to 70s.; Single ditto, 64s. to 70s.; Cheshire, 50s. to 80s.; Derby, 64s. to 70s.—Bacon—New Belfast Middle, 50s.; Waterford Sides, 56s. to 58s.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN *

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	59	10	Peas	39	6
Rye	36	4	Beans	37	4
Barley	31	6	Oats	23	8

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Amsterdam	12	7	Gibraltar	-	31	0
Rotterdam	12	8	Leghorn	-	47	0
Antwerp	12	8	Genoa	-	43	0
Hamburg	37	7	Naples	-	28	0
Paris	-	25	Lisbon	-	50	0
Bordeaux	25	0	Oporto	-	50	0
Vienna	-	10	Rio Janeiro	-	43	0
Madrid	35	0	Dublin	-	1	0
Cadiz	-	35	Cork	-	0	0

By the quarterly averages published on the 20th inst. all Foreign Grain for home consumption is excluded. From the British Colonies in North America, may be entered for home use the following articles, viz. Oats at a duty of 2s., and Oatmeal at a duty of 2s. 2d. per boll.

PRICES OF SHARES

At the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, Stock and Share Brokers, No. 23, 'Change Alley, Cornhill.

MAY 22, 1826.

	Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.		Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
<i>Canals.</i>					
Abston and Oldham	180	7			
Barnsley	285	14			
Birmingham (1-8th sh.).....	295	19 10			
Bracknock & Abergavenny	145	9			
Covenry	1100	44 and bs			
Cremford	—	20			
Croydon	4	—			
Derby	—	9 10			
Dudley	96	4 10			
Kilmerie and Chester	100	3 15			
Forth and Clyde	580	25			
Glamorganshire	300	13 12 5			
Grand Junction	258	10 & 3 bs			
Grand Surrey	50	3			
Grand Union	25	—			
Grand Western	12	—			
Grantham	190	9			
Huddersfield	20	1			
Kennet and Avon	234	1			
Langaster	40	1 10			
Leeds and Liverpool	400	16			
Leicester	410	16			
Leicester and Northampton	88	4			
Loughborough	4300	260			
Mersey and Irwell	840	35			
Monmouthshire	200	10			
North Walsham and Dilham	35	—			
North	360	15			
Oxford	650	32 & bs			
Peak Forest	140	5			
Regent's	374	—			
Rochdale	98	4			
Shrewsbury	210	10			
Stafford and Worcester	800	40			
Stourbridge	390	17			
Stratford on Avon	40	1			
Stroudwater	450	23			
Swansea	240	14			
Severn and Wye	40	2 6			
Thames and Medway	16	—			
Thames and Severn, Red	30	1 10			
Titto, Black	—	1 1			
Trent and Mersey	1900	75 & bon			
Warwick and Birmingham	265	11			
Warwick and Napton	220	11			
Wilts and Berks	5 5	—			
Worcester & Birmingham	40	1 10			
<i>Docks.</i>					
St. Katherine's	18 dis	4 p ct.			
London	344	4 10 do			
West India	1824	10 do			
East India	85	8 do			
Commercial	66	34 do			
Bristol	100	2 10			
<i>Bridges.</i>					
Southwark	54	—			
Titto New 7½ per cent.	43	1 10			
Vauxhall	24	1 5			
Waterloo	7	—			
Ditto Annuities of £8	334	1 4			
Ditto Annuities of £7	304	1 1			
<i>Railways.</i>					
Manchester and Liverpool	1 pm	—			
<i>Water-works.</i>					
East London	105	5			
Grand Junction	76	3			
Kent	81	—			
Manchester and Salford	38	—			
South London	83	3			
West Middlesex	66	2 15			
<i>Insurance.</i>					
Alliance	24 dis	4 per ct.			
Albion	53	2 10			
Atlas	74	9			
County Fire	48	2 10			
Eagle	8	5			
Globe	139	7			
Guardian	154	—			
Hope	44	6			
Imperial Fire	95	5			
Ditto Life	104	8			
Law Life	4 pm	—			
Notwich Union	30	1 10			
Rock Life	34	2			
Royal Exchange (Stock)	250	8 p ct.			
<i>Mines.</i>					
Anglo Mexican	20 dis	—			
Bolanos	50	—			
Brazilian (iss. at 5 pm)	12 dis	—			
British Iron	23 dis	—			
Chilian	—	—			
Colombian (iss. at 5 pm)	24	—			
General	34	1 10			
Hibernian	6 dis	—			
Pasco Peruvian	104 dis	—			
Potosi	40 dis	—			
Real Del Monte	—	—			
Rio de la Plata	5 pm	—			
Philippine	4 dis	—			
United Mexican	4 dis	—			
Ditto New	—	—			
Welch Lion and Coal	14 dis	1			
<i>Gas Lights.</i>					
Westminster Chartered	504	3 0			
Do. New	4 pm	12			
City	155	9 0			
Ditto New	85	5 0			
Imperial	84 dis	6 per ct.			
Phoenix	5 dis	5 per ct.			
General United	74 dis	8 per ct.			
British	14 dis	—			
Bath	13	16			
Birmingham	55	3			
Birmingham and Stafford	—	—			
Brighton	14	3 per ct.			
Bristol	234	1 6			
Derby	—	5			
Isle of Thanet	6 dis	5 per ct.			
Lewes	par	1 5			
Liverpool	—	10			
Maldstone	57	3			
Portable	—	—			
Ratcliff	par	5 pr ct.			
Yarmouth	par	18			
<i>Miscellaneous.</i>					
Australian (Agricultural)	5 pm	—			
Auction Mart	184	—			
Annuity British	10 dis	6 pr ct.			
Bank, Irish Provincial	94 dis	—			
Canada	—	—			
Carnatic Stock, 1st class	31	4			
London Com. Sale Rooms	18	1			
Margate Pier	190	16			
Peal, Colomb (iss at 10 p)	74 dis	—			
— and Coral	—	—			
Revere, Interest Society	7 dis	—			
Salt, British Rock & Patent	1 dis	—			
Steam, General	5 dis	10 per ct.			

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS.

From the 25th of April, to the 25th of May, 1886.

Days.	Bank Stocks.	Pr. C. Red.	Pr. C. Com.	Pr. C. Con. 1818	Pr. C. Red.	Pr. C. N4Pr.C.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Rds.	Ex. Bills.	Cash for stock.
25	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
27	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
28	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
29	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
30	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
1	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
2	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
3	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
4	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
5	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
6	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
7	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
8	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
9	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
10	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
11	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
12	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
13	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
14	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
15	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
16	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
17	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
18	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
19	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
20	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
21	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
22	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
23	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
24	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78
25	100	78	79	79	85	84	18 3-16	227	8 7 pm	10 12	78

JAMES WYENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

From the 20th of April to the 19th of May, 1886.

By William Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

Month.	Moon.	Therm.			Barom.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmo Variations.		
		Rain Gauge.											
		9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	9 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		55	61	42	29	74	59	66	ENE	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
21		60	63	52	29	51	29	54	61	SSW	ENE		Fair
22		61	65	41	29	50	38	67	65	68	NNW		Rain
23		60	66	38	29	65	39	72	71	61	NNW		Fine
24		15	56	34	29	76	29	82	65	61	NNW	Clou.	Fair
25		44	55	42	29	45	29	73	65	63	NNW	Fine	Rain
26		50	53	40	29	56	29	53	59	59	NNW	Rain	Rain
27		43	52	34	29	35	29	64	75	75	SSE	Fair	Overc
28		40	49	32	29	75	29	84	65	63	NW	Rain	Fine
29		43	52	33	29	86	29	98	64	64	N	Clou.	Fair
30		45	56	39	30	01	30	12	67	45	N	Fair	Fine
1		45	54	36	30	15	30	09	63	69	N	Fair	Fine
2		46	56	43	30	00	29	92	71	64	N		
3		46	56	46	29	91	29	97	76	66	N		
4		47	58	40	29	94	29	94	65	68	N		
5		47	58	39	29	90	29	98	72	69	NNE		
6		48	59	43	29	90	29	93	68	76	NNW	Clou.	Fair
7		49	62	45	29	93	29	93	70	80	NNE	Fine	Fine
8		50	60	39	29	93	29	94	70	81	ENE	Fine	Fine
9		51	60	45	29	94	29	93	61	69	NNE		
10		57	63	49	30	9	30	83	60	60	NE		
11		51	59	43	29	98	30	05	65	64	E	SRain	Fair
12		51	64	37	30	16	30	16	65	63	NNE	Fine	
13		47	58	39	30	15	30	01	63	68	ENE		
14		47	58	41	29	96	29	96	67	65	E		Fine
15		44	57	48	29	99	30	00	69	68	NNE	SE	
16		49	64	51	29	96	29	95	78	64	ENE	WSW	
17		50	64	50	29	96	30	00	60	66	NW	NNW	Fair
18		50	64	51	29	96	29	99	72	65	W	SW	Rain
19		50	64	51	29	96	29	99	66	60	SW	ESE	Rain

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of April was 76-100ths of an inch.

Shedden, Arrowood, and Hodges, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

